

S.K a NOVEL

"Why? "How could I let the evil flame become a fire?"

TO ALL NEVER GIVE UP!

R.P

Life is a journey of pain and heartbreak.

TO: MY WIFE AND SON...AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS...WE DID IT GB00.

To My Dad: I love you Pop...I'm leading the way.

To: NICK AND DAVID I'M SO VERY HAPPY WE DID THIS TOGETHER.

**THANKS TO THE LORD ALMIGHTY FOR BLESSING ME WITH SUCH
TALENT.**

**To: My Mom and brothers and sisters we lost our brother Frank to MRS.DEATH
HOWEVER OUR BLOODLINE IS STRONG AND GOD ON NO ACCOUNT GAVE UP ON US.**

INFINITE CONTROL ENTERTAINMENT

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Created by Ray Patino under the state of Florida company: outlawz productions Inc 2017

THE SOUL KING

By:
Ray Patino

DARK EXODUS

PROLOGUE

**‘These Superheroes will die.
-Gomorath**

*“I always dreamt of another life besides this misery, but it never came
At least I could dream, no one on earth could take away my dreams.
It’s all I had, and when my father was murdered I fell into darkness.
I was fourteen when he died; I came to know a legacy of evil plagued my bloodline
Centuries before me- and centuries after me, a war would rage on for infinite control.*

*“I dreamt of another reality. I’d never expected our earth to fall victim
To the daydreaming wishes of a young boy, but when my best friend turned
Into a monster and my father’s murder came back to haunt me,
That’s when **THEY** came: The Monsters. They called themselves “Travelers’
“Widespread destruction, empty bodies replaced with new blood
A war between two supernatural beings left us in oblivion*

*So, if you’ve ever wondered if a world beyond your nightmares existed or an invisible wall
Separating us from the boundaries and uncharted regions of the supernatural or if the light at the end of tunnel
was in fact a path to darkness, you’ve been right all along.*

*With the kings of Darkness in the great rebellion against divinity the world failed to notice the evil beyond our
reality and the monsters liberated from the depths of the unknown and with overwhelming force they destroyed
us.*

And me, I just went along for the ride until” ...

*This story will be the craziest shit you will ever read it’s full of violence, betrayal, secrets, and sex and
it’s the horror of its entirety all true. Try to understand, we’re all locked up in dark subterranean vaults.
Inside the deep dark depths of our own understanding we’d explain it better except we cannot*

The dream was over... the year 2027

Scorn coffins, empty of bodies, a mockery to the human race, names written on them, lay interspersed with the stripes of crosswalks, wormholes, and blood portals, as resurrected travelers, monsters, and inhuman, brutal and atrocious creatures of the mythical queen of

nightmares and of the **dark-heavens** stretched out next to them: in morbid unity. The cosmic mechanism of iniquity had been unleashed and in majestic and magnificent harmony. They'd marched in celebration and the festivity was a malevolent beauty. *The parade of Monsters* thus had been established on earth since the year **2017** when a murderous battle involving the dark-winded necromancer and the human born archangel of the savage-roads left the world in ruins and neither side was victorious. They'd confronted a destiny of failure and insurmountable pain, heartbreak and lost a war. *The Sky-Keeper* watched with angry eyes as a multitude of an evil malevolence marched deep into the hours of darkness and over the world loomed a darkened radiance of crimson haze- amid by blood saturated clouds of an earth with a depleted, dead sun. They'd chant, and danced, and blew hefty, unearthly gold trimmed trumpets. Monsters which could only be described as apocalyptic, spiteful creatures with a thirst for blood- and an appetite for fatality *in this new globe* the humans have thus: become the hunted.

A shirtless, strapping and muscular Youngman standing aloft a colossal rock of mirrors and wrecked glass acquired a WI-FI transmission from an undisclosed and underground broadcast.

The Dream-drifters a distinctive and exclusive union of heroes and the solitary one of its kind to prove resilient in opposition to the unbelievable supremacy and power of the monsters from the savage-roads and the unforgettable terror they unleashed on a frail, feeble and fragile human race. These covert and tough assemblies of survivors were led by a legacy: the equivalent type of humans used to turn us against each other in the last days of the war through the whispers among tombstones. Who would've thought?: amid all the man-made weapons and nuclear arsenals our professed and so-called world leaders held in their faded glory, they'd leave us to expire and die so swift -and we'd be so delicate and effortlessly broken.

ON the pinnacle of mount **Valstrick** a mountain finished of glass and fragments' from the unfathomable and callous destruction of ruined man-made skyscrapers, devastated chandeliers, windows, and of course the MIDDAY-MIRRORS of the mind, a weapon discovered and utilized in **2016** to combat the invading, interstellar forces. *At the very peak* of the mirrored mountain: the streamline archangel of the transverse stood in complete desolation and anguish and despised what his scarlet, crimson, shimmering eyes observed from a distance. Sweltering with resentment and irritation, the once upon a time, young, innocent, adolescent schoolboy, loathed the new world. Occupied and filled by the new-fangled evil led by the soul master of death itself. The conflict had ended and all that lingered were the traces of an unimaginable, appalling and inconceivable bloodbath. Monsters undreamed of: escaped their celestial penitentiaries and left the doors to oblivion unchained and ajar.

Legions of minions whom serve and worship with absolute devotion the Undying Eternal a creature whose factual origin was and still is exceedingly much a great mystery occupied the ruined streets of a U.S. state previously recognized as Florida. The metallic red Motorola Bluetooth roared in his right ear. The device was created by: GORK one of the Dream-Drifters most sophisticated and vastly educated mind-link hackers. A piece of equipment which was

punishable by death if retrieved by the Council of Tombs **RED-DEATH** militia- if found in your material possession. Given that- these types of gadgets were destroyed and by no means prepared or created again following the necromancer apocalypse or what several call: the **Dark Exodus** day of reckoning. The alliance in secret, manufactured a limited range satellite with the aid of the **Sky-Keeper** to make use of these devices. "Griffin." The sexy accent blaring from the reverse side of the apparatus was that of a youthful female. Her tone of voice was high-pitched and kept piercing through the wireless appliance. "This is Victoria, do you fucking read me? Griffin, do you read? Currently in BlackStar area, do you read? Shits super hot down here, Tiff's crew is gathering at the bastards' stronghold." **The Sky-Keeper** kept soundless and hushed- never replied back. The earsplitting beep the Bluetooth generated was strident and bothersome. "Griffin, its Vic do you read? Shit man, it's going to be a bloodbath if you don't acquire your ass over here now, captain!" An anonymous transmission penetrated in Vic's Bluetooth "Roger that. This is Tiffany in Scarlet hills, I read you Vic... loud and clear." A logic of relief crept up within Vic. once she'd perceive the sound of Tiffany Elliot the huntress of legacies. The authoritative, influence in Tiff's tone and the attitude and harden quality of voice the leader of the **Seven7Morpheus** carried, never failed to maintain the secretive, underground network of survivors unruffled and tranquil. Tiffany and her separate, independent squad of resistance unit fighters was a self-sufficient, well trained, ten year veteran crew of extraordinary individuals. Tiff's squadron consists of people linked and allied together by destiny, fate, doom and an inheritance of blood. **The New world** resistance battalion led by Victoria- answers to the **Seven7Morpheus**-elite of the old earth survivors. **Team: Tiff** previous to uncovering the truth regarding the Dreamkings genuine and accurate identity- and his false alliance, murderous desires, and furtive leadership of a bloodthirsty regime. Tiff, once answered to this fallen hero turned master of dread and sinfulness. **Nowadays:** Tiffany and company sought after finding the very last ancient **midday-mirror** where the creature **GOMORATH** could be revived, revitalized and brought back to an earthly existence by the **EYE of the Saturn lords.**

***J**ersey Dark, NY. November 40th 2027*

THE HOME OF QUINN M. CARTER

7:89PM 65 miles west from Valstick location

The elevator lurched to a stop, towering above the murder infested, plague-ridden, and blood tainted streets and the impede came at the prestigious thirty seventh floor, The second highest and utmost luxurious condominium- besides the heavily guarded, shielded and secured top level. The elevated gentleman treads by the highly sophisticated counterfeit fireplace paying no mind to the darkness which overcastted his locality. The condominium belonged to the mysterious and ominous enigma **THE 4TH HORSEMEN** sovereign of the **NEW UNITED NATIONS OF COUNTRIES** and was never observed in open public again subsequent to the final clash of Harmony Hill, Florida. The lofty man clothed entirely in a black and red personalized and tailored dinner suit. Whistled by the red lit candles resting on the custom-made burgundy shelves bolted and hooked on the walls. The voices were everywhere,

approaching from the roof, ricocheting from within the walls, the whispers of tombstones from the night of exodus. ten years before were still exceedingly very much active and constructing and composing the identical evil which turned our valiant and brave survivors and possibly the single and only hope we had to be triumphant and win our world back against one another and prepared certain the earlier earth alliance crumbled and persuaded cherished close friends to betray and kill each other. **At the conclusion** of the lavish condominium two massive Victorian windows rested at the far corner: the tall stranger gaped outward with a concentrated stare at the colossal blizzard bombing the dark and devastated city and the whiteout reflected from the lofty man's acrylic eyes.

A towering sapphire glow erupted in the focal point of the condo's central living quarter area. The man, whom was a guest to the carter home kept his gaze steady and continued silent even as the blue flame materialized and an extremely large and menacing figure, appeared at the rear of the elevated gentleman. "Why, have you come to me?" the voice of the darkened shape gave off a sinister and profound echoed tone and following each utterance this creature spoke different voices echoed his every verbalization and communication statement. The life form was a malevolence obscurity all on its own. The Creature spoke a second time: "Did I not crown you, with the kingdom of Jeremiah? Was the inferno of my nightmarish queen not adequate for your pathetic, wretched and piteous?" People" in addition I' am not convinced the monster is entirely departed- in truth your nation deserve nothing, furthermore if he remains alive not only will I strip the kingdom from you as a consequence I will unlock the very final reflector and have the eater of souls unbounded uncontrolled and unrestrained." "The mammoth and its limitless power will bring awful pain to your entire nation."

The lofty male nodded tenderly, accepting the warning. "I understand master." To my principal awareness the lord of blood remains vanquished." The threatening figure became aggravated with his guests reply and clutched his visitor's upper neckline from the frontage after disappearing and becoming observable in the front view of the elevated gentleman whom appears to be a loyal servant of the dominant monster gripping his servants' neck with extreme force. "Why, do you lie? "The dreams draw closer to me when I slumber; I smell the stench of them in the atmosphere of this disgusting world." the red candles lit up the monsters features to some extent in the darkened and unpleasantly cold condominium. "If they stumble on my accurate identity I will hold you directly accountable." "The monster apparition whispered "Death, will merely be the beginning for you servant." and vanished.

VALStick location 8:77pm

North of the Gog castle

Parade of monsters festival

Heart of Black Star city

AN eerie and indistinct coldness infected the atmosphere. **The Blood-Moon** lit up the daylight hours and curved the gloominess of the depressing skies into a cloudy, overcast illumination of a red-blooded dusk. *In the new earth-* day after day appeared contaminated by the everlastingly, never-ending, impious, twilight sundown of crimson skies. **The Sky-Keeper** stood at **6.5** in human-being physical structured height. And his earthly embodiment was that of a physically powerful, muscular well-built man and after he'd lose his human father, the lone man whom was chosen to defend, protect and look after his precious son. The passing away of Charles Griffin was a heartbreaking and tragic experience for the young seraph; *however*, in addition: a vital and crucial one and the final portion and fundamental last piece for his transformation into his powerful incarnation and divine, spiritual, earthly materialization of the savage-roads streamline cosmological archangel. Clothed in shadowy navy-blue jeans and simple whitish basketball sneakers lacking a shirt to swathe and cover-up the ciphered, secret wording engraved in his skin. **The Sky-Keeper** scans the contiguous vicinity; his eyes manufacture and produce beams of crimson illumination. His pallid sneakers smudge of: stains of human blood, creature and otherworldly, horrendous life forms which lay putrid and decayed. The Celebrations below, simply angers the archangel to the point where he's mislaid faith and valid *hope on ever-* restoring things back to how they once were, a very long time ago. Before his human father died, ahead of his innocence being destroyed, prior to losing the women he came to love. He felt ache and the unhappiness of calamity and an act of detachment and abandonment against his own dream-drifters assembly of followers grew. The Young angel of the streamline detained grand resentment and bitterness within him. He heard the evil carnival from atop the glass mountain. The enormous black snake rollercoaster's spin there passengers' finished of flesh and human bone with the travelers with their disgusting blood stained teeth and dead purple eyes waved hands in the air in enjoyment. The psychotic party host of a blood tent screamed "Here's Jonny Ax, he is capable of cutting the cranium off any beast." you fetch the humans and transmit the little ones for the sacrifice we got great prizes."

The blustery weather conditions were an extreme hindrance at various points of the day and the perpetual ceaseless nights for the few lingering survivors. The fortress of time had been murdered and time and space overlapped and collided with each other. The snowstorms would come and go without warning and black and red ashes fell downward descending from the crimson clouds when the rains of the blood hurricanes would discontinue. It was a world no longer ours, the earth belonged to them- and even with the creature of legend partially defeated the monster was not completely conquered and the warfare between **The Spider-God**, **The Blood-King** and **The Soul Eater of legacy** left planet earth under enemy control. **The Sky-Keeper** watched the ruined tower of the new **VOA** order from a far and this made him suffer greatly. He was confused and introverted his refusal and rejection to assist and aid the very last dream-drifters to overcome and prevail over the unfastened and liberated wayward, unholy regime of monsters from the ancient dark heavens of the *V.O.C Graveyard requiem*. Proved to be the most terrible and most horrifying choice he could've made. **The Sky-Keeper** left humanity to wither away and the small amount of enduring human being survivors were hunted down and executed in

coldblooded transgression. The Savage-Roads were not simply the interstate of the cosmic construction of the streamlines infinite entryway of space and time thresholds although; it was in addition, a hidden arterial highway of the boulevard of nightmares. The barricade sandwiched between our dreams and nightmares was brought down and the elders of the undetectable and concealed walls of nightmares protected by the elemental and traditional Dreamkings were vanquished and killed during the galactic warfare. *As a result* not only were the horrors of dark space unleashed thus, were the creatures which dwelled when we slept. Vigorous and powerfully constructed extraterrestrial life forms made and prepared **the new earth** their habitat. Pitiless and homicidal vampires given the name the **Roaming V's** (roaming vampires) we're merciless killers with no shred of sympathy. **Werewolves** devoid of the capability to switch back into human, superficial features terrorized all helpless and fragile citizens of a deceased and conquered society.

THE SEAS of Florida were ice-covered. Frozen, by the evil blizzards and giant iced-stones swelled from underneath the glaciers of death. The oceans transversely around the world had in accumulation, additionally suffered drastically and became an unnatural Aquatic obscurity and oceanic rivers of blood. The gargantuan mammoth kings of the blood-spattered iced up waters were the leviathan monsters. Hence tremendously powerful, magical antique creatures of the netherworlds' the Leviathan creatures were left alone by all other evil and malicious beings nothing and no one could control these monstrous beasts. In the skies the kings of **purgatory:** The Scylla and the Basilisk soar beyond the mountain and the airborne creatures forfeit attention to the elevated and bulky Sky-Keeper the once 12 year old schoolboy filled with immature and unbalanced emotions was currently: a completely, full-grown male with imprinted symbols and soaked to the skin in gleaming and lustrous ciphered cryptograms with polished, pallid skin. The clandestine language encrypted in his covering was of the darkancients, Saturn lords, and the transverse archangels which came prior to him. His stare at the travelers' whom kept arriving for the evil and carnage filled celebration beamed feelings of hatred and revulsion.

The Travelers were the most unique yet notorious brand of monsters allowed to scamper free. Once human and abandoning their faith, tarnished by an evil murder pact and an agreement to supply souls to the sovereign of the legacies throughout the trading of souls and human hearts. These armies of creatures formerly human were inaugurate and inducted into the celestial military of the Omen-Alpha savage-roads and baptized in the blood of the Charybdis fatality whirlpools in the secretively and sinister, illicit- forsaken region of the **V.O.C** graveyard requiem. The eerie massive vortex underneath the dark and iniquity graveyards of the requiem were in truth: the Charybdis creatures an evil and animated living whirlpool of the dark heaven threshold. Used for the continuance, prolongation and resurrection of life through the vortex mechanism of **the new evil.**

Serial killers, ruthless criminals, famous celebrities and even presidents thought to be long dead and deceased, have in fact been alive and roaming the endless streamline connection. The Travelers were the hardest adversary to overcome and conquer, subsequent to the *Dark-*

winded dominant and authoritative Necromancer, *the Arachnid* and the Elder *Vampire King*. The Purgatory gates were unscrewed and detached and liberated the creatures of forever torment.

And **DEATH** in legitimacy being a planet not a spiritual intersect of religion. However, an actual world were the Demigod Hell Reapers and the kings of death: the Hell spawns assemble on thrones prepared of human flesh, bones, gold slabs and each grasp wands with an Xadin black 'orb which float aloft the baton in a amethyst smog cloud containing millions perhaps billions of souls. [The Sky-Keeper](#) kept a close watch on the events unfolding below with his aerial examination. It was the tenth anniversary of the night of mass departure. The centennial festivity was the largest ever with each and every one of the interstellar invaders and the queen of nightmare trespassers in bursting attendance. "*Ten Years, and I feel* the equivalent rage, the hate festers my pain worsens." The Sky-Keeper Said. He shifted his eyes to rotate and they'd spun all around his surrounding vicinity as he'd whispered these words before profoundly within his soul. However never out loud. The visual cortex and optic nerve of the human born archangel connected to an optical mirror of compound eyes and Ommatidium organic otherworldly and unidentified thermal visualization cylinders.

The Celebration was crammed and overflowed with marvelous evil. A few of the dream-drifters were captured and brought to the resurrected Mayans Valstrick tribe's temple. Numerous and countless towers and castles nowadays replaced the once human filled buildings and synthetic construction. *Except*, one castle was perceived and detected by [the Sky-Keeper's](#) magnificent vision further highly developed than anything living in this world. The angel of [prime-earth1](#) can scan the lands up to 5,000 feet and distinguished the Castle Of Gog. A chamber of great power where the Soul-king necromancer prepared and readied his armies to strike on the night of dark exodus and the fortress of Gog became the final battlegrounds for the creature of legend and the transverse **Sky-Keeper** after his incubation in the mammoth beast's Gog chambers. The battle began and the once trustworthy, loyal and beautiful Dramacide assassin and one of our greatest weapons against the dark-bibles exodus plague of monsters betrayed the resistance. He'd watched her die. She'd given her life to fix the mistake and to right what she had made wrong.

THE BLOOD-KING appeared behind the [Sky-Keeper](#) on mount Valstrick once sworn enemies the two were still very much entangled in their own conflict. Nevertheless for now- each understood the gravity of the serious circumstances which lingered below. "I see- Still, trying to get a handle on these freaks rioting in your world, they're too many Griffin." Colfax Said. The Vampire Elders red-blooded cloak waived from side to side and wrapped around in the region of the body of the elevated and sturdy **Blood-King**. "What do you say, you and I, we go out and trickle a small quantity of blood, maybe we can murder those white witches." "You deserve it Griffin- I mean, it's been ten years when are you planning on letting that bitch depart your mind." *The Blood-King* said this while his bloodhound paced over to the seraph glanced up and sat beside him. "My inclination, towards mercy for you is fading rapid." The Sky-Keeper Said. The Vampire Master grinned. The Blood-King's fangs had developed and his faithful and loyal **hellhound** *Oden De Law* growled at the seraph. "Did your defeat flavored bitter? I came to tell

you, the mirrors have reacted to the Dustwitch clan, the witch alleges the swine will return on the 4th crimson eclipse by the region of Quinn.” the vampire elder responded. The shirtless young, muscular streamline angel never flinched and his eyes kept stirring at rapid velocity. “Why are you here? And don’t tell me- it wasn’t my fault she died, I know that now, it was yours.” The vampire elder shrugged. “Your hatred for the dark winded necromancer has blinded you with rage and I understand to a point; *however* angel gawking at the beasts ruined castle will not repress your feelings of wrath.” The Blood-King said these final expressions of speech and a scarlet steam followed by a detonation of colors and a thunderous echoed thud banged the mountain and a few wreckage of glass broke off. **The Blood-King** was carried by the blustery weather and vigorous airstreams. The lord of blood shot-up in the atmosphere and soared in altitude.

The prophecy was complete. *The Dark Heavens* set free the concealed chapters of the manual-script of Voynich. The instruction booklet to guide, map out and educate the travelers coming and going through the blood threshold and the savage-road vortex. The Sky-Keeper kept at a standstill, motionless and balled his fist in excessive irritation when he’d witnessed the executioner of the Council of Tombs the supreme **Excalibur Pryson the Vengeful one** a noxious creature of the Asanbosam vampiric tribe slicing the throats and yanked the heads off the captured dream-drifters and ordered them to be positioned on pikes for the trolls, goblins, witches, lycanthropes, the undead-returned, Orcs, Windigos, Spider-soldiers, and the demigod reapers to eat from the eyes of the beheaded ones. The hostilities between The White Witches and the Night-stalkers had devastated half of North America and the leviathan monsters superior supremacy had consumed the lands with billows of inferno and casualty. *Long*, elongated black tentacles with huge suction cups and infected, emerald puss crammed craters with immense oily and slime saturated darkened fleshy tissue hung upside-down descending from the bloodied heavens. Black and yellow with a stroke of crimson eerie rainbows discharged diagonally in the skies in perfect celestial configuration. A shadowy steam materialized at the rear of the *sky-keeper* and the miasma whirled. “I felt, you’re light give out and the shadows’ gone, considered you dead.” “Nah, I been around Griffin, “I heard you been M.I.A, you down to do this.” “The Shadow killer replied.”

THE Shadow Killer some time ago was known to be an unsympathetic and coldhearted criminal. Nowadays, *the Hawkins family* second born son was: an imperative ally to the archangel of the transverse and the new innovative alliance. However, we ought to go back, we be obliged to return to the past. To what went before- to embrace the future which awaited us? *This narrative contained a frightening beginning* and to entirely comprehend it’s magnitude- we’ve must initially examine and study the fear-provoking, depraved and deathly past of **the old earth** and it’s inauguration into the new evil by an absolute complete and intellectual analysis of the dark heavens and the night of **Dark exodus**. “*We Ready*.” Wade asked. *The Sky-Keeper* uncovered his celestial crimson red and lavender wings shooting outward from the rear of the archangel. “**YES.**” He’d reply to his ally.

Consequent to the bloody warfare and the quarrel of the New Gods, the structure of time and reality faded away... **TIME WAS MURDERED AND MIRRORS OF THE MIND WERE RUINED.**

10 years before the Battle of Harmony Hill, FL

THE RAINS OF BLOOD part 1

January 6 2017

CHAPTER 1

A Violent, malicious blizzard had compromised the security systems, the metal titanium doors kept unlocking themselves, and the military laptops had initiated to glitch - *Turning OFF, AND Snapping back ON*' and displaying messages of threats on their screens, performing akin to possessed technology. The creature of legend descended from the haunted heavens and with the wretched necromancer's supremacy of the *dark-winds* of the legacies' came the travelers and the evil militia of the *savage-roads*. As they'd get closer, the personnel watched and waited in agonizing and unbearable dreadfulness as the mysterious and ominous figures approached, lining up in a military formation in the midpoint of the **threshold** fashioned by the *NEW EVIL*. A puddle of blood with no substructure underneath the wormhole, merely a gateway to the streamline connectors and the requiem of the *V.O.C.* dimension unbolted and one by one they'd ascend from the blood-soaked puddle's portal mechanism a vibrant, animated and vivid detonation of colors shone. *The Council of Tombs* Gasmask Killers stood in unification hugging their weaponry, beneath the downpour of an unnatural, blood saturated snowfall and the howling winds of torment. The monsters reached the perimeter of the building's shadow and stepped out into the crimson moonlight, their horrifying artillery piercing directly down the throat

of Martin Lloyd. In the midst of the hours of daylight transforming into a nocturnal and extensive darkness devoid of warning ***TIME HAD BEEN MURDERED.***

The lights flickered inside the **HUB** -*Outside*: the wind sounded like an awful howl, similar to a tribe of witches who screamed in some sort of evil orchestrated symphony of madness. Above the clouds, and the vast seas of our earth orbited the mother-ship for the "*Chapel of Spears*" within these spacecrafts was the fragrance of decaying flesh and organic tissue wrapped around the control system and a vigorous blackheart thumped and swelled from the core of the living mother-ship, a second blackheart rested aloft the secretive subterranean vault putrefying and rotting away. She was protected by a platoon of large spacecrafts. The alien aircraft units had been suspended in the excess of our skies for **thirty six days**. They'd been waiting for *the Nebula* the Lord of deception" to bestow the final order. The streets had been infested by Spider-Serpents, a mystical race of monsters who had managed to crossover through the Savage-Roads. In the skies, additional invaders had completed their way into our galaxy and hovered silently over our earth. The spaceships' were massive in length; the largest, most intimidating mother-ship hovered over BlackStar, FL. Described as: enormous blackened colored, metallic battle war crafts, with diminutive gaps for in-flight view. "The *United States*" alongside with the **UK** and **China** military forces- *Launched* nuclear missiles at the hive of foreign aircrafts but to no avail. In truth, the assault on the invaders brought downward a freak rainstorm which went on for nine days. The religious zealots gave the nine days of the tormenting blood hurricane- a name: ***THE RAINS OF BLOOD*** from the skies it poured blood like an unbolted valve.

The ghastly and spiteful **Spider-God** prowled in close range of the Hub and inundated its otherworldly embodiment with the crimson torrential rainfall. The darkened and murky shadows' of the Council of Tombs gasmask killers were sandwiched between the colossal snow-covered palm trees and the automobiles the ruthless committee had arrived in. The red-blooded unmarked, law enforcement vehicles had no imprint, no decals and were absent of sirens. Although, on each side of the transportation motor vehicles of these supernatural monsters with the body of humans to camouflage their factual, outward appearances were operational for battle and every vehicle had machinegun armaments attached to the car doors. This assemblage of homicidal and bloodthirsty bizarre, unearthly purgatory dwellers kept watch and held prisoner one of the resistance lieutenants within the requiem chambers and they'd dug holes in the snow-covered landscape to situate a row of marbled trimmed iron pipes and placed a decapitated head which belonged to one of the **7Seven**. The resistance regiment that emerged from the disarray and conflict, *The Gasmask executioners* fully clad in red-blooded uninformed military fashioned apparel with elongated red and black organic thermo-mechanical tubes and titanium plugs attached to the face protector. This complex organism construction of tubes, wires, cylinders of piezoelectric miniature transformers and neurovascular inhuman tissue containing kinetic energy and piezoelectricity plugs were essential to feed the bodies of this malicious *Territorial Army of death* with human blood and the constant electric charge of *dark-plasma*.

The wormhole in which these ruthless and coldblooded eradicators voyaged all the way through space-time and the infinite streamline of the uncharted and unexplored multitude of universes worked similar to an unfathomable, profound tunnel system. However, this tunnel was never-ending. A wormhole is much like a tunnel with two ends, each one in separate points in time and space. Breaking the regulations of physics by blending dark matter, exotic matter, and dark-plasma to configure the ROMAN RINGS a set of four interstellar wormholes which allowed the transmission to connect to our streamline gateway at a velocity of **(-0.7 + 1)** for example: a time-space streamline to an Earth-Moon wormhole whose distant end is 0.5 seconds in the “past” will not violate causality. However, the dark-plasma with elements of dark-matter ignites the *savage-roads* sublunary sphere to establish the causation connection linkage with the arrow of time.

A brawny, gleaming beam of illumination and multicolored spectrums materialize and vehicles emerged from a gloomy, thick and ambiguous otherworldly haze. The sinfulness of the blackened *Fog* consisted of animated and brilliant pasty and emerald green and crimson spherical cones and mysterious *savage-roads* celestial cosmic rings which hovered in excess of the automobiles the **RED ARMY OF DEATH** will employ on earth. State law enforcement squadron cars dished in metallic red paint and the dark cherry red uniforms which these monster-men were clothed in matched and harmonized perfect with the red-blooded combat machinegun readied motor vehicles. Each had risen one by one from the unshielded gateway left undefended and without any protection the visualization was horrific. The world was under the control of the vilest and atrocious interstellar cosmologic militia of the *Soul-King*.

There's only a vindictive and ominous darkness loaming beyond us presently. No sun shined over us anymore, merely a dark, and sinister *GHOST PLANET* rotated our orbit. The planet's dimness enclosed the dominant light of our brightest star. The monstrous new world appeared shortly after the day of “Exodus and the events of “3:15” the planets gravity was superior, and shattered all objects which orbited the world. The gravitational pull of this eerie wraithlike poltergeist world consumed everything around' it. *Red and black* ashes would descend from this phantom globe downward together with the surge of snowfall and generated blood portals amongst the whiteout sopping terrain and the activated wormholes concealed below earth's soil.

DR. Doug Bennet pieced the footage together which Daniel Mikael had captured from BlackStar, FL. After the city was evacuated in the aftermath of the 2016 **RED DEATH** catastrophe at the time of the disaster during the Savage era, about 83,000 people died. Armed with his military laptop hybrid DR. Bennet whose hobbies included cinematography explored the remains of BlackStar and Scarlet hills. Knocking back, shots of vodka and whiskey he'd love to perceive these images in his 62-inch HDTV when shit hits the fan it's those creature comforts you took for granted that matter the most in distressing times. The sweeping shots from the footage reveals haunting scenes of empty schools and homes, abandoned buildings, vacant and childless parks with fleshy tissue and desiccated dried up human blood on the swings and

monkey bars. "My God, all I see is dead bodies." how many evacuees made it out? The medical doctor whispered the words to himself. Sheltered up tight in the hub's **WHITE-ROOM** however by no means in actuality protected from the callous and treacherous enemies thriving outside.

Paranoia was infecting the facility rapidly in the vein of a black sickness which seemed to enter its heart. The staff could sense the darkness approaching. Through the desolate snow-covered landscape, abandoned snowmobiles ubiquitously, and military tanks buried up to their enormous wheels in flurry of the pasty rain. Through the icy wind he pushed forward, strong, and prepared. 'A red-blooded-cloak waived like a flag in the freezing winds of ice. – *Outside*, a mysterious force had commenced to formulate its way to the facility. Glaciers of **red-blooded** ice surrounded the station. The white, medium sized building with simply one visible window was closely guarded. And the orbs of Xadin had reconstructed the building partially.

Two entry points, only one method of exit, The guards protected the grounds from the inside, two well trained soldiers kept watch on the front entrance- and one female held an *AR-14* assault rifle aimed at the egress point at all times.- The sun was non-existent; the absence of light did not impede the few inside from combating: THE END TIMES. The black and grey clouds slammed against each other and crammed up with blood rain, swirled like tornados and blew throughout the skies in a straight-line position accompanied by red lightning strikes blasting from the heavens.-The crimson red sky illuminated a planet dipped in a bucket of blood. Frosty winds' swept the entire region, howling-winds screamed in the whiteout.

Palm trees overflowed with macrobiotic vampire-spiders with human faced similarity's were covered in unsullied snowfall; the beaches of Florida frozen, like the ICE AGE came back for another round of coldblooded revenge on our planet. A dark and vengeful blizzard had traveled with the "**BLOODKING**" a slow burn, blue flame sparked up vibrantly each time his cloak dragged through the arctic terrain. The end tips of his cloak were like daggers piercing the fresh snow. The Cloak' shaped noticeable trails behind him like a drag racer had just flamed through the iced muddy land. - And in frontage of the "**BLOODKING**" paced forward a black HELLHOUND. This one in particular was an ailing black hellhound given the name: "*olden de law*" by the blood-king himself. Centuries in the future of the transverse- streamline, in a sideways multi-verse, and eons' in the past of prime-earth-1.

The animal appeared to be, to a great extent larger, stronger than any wild-dog or wolf and the beast could stretch out to attack prey at a long range distance. They we're impossible to destroy. All hellhounds held the mysterious ability to grow back their hideous heads, and if you managed to 'slice and dice one, two more surfaced. Born in captive breeding in the secreted chambers of planet: "DEATH" and subsequently transported to one of the many "*Hell-Verses or Dark-Worlds*" by the exploit of the streamline connector the never-ending "Savage Roads" dimension gateway. The 'Hellhound who shepherd the **BLOOD-KING** was on elevated alert growling at the wind, and left paw prints of a monster forthcoming in the profound snow. The

unearthly spacecrafts hovered over the dying world like a squad of dead deranged stars planned an attack on the life that dwelled below. The temperature outside was a negative twenty-two below zero, and when the wind squall would come blazing by, it felt a good forty below.

The whiteout swept the facility extending over a wide range of several hundred miles of nothingness. "He's coming, "not far away now, remarked DR.DOUGLAS BENNETT his eyes gazed outside the only solitary undefended window in the building. The rest had been covered up with plastered cement, or plywood. The best effort the undersized staff of four could do- with the materials, and equipment available to them. Douglas Bennet and Beth Cohen each wore traditional white coat doctor garments saturated in coffee stains, filthy food spots and specks of blood were visible roughly around the neckline. Bennet took a deep breath, gazed up from the tablet *l-pad* and leaned back in his chair. "Oh god, Beth I didn't think he'd come." He took another sip of whiskey and popped four additional painkillers. "Do you think Daniel survived? Dr. Bennet inquired with a bothered pitch in his tone of voice. "Perhaps, except Doug, let's not forget what he was and what he'd be capable of given the chance." Beth replied with the equivalent tone.

Not a soul touched the subject about supplies, food, and medicine running on empty. And in addition fuel cylinders for the generators were at the RED E line. The single opening was hefty and sufficient in width to acquire a lucid analysis of the outside. However, with the whiteout now at full force, and the entire ground soaked in a murky crimson colored snow field. A freezing death trap, the window's view was that of a ravaged world. A voyage to the outer surface under the conditions would signify death in the most absolute way. *And yet* he pushed all the way through the ice; with the winds constantly against his pale and terribly burned face- each step was silent. He marched at a sturdy pace, following him: were two of his most loyal, and trusted servants, both individuals were equally clothed in eighteen century vintage apparel: "**Black taffeta red velvet hooded medieval dresses**" perfectly shaped syringe fangs were displayed when the beings growled at the large *UV Lamps* installed all around the "BASE" the spotlights shone through the whiteout. These UV lights" were bottled up from energy radiation the moon reflected before its transformation into an orbiting ball of blood.

The UV energy was consumed by the moon in small quantities by the sun. The discovery of "**a blood king**" and his ability to stride during the daylight for approximately three hours daily was thoroughly investigated. And when the SUN was replaced by the "**GHOST Planet**" which appeared abruptly subsequent to the earth falling into the wide open arms of oblivion DR.DOUGLAS BENNETT created the TITAN, a triangular object finished from the unidentified components from the ORANGEBOX. the scientific name of the foreign artifact discovered on the surface of the moon on the year '2015 during a routine exploration mission was: "The OMEN-ALPHA BOX" it worked to a large extent, resembling a system that actively gathered, and stored solar energy DR.Bennett worked throughout the misery unleashed outside as a result of the "Travelers" and the war which was brought to earth by two wicked and impious "Dark Gods" with a thirst for the blood in our arteries, and the souls which define us. The Doctor and his awfully petite team were hell-bent on saving the human race from the belly of the dark invading

malevolent forces. The staff worked through the daylight hours and pulled all nighters mostly contributed by the countless Vicodin supply and Oxycontin which pumped adrenaline within the bloodstream.

Without any respite to expand the Titan's pressure to capture even the smallest UV ray's being produced by the moon and it wasn't enough. This facility was the very last lingering outpost on earth since the day of exodus, **THE HUB** like the staff referred to it, Became its last and only column of defense and the one person with the supremacy to combat this massive conquest by the ancient malevolent evil armies of "*The Soul King*" was being detained against his will.

Detecting additional ample spotlights infuriated the master elder recognized by his servants by the name "*The Scorcher*" amid a lengthy road ahead, and the outpost to the fore of the hilltop sheltered in white rain. "**THE BLOOD KING**" made a gesture to his loyal servants to demolish each and every installed UV spotlights simultaneously in the surrounding area. These two monstrosities enthused with such momentum only trails of a thick blackened smoke could be distinguished when these two servants of the blood-king rapidly moved in conjunction with light speed. The artificial Spotlights don't generate sufficient UV radiance to damage these creatures, this supernatural race of monsters have colonized the lands of other worlds for centuries, eons older than earth itself. The gasmask eradicators lurked in the dimness of the pallid rain. Excalibur Pryson and his legion of devastators stood in utter stillness and uncanny silence. *The Council of Tombs* was the ruling body of the graveyard requiem from the darkest sector of the V.O.C a place beyond hell where the wall between nightmares and realism had been unchained from its spiritual handcuffs. The Gasmask Killers were entirely clothed in red-blooded garments and displayed plugs in the rear of their craniums, which fed the body genetic substance and human blood. The tubes and plugged machinery was the hardware this evil military employed to remain partially unconquerable. The spotlights frenzied the Blood-King.

apart from the useless lights were becoming an inconvenience for the dominant and merciless blood-king so he'd watched in extreme delight the speedy destruction of the spotlights and his eyes beamed of hatred and retribution. He stirred in silence, his alacrity allowed him and his small squad of killers to be pounding the gates of THE HUB in just mere seconds- other than this is an aged. Primordial, otherworldly lord of blood he's methodical, patient, and poised. Back inside the station fear was contaminating the air like an invisible infection. Locked inside the "~~WHITE ROOM~~" both doctors, had pushed each other's limits in the thirty six days since the world started to die like a bouquet of dead roses, and the seas of man became oceans of blood. Bennet and Cohen were rapidly getting on each other's nerves.

Painkillers were scattered all around the metal transportable therapeutic tables. "Stop, looking out there, "whom do you think is coming, which one? Said Beth with her eyes fixed on the specimens' "I don't know, "I feel it Beth, "you might not believe in my feelings, "except my gut tells me we won't succeed- his eyes still locked outside, he gazed off staring into the outer surface. "You're going to catch a cold, "standing so close to that damn window, "we're about to bring **PATIENT 49** in, are we ready"? "Asked DR.Beth Cohen"-*The Chief Medical Director*

for the CDC (centers for disease control in Atlanta GA) “Beth Cohen” along with “DR.Douglas Bennett” from Sun Snow, Minnesota. Who served on the state medical board? Known worldwide, for his contributions to the “DREAM DRIFTERS” classified project were both starving, the rations of food were not vastly enough for everyone, the non-toxic water bottles were diminishing. Both still dressed in their conventional pasty white coats since the rise of “The Wicked Ones” on the night of the 3:15 event - the colorless metal door across from the window DR.Bennet seemed to be glued to, began to open:

FIRST five padlocks were removed automatically “The Hub’s generators were still operational, a latch from the bottom unhinged, and the grey metal door behind the colorless one began to lift itself upward “**PATIENT 49**” came rolling in – highly sophisticated computers, bizarre liquids stored in elongated slender tubes, and vials. Some of the vials stored in liquid nitrogen behind “Acrylic glass” (the Plexiglas) seemed to be sparkling. Almost like the liquid itself, knew it was in a small prison, and wanted out. –*Like, it was alive*, and ready to ooze into a human like a parasite. A blend of proteins, liquefied acid, and fluid crystalline DNA, plus *SUB-6* X-ray’s exposed a manifestation of black human like hearts had grown in the interior of these creatures who once upon a time had been human. The “Red Clitellata” worms were kept alive in tanks teeming with mammal blood.-These leeches along with a new breed of PHONEVTRIA spiders, was being tested frequently, and both foreign races required blood to sustain life. The white room was sealed up pretty rigid with tensile strength cables crisscrossing the window DR.Bennett can’t appear to get away from, the cable wires ran all the way to the tanks where the new unfamiliar species were kept in, and wrapped in the order of the pallid glass cages the vials were securely stored in, the cords were used to bind the objects together. gently sloping the bed inside which “**PATIENT 49**” was handcuffed and strapped to the side railings was Detective “Ray Patterson” a tough cop from “EAST ADVANCED FL”

THE tranquilizer was wearing off already on **49** and it was administered merely seventy three minutes ago. “He’s becoming alert; “we can only hope (“he can finally answer some questions thought DR.COHEN. While an out of the ordinary flickering of lights began inside the Hub. Accompanied by an odd signal coming through the *Military IP’s* one undiscovered satellite was still orbiting the earth until now. “You think it’s possible they found X-7243? Asked a concerned Ray Patterson “Never, No, replied Beth. They may be attacking it with Wraith viruses, she’d noticed a compilation of a worm style virus constructing itself “I wish, “I could take off, fly away from this dead world commented DR.Douglas Bennet. Leave? “This is our planet; we must do what we can to save it, shaking her head at the commentary completed by DR.Bennet her eyes shifted to **“PATIENT 49.**

- The light of the ophthalmoscope stung his eyes; his rapid blinking concerned DR.Beth Cohen. She knew all about “Patient49”and his ability. If he remembered how to access this extreme weapon Hell would be unleashed, not to mention, the monster outside, was getting closer, and closer with every passing second. If he did remember-only: milliseconds of thought would take for the complete destruction of The Hub small fragments of the building the staff occupied would

be the only pieces left scattered - like a monster truck carrying fifty atomic bombs blew up dead center in the focal point of the white room. "49, my name is DR.Beth Cohen, "can you hear me, "can you speak? "Please. Her pleas for him to open his fucking mouth were no use; instead he kept a dead locked stare at the washed out roof above him.

"Damn it we need answers" said DET.Patterson with an uneasy stare on his pastel, and bloated face. He felt nauseated, unwell- he managed to avoid the rest of the survivors' until now. "Is that blood? Asked Beth looking at DR.Douglas Bennet" The bodies of the deceased aliens identified and acknowledged as the **"THE GRAYS"** were trapped/stored within huge glass gages shaped like elevated cubes, alongside with the new race of Humanoid Vampire Spiders. The area where these bodies were being kept in was sealed off for now. The CDC doctor kept a theory like a mathematical equation- the doctor was convinced the specimens' were not dead. She sought after the truth. To know about the monsters, the blood-king, the leviathans where they'd come from, why did some inhabitants change during the event of 3:15 and others did not, and who was the soul-king? And why new worlds enclosed and entered our galaxy. Not to mention the 'orbs and **"DEATH"** being a planet not a spiritual crossover, however an actual world where "Reapers" thrived from the dead-souls of earth. And how could dead people become "Travelers" "I'm fine replied Ray wiping the diminutive drops of blood "let's get started. He said.

"49 do you remember how you got here? "The explosion, "the female who rescued you, "anything you can tell us, would be of great importance. Poised and patient DR. Beth Cohen proceeded to be in command of the questioning of patient 49. "He can switch bodies, did you know that? His stare shifting from the white roof over him, and looking right at DR.COHEN's perplexed and alarmed face, He can't help to think, the small, however curvy doctor was attractive. His rapid blinking settled down exposing his eyes to be heavily bloodshot, and mauve tiny veins outlined the surface of his face. "Who, Tell us, "who patient 49, who? "Listen to me said DR.Cohen "we need to know, why? Why us? "Do you remember anything? She stood over him like a bureaucrat- eager to know why, and hunt for a superior version of the truth.

Her eyes examined his facial reactions, body movements, "I remember everything replied **Patient49** the words echoed throughout the room "why am I handcuffed?" –"pay attention you little shit, the detective had mislaid his temper. Ripping at patient 49's traditional hospital gown "what are these symbols, what do they mean? "He can switch bodies who? Asked the detective" from the exterior a signal was being transmitted. A Mysterious technology was creeping in. Massive interference disturbed the military central processing unit some category of unique energy source began to flow in and flood the group's mainframe. "Not too far away now" said patient 49."Who? , "tell me asked an infuriated Rich Patterson."It's a series of text, "I think it's a message "Who's the incoming message from? Asked Cohen to a baffled Dr. Bennett "I should kill him right here."

Rich Patterson went for his sidearm. **"NO!"** Rich, "you need to relax" Dr. Douglas Bennett pressed in reverse the exasperated detective. "Relax, are you serious? "have you seen the ghost planet hovering over us, "we have an ancient madman after all of us, "a disease turned the human race into ravaging maniacs, should I go on , "wait not to mention, "the fact an Alien

soul eater, and a vampire god made earth battle grounds for a war and we're the main fucking course . –Get your fucking hands off me, the detective shoved Dr. Burnett and absent the white room. *The* lights in the **HUB** started to shine unsteadily. The generators were dying, the bleak atmosphere outside the walls of the medium-sized structure which was some time ago used as a funeral home prior to the end of the *OLD EARTH* was getting stranger, and the workers in the hub had a full observation of "The Tower" stabbing the clouds with the snake cryptogram attached on its menacing tip.

-The large structure of the dark lords from the "*VOA ORDER*" could be observed releasing thousands, upon thousands of spider soldiers a infinitesimal legion of the soul-kings armies belonging to the outer realms of the "Savage Roads" of the planet of "Gravend" commanded by the iniquitous, and perpetual wizard deity "The Coffin Reverend" who was the original in his derivation, and the only "**LYCANTHROPE ELDER**" to indulge himself with the ill-omened immorality pleasures of the ancient feminine witch, and wizard tribe led by the malicious cannibals of the "**WHITE WITCHES**" these ruthless clan of war witches who await the 2nd coming of the ultimate queen, the divinity of antique fable. The "DUST WITCH" -the bona fide war was about to begin. The sinister fortress of doom was in deep slumber till now. And the towers black-hearted forces did not appear to be allied with the trespassers suspended noiselessly beyond our hemorrhaged skies. Bringing the tension in the "HUB to a possible breaking point in view of the fact that humanity might be facing three adversaries at once nicknamed: "**THE RED DEATH**" for the reasons that of the blood storms, the black, and red veins which crisscrossed the faces of the "WICKED ONES" by a virus strain like that of the bubonic plague. And the red-lightning static which was a result of the *Sky-Keeper* and *The Soul-King's* impending conflict.

The Unholy Virus was allowed to run riot. The disease was given the title the 2ndBlack Death" because of the horrible black sores it left on its victims' bodies. Experts now, considered the original "Black Death Plague" was consequences of the identical strain which currently turned earth into a plague-ridden world. And experts uncovered an unmarked vessel which pursued following an immense oceanic spacecraft releasing the illness, and its lethal toxins in the "East China Sea" orchestrated by corrupted government officials, loads of scientists accept as true the *Unholy* and The black death plague were one and the same in natural and in infectivity.

After years of playing the fear card it was a tumultuous time after **9-11** we needed answers- resulting in complex tension between conflicting government and commercial agendas. scores of covert projects had been given life via government funding for terrorist activities' the focus was to eliminate al-Qaeda, and Taliban enemy combatants however the air of mystery of the unidentified spacecraft perhaps accountable for the pandemic in the 13th century resulting in the deaths of an overwhelming estimated one hundred million people was by no means in actual fact forgotten by a scientist network labeled "*The R*" investing countless hours, and staff power to the phenomenon of "STREAMLINE CONNECTIONS" through potholes, sinkholes, and the possibility of other worlds, diverse timelines, alternate reality's, unidentified dimensions, and other beings with intelligence life-became more than just speculation on *October 30,2005* the

“DREAM DRIFTERS” classified project was born, with it came the unearthing of the Xadin Orbs and henceforth the world would transform forever. The first original major discovery was completed in Siberia. A gigantic cavern was discovered near the Yamal Peninsula. The diameter of this unexplained spherical shaped enormous puncture appeared out of nowhere on the earth was up to *374ft (113meters)* however it was the horror of how it came to be, and what was underneath the crater which truly scared the shit out of officials. “It looks like something crawled out of it” stated DR.Douglas Bennett to the **NSA** high ranking officials. The electronic mail response the medical doctor received was awfully close to a threat:

FIRST EMAIL TRANSMISSION – DREAM DRIFTERS PROJECT

To: BennettMDD classified91

From: SINdocNSA project management

Subject: icy oceans Important –PLEASE READ ASAP.

Bennett-

We need to speak to you urgently, these emails must stop!!! Use a pre-paid untraceable mobile phone or your direct hard-line, and keep these emails from your colleagues we don't care about consent. According to our “AKA” second opinion Ryan West PHD avoid the area FOR NOW!!! This is a very sensitive matter and any leak of information can and will cause massive hysteria you'd want the world in a state of panic? We appreciate all you have done. The crater is not the only site; we have found a multitude of locations. For now focus on the orbs and the DD connectors. Mr. Hook reported back to Cross one of the drifters is claiming the orb connectors took him to a “Valstick Realm” do some research on this, and stay away from the cave, we would hate to see one of them holes swallow you up, think about your family.

-The administration

OPERATIONS-

I've found scientific proof that the world as we know it is in great danger. My worst fears have been confirmed after DNA extraction from the site of the S-9 crater, we found unidentified DNA belonging to something/someone-not from our world. Oddly, many of my team's best scientists agree and be of the same opinion that by some means something with Solifugae DNA along with Arachnid crawled out of the crater which we primary thought to be a ridiculous theory. Other than after further investigations with the X-22 deep zone HD-camera at about hundred meters below the crater; we have found an alien origin of life. The cavern to my surprise is a complex cave system with an icy lake or ocean beneath it with tightly connected mechanisms of oxygen, carbon dioxide, and human blood we found proteins not of this planet, and have

classified it of extraterrestrial life that does not originate from earth. I know this must be hard to accept I myself was a man of great debate when it came to the subject of aliens. But now I fully understand and convinced that there is a creator. We found something else- some variety of large animals with numerous legs and some we think might have wings. A close up of the image we took of the amazing discovery is attached. We can't say for sure except it seems like the icy lakes connect all around the earth's core and images of a man swimming in the icy blood lakes then disposing of his flesh was captured. The images are grainy and distorted. Nevertheless it clearly shows someone or something with a man's body engaging these creatures. The bloodstream seems to connect with the freezing lagoon. We've found a barrier powered by microscopic vessels of unheard of electrical energy please send additional members of project S-9 and last: the latest crater(S-14) is enormous in size, we flew down into it with several mi-8s (helicopters)-you can be capable of travel, without being afraid of striking anything it's endless and unremitting.

-B Email account for: DR.Douglas Bennet subject: deleted and send S.I.N

END OF TRANSMISSION – DREAM DRIFTERS PROJECT (EMAIL)

Classified data PLEASE DO NOT READ

THE Icy white rainfall dripped downward, this fashioned a darker, a deeper menacing feeling of despair, and anguish. In the restroom Det. Rich Patterson” was splashing water in his face, cooling his jets when he noticed -the blood. It ran downward from his nose, and mouth, in addition symptoms were starting to kick in from an anesthetic withdraw, stomach cramps, nausea, vomiting blood from his bloated and unsettled stomach. Rich’s been on the little feel good pills since his arrival at the HUB. His way of dealing with the end of the fucking world, and to maintain his energy levels high, the lights in the damp mid-sized restroom flicker constantly. A shadow stimulated behind him. Blood splattered on the walls ubiquitously.

The monster was here. In the interior with them, inside with Rich Patterson, the master arrived, and he was not pleased. The lighting flickered one final time ahead of the darkness which consumed the rest area. A thunderous growl followed by a bloodstain splashing on the bathroom mirror, the winds increased creating an eerie howling hum resembling a cluster of women dying outside in the freezing depths of the hellish white rain. The lights came back on in the rest area except very faint’ and behind Rich Patterson waived the cloak, bright red like the plates served to him with blood. The Mother ship hovered above the skies of a fallen world and the craft propelled a booming deafening crash from the heart of the overwhelming bulky and menacing ship. “He’s here; “he came for me said patient 49 while he unstrapped his left hand, and then his right, the handcuffs never in actuality held him. He allowed himself to stay in restraints;

Cohen and Bennett were distracted by the flickering lights, the strange interferences, and some of the specimens had begun to move. **PATIENT 49** could feel the life drained away from his body, he felt stiff, sluggish, and feeble- save for some of his strength was still within him. His

body was being restored by something, or someone. The screams came from the vanishing point, this area in the "HUB" had become smaller, the walls started to close in on the men, and an illusion created by the trickery of the **blood-king** caused great confusion between them. They'd turned on each other. The guarded entrance became a minuscule hallway of blood. It was a horrific scene the two soldiers, ironically two survivors- from the first-wave of attacks from the "**Wicked Ones**" were about to be dead.

It began with an ultra-rapid spike in temperature: the heat was unbearable, followed by terrifying visions, extreme delusions, and images of bright red caskets. Both men saw each other as the enemy, and each of them reflected to one another's fears- ex naval sergeant "Bob Rogers" saw his friend and fellow survivor as a scorpion with male human features his reaction to the appearance of the creature was a violent and deadly one. "Oh GOD, "Please No yelled Bob Rogers at the Man-Scorpion. He hammered back and shot his fellow partner twice in the head and proceeded to decapitate him. The beheading was extreme he ripped, sliced , and tugged at the dead man's neck, and shoulders until the head came popping off like a cheap discount toy, with his combat commando knife.

The head rolled in the direction towards the double door entrance of THE HUB. the lights began to flicker again, and Bob Rogers began to let off rounds from his AK-47 assault rifle blindly, the bullets spray out like confetti, the doors swung open, enormous waves of snow came shooting in, and the dark shadows 'moved inside the building without any sound, in silence, they began flashing by the sergeant like brief images of figures soaked in blood, the winds howl in, and howl out, a face freezing gust rushed through the wide open doors "Do not be afraid" spoke one of the silent attackers "we're here for him" standing over Bob Rogers while the sergeant begged for his life on his knees, was one of the faithful loyal warriors of the blood-king- these two dark master vampiric elders were further sophisticated than common soldiers they're: "ELDERS" ancient , dominant, and held no mercy in their pitched-black souls. "Get away from him" said the girl with the AR-14 she was sexy, tough, and resilient. The female ran to intercept the evil servant. He, (it- resembled a man in speech, and appearances) except for the **red velvet hooded medieval dresses** swung his ax at her, and jumped upward to the roof. Only a black, with faint red tone touches of scarlet faded shadows can be distinguished over the sergeant, and the female who came to his rescue. - And then it was gone.

The weapon used by the elder who attacked the front of the station captured the intrigue of the girl hero. Who struggled to close the double doors, the snow was blazing in nevertheless she managed. "What's wrong, "YOU OK? Asked a horror-struck "Mr. Rogers leaning against the wall catching his breath he'd been sweating under his **MIAMI DOLPHINS** T-shirt. "Other than the fact- "I can't believe "I saved the life of a dolphin fan, "everything is peachy- "you know how long- "I have, waited for them to avenge that 1985 super bowl cremation." replied the girl hero. While she dug in her jeans which looked like she'd been wearing the pair for years. The dirt, the blood, it's all clearly visible. She popped the cap off the painkiller bottle. It was still in a standard pharmaceutical medical light orange bottle. "Want one? She offered the little oval white pills to the frightened and pastel Bob Rogers.

“Yeah fuck it, “never messed with shit like this before, “but it’s the end of the fucking world right?
“So they keep telling me answered the girl. He takes two, and downs the pills like the girl hero did with nothing to wash them down with. “I know the aftertaste is a bitch remarked the female holding the AR-14 over her shoulder and hugged the artillery. The warnings on the bottle were clear: **MS COTIN MORPHINE SULFATE ABUSE POTENTIAL VERY HIGH LIFE-THREATING RESPIRATORY DEPRESSION.** except for she’d been struggling with these minute demons that came disguised as painkillers previous to the arrival of the two gods who came to earth to fuck it up with their war party, before she knew witches, werewolves, vampires, aliens, wizards, and spaceships from other worlds existed, prior to her meeting Brandon, before she knew her destiny, before she became a servant of the ruler of souls, and ahead of the day she almost died, and a family legacy that was kept secret.

Bob glanced at the sexy and rawboned big breasted female with wonderment. He was amazed how such a pretty girl could handle things so well under these critical and savage times. A red thick liquid began to trickle from the roof and when the bizarre substance splashed on the floor it raced towards the 2nd man with excessive velocity that was guarding the entrance. The one Bob killed thinking he was a giant flesh eating scorpion. His headless body was motionless near the double doors. The female hero managed to close right before she took her little feel better pills, “What the fuck is that? Asked Bob “I don’t know “everything seems really wrong, “you let off high powered rounds yet nobody came to check on either of you, and this liquid- she dipped her index finger in the moving puddle making its way to Abe Jones the dead man by the doors. “It’s not blood she wiped it off fast. “So what is it then? Bob Asked. “It’s the fluid of resurrection, “What else would it be? Colfax scanned the blood-soaked lobby “You disgusting maggot, so sad how the human mind is unfilled, lacking wisdom and understanding.” Colfax Said. The organic cloak waived from side to side and wrapped around the vampire elder resembling a cherry cyclone.

“Humans, “sometimes, I wonder how you’re brains, “taste so good when you’re stupidly level surpasses all other beings I have encountered-and to answer your question Ms. –“Nobody is coming to check, “as they are all unresponsive. The words echoed, the quality of tone was evil, and echoing- an elevated and well formed gentleman stood before them with a *blood red shroud*, ample and arched shaped eyes in the vein of a carved pumpkin. “Your him, I remember now, spoke the girl hero aiming the assault rifle at the unspeakable terror in front of her. “Put your weapon down, “and come with me, or die just the same. “I have no time, “the boy and I well put an end to this” when it spoke the tone of voice ricocheted like a stray bullet all around them. “*And* you left the back door unguarded “just to save these two pigs? Colfax shook his head in disappointment “I ‘am not here to save any of you, I merely want the boy to bring down this forsaken creature.” Colfax Said. “Never, I won’t let you do, what you did to Trinity.” Colfax shrugged. The vampire’s eyes beamed a crimson shade and locked eyes with Violet.

THE RED liquid had begun to rise, and it took the shape of a skeletal maggot like creature now, awfully hideous and injecting itself within Abe Jones headless body and began to fill his insides with new life, a dead new life, and a new head began to cultivate back. “You see, “everyone

gets a 2nd chance. Unnatural laughter spilled out of him like: some crazy seven year old playing with his father's shotgun, after he'd murdered his neighbor with it. **Patient49** stood next to "SIRIUS COLFAX" the master, of all masters- the blood-king. The monarch of the "KINGDOM OF JEREMIAH" trillions light years away, in a side-universe from the "savage roads" in the vast darkness of space, in the countless scores of realms of the Transverse rested the sliver-empire of Sirius Colfax.

The **roof** of the building had begun to tear off piece by piece, the trembling had begun mildly and currently it now felt in the vein of the most violent earthquake occurring. The tremors 'were cracking the earth in half, at least it felt that way. Like some volcano, only god knew where the fuck, erupted in some far away isolated mountain somewhere. Either of those two scenarios would've been better then the genuine reason the roof had gone to hell and the earth rattled like a snake in the African jungle. "It's Him, "or should I say *it*." Sirius Colfax Said. When the vampire glanced beyond him, the top was completely gone now, swept like a gang of homicidal tornados murdered it. The two devoted servants stood subsequently to the **BLOODKING** now. And they were ready, more ready than ever, they had lost so much, experienced so much pain during the loss of this battle.

They stood equipped to exchange supernatural blows against the enemy. Their race had caused so much grief over the living, just to satisfy their greed, the lust for blood, so much death, and pain for immortality. *And now look at them-* once a great army of the dark-winds of the "Valstick Realm" reduced to allying themselves with their dinner. The human teenage boy "Patient 49" covered in symbol's now stood next to the three – the Blood-King, and his two faithful and committed powerful servants- now there was four. The assembly stood in alliance in the hub's hallway of blood – immediately the young, cocky, sexy female withstood the shaking of the HUB's floors, and the aggressive winds which dangerously swept indoors. The **Whiteout** was at full blast, roaring and puffing in the interior. "This is a mistake, "everything we fought for, and now look at us- standing next to these monsters" Said the girl-hero. With no other choice or alternative she stood next to patient49 and now there were five. 'Bob Rogers began to compose an effort and moved however he was attacked, and immediately stopped in his tracks, and eaten alive by the three-headed monster "Abe Jones" had become.

He'd grown a tale, and became equipped with horns and all. The female wanted' to help, however one of the hooded masters located a hand on her chest signifying it was too late for the unfortunate "Bob Rogers" an ax was swung- and all three heads flew in the air, the weapon detached the revolting creatures repulsive fresh new horn-heads from the fuckers body. The black mysterious Mother-ship suspended in the atmosphere of our deceased world, had begun to stir, and **the rain of blood** initiated to ooze very frivolously on the snowy land of the poltergeist earth. "Its beginning responded the **blood-king**. Before she can turn, and ask what... what is beginning? **The girl-hero** was yanked into the air by something colossal with tentacles, sucked in, like some kind of filth ball. *The girl-hero* had a name. She once had a family. She desperately tried to obtain a better life for herself. And when this all started to occur

she'd been there for the resistance, risking her life every step of the way and fighting her evil
bloodline.

The girl-hero was dead. Torn separately to one side and tattered to pieces by a demented
malevolence of the creature of legend which we may never know it's accurate history. She was
gone. Swept away like dirt in the cold drizzle. However, her story had just begun and you will
come to know the instrumental role she'd play in the on-going war. **THE REST OF THE FOUR:**
proverb and spotted a horde which approached from the north The Blood-King and his new-
fangled alliance were attacked by: **SPIDER-SOLDIERS** whom marched similar to warrior ants,
resembling armed forces of fatality. It was now, that the war truly had begun. The iced rainstorm
blew all around them. All sides, all directions, in a ruthless fashion, this made visibility- **O** we
lost site of the new alliance Doug and Beth Hid within the same room where **Patient49** had
escaped from and let them live. *.....and then there were none...*

Chapter 2

BETRAYAL

Thirty-six days before...

December 1st 2016

OLD EARTH

Shadows burned my body... until all which dies returns-

In the last days of the Old Earth, ancient enemies waged war in opposition to each other. it
was a battle which left many dead. The corpses were scattered about the city. The Horrifying
reality was starting to settle in her mind like a flesh eating parasite, her thoughts had been
consumed by hate, her destiny was misconceived as she began to understand her path to evil
was not just an under lined coincidence. It was fate. Her dark masters relished their victory. Two
of the most brutal and controlling dark masters of the newly re-born "**V.O.A. Order**" strode through
the devastation, buildings had been reduced to rubble resembling some type of nuclear assault,
cars, homes, trees, and citizens burned in the ferocity of the hate. The ashes fell constantly from
the night sky the blood soaked streets were flooded with a disturbing mix of black waters which
reached above the ankles and were consumed in blood. She could hear the blood of the
innocent screaming in agony the blood was talking to her, and begging for redemption from
beyond. Beneath the light of a crimson moon, underneath the skies of fallen ashes, on the
ground the flashes of "**RED LIGHTNING**" illuminated the suffering in the distance as each flash lit
up the remains of "The Old Earth" the bodies laid on top of each other like stacked pancakes
dished in blood syrup. Hell was unleashed like a wild animal crushing its cage and ripping its
keepers' throat. Judgment day came with many warnings- the engine of war had roared to life.

Buildings, homes, business establishments, schools, vehicles, tanks, even surface to air missiles were abandoned. The light was absent from the world replaced with a sinful darkness, and with everlasting death. She splintered a grin and continued onward.

She strode by the bodies approaching her dark masters both of them stood side by side enjoying the devastation. Even in the profound darkness of the night her eyes flashed a dark blue until it settled on the color red. Her former name had been discarded, swept away in the cold wind, the succeeding heart; "the black heart was growing inside of her: scraping her insides. She wore an extensive red leather garment all the way down to her burgundy, and black boots. A red-hood covered a large amount of her face only exposing the beautiful woman's glossy reddish lips her boot prints completed bloodstained images on the concrete steps as she entered the fortress above the black waters of the old earth. It was a temple of evil, a structure finished of organic compounds and the tower had risen above the clouds. Its peak reached further than the skies. And her outfit flourished beneath the blood-moon and swirled around her perfect body.

The ancient symbol attached to the palace of evil hung like a disturbed angel on the peak of a lifeless Christmas tree. *The symbol: 2 snakes crisscrossing each other with what seemed to be a heart wrapped around it with roots of flesh and pointy spikes made of human bones.* The site of the fortress was terrifying and under the night sky the symbol shined like a rogue star disobeying heavens orders. The three dark masters met up at the center circle on the very last floor of the fortress. the tower was a large structure resembling the "KHALILA TOWER" also known as "Burj Dubai" an enormous skyscraper in "Dubai" -In actuality it was a spitting representation of the skyscraper, the color of the tower was a shining metallic black, the terrain surrounding the stronghold was large in width and floated above the murky black blood waters, special mixes of concrete, blood, flesh, bone, and liquid acid help withstand the extreme pressures of the structure standing at: 3321.9 m the tower was over ten thousand feet the crystals' outside attached to the building created a stream like river flow which connected with the heart and core of the tower,

The heart was deep in the towers soaring chambers the pulse of the tower was loud (*Thump Thump*) at the center circle the three "Dark Masters" nod to each other in respect and in victory "Behold the "Eater of souls" "our malevolent baleful lord awaits us in the "*NEW PACIFIC SEA*" "the machine of "*LEGACY*" is reconstructing the elements of this world, "soon the grand evil of "Archaic" "will be unleashed and the 9th chamber of "Gog" "will once again subsist on this planet. Clearly the male subspecies speaking was in charge of the three masters, he spoke with authority, and there was a disturbing wicked undertone in his voice. The Leader passed a long stretched, thin, and transparent vile containing a bluish dense liquid to the feminine "Dark Master" who held it upward to the radiance of the crimson moon. Stabbing all the way through the enormous castles gothic styled windows with roots of flesh wrapping around the glass like armor protecting the premises. She proceeded to stroll in an unhurried manner onward to the fortress main staircase. The dark female master embarked to the top of the fortress, she did not require walking up the steps. Her ability's had grown stronger since the betrayal. The earthquakes beneath the ocean curved the seas into waves of ruin. The faces appearing in the pitch-black skies were terrifying; the colossal features of *long lost gods* returning to the planet. Underneath their ghostly faces laid another facade- suddenly the large horrendous faces which floated higher than the clouds initiated to descend downward in the blackest of nights. The clouds had become haunted by dead-worlds who had been resurrected by the **KING OF SOULS** returning to the universe.

THEY began to morph into monsters. Images of large teeth, fangs, and blackened eyes made and prepared of pearls can be visibly seen from the tower, and around the world. The female Dark Master released the virus into the cold air blowing from the south the vile she carried was indeed the last and final piece of the plan. The "TE`KEL" STRAIN" in humans, the virus effects the image-making component of the mind it directly effects the imagination. It can turn brother against brother, Mother against son; it can construct images of great confusion. the TE`KEL" STRAIN" or simply called the "UNHOLY Virus" the name the survivors of the first wave of attacks by the soul eater, the king of souls, the snake lord of the outer realms will eventually nickname the strain and hence forth it will be called "The Unholy Strain" with the ability to instill fear as well as desires in one's mind although the most devastating effect it carried within its deadly components was the supernatural molecule "*The Black Blood*" the shape-shifting or "transformer" compound protein which this virulent pathogens carried. Rearranged the human structure and created new blood, new organs, and changed everything that made the person once human. The thunder roared above the clouds like a wild animal confined to its uncomfortable cage. The red lightning flashed creating a beautiful radiant stunning visual in the black and cold skies of "THE NEW EARTH. Floating above the black waters below the castle of the dark masters was an object which immediately catches the attention of the beautiful villainous female who moved in the shadows. In a blink of the human eye she was by now- below the fortress her boots knee deep into the murky black waters which consist of blood and human flesh.

She picked up the item not with her hands- however with her mind; her LOCKED powers grew by the second. The item was a small black leather notebook with the initials *S.K.* on the front. A panama pocket diary with a lambskin cover, she proceeded to untie the diary- complete with sections for months, years, notes, and the details of a killer. The thoughts written down were

Those of a sick, DISGUSTING, and twisted individual, ironically, the diary contained: within its pages the dark scriptures of an evil soul turned hero- and documented the end of "**THE OLD EARTH**" - *Those who give life to chain the beast in the shadowed Murdered world.*

-33 MILES WEST OF THE TOWER-

At a far distance, flanked by the downpour of rain and snow which trickled down from the skies of fatality and the monsters which had begun to invade the land consume themselves in humanity's despair. The female dark-master of the new *VOA order* watched vigilantly- and an alarming concern filled her insides with worrisome thoughts. Had she made the right choice? Was it too late? She watched what was left of the city, get terrorized by the creatures which had arrived with the new world and she witnessed the great effort of **the resistance** while she held the diary sheltered to her chest she wept quietly on the extraordinarily pinnacle of the tower.

The Town was under attack by "**ELDERS**" something exceedingly evil and inhuman has come to "BlackStar FL". The streets burned, the walls of Main Street were painted in blood. People

tried to run but there was no escape. “*BOOM*” The explosions came from every direction: Cars, Shopping Centers, and Homes on fire. It was mayhem. The inferno of GOG had begun.

“*Tiffany Elliot*” was clothed in complete tactical attire The “Balaclava” head gear snug’s tightly and covered her entire face; the eyewear protected her from flying debris, radiation, and dark sunlight. The combat boots were prepared from heavy duty leather. The perfect footwear for rough conditions, and Tiff’s gloves were cut resistant which made them perfect for battle. Underneath all the combat tactical gear was the beauty of a woman. “Tiffany Elliot: was 23 years of age but held the mind of a much older and wiser person. Her face was perfect, her eyes: a light green which could trance any man or women. Her body was perfect, slim although very voluptuous, incredible features weighing in at *135 pounds*, and standing at *5.10ft* she was a dreamy piece of work.

On the inside she was dying not from an illness or a fatal sickness but fading gradually from the pain, the heartbreak, the traced sorrow of a hard life reflected from her lime greenish eyes. The growling sounded vicious, inhuman, and venomous. The voices sounded dark, echoed, and horrific. The rain and snow made it awfully dire for the group known as **the Seven**.

Click Clack was the sound her “DESERT EAGLE” made with 2 fully loaded clips for the eagle, and her *Glock-22* loaded to the brim with ‘17 bullets, plus *five* more cartridges attached to her tactical attire. She ducked behind the “BLACKSTAR POLICE STATION” -Tiffany or just “Tiff” for short, dug in her pockets to snatch her painkillers, a habit she previously struggled with before she met “Daniel Mikael ” “Your really not, “pull that shit now,- are you? “Damn it Tiff “I need you paying attention said DJ (short for Daniel) also dressed in tactical gear and held a powerful assault rifle. “Are you fucking kidding me? “Just given that you kicked them-“ “right before all hell broke loose-“ does not make you better than me, “and “besides DJ more on point then me, “you isn’t gonna find. She was beautiful and feisty both qualities’ DJ fell deeply in love with.

“*HERE THEY COME ...HOLD THE LINE*” screamed Frank Hawkins an ex-marine who alongside with Tiff and DJ joined in the fight against the supernatural, Violet and Wade also teamed up with Tiff’s much older partner “Earl Raney” Gunfire erupted. The creatures: came at them in a super violent annihilation assault and screamed “kill them all.” “**THE ELDERS**” a clan of 7 deadly vampires and witches who had been sent by: “THE COUNCIL OF TOMBS” to eradicate all life, tear up the roots of the town, and leave only one number for the population of the world: *O* The Mind-Link kept blasting within the group’s connection. Surrounded by a cluster of cyclone of murderous twisters finished by ruined, shattered mirrors and pieces of glass huddled mutually together

THE ELDERS” were a very unique brand of “Vampires” and reptilian hobgoblin witches with the ability to walk the earth without sunlight effecting them for a full 3 hours each day, and nothing could kill them, except if you managed to behead an ELDER twice- since the first head of an “ELDER” always grew back within seconds of being decapitated. The gunfire was fast, ruthless, and heart stopping. Behind the group of **seven** a small herd of the resurrected had approached the group. Cornered on both sides with no place to run- Tiff snapped the pin off her

last grenade “We are officially dead remarked “Martin Lloyd” the brownish hair-colored chunky young man who joined the crew of seven at the same time “Daniel Mikael” did. “Fuck that. “I’m not an idiot. “I know there’s no help coming – “it could be several more days before anyone comes, “we are on our own replied Tiffany right before she launched the grenade. The Returned a small category of the evil the world faced along with the humans who on the night of exodus turned into: **THE WICKED ONES** after the event of 3:15 had begun to advance towards them.

THE RETURNED OR THE WAKERS however you preferred to call them by- had come to a full stop, and the one who steered the herd verbalized: an eerie auto tuned voice with a derision sound “We have memoires, “thoughts plague our minds since we have returned, “we can assist you in learning more about “The Council of Tombs” said the decaying carcass – “We don’t have time for this DJ, screamed Frank” “the gunfire only slowed them down referring to the “ELDERS”-

“For fuck sake, “shoot at them Tiff, “they are crawling on the walls, Screamed Earl Raney **BLAM, BLAM** Everyone was still shooting excluding Tiffany who gradually walked up to the “WAKERS” “What are you saying exactly, “you can find the **sky-keeper**? “When did you people even start talking? “I thought zombies never talked” – The Herd erupted in laughter, as if being called the **Z WORD** was an insult! Before the half human- half monster can reply “the world came to a full stop, everything was paused, and even the bullets could be seen suspended in the atmosphere. The blood from visible wounds hung in the center of the air without dripping down to the blood soaked ground, the earth stopped spinning on its axel. Even DJ’s dog “PUMPER” was motionless; the dog was turned into pebble. He was here, his arrival inevitable the horrific **Cadillac -Man** was here. He stood between the “ELDERS and the “RETURNED and all anyone heard was the sound of a beating heart- (THUMP, THUMP) becoming louder, and louder tremors shook underneath the group of seven followed by a “BOOM “

And the pale horse came along with him- the 4th rider... and death was here.

CHAPTER: 3

*In light **Reborn***

August 29th- October 29th, 2016

Dead Friendships’ lost souls return home...

-**The** Pitch black Cadillac trailed behind the hummer. Kept its distance however flowed at a steady pace. Flakes of snow were sliding off the 1983 Cadillac Eldorado, the car was in perfect condition the man behind the wheel was a force of evil dwelling inside the body of a **man**.-

The Red Hummer circled the parking lot of the GUNS AND CLIPS vast superstore in North Sky FL, moving at an unhurried pace from the east entrance all the way from beginning to end and around the building. The three men inside peered throughout the tinted windows. In the passenger seat, Quinn said, "Fuck. This place is a ghost town D, the front doors are busted, we can actually stop here, and nobodies' here- place is dead." The driver, clearly the leader of the three-man crew shrugged, DJ said, "Look at the bodies, and the shell casings something crazy went down here, "Not sure about this Quinn." Martin the third passenger said nothing and continued to act asleep. "Let's get the hell outta here, it feels like we're dead to the world and we can't afford a repeat of what happened in Vines." DJ Said. The Big sports truck completed its approach absent of the parking lot and back unto the isolated and eerie interstate. "What's the mask of Malics? DJ asked while shifting his eyes to Quinn. "What? Responded Quinn "You said something, we're talking in your sleep, mentioned something about a dark heaven." Quinn glanced at DJ "Really? Must've been dreaming about what happened to us last night, it doesn't even feel like we've been driving for so long." Quinn Responded. "I ought to tell ya, I know we've got the firepower and ammunition, from the Vines gun shop, except we should really head back to my house, well, whatever's left of it. We might be capable of outlining Alexi's steps, perhaps find out for ourselves, how to create the crossover." DJ glanced at Quinn with a perturbed gape. "You really think that's a good idea, given the fact, every cop transversely across two states are just waiting for us to illustrate our shadows and what is going Quinn? Given that you seem to have the fucking answers- what did that thing say to you before I got to your house '?" *DJ Said.*

"I've been seeing things DJ, and not only what happened last night and the fucking freaks, or monsters whatever they were, except a world destroyed and consumed by the weird shit monsters I think , behind the hidden wall of nightmares, it's like the shootout, I don't remember it ,I don't even remember the little girl." DJ stared at Quinn with distrust. "But, they're others like us D, additional people with this curse engraved in them, I know you don't believe me, in that brain of yours, you won't accept it, and she was in the line of fire, the little girl was in the fucking line of fire." Quinn Said. "And that's what you're going to say to the little girl's family? Inform the mother, when she buries her daughter that she asked for death, because of fate or because of hateful intentions." DJ Responded. Shifting the discussion Quinn remarked: "it's kind of cold everywhere, earthquakes and snow in Florida, they'll be fortunate to keep themselves breathing through all this, people are frail." Quinn Said with a darker quality to his jagged and gritty tone of voice. *Further* on Interstate79 a barricade awaited the men huge police styled yellow **DO NOT CROSS** tape had been set up, constructing a problematical passage for the group. The blockade positioned by what appeared to be law enforcement or possibly Federal agents except with unmarked all red metallic glossy cherry red-blooded paint. The automobiles seemed polished and bowl-shaped in blood. Each and every one of the mysterious police squad cruisers had the identical outer shell appearance.

The Red Hummer was still a good twenty five miles behind this out of the ordinary blockade and the [mind-link](#) transmission from a young schoolboy thirty three miles south returning from school and heading in route to the isolated and remote farmhouse banged DJ's thought pattern. The signal frequency spanked Daniel Mikael's psyche and penetrated his consciousness. "I beg your pardon? Responded Quinn following DJ's choice of words, DJ's features had turned pastel and his expression went blank. "We've got to find a different interstate; I can't explain it right now, at least not without sounding foolish, Trust me on this Quinn I saw a vision or something."

DJ Said. Quinn stared at DJ with a gaze of awareness. "I suppose, Route 17 is the best alternative and it's after the next two exits." The Men rode in silence on behalf of the next twenty minutes' while snowfall sprinkled and fell descending downward and mild tremors quaked and shuddered underneath the asphalt.

Quinn fell into a deep, profound spell type dream for the next twenty minutes. Dazed by a **mind-link** composed by mystifying female Alice- whom allowed Quinn to established two connections and fall all the way through the gateway of the ancient Scarlet hills- a town where the evil grew beneath the green grass and the underneath the pillows of young and blameless blood. **The mind-link** was a transmission of thoughts in sync with your thought pattern simply legacies had this ability to connect to others who equipped such an unusual gift.

D.J. was the nickname prearranged to him at childbirth by his belatedly father, just eighteen seconds after he was brought into the world by his mother who was furthermore long dead "*Rosa Mikael*" The gentleman next to DJ who rode on the passenger's side of the **RED 2010 Hummer H3** was "*Quinn Mitchell Carter*" it's the perfect ride for these two men- large enough to cart an arsenal of weapons, the muscular vehicle provided safety, enough room for equally both men to be comfortable without having the expense of a motel, and it was perfect to ram police barricades, or withstand a rainfall of bullets "It's kill or be killed out here" remarked Quinn while switching on and off the light from the flashlight he gripped with both hands "I think my mind is flipping bro I see flashes and shit" . "Stop playing with that fucking thing Quinn" replied D.J. Quinn snaps it on, and off one more time' previous to he placed it back into a grey, and black sports bag "It helps me see things D, "how can ya expect for me to know shit, - "when those witches are close- "or when the reapers gather huh?" Said Quinn with a sturdy tone in his voice, DJ's eyes sparked a livid flush. "You, don't even know if that's even real Quinn, if you comprise that ability." DJ said. Quinn stared at DJ "You're calling me a liar? At the same time as Quinn sniffed the white queen dust powder on the dashboard. "No, I'm calling Alexis a liar; all that shit he said about you, even about me- was bullshit." DJ replied.

Quinn skewed his head in reverse and snorted a line. Regular, normal looking police cars hurried by with sirens blasting, other than, they were greatly different from the visualization Daniel had intercepted from the **SKY-KEEPER** and the cops were oblivious to the existence of Quinn and DJ as if they'd been dispatched to stop hell from breaking loose. Quinn took the scorched straw and swept the entire bag of coke with one solitary and final sniff. Day turned to darkness and flipside to daylight and the sun would experience an eclipse every 32 minutes.' The time had begun to act indifferent -jumping from minutes to hours.

"*Maybe*, if you stopped sniffing that shit those visions might take a break, "you know, "leave your mind alone replied DJ with an equally harsh undertone. I'd tell you everything if I'd thought for a second you'd understand" DJ Said. Quinn shrugged "Don't, "Just Don't talk to me like your father, "you sound like him, "When the SOB, no, I mean fucker, rammed his religious beliefs up your asshole" "Same reason Amanda married and got the fuck out of that house." Quinn said. DJ lost and misplaced concentration when he spotted a cluster of citizens in the region of a human cadaver "DJ" Quinn Said. "Daniel, Yo DJ, Quinn snapped his fingers in DJ's face. DJ then Glanced at Quinn when he alleged his name. "Newsflash, this isn't earth. It's a brand new terrain and they already control it, Alexis is serious shit I never seen anything like that" Police cruisers were everywhere, blazed by the hummer with the sirens flashing - on no account noticing the Red Hummer, this processed as a funny thought to Quinn: since both DJ, and Quinn were *wanted men*. - D.J. had presently escaped from **BLACKSTAR CORRECTIONAL**

FACILITY and Quinn M. Carter was involved in two gunfights with police' in less than twenty four hours. The men, awfully similar in appearances contain. A long, extensive history together and have been friends for more than fifteen years.

Equally both men were *6 ft.* in height, slender with brawny bodies, and similarly the men shared the matching parallel attitude, exceptionally speedy to blow tempers; anger lived within them. One false move and they'd turn establishments into lands of blood and bullets, when things did not go their way. DJ was short for Daniel dressed in a pallid, long sleeve collared shirt with a red blood stain on the left side of the collar, A grey "JEANSIAN MENS JACKET BLAZER COAT" With black uniform slacks and a pair of "DALTON WINGTIP DRESS BOOTS. He took the expensive footwear from "Donnie Longhorn" who'd in addition provided the stylish *SUV* which the two men now occupied- after Quinn shot MR. Longhorn twice in the cranium outside "VINES.GA" a small rural town within twelve miles of the *Florida Stateline*. Both men similarly felt they were on a race against time. Riding back to *Advance FL* after the gruesome battle with supernatural entities that led to a shootout, and left various people dead and DJ felt the mirrors in the hummer quake and tremble similar to the wormhole Alexis Cane had created with his *dark-fire* in the master bedroom of Quinn's house. The aerial observation of our earth was at the present a cheerless, sad and disheartened examination of a world on the eve of destruction. Traveling on the virtually vacant highway with an extended range of wooded area and forested terrain on one side- and the bizarre, uncanny illustration of a phantom metropolis on the other had the grouping on edge.

DJ constantly gazed outward the hummer's front windshield for state troopers, or any fucking cop, parked somewhere just waiting for a dumb ass speeder to fly by. DJ was careful, No burning rubber, no consuming anything illegal, no alcohol, no narcotics, he switched cars after the outrageous gun-battle with GA state-troopers. That's not to say the bags of coke, weed, and painkillers were not safely stashed away in the truck or Quinn had done them all. The radio was turned to station **101.66**(THE HEARTBEAT) **where your local, and world news comes first then Britney Spears, & Miley Cyrus** A light drizzle was falling near the Alabama, and Florida Stateline it practically felt like the atmosphere was changing "You see that, "looks like flakes, never seen snow falling in Florida; this is fucking crazy 'D remarked Quinn. a third passenger lays inactive in the rear of the hummer: a somewhat pudgy, however good-looking fellow by the name of "Martin Lloyd" sound asleep in a coma like state not even Quinn knew the rear of the truck was being used by a stranger DJ picked up at some point, while Quinn was deeply slumbering.

The radio newscaster was reporting on last night's freak earthquake: the first ever in the state of Florida said the man on the radio- an entire neighborhood was swallowed up by mother nature- the number of dead is still unconfirmed- in other news people are reporting red YEP that's right folks red lightning strikes and flakes of snow? DJ shook his head "Nobody knows anything" aggravated he shouts at the radio. "Sleepwalkers, "all of you- walking around clueless" DJ understood a battle awaited them, they need to find the boy, and stop the "Cadillac-Man. After the insanity of last night, the murders, the escape, and the discovery of "Travelers" plus the day was getting awfully dire by each passing minute the men felt dread nevertheless kept it concealed. "It's getting worse" said Quinn staring out the window with a yielding gaze "I know, "the sky seems to be getting darker, "and Alexi's bitch ass portal drop-took us, five hours back "plus eighty five miles north" DJ said. "You really never told me, "How you managed to get to my house- in time before I died? DJ was unresponsive to this question. The memories were clear, DJ remembered the dark colored *SUV* who beamed the lights at him, last night in the forsaken and desolate remote part of **BLACKSTAR**. The Eclipse phenomenon which occurred every 32 minutes' casted an evil and eerie shadow over the entire state of

Florida and following the fifth paranormal eclipsed event, the strange occurrence was brought to an end by a youthful boy whose rapid eye movement kept the **red-lightning** from striking the farmhouse. **The Kid** gawked outward the traditional casement windows of the protected and secretive farmhouse with the **B**eacon resting on the highest peak of the **SAFE ZONE**.

THE ANGEL "AcidMurda" from a reversed-sideways-streamline-transverse approached DJ after the encounter with the lethal Cadillac-Man. DJ can't help to smirk when he'd think of the mystifying leader of the faction from the SUV. **The Lady In Red** was the nickname he branded her with within his own locked-thought. "*Damn she was sexy*" DJ said. The thought came splashing out of DJ's mouth like his brain poured out the thought and released it using his oral cavity. "Who was sexy" asked Quinn before a loud, explosive thunder blasted the heavens.-The red strange horizontal lightning kept illuminating the sky, "I assume these days, everyday is the day of end, "Once the world go's dark- it's going to be everyone out for themselves- you know, your awfully quiet Daniel " said Quinn looking out the *SUV* window. Quinn's speech and facial appearance kept morphing and shifting from human being to a skeletal apparition and his words came out sinister and hateful. "I wish' I could kill the entire world, end humanity and lay these swine's in big fucking caskets." Quinn Said.

Time was flying by like various wizards casted a spell on our reality. The day little by little became further bizarre' a cluster of darkened clouds dancing around, above the world swirled, filled up with dark red rain, a crimson colored mist was seen from the beaches approaching the mainland. "If the world ends today, "we've better get right with GOD, finding that boy- and saving the world "would be a start shit sometimes I feel I was meant for this "save for the snow falling in Florida, the earthquakes, and what the fuck is that? "Looks like a planet, "or another moon remarked DJ with his eyes locked, looking out the hummer's window, and focusing on a round large object perched far away in our orbit. "Today will be our last day in this world D, "I can feel it, today is the date of conclusion I'm fucking ready" said Quinn.

The Cadillac pursues the red-hummer, not far behind- the monster craves flesh. Soon the evil driver must stop for something or someone to replenish him and the ability of far-seeing into this reality allows the malevolence driving the classic automobile to have a map of all roads, all interstates, highways, main roads, back-roads, every city is his to dwell, every state in the country is his for the taking and his favorite food is **cherry pie** so "Mills café" located five exits ahead will become the Cadillac-Man's next stop, let's hope cherry pie is all he wants to eat.

"**Just** might be" "You know, "Quinn some faith, it can carry you a long way" replied DJ agreeing with Quinn. This might be the last day of the old world. Except DJ was a man of strong faith. "Some of these people deserve to die" answered Quinn "What, like that little girl you hit? Said DJ "That was an accident replied Quinn with anger screaming from his insides. If looks could kill, Quinn and DJ would both be dead. They looked at each other for a good minute "*Fuck you*" Quinn said. "Was it really? "An accident, "you had that cop dead center "you were a state champion in that college you went for a year to, "We've been cornered before, under pressure, "and you never missed prior to this" said DJ with a petite indication of sadness in his tone.

"Did you see that? An old woman, reminiscent of the one from last night was seen by Quinn and waived her hands to go reverse in the opposite direction "Dude, come-on remembers? "Right before we went through Alexis portal the white haired lady, "stop the fucking car bro commanded Quinn.-DJ's mind swirled with confused beliefs, he'd been a criminal, and a bad guy' for most of his life other than to DJ some lines you never crossed, and to DJ it seemed like Quinn wanted to leave the conversations of the small deceased girl just like Quinn had left her:

dead “Who the fuck is this guy?” Screamed out Quinn after “Martin Lloyd” released a loud ugly and unpleasant sounding snore, it boomed in both their ears. “You were asleep, “we had to get out of that place fast” “the kid was hitching with the guy you blasted said DJ “*What do you mean- the guy I blasted?*” “We both unloaded on them cops and I remember you sticking a gun in that guys face, “we needed the fucking ride, “you know Daniel, “when was it you became so self righteous was it before we discovered monsters?,-or when the notion you did your mom a favor and put a bullet in your fathers skull- really wasn’t a favor for her but for yourself” Said Quinn. With an evil smirk and traces of iniquity in his tone of voice.

The Hummer came to a complete stop, the tires nearly burned a hole on the asphalt of the interstate **SCREEEE** “What the fuck happened man? “I was dreaming of naked bitchesss all over my shit getting jiggy with it, *jiggy-jig-jiggy* said the half asleep hitchhiker “Martin Lloyd” “What the fuck is it with this guy?” Said Quinn “He’s a good kid, “I was inside his dreams” replied DJ, “Inside his dreams, “what the fuck are you talking about? “And why did you stop DJ “did I touch a nerve? Said Quinn gawking at DJ with a mean stare, DJ glanced down, his mind which was clearly frazzled out, and catching random thoughts from Quinn, and Martin, Daniel already knew Quinn killed the little girl for various mysterious reasons. the **red** lightning was becoming horrific, snow was officially falling in Florida, no police was after them, nobody was looking for an escapee from BlackStar, *like DJ, was never an inmate, and last night’s events on no account took place.* All of this had DJ questioning his faith again for the millionth times “I can’t do this with you right now Quinn” said DJ with a stern face and an even more serious undertone giving a hint of anger. Why can’t you D scared I might hurt your feelings.” Quinn Said.

Placid light tremors began to rattle the cans of soda in the interior of the hummer, the ground trembles for a good fifteen seconds. “Wait, “what did you mean inside my dreams? “That’s personal space man-“old martin here doesn’t want anyone poking in my mind brah” “I mean you can find all kinds of crazy shit inside someone’s dreams man. “DJ and Quinn” both turned their heads to look at ‘Martin and a pleasant “**SHUT THE FUCK UP**’ blasted out of their mouths, the words echoed inside the hummer. Shifting his gaze back to Quinn, DJ catches a manifestation of a thought like a reflection: (“THIS FUCKER, THINKS HE CAN TALK TO ME LIKE IF HE WAS MY FATHER”) DJ said nothing to Quinn regarding the ability, only tendered advice ahead of hitting the road. “Accepting correction is an important part of becoming a mature adult Quinn- “and sometimes “the correction that hurts the most “may be the correction that you need the most” answered DJ. While making sure no other vehicles were impending behind them.

They did bring the hummer to a standstill in the middle of a highway that should’ve been piling up with cars; instead the freeway appeared like a lifeless boulevard- akin to a graveyard. DJ placed his hand on the gearshift and sped off: **VROOM VROOOOM** -“Daniel Mikael” was considered to be a handsome man. Light brown eyes, Hispanic heritage, and His parents eager for a better life on behalf of their children. Made it out of a disaster-prone **CUBA** in the sixties, born in the United States, by age ten ‘DJ was a lost soul, loose cannon. In, and out of juvenile hall, boosting cars, and feeling empty, miserable, dead inside, and so awful in fact he’d turned to hard booze by the age of fourteen. Following a small number of fist fights Quinn, and DJ had become more than just friends and embarked on a life of crime, sex and drugs’.

ThEy became blood brothers. In legitimacy- likewise, each men apiece cut themselves to prove to one another the promise was real, they became one force, and from then on they’d take on the world. However -everything which originates bad, ends up even worse and both friends had

spent more than seven years in jail between the two of them. DJ served the majority of the two: four long years for armed robbery, while Quinn tried his best working the office life, and fitting in with the common world. Although mostly failed, Quinn spent two years for a 2nd degree rape charge. When he was released DJ still had a solid nine months to go in **“FLORIDA’S BLACKSTAR CORRECTIONAL FACILITY”** during this downtime- without his partner in crime, without his best friend, and blood pact brother. Quinn went off the deep end, and turned into a lost soul and a man with no purpose until he met “THE DAMAGED THING” the spirit with the intention of invading his brain, or it simply woke up from its devout sleep. However when the dreams of “the water snake lady” started occurring things got strange, the imaginings got extra intense, further genuine every time he had them, and sleeping became like education in torture.

DJ was still locked up when Quinn’s visions became a reality; he was thrown into a ruthless nightmare. The “water snake lady” started to visit Quinn’s dreams. And one night he had a visitation two powerful “travelers” came to perceive Quinn. Each day the warnings became extra intense in the course of non-stop visions, -and the dreams developed into further terrifying images, and nightmares of darkness. DJ glances over at Quinn and knows why he’s twitching, sweating, and mumbling while he slept. A vision was taking place, or maybe the reminiscence of last night’s horrific ordeal was replaying over and over again. Flashing flipside into Quinn’s crazed psyche, into his memories of the night before, when **the REAL** terror started to transpire. Quinn was asleep or simply re-living a vision and the presently entirely awake Martin Lloyd the tubby, young, nice good looking researcher of strange-abductions. Can’t remember how he ended up in the hummer with these two hardened criminals other than he told DJ he knew something concerning the out of the ordinary and bizarre occurrences which infected the state of Florida. Martin Lloyd can’t remember the shootout with police or Donnie longhorn and neither could DJ or Quinn at least not entirely most of the incident was a vague impression and with time overlapping within its own structure it was difficult for the trio to retain information.

THE KID’S line of work typically revolved around “THE UFO” and the little **GREEN-MEN** theory. And being a little green-men investigator by trade was not respected to say the least. It became abundantly clear to DJ when he and his brother in blood, picked up the pudgy researcher, although “Martin seemed a bit off his rockers’ with wild curly-light brown hair, a black Scarface t-shirt which read: **SAY HELLO TO THE BAD GUY** and a pair of blue jeans that had not seemed washed since Obama became the whatever president of the United-States. Martin was wide awake and blabbering away, Martin was picked up precisely following the shootout in Vines; GA.

Quinn had unleashed intense and concentrated violent emotions in the shootout with the state-troopers. “*STOP* Martin screams the declaration from the sofa resembling seats inside the stolen red-hummer “Holy Shit, “Look, at them Russian tits” he screams at the young woman struggling to get in the interior of her vehicle, she had pulled over on the interstate, just to test out the tire pressure on her *2007 blue-Volvo*, she looked stressed and worried- clothed in a lengthy, spotless doctors white coat. *However* after a series of parallel flat lightning strikes lit up the entire sky in a deep and profound dazzling red nature and the clouds seemed to be winter cold clouds gathering over her and She felt the cold air hugging the ground; the Volvo-lady was from Massachusetts. She knew something was terribly wrong. She was on vacation from a long month of research in Serbia DR Beth Cohen” drove off paying no intellect to the chubby kid yelling his bullshit at her. “How do you know she’s Russian”? DJ asked with a touch of slapstick humor. “Oh, come on man, “they can’t afford bitches like that in this country anymore we are in a recession, even the females are getting effected see what I’m saying?”

Martin located his head in reverse back inside the truck. Martin slapped a tiny quantity of meth on his right thumb and snorted it tilting his skull back. “*Fucking A*, who’s got the weed? Martin tapped DJ by the back and said: “Let’s hit the strip club my brothers.” at the equivalent split second he couldn’t help to glance back and stare at a multitude by the lonesome interstate gathered around what appeared to be detached limbs “Yo, did you see that? Martin wedged his head outward the window again “Spooky shit man, did ya see it? Martin kept tilting his head back and snorting the meth without taking into account the indisputable withdraw he’d get trashed by if he’d run out of his intoxicating candy.

DJ looked at Martin through the rearview and then back out the driver side window “No, not really, “So listen kid, “this is important- “when I picked you up, I told you we’ve been coming back from North Carolina “and that Quinn and “I had a minor incident with some averse cops, “truth is kid, “we had to stop. And get guns, ammo, “you know supplies, you said,-you knew about the red lightning when we first spoke is that true? ‘Asked DJ firmly “Yes, of course, “Yes bro, however, I gotta be frank dude, Yo, I was spazzed out it’s like I lost most of the memory of how we met kid.” DJ glanced at Martin and said: “I know, I catch flashes of cops coming at us guns blazing and Quinn shooting wildly although my memory is the same, in a haze except tell me what you know.” DJ Requested. “My brother in-law was in the military, “I’m hitching to see my sister “Emma, “I know they got answers man “even though it’s apparent what’s happening guy replied Martin “Really and what’s that? Asked DJ with a noticeable touch of annoyance in his voice,

“The end man, “the dimensions’ have been fucked with guy, humans dude-always doing things to bring our own self-destruction” said Martin “Like my sister’s husband for example, “that fucker went psycho. Really unstable, he build a basement in some insolated farmhouse in the middle of fucking nowhere land, “talking about his son needs to be protected’ know what I’m saying? “he was involved in some crazy project “they had him picked up by “silent helicopters’ in the middle of birthdays, and shit man said Martin with a serious’(I’m not fucking around) tone in his voice, digging within his right blue Jean pocket and heaved out a bottle of Roxy.

“What’s up with your friend? “He’s twitching and shit looks all clammy” said Martin. While taking seven oval shaped pills with a hot red bull he found rolling under DJ’s seat, ought to have been the previous owners, *fuck it* thought Martin and gulped it down, knocked it back with one chug. “He gets hit with visions, smacked by images all the time” shit, just last night he had to find unfamiliar strength to keep himself breathing, “we should both be dead- nevertheless, “it seems what’s considered to be a criminal in a life when the lights are on, “and food is stocked nicely on supermarket shelves, plays in reverse- when living becomes harder to deal with, “or when the lights puff out like candles- “we are just animals fighting for survival. “in another time, “I would of told you unless you want to die, then join us, we loved trouble, “except now kid, “I think if you want to survive said DJ with a convincing severe gape on his face. “Stick with us ‘because the rules have changed Martin” DJ glanced at the young man with wide-eyes through the rearview mirror.

“The world needs people like Quinn and I now, “people that don’t blink-“when looking into the face of death its paradoxical right? “Don’t matter what school you went to, “who you married, if the house ever got the picket fence, if the car was waxed, if the dolphins’ won the super bowl “Ha! “That will never happen.” replied Martin joking at the notion the “Phinz” would ever win a bowl in this world, at least. Frustrated to get off the subject DJ kept quiet. DJ seemed a bit excessively morbid and melancholic right now- and Martin was more of a pacifist. Quinn began to gradually quiver within the hummer, Quinn’s mind was tapping into the streamline connection through a “SHIELD” A set of portals of the intellect and of body called:“Midday Mirrors” the

savage-roads were open for business, and every creature, monster, spirit- good or bad, evil sea-beast, deity, lord, wickedness, darkness, and travelers from all timelines were manufacturing their way into our universe, the bowels of ALL the hells from every time-line, every dimension, each side-verse or transverse were protected by ancient orbs placed by celestial beings long prior to **Prime-earth1** was even conceived.

We were never meant to know any of this- and at the moment Quinn's diminishing deep into this "Midday-Mirror" these mirrors were real in physical reality other than they serve as gateways to the savage-roads, as well as coffins do. A method the vampiric elder implemented to crossover between worlds. The gift which Quinn held of Locked-Power gave him the ability to find these mirrors by reaching into his own mind and looking all the way through the eyes of a "Sky-Keeper" The youngster with symbol's engraved over his powerfully built body. The boy they need to find was here- 'with Quinn- in the interior of his mentality- with him. The boy's cryptogram glowed neon plum while he stood rigid and awfully still on the crown of a reddish transparent-see-through brick with a pair of "black orbs" sheltered inside at the opposite end of the midday-mirror. The Boy reached out for Quinn and with an abruptly violent grab, yanked Quinn within the ancient midday-mirrors of mind and reality. All of Quinn's crimes, the wicked life he'd led and the unsteadily elements of his existence, **Fast-Forward-Futures**, and **Flash-Past-Sites** were piercing knife-like and stabbed Quinn's mind. He started to retain information and remembered everything which had taken place the night before, and when **THE WATER SNAKE LADY** started to lacerate into his dreams. DJ connected to Quinn via his locked-power and felt the hatred and anger within Quinn. Alice in addition, counties her transmission with Quinn- the mysterious Alice knew the uncultivated control of Quinn's psyche.

The feelings of desolation accompanied by the dread, and depression made Quinn fall deeper into the mirrors dominance, the connection of a midday-mirror will take the traveler anywhere with the proper instructions, it was incredibly effortless to get misplaced inside the streamline connectors' and the savage-roads can be an unpleasant place for someone gone astray inside of its forbidden obscurity. Waking up in the interior the hummer with "Martin and "DJ, 'Quinn sits upright, with his eyes replaced by sallow pearls and repeated the same rhyme: **"I Die' you Die, New Blood New Life** "Quinn's descent into the midday-mirror's portal depths was elongated, and horrifying. **L**anding on his twin bed at home, through the midday-mirror, "DJ along with "Martin kept a lengthy stare at the snowflakes falling on the side of the interstate; Quinn's body was motionless in the hummer, his mind filled with energy flowing into the streamline. Quinn understood to a point what occurred. The ability allowed his mind to roam the past, future, or an anti-present. Quinn scanned around the diminutive space; it takes a moment for the images to obtain shape and manifest a form of representation. Quinn noticed the yellow tape from police placed all over his room. Quinn closed his eyes and began to rerun and reply how this all commenced, when the dreams became reality. When "Alexis Cane- and "Azra The water-snake-lady" drifted in like **A COLD WIND FROM HELL**.

At the precise moment while Quinn's essence was inside a "Midday-Mirror" (*Midday-Mirrors could only be accessed in the physical reality for 'sixty two minutes' once a day, excluding for the 7th day- at the same time- the sun shines the brightest on midday: ten in the am, until one pm- was a perfect and Ideal chance to make arrangements to travel, depending what time zone in the streamline the travelers were coming or going from or what transverses they had arrived from. the time restriction was a hindrance for travelers' -the portal made contact with earth's most concealed and top secret orbs discovered by the US government after massive craters appeared in the china seas and Siberia. the mirror connects to the orbs, the orbs to the sun and*

the doors to a billion different realities unbolt themselves.) at the same time DJ slammed the breaks on the hummer and held his head, throbbing with pain.

He's receiving transmittable glances of 'Quinn's thoughts. Since his body and physical form were inside the hummer, although Quinn's mind was within the labyrinth of the **midday-mirror**. Quinn was vulnerable to outside interferences' and DJ who held the ability of **Locked-Power** connected to any pulse of energy floating nearby him, or in the eighty feet radius which his ability extended to. DJ connected to Quinn like USB extracting information. *First* he saw the room, the blood, the stench of poured gasoline flared up his nose. The images of the room rapidly changed for 'DJ and the connection allowed Daniel Mikael' to distinguish why these supernatural travelers' sought after Quinn so much further than him. Daniel Mikael's ability of **mind-link** worked at random and he'd never get the chance to learn how to control it. Daniel had a gut feeling he'd die before ever really understanding his gift or curse.

In adding to having the ability to track, sense, trace, and hunt down this race of mysterious monsters. "Quinn Mitchell Carter" was a monster himself, DJ's connection was getting stronger and he had broken through the mind wall barrier. DJ stood on a transparent mirror like street; he could see roots of flesh growing beneath his feet, and then it came- a pale stallion charging toward him the rider of the spirit horse was Quinn, other than his face was different, altered in some way. Quinn had transformed. A rider of the Pale-Horse, a skeleton frame replaced his once human body, his face was the outline structure of a human carcass, and he wore a red-blooded toned trench coat. The rider of the pale stallion wields a chrome-plated sword. DJ can't break the connection to Quinn's psyche, and contained by the thought, inside Quinn's pattern of thinking the mysterious rider swung the sword while the horse stood on its two strong, transparent legs. DJ's head was detached from the body and the connection was lost.

Back inside the hummer: DJ drove the vehicle as if nothing ever happened; his eyes stung like a forest fire blazed inside of them, Martin the pudgy UFO-investigator of tiny green-men, had been puffing on a joint of golden Kush weed and had described to DJ he had been driving, and sharing the joint with him. "I never blacked-out"? Asked DJ not even realizing at some point he lit a cigarette. "No man, "we've been smoking, "just chilling, and driving' "freaking out over the snow falling and Quinn's twitching, "I mean is he alright"? "He's looking weird bro Asked Martin. "He's fine replied DJ. But nor "DJ or "Quinn felt fine any longer. Something impossible had just happened. A peculiar mind-connection between "Quinn and DJ" had revealed to Daniel: Quinn's true self. Quinn eyes had returned to normal. Unconscious and sweating bulky drops on the passenger's seat of the red stolen hummer, Quinn's essence was now fully inside the "Midday-Mirrors" power. A loud **BANG** implodes in the interior of Quinn's brain – *AND the wheels kept moving*

-The Cadillac navigates behind "DJ, and "Quinn producing trails of a red thick substance ejecting from the sliver trimmed exhaust pipe. It took the monster operating the "1983 classic car five hours to bury a victim .the evil organism acting like a human had captured for fun back in a sleepy town in Minnesota. High-energy particles exploded like it always did prior to the Stream-Line Connectors reached one reverse or forward time-line. The alignments of this celestial event allowed for the ripping of time and space to occur. Travelling at light-speed the Cadillac connected to the savage roads a portal between thousands of dimensions the electromagnetic energy discharge was so powerful a disturbance in *purgatory* had already begun, and the fresh snow followed. -the blackness that was left behind in sun snow, Minnesota also made its way into the new time-line. It wore a man's clothes but this horrible evil was not a man at all. -

The night Alexis Cane and Azra crept through the darkness and shadows' and sought after Quinn Mitchell Carter was the night the barriers which protect us from the world beyond the nightmares and the secretive subterranean burial chambers of the dark-heavens began to fracture.

This is when the **NIG**htmares began; initially at the outset they would hit Quinn simply at night and far in between nights. He would dream of another world – of another dimension. Then he began having blackouts for some duration of the daylight hours. It gradually shifted to intense visions of creatures, monsters, not from this world and a planet. Quinn's mother "Abby Carter" fell ill with the BIG C between the dreams, DJ locked up, the powerful visions, and his mother's illness "Quinn Mitchell Carter" was looking for an escape. Anything to get him away from the ache, from the despair, and the fear, after taking up coke again, the hard booze, and losing himself in those dreams of fantasy and waking up to ghosts wandering in his room.

Quinn began to have an additional vision- *A new one*: the scariest one by far. Although to Quinn it felt like a message like someone trying to communicate with you via mind-emails, rather than using an apple I-pad. Like now, *in the present time*: Quinn was in two places at the same moment in *time*, His mind trapped in a "Flash-Past-Site" reconstructing the memories of last night's brutal event. Quinn's material body was sitting in the hummer with "DJ, and Martin" he was fully conscious except his senses had become super-strong after his fall into the "**Middy-Mirror**" "Thought, you had gone nuts' on us my man, freaking and shit you did hit that line pretty fucking hard bro shouldn't you be talking your ass off " said Martin. Who was humming the equal identical eerie tune Quinn had been singing just a few moments ago. "Stop it with that song" DJ gave Martin a mean stare. Quinn was alert and coherent however felt something was watching him, and something was: *The Cadillac* was not far away, riding unhurriedly behind them, and it's got snow on it, "how the hell, did it get snow on it? Thinks Quinn -snapping in, and out of the memories of the night before. His mentality slipped away. The memories of last night's horror took Quinn's mind for a rollercoaster ride remembering the events in his room- reliving the entire night, seeing the boy with the secret code encrypted in his body, all of it through the "Middy-Mirror. *In his vision*: With a Taurus PT 92 9mm Pistol in his right hand and the bible in the other. Quinn rocked himself back and forth on the bed while the TV turned itself *OFF* then back *ON* all by its little old self.

"*STOP IT*" he screamed at the television. "I know your around, "I know you're in here, just tell me your name already his attitude resembled a child's pitch with panic and dread in his tone of voice. Nevertheless in addition curious to know who was this '*SNAKE WOMEN*' she looked Middle Eastern and honestly she looked –**DEAD**? "My name is Azra" said the overenthusiastic unclothed bare-naked woman with a snake tattoo covering most of her body the tail of the serpent reached downward to her flat ass. She leaked like an unfastened faucet, water dribbled from every hole, her body had. Including the one under her jaw where she'd placed the *44* magnum and ended her life in this reality. Quinn was not afraid; he stood up and walked right up to her. She began to clothe herself, in haste, transforming from the fully nude female to a well dressed, enchanting woman with an extended long black gothic dress complete with deep black lipstick, and dark red shaded boots up to her knees.

Azra and Quinn" both faced' each other. She gently touched "Quinn's forehead with her right hand using her left one to rub his cock in a very sensual way. "Who are you? Asked Quinn with concern in his voice, indeed he was mesmerized by **AZRA**" furthermore very vigilant and his pistol remained loaded with the safety off, although it was clear to 'Quinn he was interacting with someone or something otherworldly. His mind convinced him: no arsenal on this earth

could stop the “water-snake lady” “You feel lost without him don’t you? “Oh Quinn he’s already forgotten you”- it is sad, “I know my poor Quinn, “however, my dear when is the truth anything but a bringer of sadness whispered the snake lady into Quinn’s ear. The aroma of dead roses and gasoline filled up the room with a strange odor. “Why do you lie to me, you see! Already lying to me? “I have known DJ almost all my life “he would never forget me.” snapped back Quinn with a stern voice and a strong reply”. “Oh but he did forget you, “it has not been easy for him inside the cages of man” “He met someone, a special person, a close friend of mine, a seeker of truth”. Replied Azra “I know your seeking it too- an escape from all that is wrong and out of place” a chance to see the reality you belong in.” she placed both hands on his chest now and said: “Let us free you- like we unchained your comrade.

Azra removed her hands from his upper body Quinn walked backward and with a dangerous tone told her to leave. “No, No, No, “fuck that you’re not even real, he laughed at Azra like if she were a comedy skit on “Saturday night live” “Look at you , “*Ha* you’re a dead fucking bitch “why the fuck would I? “Even listen to a comatose bitch that’s just in my head. He began to pace back- and forth in his room. The polluted perfume of gasoline was getting more intense. “Quinn everything ok baby cakes? Yells out MRS.CARTER “*Yes mother*” – “You see, get the fuck out of here “before my mother comes in she’s sick ok? “Last thing she needs to see is a dead crazy lady, “flooding my bedroom floor said Quinn. “Still living at home at 31, “still a mommy’s boy “I see, does your sweet dying sack of shit mother know you’re a killer of women, a rapist, and in your head dwells “THE DAMAGED THING” replied Azra.

The smell of Gasoline felt like a FIRE was about to blaze up with accelerating flame and burn down the entire carter house. “How did you know that? -“That’s not possible nobody knows about (DT) not even Daniel “Who are you? Quinn aimed the weapon at Azra’s head. “Things got bad for your friend Quinn, “he was forced to do terrible things to save his own skin. But being too much of a tough guy sometimes can back fire right Quinn? “What the hell are you talking about *STOP* talking in riddles and just tell me what’s happened to DJ? Asked Quinn with irritation in his voice still aiming the weapon, and ready to blow “the water snake lady” back into hell’s belly. The air felt strange almost as if holes were being ripped into it by an invisible blade.

...And why do I smell gas? “I’m gonna count to three “before I pull this trigger- and give my mother a heart attack, “but you better be dammed sure your already dead, and if you are, “I have no issue in killing you twice- sometimes people, “some people need to die twice to really understand pain remarked Quinn. While he held the pistol and stared into Azra’s white and yellow eyes. Azra gently moved the firearm away from her, only inches away from her head. She softly griped the barrel and pushed it aside “Soon we will have a visitor my love, “my opposite, “he generates heat “while I fill the empty wells of human hearts with my effluent waters. “He is rapidly crossing over “I can smell him, he is a traveler like me, and together “we will change you just like we changed Daniel. “*You’re Lying*, “DJ is strong, “he would never bow to anyone” “Oh but he already did bow, “he was offered a choice, a choice to never die, “a choice to never age and to survive in the cage of man “he was offered the choice to serve “**The Scorchers**” “My master, “The one who set me free, -“all I had to do was die to reach him. “We must embrace death to find new life” Said Azra. Quinn Looked dismayed “Oh My God, I can’t believe it, fuck me “I never thought of that. “Kill myself, ‘or have some pig shoot me; maybe hang myself from the apple tree, “just to find some Master- “what did you do Azra? Calling the vision or the ghost by name for the initial time since she’d appeared “Did you double-cross some drug dealers- placing you in some ditch, after they blew a hole in your jaw? Quinn was

getting agitated feeling disquieted “Wait let me guess, “you blew your brains from under you with your daddy’s gun, little wealthy girl feeling sad, “video recording herself on YOUTUBE.

“complaining about; “how your whole life was nothing other than bullying, and anguish because your bank account went from a million to five hundred thousand “get the fuck out of here “he aimed the weapon again, and this time the fire he had in his eyes, the look of rage on his face, meant- he intended to poke holes in the “water lady’s” already half decomposed dead body. Azra boomed outward a loud humming growl; she uncloaked a mouthful of teeth shaped like syringes with one long thick Syringe type tooth running down from the top of her black and green gums. With brutal force she rammed Quinn into a corner used both hands gripping his neck and squeezing with ruthless effort. Her nails had grown longer; both her hands were currently losing pieces of flesh. The fleshy tissue punched the bedroom floor, and created a mist and burned the flooring like liquid acidic. Azra’s features morphed therefore strange and evil looking Quinn was convinced she was a monster from the deepest corners of HELL.

Azra’s hair went from a dark black- to a full-blown pitch ruby shade, her face consumed by black veins crisscrossing each other, Azra’s eyes turned into black holes with more than five additional eyes inside these holes, these less significant eyes stimulated rapidly, both her eyes resembled a meteor crater, her mouth had stretched out, her upper lip curled up, her ears grew in width with pointy tips, her forehead unleashed another mouth filled with a row of perfect teeth and the second mouth was capable of speaking “*Why are we waiting? Juicy, “Taste, we want to taste-*” spoke the second mouth. “Enough Azra, “I see your always quick to show your repulsive way of being, “even in death you’re not dead, “your just trapped in that little tormented head of yours” he tapped her forehead where the succeeding oral cavity had uncovered itself. The second mutated mouth tried to take a bite out of the new visitor’s finger not surprising him, “Have you even fed that thing, “they grow on the blood trees of “The lantern lights”-“sometimes they need gallons to fill them up “before they begin to implode from within.” Alexis Said.

His sudden appearance implemented the execution of the plan, there was no doubt in Quinn’s deranged mind the visions he had been having before DJ went into lock up, and the invasion of a powerful being in his brain was no coincidence. He was being warned something was coming and no matter if Quinn liked it or not he was in the middle of it. The man inside the bedroom with “AZRA” and QUINN” was a powerful traveler, a roamer of realms. A seeker of truth, **a suicide king**, in the reality of this life, in the timeline of this world: he was once known as “Alexis Cane.” A disturbed soul, pathological liar, extremely violent and a homicidal maniac-the perfect choice for “**the soul king**” the best candidate top-of-the-line recruit- dangerous in life, and

notorious in death. Quinn had dropped the pistol on the bedroom floor when Azra violently assaulted him. Quinn’s eyes began to reveal visions of a giant monster with tentacles after seeing “Alexi appear in the room after some sort of portal opened, this *rip* in the timeline

fascinated Quinn. It was a **RING of Fire** a circle of flames.-ALEXIS CANE’s “savage road” connector resembled a circular fireball and appeared out of nowhere and produced an entrance to our reality. a nine and half feet in height, and sixteen feet wide circle of flames burned so hot and intense around the edges the room temperature ballooned well over *120 degrees* and Quinn’s eyes felt like someone had lit a match inside his pupils.

The Red Hummer kept on the move and shuffled through the lonely interstate a few automobiles could be observed traveling in the opposite direction with the intensions of departing from the state of Florida following a third earthquake which rocked West Lake FL. Quinn sat up on the passenger seat with his eyes beaming an emerald glow. The mind-link was

at full capacity now and the hummer's driver side mirror fractured and cracked open releasing tiny black widow spiders with odd features and the mirrored object flashed an illustration at DJ of a man by a bonfire and pieces of skin and organs inside a dark and frightening chamber. Martin screamed like a schoolgirl when the black widows scattered and leapt onto to the dashboard of the SUV. Quinn began picking them off one by one and positioned them inside his eyeball where they'd entered and injected a web netting which crisscrossed Quinn's eyeballs. "What the fuck? Martin smacked Quinn and Quinn punched Martin and knocked the kid backward with a busted lip. Quinn was trapped contained by the **MIND-LINK**.

(The eyes are the organs of vision, how you choose to use them is completely up to the individual.)

"Quinn, "move over to your bed and take a seat, "while I address our mutual friend" Alexi's tone and demeanor was stern and aggressive. Except Quinn was no push over- "*Fuck you*" he replied "Sit down! Commanded Alexis "Your little existence is a mere- "minor bump in the road for us, "you and that filthy partner of yours -don't even know the power you hold inside, "those fucked up brains of yours he tapped Quinn's forehead roughly. "But I'm here to make it all better" remarked Alexis. Quinn was eyeing the weapon on the bedroom floor the **Taurus PT 92 9mm Pistol** was laying right by Alexi's transparent and see-through feet you could see wires, and a burgundy fluid flowed downward his legs, and something bulging out of his calf muscles the same with his quadriceps, a bunch of cables which resembled coax connectors trimmed in gold flowed energy into each wire. This fed the body liquid crystalline DNA. The spectrum of colors abstracted Quinn for a brief moment after a few seconds of being mesmerized by the unique way Alexis was built. Quinn focused back on the weapon; he eyed the handgun, thinking of how to reach for it.

"Go ahead, Take it, "and make the move it won't make much difference, "all it will cause is for me to go out there and dig your dying mothers heart out with a fork" Alexis said. "What are you anyway"? Asked Quinn "it's clear your ability's revolve around fire, and that ugly bitch over there leaks more water than a busted pipe so her weapons consist of water.

"Except somehow, it gives the impression there's some animosity , like you two are not on the matching side replied Quinn with the sound of Intellect in his tone. Alexis grinned at the observation. "And this is why, you've been judged by the "Undying Eternal" and the "Council of Tombs" *they were right on the money with you two*. Replied Cane -Azra Stood up following she'd taken a seat in close proximity to the far left corner of the room and pushed her knees together and rocked back and forth while mumbling to herself other than now she had come to understand Alexi's true agenda and so she stood up. "**No way**" What the hell are you saying? "My master, "our master is "*The Scorcher*" "why would you...unless... At last she realized the betrayal. This walloped Azra like a ton of bricks. "You're not with us, are you Alexis? She asked with a whimper in her voice. "All this time, who'd you think gave up the routes to every single one of you're stupid little blood drives, masquerading and camouflaged to be the red cross presently to accumulate substantial amounts of blood for your master- to snuff out all the life you can for that feeble and pathetic vampire, tell me do you fuck him too Azra, eh? Alexis Cane's struck a nerve with that revelation. The blood drives orchestrated and organized all around the globe and mainly in the US by **the Blood-King** and his servants were as of late recovered empty of blood, precisely following an event with everyone inside missing or abducted. Several of the RV's which were used to journey on remote and isolated interstates have exploded and were attacked by heavy machinegun fire. Secretive terrorist cells which operate exceptionally inconspicuous had been receiving inside information on specified routes by a traitor.

Quinn's mother "ABBY CARTER" with blackened circled marks below her eyes, oxygen tank, and her lit up Newport cancer stick completed her way to Quinn's room. The voices she heard generating from his room at some point now peeked the dying woman's interest. She turned the doorknob and right away Abby Carter twisted into ash, her intact human body was now a pile of blackened ashes on the ground nothing left except residue with one of her eyes resting on top of her own cremated physical form. And the eye was alive you can see it; the thing moved around and tried to excavate itself into the ashes. "What have you done? I'm going to blast you into hell, "send you over the fucking rainbow" Quinn reached for the firearm except was quickly interrupted by one of his visualizations his head began to thunder with pain, and his eyes stung him like the sun was directly giving birth within each of them. His vision was that of a large creature.

The same one Quinn saw prior to *the 2nd* Traveler's eerie arrival. The one with snake and frog skin and the creature was bulky and had slime dripping from the one eye it held attached to the center of its enormous round-shaped body. Fascinated by the size and the length, the tentacles with eyes and teeth, the colossal eyeball with several smaller eyes dwelling inside the central one, mini silver and black spiders with human faces and several alien faced scorpions dug into the creature's membrane feeding off the slimy creature's tissue. A cluster of these spiders would slip in and out of the disgusting large puss filled pores which erupted like miniature volcanoes on the monsters frog and thick layered snake skin. The tentacles had a pair of squinty eyes on each of them, no nose, no ears, just a wide mouth below the tentacles with disturbing Chinese looking eyes. The monsters skin kept bursting by itself, disgusting bubbly bloody holes gave off sounds like a bowl of rotten rice krispies cereal going crackle and pop on the creature's covering and shaped craters and from these holes- long, black hairy legs attached to the top of the monster kept trying to attack the tentacles and spoke in a language unfamiliar to Quinn and possibly the world. Quinn's vision intensified his skull blasted with soreness like a needle had been injected into his mentality- "Oh, He's having a good one." remarked Alexi's excited and keyed up in relation to Quinn's vision.

The beast was squirming inside some category of hollowed chamber. Below a castle, or tower, red metallic coffins enclosed the monster (*this was seen by Quinn in his vision.*) All around the creature were inhabitants inflowing these caskets like a doorway. This was the creature of legend and this was *its* Cathedral, a sanctuary, not only for the mammoth beast however for all supernatural travelers who had let go of the old life they'd had once despised, and converted to the slavery of "**GOMORATH**" additional gates, realms, and pathways had begun to connect with the "Savage Roads" monsters, creatures, things we never knew existed were currently constructing their way within our realism. Planets outside the outer rim of our existence, worlds once handcuffed with powerful binds placed by celestial military with spiritual ropes, and chains wrapped tightly around them, have broken free from there heavenly prisons.

The Room began to rumble like an out of the ordinary seismic activity. Quinn' was in fear, his vision felt more like a potential outlook of where he'd be, or possibly find himself in the clutches of the monster. At some point in this life time Quinn felt this was just the beginning. "Stop it Kid, "get a grip will ya, it's just a vision "the same fucking ability which got you and "your little buddy in the mess you're in." remarked Alexis. The traveler Alexis Cane kept a discharge of airborne black and radiant Ants with tiny cobalt flames aloft they're heads.

"**YOU** killed my mother; - "I don't think we need to speak anymore. Quinn walked over to his petite closet cabinet where his shoes were a mess, just like his life was in disorder. The aged

footwear stacked up on top of each other, and his shirts all hung by makeshift hangers Quinn finished himself with pieces of lumber and any wires he could find from broken down and busted appliances. He rummaged from side to side into a coat pocket and a bunch of little baggies fell out and smacked the floor “Empty, “Wouldn’t mind a hit before I finish up here, “always makes the “CROSSOVER” a bit less painful said Alexis. “My God, that’s just great- “a cokehead demon “I’m not a demon, “I hate those things clarified Alexis he found Quinn comparing him to that specific nature of being an insult. “Close enough.” Quinn Replied. “No, not even close.” Alexi’s eyes shone an auburn spark of anger and cynical laughter detonated from the traveler.

“Demons are not involved to much in our business “we hate the comparison “we are all that is, and all that will be, “we are beyond the anything and everything you know,- or ever heard of, “we are a legacy of loyal servants to the “*UNDYING eternal*” -your visions are a gift to all that oppose us, your bloodline carries the ability to tap directly into the streamline connectors’ “in other words you can see the inhabitants, travelers, “images of things to come, “and feel when these creatures or souls are near you, “and we just can’t have that now can we? “since we are in the middle of the **NEW WAR** we need you, and Daniel playing cheerleader for the winning team- get what I’m saying Quinn? “Quinn Nods finds a baggie half way filled with the beautiful evil white dust pulled out a straw cut in half, and slanted his head back captivating in the entire bag with one single sniff. Quinn curved around holding a grenade in his right hand “You killed my mother, “and probably killed DJ. Certain these crazy supernatural killers will eventually murder him too. “Quinn” snapped the pin off the small life ending artillery.

“Let’s see if you can put yourselves back together, “telling by the look in your ugly faces, pieces of you will be passed around for dinner in hell’ with your masters “Don’t be foolish your mother is not dead, and this will resolve nothing states Azra. While she poured out water from her eyes, and mouth. Puddles of homemade rain drops were visible all around the bedroom. “She’s been reduced to ash, “if she’s not dead, “what did you do to her? Irritation and wrath filled up the insides of Quinn before he unleashed the petite explosive -a different vision hits Quinn, This time paralyzing him from the shock value of the mental picture. Quinn was standing in his bedroom by his cheap broken down closet staring out into nothing, he did not blink, he does not move, his eyes were lost in nowhere land. Alexis turned to Azra and said, “And as you know “he’s having one of his visions, “do not interrupt him, “as he, is witnessing the immense power of the master. Azra stared at Alexis with a tremendous puzzlement gaze on her shadowy, purplish, and decayed facade attire.

“*Why* betray us? Her monochrome eyes kept switching from black, to purple, and back to white again. “Why trust in such evil? Alexis Replied “You are no better then I, we both take the lives of the innocent- “my quest is for the souls of this disgraceful weak, faithless race, “yours is for blood, “We are no different his reply had left Azra speechless- without any words to combat his response because it was: **the absolute truth.**

The Vision: Quinn was inside a maze of POLICE barricades’ all around him were police lights, long yellow **DO NOT CROSS** Tape had been located on the redbrick walls, a passage that doubled back on itself while Quinn was being chased by armed riot cops some would morph into terrifying monsters with three horns: two of the horns, side by side each other- while another long and, sharp edged horn that curled up at the tip stuck out like a bull’s horn prepared to slash the color red in half. The additional riot cops kept coming, the more Quinn was running for his fucking life. Underneath the riot helmet were faces of deceased people, Quinn could

perceive the five year old little girl he'd murder in the future. The one who haunted his every dream, Quinn struck the toddler by mistake when battling the G.A state police after DJ was cornered by squad cars following a stop at a neighboring "GUNS and CLIPS store. He saw his mother standing at the conclusion of the long traffic and crime scene barricade alongside the small child with the words: **MAJOR FUCK UP BUDDY SHE WAS ONLY 5!!!** Smearing over the DO NOT CROSS letters. Quinn screamed a loud **NO!** At the apparition of the undersized juvenile female he murdered "*But it was an accident*" Quinn hollered and shifted around and made like a racehorse subsequent to running and running the contradictory way, trying to convince himself the little girl was never there in the first place. He ran into a metal entry with icy air liberating from beneath pallid smog this could be seen by Quinn. The blast of air exhaling from the bottom of the metal door and black widow spiders crawled on centipede legs these metameric alien creatures of arachnid exoskeleton along with the bomb of ice-cold wind kept Quinn in terror.

Quinn was hysterical, marked by dread, nervous, and his anxiety disorder kicked into overdrive added his *OCD* had Quinn counting and calculating how many days before he'd die. The riot cops were getting nearer to Quinn while he desperately searched for a doorknob, a handle, anything he can twist, or turn- or pull on. The voices, the stomping racket of the riot police relentless purist, and the barricades had disappeared. A gentleman, elevated, and slim with a purple tailored and modified dinner suit stood in the shadows where the little dead girl once had been. Behind Quinn at the end of an elongated corridor filled with stench of death, with the smell of a rotten corpse and the mysterious figure lurked in the shadows. The man began to shape shift transforming into a hideous and unsightly Arachnid type creature. The site was revolting the man transformed in front of Quinn. Twin massive longhaired spider legs with red streaked tresses and scaled darkened pelts came shooting outward from the man's backside and the huge insect legs communicated with each other and acted aggressive towards one another.

The Mysterious figure removed his pale purple and black tophat and commenced to shed his skin, hair, and pieces of flesh hit the ground of the mazelike labyrinth and splashed liquid acid on the surface burning all the way throughout the cement and created a never ending hole which seemed to travel all the way down to the gates of hell. *First* he broke in half, the left side of his body and his right side completely detach- declining to each side on the ground were two large pieces of skin and heaps of blood except no human organs simply chunks of fresh red meat used to camouflage the gruesome truth of what this man actually was. The grotesque unsightly creature stood now on two legs and rocked its insect nature of body back and forth in attack-mode like a Brazilian wandering spider mixed and blended with a giant huntsman-spider its two legs were filled with black spiky hair; long red veins shoot downward from a spider torso the repulsive and repugnant upper body of this mystifying paranormal creature was a humanoid moth with the spider features of a **PHONEVTRIA** and a set of six eyes on the chest of the beast. Its arms were both nearly long enough to touch the floor. Its three stretched fingers include talons larger, a great deal sharper, and deadlier than any mammal in this world.

The face was a mixture and combination of human with reptilian features, the mouth of the creature was broad and extended: razor-sharp teeth can be seen bulging out from its dark olive lips, a pair of four eyes sit right above the jaws of the beast, two on the left- two on the right. The back of the monster was filled from pinnacle to bottom with silk venomous glands, nerve cords, and thick black gills accompanied by red veins came down from its neck. "*Do I scare you Quinn? "A man like you, a killer, "or do you see me for what I really am?-"*Everlasting vengeance. When the organism spoke the infrastructure trembled. An earsplitting high-pitched hum roared out of the monster and four additional legs ruptured from within the creatures' backside these *NEW* legs had flesh wrapped around them like Christmas lights, and giant green nails- ***THE THING*** located

itself on all four backside legs and began to grant chase after Quinn. Screaming, and hissing while running viciously after Quinn and the beast yelled obscenities about Quinn's criminal behavior, Quinn's past stents in mental institutions, Quinn's addiction to painkillers, and the time he killed an innocent beautiful little girl from a stray bullet meant for a **Georgia** state-trooper.

"Tell me Quinn, "did it feel good when your father touched you? " **YESSSSS**" you loved it, "divine love between father and son, "did you know your mother is traveling? "She met TED BUNDY "he's a traveler **YESSSSS** "he still loves young college ladies it's a shame "YOUR MOTHER IS A DYING OLD WHORE" the creature screamed these words its vocal frequency can only be described as unearthly. **OUT**

OF NOWHERE appeared "DJ" eyes pitch-black, teeth –**NO!** More like fangs revealing themselves to Quinn after Daniel released an ear murdering growl. **Daniel aka "DJ"** took a hold of Quinn, and without saying a word dug his black and purplish dead fingers into Quinn's chest cavity twisting his hands violently reaching for Quinn's heart- after removing his heart DJ tapped Quinn gently with one finger and Quinn began to fall backwards limp' right before his heartless body can hit the ground the supernatural **PHONEVTRIA/MOTH** type creature stood again on both of its humanoid legs while it hissed like a rattle snake and with one deadly strike bit off the head of "Quinn Mitchell Carter the creature jolted it's bug-like neck in reverse and consumed Quinn's head. Swallowing downward neck bone and all and ingested the fillet.

DJ kept at the helm of the Red Hummer. Martin Lloyd managed to do his business with his candy and threw the unfilled baggie away without Daniel taking notice. Quinn was entirely wide awake and became aware of Martin's backseat solo drug party. Quinn accomplished to make contact with the community of Scarlet Hills FL. And the *evil Werewolf elder*, a preacher from a cursed furthermore impious house of worship and Quinn understood he could control his triple quintessence- his soul, body and psyche within the mind-link embodiment. Quinn Mitchell Carter was particularly powerfully assembled and Within the Midday-Mirror In the interior core of three diverse timelines with no further alternative except to travel through the mind-link connections. Quinn knew he had died and something evil possessed his core spirit besides the extraterrestrial parasitic rodent which attached its worm configuration shape in Quinn's brain.

Vision SNAP!

The Grenade: Fell from Quinn's right hand, the miniature explosive punched the bedroom floor **THUMP- THUMP** rolled over to Alexi's lamb-skin boots. He picked up the small device positioned the pin back into the explosive. Quinn was paralyzed with fear, completely still, no emotion could be seen in his face, and Quinn gradually dropped to one solitary knee and began to sob quietly. "Look at you, "so weak, and pathetic. "Still don't understand "how you're going to kill all those people? "however my master, "the death Lord is never mistaken" Alexis Cane was an intimidating presence, one of the most authoritative servants in the armies of the creature: **"GOMORATH"** his eyes reflect flames, his breath draws the fire of a million dragons, the intense reek of gasoline was provided by the presence of this supernatural traveler his sweat was like liquid fire burning old wood, *the witch doctor of ashes.* at the same time as Quinn remained silently weeping- Alexis arched his attention to Azra "Sweet, and wet Azra, you are like the Grim Reaper of the mermaids, "your poisonous flow of water has always intrigued me, "Nonetheless "I just can't have you around anymore." The bringer of fire said.

Azra's serpent tongue began to wiggle out of her mouth, and her body began to shudder violently."Come now, "don't make this unpleasant, Alexis apprehended her chin, and delivered a soft kiss. "it's either me or the Nebula, "and you'd know how much "he loves taking the likes of you for rides in those cars "he loves so much, "tie up those beautiful rotten legs of yours, "gag your mouth until you descend and drown on your own toxic water." Azra soared at Alexis and slammed the turncoat fucker up against and aligned with the wall. "I trust, No, I know that wretched creature will eat your blackhearts traitor." Alexis shoved Azra off him and smirked. Alexis took a clasp of her chin again and passed his talons soothingly and transversely around hair. DJ at the pedals of the red hummer SUV had his thought pattern bombarded with a parade of outlandish recollections and bizarre hallucinations. Daniel Mikael captured a reflection of thought patterns and detected a mind-link with a female by the name of Tiffany Elliot. Quinn told both Martin and DJ about his ability and what transpired within his mind. DJ linked up with Quinn and **BOOM** Daniel Mikael stood aloft an iced blood-spattered and black gunk drenched enormous blood glacier and connected to the Past-Reverse-Front-TimeLine. DJ was the second one to enter the powerful **midday-mirror** of the mind and watched Azra and Alexis.

"He might be more powerful than I, "other than his demise will be caused by his own treacherous murderous ways" She was bewildered by his sensitive gentle touch, except his words Burned with rage and his eyes screamed of **murder**."Now my sweet "Azra" "it is time, He took a hold of Azra by her elongated pitch-black hair, and wrapped his left hand around it, ruthlessly twisting and turning, griping it firm and violently. "Does he even know you betrayed us? "You piece of shit, or do you wear the concealment of betrayal speaks Azra. Alexis grabbed Azra by the cranium for a second time pushed her forward with extreme deliberate strength. She slammed on the wall near the TV set. Dropping to the ground on both knees and Alexis rapidly delivered a bone cracking thrust to her throat and wedged his boot in her chops and hard-pressed back with excessive force shattering all her teeth. Alexis began to construct the wormhole and punctured gap in a circular formation. A white Talon extracted from his finger with the power of dark fire he created the circle. A portal unbolted to the Sideways-Hell-Vex Timeline. Daniel remained in total control within the hummer and his 2nd essence surrounded by the **mind-link**. A chosen few can access the mind-link without the actual **MIDDAY-MIRROR**.

"I will not beg you, for sympathy, "I will not beg for my life remarked Azra."Good! "No mercy shall be granted replied Alexis "oh, I hope he gets you, "I hope with my complete dead blackhearts that he finds out, "and eats your eyes first. "At times I have thought, "He could be more powerful than the both we serve, "I hope he is- "you're going to be taking a ride for, eaten from the inside out. "**SHUT UP BITCH**" Azra's words produced wrath within Alexis, a premeditated bloodbath and aggravation began to stir, and he was incensed by her statements. *After all*: these words might be accurate- If so, this predestined eternal bereavement in the **VEX-PYRAMID** if the Nebula was indeed the victor of the new war.

THE NEBULA was a high commander for his master's swarm of deadly servants, The NEBULA was rumored to be at the top of the "Soul Eaters" ranks And written in the aged manuscript, more than thirty billion years ago in blood lettering by the elders, when the two armies were in position in a clash that would've left the world fractured and cracked in half, the arrival of this creature turned the tide. Azra was down, the bone crunching hits by Alexis left her powerless, and she tried to release her jolts of Flood-water nevertheless her ability's failed to materialize. The 1983 Cadillac rolled forward crushing and obliterated the served limbs on the vacant freeway with its bulky whitewall tires. *Miles café* was the subsequent exit impending on the highway although the snowfall and the earthquakes battering down and quivering the soil for

the first time in the history of the state of Florida had the populace in a panic without self-control the looting began, so did the armed robberies, the gas-lines wouldn't go for five minutes' devoid of a physical fight or someone blasting a pistol, the financial institutions, and big business corporations were battered the hardest. Everyone on the planet had begun to withdraw hard cash the bank employees had come to exchange blows with loyal and faithful customers when the world went dark the human animals' shone their factual colors. as a result Miles café was closed and the monster would have to wait for his cherry pie. *And time was restarted.*

4:01pm- 2:02am- 4:02pm- 3:15am-6:15pm- 3:33am

CHAPTER 4:

REVELATIONS

THE DARK HEAVEN

AZRA bled profusely from her mouth, a mix of black water, and coagulated bright red blood spilled from her lips while she laugh's uncontrollably on both knees, face swollen from the massive violent strikes delivered by Alexis Cane" the circular "death portal" used by the Council of Tombs" was complete. Alexis Cane educated the secrets of composing "Dark Fire" from the COUNCIL. Once the faction found any Traveler, Gasper, Suicide King, or imperial legion soldier guilty of treason with the outside worlds the Council of Tombs was intolerant and unforgiving. The sentence was everlastingly tormented eons of pain and desolation. The guilty and accountable party received eternal annihilation in the VEX PYRAMID where two nameless creatures have dwelled for eons' no one has ever laid eyes on these dreadful unsavory horrible monsters who communicate via collective consciousness, these mysterious creatures were similar to social insects using the Hive mind method."The Council of Tombs" also practiced executions utilizing the "death portal" to crush members of "THE RESISTANCE" those who once traveled among the savage-roads and abandoned their faith creating a small range of individuals who refused to serve the "SOUL KING" some escaped the "WALLS OF OBLIVION" others joined "The Scorcher" and several humans on earth have their souls pre-paid in advanced.

Descendants of "the soul eater" forced by a particular ancestor, or family member to continue the feeding of souls to the grandmaster: "the soul king the soul eater of man" scores of others belong to the "BLOOD KING" soon, all that we know will change and a war which will consume the planet and drown it's lands into oceans of deceased blood from the corpses of a fallen civilization will begin, and the mechanism of madness will crank the engine of obliteration and send the universe and earth into total eradication.

The orange and red flames burned on the edge of the circular design created by Alexis's knowledge of "Dark Fire" the bedroom floor began to splinter open and disintegrate where the design was completed. Right on top of it was "Azra" bleeding, leaking, wiped-out of all and any powers. She was dying a second death. Alexis will not restore her; instead he'd been playing

her like a game of chess. Showing his true alliance to her master's sworn enemy- while she lay there moments away from falling into her beautiful destruction, a demise which seemed cruel even for someone like Azra. Quinn gets a hold of himself, wiped away tears from his flushed face the burning circle cracking open in the central point of his bedroom was a wicked cool site for Quinn he admired the power these two beings had control over and he unhurriedly stood. The death portal was a gateway to those who fall into the "VEX PYRAMID" and Azra was about to embrace the forever torment awaiting her. "Go ahead, Azra spoke while she'd spew out blood mixed with dark murky waters, "unlike you "I will die with honor- "standing by the true LORD of the worlds, "your treachery is unmatched "you're not satisfied being evil, you want more don't you, 'oh poor Alexis. She tried to plunk herself up nonetheless Alexis Cane shoved her right back downward.

In the shadows of a dark sunset, outside the home parked specifically in front of the "Carter House" the engine of a viscous malevolent entity's motor vehicle roared to life, it was his evil carriage. Blasting on all sixteen cylinders' was a red and white 1932 convertible *Cadillac Phaeton series452-B* in extremely perfect condition. The figure operating this classic bitchin ride any teenager would die for- cannot be seen in the swathe of a late dusk. The clouds were illuminated by streaks of **red-lightning** a voice was heard from inside the automobile. Whispering out loud, the voice sounded grating, eerie, and husky with an unfathomable evil gruff tone.

"*The days of exodus have begun*" assumed the gentleman or whatever the fuck was behind the steering wheel of this beautifully crafted road beast. His vision can pierce any wall, his eyes were a weapon, and they were his truth seekers. The eyes are the window to a man's soul except for this was not a man and this monster's eyes don't lie and he always exposed the truth one way or the other. *Inside the house* Azra was in a deep dilemma someone she'd trusted betrayed her, made her taste pain in the worst way and now the identical fate she'd handed over to so many awaited her. Alexis held Azra's chin up one very last time and placed a kiss on her bleeding lips. "This is goodbye old friend, "Say hello to damnation for me; enjoy eternal punishment" right before Alexis Cane the supernatural traveler who invaded Quinn Mitchell Carter's bedroom alongside with the same woman "Quinn" was seeing over, and over before *DJ* got locked up. In his visions and his dreams Alexis always killed Azra (the water snake lady) Quinn snuck up behind Alexis with the **Taurus PT 92 9mm Pistol** *click clack* was the sound the gun made when Quinn" hard-pressed the hammer back "Times up" said Quinn and heaved the trigger on the pistol.

In **THE** town of Scarlet Hills, FL a young female was shopping for ammunition with her partner in WONDERMART a superstore in Main Street. which was odd in view of the fact the entire state was under assault by a mystical blizzard and violent supernatural earthquakes' and the wintry weather had dropped kicked Florida's population rigid with hurricane force winds, other than the residents of Scarlet Hills continued about their day to day business without a flinch of worry. The Young lady's much older friend and partner had just returned from New York with Gigi Blake a different member of the huntress of legacies assembled group. The young, sexy female fell limp on the floor of the superstore and entered **the mind-link**. She stood on the climax of a black mountain. Two additional men stood near her. One aloft a glacier of blood and another in a bedroom entangled in some type of feud with peculiar individuals and the gunshot made the mind-link unstable and nearly disconnected however *The Sky-Keeper* kept the linkage connected and transmissions' were being sent from all kinds of timelines. The interstellar chatter picked up a signal from the year 2027 from the **dream-drifters** whom currently occupy a ravaged earth.

THE DAY OF DARK EXODUS had taken place on prime-earth1 and the world died that night. Tiffany Elliot plunged to the ground in a seizure spell. She dropped her caramel frappe and cell phone. When Tiff spanked her skull on the superstore's beige and tiled floor and the iced coffee splashed all over Earl's Pittsburgh Steelers number 7 yellowed and black fitted Jersey top. Earl was bulky gentleman. Moments before, a trouble-free Tiff shifted all the way through the aisles with her perfectly primed body catching the attention of all the males in the area. And the cashier, a good-looking young college girl eyed Tiff with intrigue and covert envy. The attractive Tiffany Elliot paced backward through the aisle where the batteries and flashlights had been more or less wiped-out by previous customers.

The snowfall had begun to collapse from the crimson clouds and the white rain had brought mild tremors to the township of scarlet hills. Tiff's braided pigtail swung from side to side and clothed in fitted, washed-out navy blue jeans and her black T-shirt which read: TRY A KISS AND FEEL THE PAIN with a red heart fractured in two pieces. Earl yelled at the customers for aid but the older female with nothing inside her vacant shopping cart kept her stroll onward in a weird daze. He'd scream at the young and attractive university schoolgirl clerk other then she'd left her post unwatched and vanished. Earl scanned the superstore and every single shopper he counted six when he first arrived were nowhere to be found. The decapitated head of a gasmask executioner from the Tombs was launched from the outside and smashed right through the window and Tiff kept screaming for someone to stop and discontinue punching her and yelled for individuals named Brandon and DJ.

Tiffany ensnared within the mind-link rotated her eyes all around her and from side to side. She stood on the highest point of the black mountain and glanced over the edging and saw oblivion. However she was not alone in this experience two additional men were contained by the Midday-Mirror of the mind-link. It was like she'd been there when Azra and Alexis came for Quinn. The winds howled within the psyche connection and the skies over the mountain dimmed and the creature of legend was perched and hovered among the dark heavens flanked by the clouds surrounded by menacing faces and the **EYE** of the dark lords of Saturn. Tiff and DJ observed the intense quarrel between the travelers and Quinn Mitchell Carter courtesy of the Mind-Theater a locked-power simply a small number of legacies' became gifted with.

-The conflict at the carter house had reached its horrifying conclusion and the monster waited.-

And from the heavens a monster will descend

The Gun barrel exploded with a bright orange illumination. (**BANG**): the shot was thunderous, and the flash bang created a spectrum of colors for Quinn. His eyes saw all shades of green first, then grey images fading in and out, and his ears were throbbing with pain. The gunshot penetrated Alexi's skull blowing his brains all over Azra's face and behind her- the wall became drenched in blood. This was not enough to kill Alexis. It was sufficient to infuriate him. The gunshot was noisy enough to alert the neighbors, and Alexi's bullet puncture seemed to be healing itself with some kind of radiance blue sparks of flame, and pieces of the skull that was shattered by Quinn's happy trigger finger were being positioned back together by a black and red liquid. Alexis turned around grabbed the handgun from Quinn's grip- and delivered a swift dangerous huge blow and punched Quinn durable with his left hand.

Quinn saw every color, each star in our cosmos, and every light at the end of the tunnel it was a hard-hit. Quinn was no stranger to bar fights, street fights, implicated in strip club beatings, and altercations with police. However this was the hardest hit he'd ever felt in his whole miserable fucking life. "Now, "I can see why, the master wants you, "after he finishes with you, -I'm going to burn your soul over, and over again." Azra completed a shift to exit into the savage roads; the entire time she'd been using her very last modest fragment of "dark-energy" to construct a flood portal. Alexis caught immediate wind of what she's up to: *in a blink of an eye he's on her*.

Turned around and shifted his arm slamming his fist in her abdomen similar to a boxer upper cutting his opponent, she fell backwards, Azra's fall cracked her skull, and pieces of dead and decomposed snakes spilled out from her broken-mind, while she laid their- bleeding and humming a song "**I Die' You Die, New Blood New Life**"*The 1932 Cadillac 16 cylinder machine of death sped out- leaving the trajectory of tire marks all over the street leading up to Quinn's house. And just ahead of the monster-man burnt rubber, a weapon could be seen from the beautiful red and white Cadillac. The vintage Cadillac had its driver side window inches down, seconds before this mysterious figure abandoned his post, and made those tires scream like a whore getting beat down by her pimp. "*Tracy Adams*" was walking her pet Chihuahua, a daily routine she's had for eight years. When the silencer swept her absent from this life, two shots from the muffled gun struck the rear of her cranium, she'd been silenced eternally. And the Cadillac-Man hissed and laughed. The creature behind the navigation wheel was a boding evil supremely vindictive and ruthless, an unreasonable instrument of devastation.

Just for a double laugh-he shot the dog as well. Both lay bleeding and deceased exactly next to each other. It was a delightful portrait He admired his work of madness. The driver had to reverse the car, and smirk at the horrific scene his eyes blacker than the night he was conceived. He took *Tracy Adams* life just for enjoyment, and drove off smoothly rolling up the window grinning like something hilarious presently occurred.-*Back inside Quinn's house* the struggle was getting intense. In a last ditch endeavor for survival Azra synced her jagged injurious teeth and clamped on Alexis's right leg with her fangs; she ripped a chunk of flesh right out of Alexis, and began to crunch into, and chews on it and swallowed the meat. "You little bitch, "You like to bite don't you? Alexis used his uncanny potency to thrust her away from him, and then proceeded to knee Azra in the mug rock-solid, and once she's down he'd deliver the last final deathblow. He stomped on Azra's skull thus, so viciously that pieces and fragments of brain began to pour out from her ears. She tried to stand one last time, her will was strong, she reached for Alexis and then her body fell limp right on the circular death portal. Alexis gently tapped the design created by the "**dark fire**" with his boot.

Added pieces commence to break off, and a profound current of air and wind gust emerged blowing outward of the threshold. The bedroom floorboards fractured open, and Azra fell into **the vex pyramid**. Into everlasting demise, a sinister red beam exploded from the vex wormhole. In the middle of Quinn's fucking bedroom Azra clings on; she dug her nails into the walls of the cracked portal, the blustery weather gusts approaching from beneath the death portal raged onward like a wildfire. She screamed, and hissed high-pitched knowing she's about to go to meet her maker. Azra gawked at Alexis dead center- eyes locked. She declared her very last words. "Nothing, not hell, not the fucking vex, nothing will stop me from coming back, "you hear me Alexis?" "Nothing, "not even damnation "Alexis smiled at her remarks located a cigarette in his mouth and the cancer stick lights itself. After all "Alexis Cane" was **the bringer of fire** "My sweet Azra, thus so hard to kill, so confident in your **lord of blood**" "look around, this is a fractured world, "the peace treaty is broken, and ruined." Azra cringed. "I will return." She said.

Quinn regained his sense of balance and stood upward. Azra held on, her talons scraped the internal walls of the unchained wormhole which led downward to the red mist of the VEX.

“**THE** seeds of Oblivion have been planted.” Said Alexis with a horrid tone and kept puffing on the cigarette. “Something much worse is coming. Alexis flicked the cigarette against Azra’s face while she clings on, instead of the cancer stick distracting her, and in conclusion making her plummet into the depths of despair in the chamber of the Vex. By means of her mouth she tried to grasp the cigarette slanting her head to the side, and seized the cancer stick, chewed on it and gulps downward the cigarette, she unrestricted one concluding roar revealing each pointed fang in her mouth, *and then* she fell...vanished, disappeared inside the Vex Pyramid. The death portal closed, and all the broken pieces positioned themselves back collectively.

“*You*’re such a punk, “You’re not even allowed to apply that magic, I seen the preacher, I know all about the VOC “or whatever the fuck it is, you just violated your own rules didn’t you? Said Quinn to Alexis “You know Quinn, when my master told me that you we’re one of the four Horsemen of the apocalypse “I have’s to say, “I thought one of his brains screwed up. “But, that shot you gave me in the head now that was a good move, “your one dirty motherfucker Quinn” “I like that,

“Seems the old undying eternal was right about you after all. “Now, we must change you, like we changed “Daniel” “make sure those glorious visions of yours stop flooding your brain there’s no salvation without us Quinn.”

Alexis situated both his hands on Quinn. “What are you doing to me? “I can’t move, “get your filthy hands off me. Quinn began to tremble and for a brief moment a new vision flashed before him: he could see how they’d got to DJ. **While in lock up* “Daniel Mikael” was visited in the depths of the nighttime succeeding to a massive brawl in the prison yard concerning the white supremacist group: “**Aryan Blood OF America**” (A.B.O.A) DJ was thrown in what the jailhouse vets call the “*Black Hole*” solitary confinement for forty-five days after a beating he’d taken in the lunch area, and then four failed rape attempts that led to massive blood loss from a halfway penetrated asshole injury, and a head cracking. DJ would never let the **neo-Nazis** get further than *3rd base*. He’d fight for his life every time they’d come. The fights would be severe. It was a constant battle, to keep him breathing in the rough and hard cells of penitentiary life.

The night visitor came on the *17th day: at first*, the apparition merely stood watching over DJ like a statue of a gargoyle all day long, in a supernatural surveillance enclosed by the swathe of obscurity within the confinement cell.

As soon as the night fell, *at 3am* on **THE DOT**- the strange nocturnal guest finally decided to speak “Let me free you?” The specter said with its evil, odd, and energetic anomalous eyes and brightly shimmering, a burgundy color in the darkness.

“You’ve been there, in the dark, “all day, ‘you don’t say a fucking word, and now you ask me, if I want to be free? “Free from what? What are you? “More importantly who are you? DJ was not afraid, nor was he fearful for his life; he felt his life had ended a long time ago. “I am a shadow, “and darkness said the mysterious figure- the door of the black hole confinement room unlocked. “They’re men waiting for you outside, “and vehicles “it is time for you to go Daniel. DJ began to step forward. “Get the hell out of my way then” if this is true “I never called for something like you.” The phantom exposed himself to DJ. The night visitor shrouded by the hours of darkness stood with an elongated cleric crimson housecoat

“And what am I Daniel? Remarked the vague shape “Nothing good, that's for sure, “I don't need anyone, or any help getting out of this hellhole, “Not selling my soul to the devil, just to escape this fucking place.”Who said anything about the devil Daniel? Don't insult me' I didn't come here to entertain you. “This is a serious matter. “You must understand, “I have come to view death as a friend, not an enemy.”It's best you do the same.

Replied the mysterious figure- unexpectedly “DJ” was standing on top of a Glacier, no walls, no confinement room, the appallingly produced aroma of all the previous “*Black Hole*” inmates were replaced by the odor of blood mixed, with snow. All around him was murky freezing waters and shadowy clouds near to the ground and close enough to almost reach out for them. Blood began to torrent the glacier DJ stood on, and then an earsplitting: **BOOMING** sound came shattering from beneath him, and the glacier fractured in two, and *DJ* fell into the *dark freezing waters below*.

TIFFany Elliot had no idea where she was, or how she'd managed to spank the tile of the superstore. She'd kept mumbling and acted incoherent except Tiff told Earl something odd with an out of the ordinary pitch in her undertone. “The memorial service, we need to get there.” She Said. “We've been tricked some naked, nude chick appeared to me on a black mountain and Simon, Simon Phelps he was there too.” Earl stared at Tiffany with a confused and puzzled expression. “Tiff, Said Earl. “Simon is dead, he killed himself before you could make the arrest and this was years ago... Hun... let's get you off this floor.” Earl Replied. Her mind swirled with unrest. The turbulence from the stormy weather conditions twisted and threw the superstore into turmoil following each and every window erupted and hauled massive quantities of snowfall in the interior. Static from the **RED-LIGHTNING** created uproar and the commotion sparked excessive disorder. Earl and Tiff made their way within the sports truck with Gigi Blake and ran exactly by a lady who kept her gaze upward and said: “Let the dark heavens bring the blood rain, grandmaster, praise the Soul-King.” And something mammoth and colossal swept the older woman upward in the air via large black tentacles' which came shooting downward from the crimson atmosphere. The Mind-connection among Quinn, DJ and Tiff unlinked and Quinn remained unaccompanied in the interior of the deepest and darkest corners of the **MIDDAY-MIRROR**.

Quinn's had enough; he could hear the sirens. The police were rapidly approaching the cries, the ear-piercing gunshot plus all the upheaval prompted more than a few *9-1-1* calls, and the body of “*Tracy Adams*” lying lifeless at the side of her prize winning Chihuahua was discovered promptly by a concerned and meddlesome neighbor. The grenade was on the bed and tossed by Alexis when Quinn first exposed the small explosive gadget. Other than there was no method by where Quinn could escape the strong, and powerful grip of “*Alexis Cane*” the traveler who proved to be a traitor to Azra's master “A new life is about to commence for you Quinn” said Alexis. The spirit in Quinn's brain had begun to rattle his thoughts and he bled black blood.

Azra's blood tree implant was loose. The parasite wobbled and begins squirming around the room. The alien rodent made hissing sounds, whispering to itself while it dug into the flooring with one extracted tiny leg. “What the fuck is that thing asked Quinn “Funny little bastard, don't you think?”We call them “Blood Tree” “the race is a mix of a “*Hatuibwari*”, “and a lantern tree bloodbat plant “Don't ask me how they fucked “you don't want to know” replied Alexis with excitement in his voice “do you know, how hard it is to get one of these” Alexis let go of Quinn for just an immediate minute to retrieve the “*Blood Tree*” he catches the disgusting slimy, little, one legged rodent alien. and it wiggled, twisted, and even talked back to “Alexis “*Noooooo, free* ,

need to eat ,get away, get away YESSSSSS we want to taste. Alexis sited one of his fingers inside the creature's oral opening, and it began to suck on Alexi's index finger like a newborn baby after the breast milk of its mother, while making hissing noises. "You see, all they need is a little blood, and they stay content "Yeah Quinn you fuck face, how about some of that coke, I can smell what's running through your blood bitchhhhh" said the blood tree. Alexis placed the greasy creature on his right hand and it began to excavate, and dig into Alexi's skin until it disappeared in the interior of his arm. DJ and Martin back within the confines of the hummer each experienced visions of a funeral home and a vacant police station which was being overrun and attacked by roaming vampires and flooded the station with fresh blood.

At first you distinguish a large lump in Alexis Cane's right hand however when the creature finds the perfect organ to rest at, and lay its egg's in- with Azra's case it went to the brain and fertilized in her intellect, showing its mouth via her forehead. Although this extraterrestrial rodent bloodsucker plant creature settles in different people, organisms, animals, and other life form in various ways. In Alexis Cane's case his personality disorder prevents the creature to invade the mind with so many other connections interfering. Quinn saw his chance- it's got to be now or never. Would've Quinn survived this, had he'd reached for the grenade? Maybe, Alexis would've killed him on the spot. So he tried a different approach. "If I let you do this, "if I let you change me what will I become? In Quinn's mind the only option was to have Alexis drop his guard, and when the timing was perfect snatch the small explosive.

"Quinn, "a very long time ago: two very powerful *LORDS* which existed far from the reach of mankind's technology came to this earth. One was a lord of fire, "a blood-king, who walked with the Maya Civilization "You mean a vampire? Said Quinn "No, not just a vampire, "however *a blood king* a vampire, with goblin blood- decapitation of this vampiric elder was a method proved to be worthless against the king of blood." Alexis Cane's outfit became drenched in gasoline and blue flames sparked.

"His true origins were a mystery even to him." Alexis Said. Every time someone or one of us gets close enough to destroy him by decapitation, "another one is born. "You mean his head grows back? Asked Quinn with genuine curiosity "*Yes*, "They never impede from growing back, "he is the only elder, so far that we know of, which can receive sunlight for more than "3" official hours without frying like a deceased cadaver being heaved into a furnace" "Ok, "he sounds like somebody, "I would love to meet, maybe get the inside deal, "and find out if vampires really are sexy, and appealing like the movies and TV shows make them out to be. "They're nothing like films, "and television portrays them to be" replied Alexi, "Yeah I figured." Quinn Said. You talked about two of them, "I would like to know who the other GOD is, and what's the "*NEW WAR*" Quinn asked the questions, keeping his eyes fixed on the grenade he noticed Alexis getting a bit comfortable. "Mind if I sit, Alexis sat down on the elderly black leather chair close to Quinn's bed and immediately the seat catches fire, blue flames spark up from behind Alexis like a throne prepared for a dragon, except no visible smoke, the small inferno does not harm Alexis. "I'm sure DJ is dead like my mother, "tell me, what do I have to do, to be with them again said Quinn his thoughts were on the mini explosive on the bed "Well you asked me about the second God, and the new war, I belong to the master, a high ranking suicide king for the armies of "*GOMORATH*" "who I serve with undying loyalty. The police were about four minutes away Quinn calculated the local police response time over, and over again courtesy of his *OCD*.

He knew at any second now- tactical response unit cops would be at his house. It's now or never- so he made his move dashing for the grenade on the bed, Quinn retrieves it and rolled

sideways to the left side of the double bed. With the grenade in his dispense, Quinn fell upright on the floor banging the back of his skull in the process. Alexis was way excessively fast for Quinn, and without much effort he's by now on top of Quinn- with his black boot pressed firmly and ferociously on his throat. The hand grenade swayed outward of Quinn's hand. "Pathetic, "and here I thought, "We were having an intellectual conversation" remarked Alexis. Quinn felt Alexi's genuine force. The lambskin snow boot felt similar to a hole being pierced into Quinn's skin. Staring up aloft at the roof of his bedroom, Quinn could distinguish his ceiling fan catching fire on the edges of the propellers. To Quinn the fan became a spiraling and spinning UFO in flames. The flashed radiance of impending sirens had the neighbors' on all sides of the dead bodies.

"Go ahead, "you son of a bitch, kill me already." Quinn Said. The police were in front of the carter residence, Quinn knew his mothers been killed, or changed into whatever these "Travelers" were, his only trustworthy friend, and blood pack brother, might furthermore be dead, and the cops were sure to kill him when they'd decide to breach the home. Of course if "Alexis Cane" doesn't finish Quinn off first. That's When he heard the unmistakable thud of the TEC-9KG-99 going: *CLICK CLACK*: Quinn knew his weaponry; this was the sound of a vintage machinegun, in truth TEC9's have been discontinued for over a decade replaced by more reliable machinegun models. "There's no time, "cops are outside." DJ Said.

"Daniel, how excellent of you to join us" spoke Alexis, his quality of tone practically demonic. "I'm guessing you're the freak that was in my cell all night, "it don't matter, you've got two seconds, 'to get us outta here, freak-show "or I'm going to drive an added hole in that head of yours. "Open, one of them things, you fucks use or bring into play to travel about." Alexis never flinched. "Guns don't do anything to me Daniel." answered an overconfident Alexis. "Not a regular gun, See, you're boys, they got vaporized, and bullets from this gun injured that freak in the Cadillac." it was all a set up wasn't it? And these bullets are made of components; blood something that can kill you? "Whoever took me, freed me from lockup was ambushed, riddled with bullets by a monster, I don't know, someone, or something *they did not* anticipate to be there. "I'm guessing you knew that already, lucky for me... "These are, fucking evil-god, insane fucked up, nightmare monster killing bullets am I right? – DJ" held the *TEC-9* to Alexi's head. "Quinn was in total disbelief, DJ was here, except how? He was locked up in "BLACKSTAR corrections" simply a day ago, *did he escape?*

How did he comprise the *TEC9* and how he'd become acquainted with the monsters or know about the travelers? - Questions would have to wait. "What'll you waiting for *D*? "Blast the son of a bitch" answered Quinn. **(BANG)**The echoed detonation of the gunshots vibrated all the way throughout the walls, prompting the police' outside in the exterior of the residence to open fire and *EXERCISE DEADLY FORCE*.

Chief Donaldson granted the signal with a gesture and the tactical units **did, what they'd lived for and constantly placed their lives on the line for, and that was: shoot to fucking kill*. The windows disappeared; the front door looked similar to a nine year old, with a ruthless acne issue. The hideous yellow and russet plant flower vases Quinn's mom hung outside the house for ornamental decoration, gone. Shell casings everywhere. "This is chief Donaldson." the voice of M-Ville, Florida police Chief Brett Donaldson" blasted through the megaphone. *M-Ville* was a small township a sheer ten and half miles from BlackStar, FL and an effortless 2 mile walk to Advanced, FL. "Listen up, "that was just the beginning, 'drop your weapons, "and exit the house with your hands in the air, "then, slowly turnaround, "and walk backwards- you got **10** seconds." His method of tone pulsated violent and determined to discontinue the madness which left an

innocent woman stripped from her life and undoubtedly to Chief Donaldson the gunfire indoors meant the killer or killers' were still inside.

Brandon Griffin was sitting in class thirty three miles south and polluted by a new, boring professor teaching science, the session of course, meant nothing to the Kid, after all the entire thing was bullshit. They'd been using the method of education to brainwash humans since labor, from the moment you're born to the spilt second you breathe your last breath. These monsters and supernatural celestial beings have been intoxicating the mind of the adolescent on behalf of centuries. A group of students laugh and express amusement when Brandon's words of warning to DJ through the Mind-Link came out like a loony, nutty kid talking to himself. The thought line pattern was captured by Daniel Mikael. ("You don't know me yet, but you're in danger RUN! Daniel.")

The Mirrors all fell apart at once and shattered away from each other. Glass exploded flipping all the mirrored objects up in the air and onto one side and straight on top of Alexis Cane and metal spikes swelled from his torso. "I will acquire the opportunity to destroy you Daniel." Alexis Said. DJ outfitted a stare of impatience at Alexis. "Listen, end the talking, I don't feel like wasting the bullets, whatever this is, no matter what the outcome turns out to be, I will kill you just the same, now, get us out of here and you might live to terrorize another day open a portal... now." DJ hard-pressed the TEC9 and discharged the weapon again. DJ's initial gunshot went into Alexis's right leg. The transparency of Alexi's lower body which included his waistline, legs, and feet revealed the bullet projectile entered the traveler's leg and jammed between bones, wires, and massive arteries. The second one entered his left shoulder and completed an exit wound.

Something out of the ordinary had begun stirring in the atmosphere. A strange occurrence over the clouds and in the skies, above the cops, greater than the clouds, and swat units who held an arsenal of weapons aimed at the carter house looked up in confusion; Red-lightning was seen shooting like a straight-line from end to end in the night skies. "What the hell is that chief? Asked deputy "Greta Raleigh" "Don't know officer, "but let's maintain a focused mind replied the chief. Lieutenant "Bruce Rider" staggers diagonally to the chief and deputy Raleigh "Listen, "Just got word "Daniel Mikael" "serving time for armed robbery, 'disappeared from his cell in solitary confinement a few hours ago, "and guess who's his partner "Quinn Mitchell Carter" "The man who lives inside- With his mother, "He's also a sex offender with a record. "I heard enough" his tone serious and a speck violent. Police Chief "Brett Donaldson" located two fingers in the air, and the tactical response cops carry on to the front door.

"MOVE out, screamed Lieutenant "Bruce Rider" two riot cops moved forward, and breached the residence subsequent to a swift kick from one of the insurrection police officers and three additional proceed behind following the initial two. The house was eerily silent, the living room TV screen displayed static images, and the house was completely dark, illuminated only by the LED FLX Tactical flashlights used by the law enforcement officers. "Someone is moving up there, yelled out one of the unit cops – "Looks like a female, "could be the mother "Hey you, stand still- let me see your hands? However the shadowy figure turned around, and kept moving into one of the rooms. It's a female for sure, or someone wearing clothes like one.

When the person turned around unhurriedly you can tell without a doubt this was a woman- it wore a dress, and its grey, stretched stringy hair could be seen touching the tips of her shoulders. She stirred and paced similar to a zombie, sluggish movement, black veins crisscrossed her face "Don't Move, Remain where you are "this is a direct order "Ma'am stay still, or we will open fire! Nevertheless the women kept walking at a snail's pace to the bed where a circular design could be perceived and distinguished flawlessly crafted in the midpoint

of the mattress. The center of the mattress was devastated by a small fire in a perfectly arranged ring and circle blueprint sketched outline.

Scratches on the walls outer shell accompany terrifying words: **cut out her heart** and blood was leaking downward from the center of the design, and spilling onto the bedroom floor “What the fuck? *One of the cops thinks out loud* his features went whitish, and visibly traumatized. The second police officer in the room noticed his teammates panic, and horror. “*Get a grip Solider*” and then the roof began to rumble, and its pieces began to fall on top of the police officers. The floor furthermore initiated to vibrate, and clatter until it gave out – the floor cracked open, and a muscular iniquitous airstream began to pull the gravity in the area. The multitudes of citizens gathered to witness the dead body of “*Tracy Adams*” and her award-winning Chihuahua was on the increase, the people outside could make out the residence rumbling, and trembled violently ferociously underneath them. The ground was quivering aggressively as well. The cops were confused –panic was setting in, the **Red-lightning** strikes were becoming further concentrated. The citizens originated to scream, and run and scamper. - No earthquakes have ever occurred in the state of Florida until now. No snowstorm as ever been recorded in the history of Florida.

Cars crashed and out of control automobiles trampled and flattened bodies. Lieutenant “Bruce Rider” was crushed, houses came apart partially in half, fortifications and walls collapsed producing a darken cloud of grey smolder and casted an aberrant gloominess pushing forward by the massive wind flurry approaching from all directions. *Chief Brett Donaldson*” distraught over the dismayed fear-provoking scenario fell onto both knees and gazed upward to the stars. “If this is your work lord, *I beg you* “dear god, please take me to the heavens above.” However Chief Donaldson” by no means saw a bright shimmering light leading up en route for the heavens, instead, the exact spot on the walkway The Chief kneeled on top of started to crack little, by little revealing a **RED-BLOODED** gleaming radiance from underneath the street. *And then* after pleading for his life by way of yielding and nearly soundless whispers to himself he looked up at his deputy and smiled, and said: “Raleigh, “Tell Molly, and the kids I Love...” and the chief fell. The red light beamed so intense “*Officer Raleigh*” felt her eyes burning and lit up by the inside, as if something was piercing her pupil. Thunder roared in the vein of a hundred lions from above the stars, and the Chief alongside with every person in the five mile radius of the standoff at the carter house, were swallowed by these extraordinary earthquakes.

Officer Raleigh” stood on the very last portion of cement which remained and wept. She’d attempt and gaze over the massive gap the Chief fell and chopped down through except Raleigh was too afraid she’d been a cop for only 11 months. However a promising one and now her life was pending a conclusion. No more birthdays and special holidays for her or Raleigh’s husband to cherish. She reflected and contemplated in relation to her two kids *little Pete and Gabe the babe* (a nickname for her youngest, since he was a cutie with a girlfriend in first grade). She’d thought about the time it was adorable when her husband of six years came home with a Pandora bracelet and a set of gold charms without it having to be a birthday or anniversary. Reinforcements hauling ass towards the mayhem included **Fire trucks**, a row of ambulances, and additional swat team unit’s one by one every last solitary reinforcement vehicle fell when the street fractured and splintered ahead of them. They’d all curve downward by the tips of the automobiles frontage fenders and disappeared within the red smog below and the clouds began to sever away from each other and release injections of dark blue electricity the voltage fried entire homes.

Deputy Raleigh cried and prayed. She unholstered her department issued firearm and located the pistol in her mouth ahead of pulling the trigger. An extremely gigantic, large, and black

stomach-turning tentacle with enormous suction cups and inflamed puss holes which bubbled up a cherry fluid and squirted outward a dried-up emerald limed ooze wrapped around Deputy Raleigh's waistline and slithered it's revolting black flesh upward to her neck and enfolded the deputy by her head. She never screamed simply grabbed a hold of the slippery and oily tentacle's fleshy tissue and said: "We're almost home."

They flew above the landscape, the city and over the clouds until reaching a portion of the hard coated reptilian layered frog and snake skin and pelt. It was the creature of legend a carnivorous and omnivore organism the tentacle which occupied eyes and teeth belonged to something much bigger, more terrifying a meat-eating predator was suspended and hovered greater than our earth. **the beast** twisted the Deputy upside down by her legs and flings her so she'd could witness her diminutive however cozy home become mere fragments of what it once was, except she'd seen the house go downhill and her spouse and the kids with it Raleigh lived two blocks from the Carter residence before she was swept away by the black limb from hell and so she'd repeat her statement again while she hung upside down in mid air "We're almost home." *And then she was gone.*

CHAPTER 5:

4 HOURS EARLIER: BlackStar, FL

DJ was drugged, something squirmed in Daniels blood, and he felt it crawling in his skin, like some type of insect digging itself a new home somewhere in DJ's body. He knows he's in a car, or a van. two men rode in the front, DJ's vision was blurry he'd noticed both men wore hats like the old school mobsters used back in the Chicago crime wave of the **1930's**. -rival gangsters would throw dynamite into the others Taxicab in what became known as the Chicago's "Taxi Wars" He could hear them speak to each other in a different language; his hands were tied together by rope. DJ's been in a situation similar to this before, he felt no terror, just calmness, and DJ was actually enjoying the *HIGH*. Whatever these men provided him with, it kick started when he thought he fell down the glacier of blood. The men kept speaking to each other, and made grunting sounds.

After further observation he noticed something awfully peculiar. DJ could hear them talking without either of them moving their lips, like some type of thought transference was being used by these men, one of the men seem to be very familiar "DJ" was a gangster movie fanatic he knew all the lines to "Scarface, Goodfellas, Carlito's Way, and The Departed by "Scorsese was his favorite by far, there was something wickedly tragic seeing "JACK NICHOLSON" playing a deranged-lunatic "untouchable crime boss in South Boston.

Although classic mobster movies were DJ's addiction besides the painkillers, the cocaine, the weed, and of course the bottles of [MR.JACK-D](#) DJ loved the flick "Angels with dirty faces" (1938) the only film he'd seen, over sixty seven times. The guy who drove the automobile which the car smelled of pine, and dirt reminded "DANIEL AKA: DJ" of "Jack McGurn" a Chicago gangster. "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn (**July 2, 1902-February 15, 1936**) was a small time boxer turned mobster, and key member of Al Capone's Chicago Mafia outfit he was assassinated by men

using machine guns, a poem was left next to his corpse, the killers tossed a valentine card. So how the fuck was he here? If this was indeed Mr. "Machine Gun" McGurn who was murdered over eighty years ago in gang land Chicago then maybe DJ wasn't drugged up, maybe he did fall into the freezing waters between cracked **Glaciers of blood**.

And the strange visitor who came to him in the depths of the darkness during his stay in solitary confinement was real after all. DJ remembered the stranger who came to him in prison- whatever they gave him was wearing off, he's alert and starting to comprise of back to back flashes of a hulking vampire humanoid spider, the haze was gone, the visions were like slaps in the face, the more red flashes his eyes got bombarded with- the further he felt wide awake, and on point. He remembered the mystifying and mysterious visitor, most of all he remembers the thing's red eyes just slicing through the obscurity of the solitary cell. The words of the visitor sound incredibly remarkably clear to DJ now, extra enhanced than before, when he'd first heard the statements.-"*THERE ARE MEN WAITING FOR YOU OUTSIDE, AND VEHICLES "IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO GO DANIEL."* The words echoed all over his brain, they'd kept playing akin to a CD skipping or a broken cassette tape stuck on the rewind button.

THE CAR pulled onward into a dark and isolated part of town in "BLACKSTAR, FL" an entire neighborhood abandoned since the year 2011 swallowed up by an evil incarnate, by a monster made flesh, this was the neighborhood of "Alexis Cane" aka: the Saint Nick Slasher" it was an urban legend around these parts, not the murders everyone knew that part was real. He had killed his stepfather on Christmas Eve stabbed him sixty eight times then chopped off his head like a piece of old wood. In the backyard of the creepy two-story home police found additional bodies. The urban legend began with the local authorities, the knucklehead cops made no effort in covering up what was found inside the eyes of this sick twisted fuck's victims. Dead rattlesnakes, snake eggs, and massive amounts of suicide photographs he'd collected from the net. A map of all 51 states indicating highways, interstates, with instructions' for a massive deployment of organized blood drives by an anonymous corporation, police found marks, and notes on specific areas holding blood drives to bomb the trucks hosting the events. The trial had been a train wreck. all his teeth fell out during the course of it; strange things happened to members of the jury, in addition after sentencing Alexis was sent to some mental intuition, where he vanished from' however not before killing a few of: "*HOME'S PROMISE STATE HOSPITAL*" finest staff, and security members while doing so.

The white unmarked van came to a complete stop at a totally dark, abandoned "**SUNOCO GAS STATION**". DJ knew the vehicle he's tied up in must be a new model GMC savanna, because of the passenger-side swing-out doors, the twelve seat space he didn't notice before, and the rearview camera indicates the van was a newer model. The gas station was eerily desolated; the yellow and blue roof was on the brink of collapse, the windows were all smashed by young teenaged dumbasses bringing their equally stupid girlfriends hoping to catch a glimpse of the "**SAINT NICK SLASHER**" other than all they really did was get high, fuck, and break shit typical teen behavior. The gas pumps look miserable, a sad undertone accompany the creeks the gas handles completed when the blustery weather blew airstream like an aged haunted house. Ironically an authentic haunted residence was just up the street. It was the home of a killer Where Alexis had a snake skin breakfast the morning of his arrest. The two-story dwelling even made an appearance on the **ID channel**, beating out long time haunted house champion Amityville for the rank of **#1** scariest places to live in the US. The Cane house looked just as bad as the Sunoco did' perhaps a bit more malicious looking. The men within the white savanna van were "**travelers**" they work for the forces of the ruthless **blood-king**. loyal to their superior. "I was called upon by the preacher; I'd die all over again to join his unit." The Driver Said.

THE CADILLAC prepared its way onto the asphalt of the empty and deserted gas station going around the van where the Travelers hold DJ apprehended- the vehicle circled the GMC twice in a complete loop until parking the automobile by the air and vacuum pumps. DJ noticed the car was an awesome black "1983 Cadillac Eldorado in ideal condition. In the interior of the vehicle, the monster disguised in human skin was becoming equipped and organized. DJ becomes aware of something else, there was a significant amount of snowfall on the car and of course this was super fucking out of the ordinary for DJ. *This was Florida*, and if he or *it* came from Georgia, or Alabama after all BlackStar was moderately near to either Stateline, the white rain specks' was sure to have fallen off during the course of his traveling to **BlackStar**.

This was very odd thinks DJ to himself, but then again the entire day- and night had been full of peculiar and unusual occurrences. The vehicle pulled forward and the headlights flashed on.- *The POV (point of view)* the travelers had along with DJ of the classic beauty of a car parked in front of them was horizontal. "Wait who is that? Said the driver- the identical driver who reminded DJ of the Chicago gangster "*Machine Gun*" *Jack McGurn* whom seemed to be back from the dead somehow, and turned into some type of twisted, evil goblin mobster creature. "It cannot be, you feel that? The Driver Said.

"**It** can't be replied the passenger. Who appeared to be similar to a regular man dressed in a black and white suit the monster along for the ride trickled blood from his ears. And his razor-sharp teeth told a different story. And his facade was amethyst with specs of sea green and the passenger had a second mouth which furthermore was competent enough to consist of speech. after appearing on the neck of the passenger it was a "*Blood-Tree*" a parasitic alien organism from the outer realms "I can feel it Jimmy, "Something made its way through the savage, "something strong answered the Goblin driver. "I ought to call the ripper; perhaps Alexis felt the need to change the crossover point, possibly the nauseating beast intercepted thoughts." An incalculable amount of black widow spiders spread and scattered on the ground of the shadowy parking lot. What appeared to *DJ* be elevated Men with carnival clown stilts stood clothed in lengthy cleric dressing gowns and entirely black priest robes the tall men wore ceremonial uniforms. A sum of four of these lofty and to be forthright spooky, uncanny, and hazardous looking men took position arrangement on all corners of the empty and ghostly parking lot.

DJ sought after the truth and he'd dreamt of these tall, abnormal men in robes ahead of all this crazy shit. DJ felt necessitate to scream out, he required to ask who? What are you talking about? To the men however he kept silent; he'd decided to watch the events unfold. *Positioned outside the Cadillac* was traces of an errant, iniquitous malevolence within human being form and appearance. A tall, slender- creepy gentleman with a burgundy top hat and a black dinner suit with a crimson necktie stood in the dark. **The Cadillac-Man** stood underneath the dull and busted light pole. The evil Cadillac-Man held a sliver suitcase. *The caddy-man* was the nickname DJ tagged the puzzling foreigner within his private thoughts of his *mind-link*. The driver of the van turned, and Glanced at DJ "Your right kid, "that is "the Cadillac man" "and he brought friends' completely mystified how his thought pattern was captured by the goblin driver- DJ's reaction was a violent one. He delivered a physically powerful *Headbutt* to the rear of the cranium of the *troll Goblin driver*. Scanning and in surveillance with evil, mechanical eyes the Cadillac-Man proceeded to enter the code for the sliver metal briefcase. The **WALLOP** delivered by *DJ* to the back of the head of the Goblin Monster-Man who drove the white GMC van. Infuriated and enraged the bizarre voyager of *the savage-roads* he was bald under the black fedora and reptilian faced, and his thick old school sunglasses made his dark red eyes bulge like cobra eyes. The second traveler **VAMP-MAN** had ashen threaded hair with a baseball cap

and an extended emaciated pastel face. Only a few of the people Daniel Mikael will eventually ally and bond with in due course were spread out and scattered about the state of Florida. Nonetheless, several of the members of the new alliance intercepted the warnings.

Tiffney Elliot, Ray Patterson, Earl Raney, Quinn Mitchell Carter, Brandon Griffin, Trinity, Wade Hawkins, Gigi Blake, Cody Atkins, Austin Dallas, Alice, and The Blood-King Sirius Colfax each and everyone received the transmissions from DJ (I DON'T WHAT IT IS, BUT IT'S NOT HUMAN AND IT LIKES CADILLAC'S, I KNOW IT SOUNDS WIRED, EXCEPT IF ANYONE CAN DO WHAT I CAN DO, SPREAD THE WORD SOMETHING TERRIBLE MADE ITS WAY INTO OUR WORLD.) He laughed at himself and at the notion his psyche Mind link operated like a WIFI connection other than it did and the thought contemplation hammered the skulls of the NEW ALLIANCE.

"You fucking coward, "You, like beating people from behind? "You got scared huh? "I examined your thoughts pussy, "Why you think, we've go through so much to get you out- "you have a gift kid like that shadow killer." the goblin driver said at the same time as striking DJ by way of full strength in his chest. DJ felt the impact and fell backward inside the van. "I think we should alert "Jack said the passenger referred to as "Jimmy" by his partner the goblin creature who appeared in charge of this mission. The driver flinched at the remark, made by the "Vamp-Man" the nickname DJ tagged the passenger of the white van within his own private thoughts, because of the pointy teeth, fangs, and long black nails the "Vamp-Man" was suitable.

"Not Jack "lets display a signal to Alexis he must know what's going, "or if plans have changed said the driver. The drivers eyes went blank; it began to downpour awfully heavy, the drivers eyes beamed a strong white light from the signal transmissions he was sending by means of the 'streamline connectors, the light was so intense DJ snapped out of the throbbing chest pain courtesy of the dead-"Machine Gun Goblin Mobster" shattering punch. "Either Azra found the second one, "or Alexis went to assist in the capture "I'm not getting anything said the Goblin driver.

"Perhaps whatever came all the way through the streamline is shielding the transmission." "Or stopped the timeline altogether." Vamp-Man Said. "Why doesn't he turn around jimmy? "You don't think it's him do you? Asked the driver with dread in his tone and looking dead center at the monster within the body of a human man, the silver metal briefcase snapped open-CLICK and the Cadillac-Man curved to face the white GMC van. He began to remove his tophat, and throw the vintage head attire inside the car. His black suit, red tie, and black boots seem to be organic, the pieces of clothing appear stitched to his skin, and *its* tie silently waved up, and down, while getting longer in length. Rain continued to pour down all around them, other than where the caddy-man was standing' underneath the broken dead light pole, there was nothing, not a single drop, not one sprinkle of rain, just thunder, loud, menacing thunder roared above him like a gloomy cloud prepared of undetectable jaguars chasing a kill into submission.

"Son of a bitch, we've got to get out of here or we're all gonna... before he can finish his warning to the "goblin driver, the vamp-man was smacked by profound machine-gun fire. The windows blew absent like sugar balloons bursting -THE CADILLAC-MAN opened fire with a ruthless weapon. DJ could hear a detonation going off in his head, then another, almost like the music was starting to play for a bloody cinematic scene. The goblin driver who looked so much like that fucking guy, what was his name again? Thinks DJ while he watched the Goblin Twin of Jack McGurn' or maybe it was "Machine-Gun" McGurn back from the dead, and turned into something like what visited DJ in his confinement cell get riddled with bullets, *The Colt M-4 SOPMOD assault rifle* bleeds led from the barrel, the bullets kept coming. His pace steady, no

emotion, his steps vigilant, and his eyes locked, his touch hard-pressed aligned with the trigger tenderly except without hesitation. DJ watched now in a slow-motion point of view. The vamp-man was dead, clearly, his skull blown to bits of flesh, and brain liquid. Just a corpse stiff and flaccid on the passenger side seat of the GMC white van and one extra shot entered the heart.

The goblin driver was a different story. He's not going down so easy "There's no time." The Driver served DJ's ropes then aimed his "TEC-9KG-99" "I don't kill defenseless men" the classic beast of a gun was pointed right at Daniels head "Nobody will have you" said the goblin mobster. Additional shots rang out, the blasting from the Colt M-4 was still going, and the monster reloaded, and started again. The confusion inside the van' worked in conjunction with DJ's attempt to seize the firearm from the goblin; *-instead* he received a vicious hit in the jaw, rattling his body' knocking DJ backwards clattering to the floor of the van like a dead object. The goblin monster-man' kicked open his driver-side door, and jumped out shooting at the Cadillac-Man' with a rapid steady fire from the TECH-9, face to face' with the mysterious entity, the two engaged in a deafening, thunderous gun-battle, the bullets kept striking the goblin-man, and all rounds hit their targets; more than '40 rounds of slugs were inserted into the goblin drivers heart. Only one bullet hit the Cadillac-Man. except DJ could see a black thick liquid spill out of the monster driving the pimped out Cadillac. 'DJ hid behind the GMC van waiting for the perfect chance to flee the brutal gun-fight.

The ferocious rampage of bullets stopped. "Don't lie to yourself, "you knew this day was coming' the voice was him- it came from a force of evil, a dreadful horrifying undertone. The influenced nature of the voice of the monster echoed from all sides and the nameless, wicked natives from Harmony Hill kept surrounding the vacant and blood drenched gas station. The house of worship inhabitants from the poltergeist cathedral escalated the mayhem by exposing machineguns and the preachers had strapped the artillery beneath their church ceremonial uniforms. They'd made BlackStar equivalent to Harmony Hill, FL a gateway for **the EYE** of Saturn.

And then there was red blood, and red-lightning, and red snow. DJ picked up the weapon, it was just laying there. The shadows started to elevate the Cadillac-Man from the ground, while the asphalt began to crack all around the goblin, all around DJ, and all around ubiquitously.-The Cadillac-Man was floating, hovering over the goblin. The Goblin glanced upward and said to the monster: "It's your time now, "however it won't be easy, "they've equally grown stronger said the goblin to the wickedly powerful Cadillac-Man. **THE GOBLIN** had dropped to both knees "Do it quick" if you're to be triumphant in this new war, -"I don't care to be around' "any reality you conquer." The Goblin Said. *"I triumph over all Yessss, "and you'd die before serving me? Pig troll you're Death will be slow, and endless* replied the Cadillac-Man.

The blood-Tree rodent parasite extraterrestrial extracted from the cadaver of the vamp-man and was trying to dig an outlet on the cement; the Cadillac-Man ripped the jawbone of the goblin mobster, tearing it out and yanked with atrocious power, and the black shadows swallowed the goblin downward into the cracked surface. *"The Blood-Tree"* looked up at the Cadillac-Man **"Yessssssss, weeeeeee, want to be with you masterrrrrrr...** without a seconds thought, his black boot made the creature explode like a terrorist bomb strapped to the chest of a nine year old, all you heard was the *crunching sound*, then the *splatter sound*

. "DJ aimed the weapon at the **CADILLAC-MAN** except he was gone. The Air went from cold to hot and the rain had stopped. Just a small amount of pieces of flesh remains from the goblin. The white GMC van ruined by a massive storm of bullets, and the sticky mess of the dead parasite and murky shapes made out of a dark smoke kept feasting on the pieces of perished flesh from

the goblin. A cold, icy, hand gripped DJ's lower neck, with enormous strength, a long, stretched black talon, tattered his cheek drawing blood.

"You're tempting me boy, the master of souls, said you were attractive." said the Cadillac-Man. The blood ran downward 'DJ's cheek, DJ did nothing, completely terrorized and stared into the blackness of *itS* eyes. The Cadillac-Man released a black pitchfork shaped tongue and licked the blood from DJ's cheeks. *"You're not trying to think of ways, "On opposing us- are you Daniel?"* Said the Cadillac-Man with a rigid clutch, firm, tight, and a strong powerful grip on DJ's neck, up against the GMC bullet riddled van, the conversation continues between the two. "What are you? Asked DJ with nearly no voice, the grip of the Cadillac-Man could squash him without effort, and the bones in DJ's neck would pop from the monsters pressure similar to a worn-out inexpensive tire. "To know me, "is to know regret- I 'am here to tell you, "your pain is at an end said the Cadillac-Man.

"Was you, wasn't it in my cell but why? "What can I possibly have? Asked DJ with a concerned, - and desperate tone of voice. *"Still full of yourself aren't you Daniel? The brotherhood you share with Carter "is your gear of war, "a powerful angel imprisoned in the sideways hell, will find the "Vex" from the first war in heaven, "a fallen war angel' thought to be hundreds of year's dead escaped the realms of the sideways hell- "the name of the faller was "Aeschylus" his thirst for blood runs like a river of forever torment, "his thirst for destruction on the human race is unquenched-he blames the humans for his fall from divine grace, the sideways hell bonded and united "Aeschylus the faller" with the essence of the immortal reaper king who was exiled more than '100 million years ago "from the his own celestial army, "a mortal enemy of the soul eater - **THE CADILLAC-MAN'S** face had begun to morph into different beings while he'd spoke the words to Daniel. "Why are you telling me this? Replied DJ trying to understand why them?) "What the fuck, do we, have to do with any of this, "what do I have to do with this? Said DJ *"Why DJ, Why, Oh Why Yessss "you and Quinn-they are crooks, and killers not heroes* replied the Cadillac-Man *"I'm telling you for one reason, "and act grateful so listen carefully; I'm not the kind to repeat my words."* said the Cadillac-Man.*

"The servants of a blood king, "a powerful creature from the depths of the vampire-kingdom, roamed this world ahead of the planet being called earth, before monsters, "I created, which your kind labeled dinosaurs' we're murdered by the impact of the UNDYING Eternal's arrival on earth, after his escape from the chambers of the Vex "Aeschylus sought after our dark lord "GOMORATH" "to be casted back into the chamber, their conflict is never-ending, "the blood-king is as well a great enemy,

"Since there is, only one method to eradicate "GOMORATH" and no one, nothing, living or dead , "spirit or god- knew how to. "So anticipate a war, the blood king against the soul lord, "look forward to the son of the drifter, "expect the day of exodus, and the 2nd coming of the reaper-king, "wait for 3:15." The Cadillac-Man Echoed the words and commenced to glide in mid air his outfit produced a black and purple shroud and then *IT or he* was gone. The Church inhabitants vanished as well and the sinister dark shadows released a loud, evil shriek and disappeared. The malevolence had gone astray. – **FOR NOW!**

The Cadillac-Man vanished, evaporated into a crimson smog, voices could be heard all around in the region of the gas station, sounds of children weeping, mothers pleading for aid, and the sinister wicked tone of voice of the Monster who brought immense violence to DJ's life in just one night, the beast spoke to him from indoors the black Cadillac, from the depths of darkness. *"Go to Quinn, "soon both of you will be men of great wisdom, "traveling the worlds of*

the savage. “GO NOW, WHILE YOU STILL CAN” SCREAM’S THE VOICE FROM INSIDE THE CADILLAC. - *Speeding off into the darkness which it came from.* -

Those Who Thrive In the Dark part 1

Chapter 6

The high-beams effected DJ’s vision; this made him think uneven, he felt queasiness. The grip of the Cadillac-Man was super strong, no words could describe it, **and he** was so evil. And a very powerful being this monster was. The high-beams came from a **BIG** car, possibly a sports utility truck. The lights pinched all the way through Daniels eyes similar to rusty needles from a dirty dentist. “Another Cadillac”, Can’t be” DJ thought to himself. But it was, a customized Cadillac Escalade. DJ could not make out the color, nor the year in the haze his head was in, it looked metallic blue although who was to say ‘DJ was spitting out mucus mixed with blood and had no alternative except to curvature down and vomit outward the blood wedged in his throat. When he noticed, he had dropped the “TEC-9KG-99” when the Cadillac-Man caught him off guard and assaulted him. The customized Cadillac Escalade was a wicked site to see. DJ was feeble- he felt so sick he’d wished for a jug of *Oxy*. The sports truck came to a complete stop.

The front lights still beamed exceedingly high it had given DJ an oversized massive headache, and his throat felt like a bomb had exploded in it. The shadowy figures paced in the direction of DJ. *At first* he reflected on the day he had no option other than to end his father’s life. The abuse was extreme. His mother had fallen victim to an alcoholic madman of a husband, and not much of a father. The fights at the “Mikael Home” would spin out of control quickly. The outcome was always the same: fist fights, gun pulled, some shots fired in the air to keep the intimation at a ruthless level and then finally police would come to amplify, and formulate the matter at hand even worse. As a result at some point they’d come to understand both mother and son were alone- trapped in a hell where escape was never an option. Unless the problem was dealt with in the only way it could be handled with murder. An ancient legacy existed within the ancestors.

A secret kept undisclosed from DJ by his mother’s father. DJ’s belatedly grandfather was believed to contain a gift or had a treaty with an unnatural evil. Citizens whispered about his powers around cities in the old country in Spain. Anyone who made the fatal mistake in crossing *“MR. Robert Marie De Juan”* would go missing, never to be found, no bodies, no evidence,

immediately the mystery loomed. Afterward, in his teenage years DJ had a visitation from his late grandfather through a connection of Dreamscapes using "Midday-Mirrors" DJ never really did come to understand how it all came to be. Not even in his later years. The dreams felt authentic. The abstraction he'd felt on the opposite region of the enormous vintage gothic-styled mirror was indescribable. It was beyond words. Beyond understanding and simply inexpressible and the construction of the second blackheart was too awful for words. A giant gold ingot stairway leading downward and descending to the ancient gateway of the mystifying and primordial underworld and the gold gargoyle statuette contained an entry point to achieve right of ingress within A civilization of the savage-roads and the *old Scarlet hills* interstellar, transverse portals of the mind and the devious and treacherous forsaken lands of the V.O.C dark territory.

On opposite ends of a mind connecting "**MIDDAY-MIRROR**" contained by a dream of a dreams dream, and somewhere in the transverse. *DJ's* grandfather stood on the pinnacle of a red-blooded diminutive mountain of blue flamed vapor and black and red roses which illuminated and slow-burned all around him. *DJ* on the absolute contradictory side of our living reality stood on a pile of bodies' all the dead corpses underneath him were his friends, family members, neighbors' and the one whom rested at the very top of the stack of murdered souls was DJ's mother. all killed by a man with no conscious, but much apathy in his awful heart. "*MR. Robert Marie De Juan*" Daniel's (DJ) grandfather informed his living grandson concerning additional worlds, other lands, new planets, gateways to doors which led to an infinite timeline in ***FRONT-SIDE-PAST-FORWARD*** Futures. However, he furthermore brought DJ into the family legacy and educated DJ on how to get rid of the evil once and for all. The lights shone in his face- then it went dark. The shadows stood beneath the radiance of our moon. **It was the Resistance.**

"**YOU**'re not him" Acid said. The archangel from a sideways distant Multi-Verse seemed incredibly disappointed. "No, It's not him, "however we're at the zero hour; he will have to do" **The lady in red** said. She was gorgeous, beautiful, and stunning with a trim but curved body. DJ thought she was an angel. Unknown to the actuality and the fact she was in addition a powerful, strong and authoritative "**Dramacide**" a clan of warriors from a distant terrain. She catches his random thought with her ability of "Locked-Power" (Thank you) she said in the course of the mind connection established with DJ. (How did you do that?) DJ said. She gave him a deep stare and with her telepathy answered (The same way you did, your race called it E.S.P except there's much more to it) the lady in red said. DJ freaked out and considered regarding using the **TEC-9KG-99**" on the two mystifying individuals. An additional gentleman stood at the back of DJ devoid of producing any sound. Tiffany Elliot was riding through the suburbs of Scarlet Hills, FL with Earl and Gigi when she'd lost control of the vehicle and spanked her head aligned with the steering wheel. Tiff felt the sting of a syringe booming in her mind like a hypodermic-needle had plunged into her brain synapse and the inoculation of pain emerged. **TIFF** connected to **DJ**.

The man behind DJ had been there for awhile and DJ on no account detected him. "Relax Jason, "We know he's thinking of using that gun" Acid Said. With a husky, mysterious pitched tone. Jason completed his approach around to Daniels forward view. "This fucking guy, "he's most definitely not the **4th**" Jason said looking at DJ with a harsh belligerent stare. Jason had constantly been consumed by aggression. "My given name is "AcidMurda" "I'm not here to be your friend, "I'm not here to save you from the creature that almost swallowed you whole, "nor do I care if you fire that weapon "I will bury you in the depths of the cement below, "this part of town is cursed "you don't remember- your grandfather "that much anymore do you? Acid Asked. DJ gave the elevated, well-built man a glance of apprehension. "I remember something's why? What's this all about? DJ Asked. "Believe this or not, "I'm a **Sky-Keeper**, "a protector of verses "humanity is not confined to this earth, "many earths spin in the black winds of space, "humans

are not limited to one reality and in truth all the same neither is him” Said Acid with a serious gawk in his eyes. Whoever this stranger with the weird and abnormal name was, one thing was certain to DJ they all held abilities’ similar to the Goblin Mobster Driver or parallel to the monster that drove the appealing classic Cadillac. “Who is him? DJ Asked. **The lady in red** apparel unconstrained a crimson mist onto the atmosphere and swirled around her. “The creature of the haunted heavens, a beast of unimaginable power and inconceivable horror and your friend Quinn is in serious trouble.” Trinity Said. The red mist twisted and waved through the air.

The mask of malics was a fundamental apparatus to distinguish the place beyond hell. Trinity positioned her hands on DJ’s torso and Said: “The weapon.” Trinity glanced at the TEC9. “Will be of the essence when you meet with Quinn, “This is merely the reason “I don’t turn it into ash, “your grandfather made the blunder of becoming a servant of the eater of souls, many do, “willing at first, “however then overwhelming regret, “sets in when the truth is exposed. Said Acid with a deadlocked stare, the seraph was fighting the urge to execute DJ combating with himself not to commit the atrocious act. **The lady in red** enthused frontward and took the lead. She’d synced her observation transmission with the archangel *Acid-Murda* and felt a rage throbbing inside him. “I think it’s time we show you, “what your grandfather was talking about Daniel, the worlds, the different lives humans can achieve via the streamline and of course the “Orbs Daniel the orbs of Xadin, monsters with great power, your films portray many of these monsters, “they have no idea what truly defines a monster “or the factual supremacy of a lord of shadows, “that will not stop until your galaxy is shattered, ‘your part of this- withstand it. “Like it or not, “your grandfather prepared the choice for you when he’d set into action the murder of your father.

The lady in red spoke with a sensual tone in her raspy, sexy voice. She glanced over to the black gentleman at the controls of the “Cadillac Escalade’ an untainted human, and an excellent one, the kind with an uncontaminated heart. He gave her a gesture of a “GO AHEAD” (*we still got some time left, type shrug*) she located her smooth, soft and well-build hands on DJ’s pastel and frighten face and together they’d spun, the world stirred however remained motionless, the darkness replaced by a red heaven and a colossal ocean where the appendage of a gigantic sea-creature could be seen from DJ’s airborne examination. He floated over the skies of **XADIN** the sky and atmosphere completed a cracking thud (**CRACKKKKK**), the journey was complete- prior to DJ’s reunion with Quinn, and his attempt to salvage him from the clutches of “*Alexis Cane-The ST Nick Slasher*” and begin his mission to find the “*Sky-Keeper*” from this earth. Daniel Mikael had to understand and comprehend how the universe itself worked. Space, points in time, reality, realism and life were a mystery and a deep anonymity to even those chosen to protect it.

AND ROUND AND ROUND WE GO

Xadin had been a dangerous and treacherous world even before the rise of the new, dark **V.O.A ORDER** with the acid-red rainstorms, pitch-black oceans infested with gargantuan sea-monsters, massive hurricanes swept the planet, and every time the poisonous storms unleashed themselves over “*Xadin*” A toxic airstream would accompany the cyclones. This world rested at the very conclusion of the “Outer Rim” a further exiled place. Considered by the “**OLD CHAPEL OF SPEARS OVERLORDS**” as unoccupied, mountains sheltered in a black shadowy snowfall, it was a dangerously ruthless and toxic world perfect place: for **EVIL** to grow. “Xadin” was known for releasing poisonous gas fumed billows every several hours when the three black suns above the atmosphere rotated to the north. The planet “Xadin” was another destination deleted from the NSA archives’ much like the world where the blackhearts of GOG had been

designed, engineered and given life by a superior race. It was furthermore a grim world where “Chapel LORDS” gathered for the “REAPERKING” -a dark lord who was neither “VOA nor “Spear” “The Reaper King” commanded “The Disciples of Wraith” more than 10.000 years previous to the battle of the new chapel of spears- In the unknown galaxy of “SATITERBRIM” an additional ‘12 billion light years from PrimeEarth1.

Written in prehistoric wording on the fortifications of the Brim-Sky tower was the prophecy. On Xadin- a war had taken place in the underworld and the invading forces had no choice other than to unite with THE SOUL KING’s armies to dethrone the reaper-kings old chapel. The tower was a symbolic sign of Victory. At the extraordinarily core of the planet’s massive monstrous oceanic black seas and millions of blackhearts which induced a tower finished of chrome and black crystals. DJ’s airborne analysis was unbelievable yet terrifying. The stronghold could be perceived bulging out from the depths of the bottomless black aquatic underground ocean world increasing the waves of the planet to an astonishing “50ft in height The roots of the tower made its way downward to the planet’s core and engraved themselves at the bottom of the world where “Orbs of all colors rotated in the region of the structure beneath the waters. Under the sea’s heart was an additional world: one completed of gold, and diamonds’ a Secret place where a new evil was in the process of being reborn, reconstructed, and released back into existence.-The Nebula, the overlord of the new “Chapel of Spears, commanded the spider-soldiers with permission from the SOUL-KING.

The spider-soldiers dwelled at the bottom protecting the orbs. at the moment forced to be allies in the transverse, and in a 3rd Prime-Xadin, The Nebula convinced the reaper-king to ally himself with **GOMORATH** and vanquish the Lord of darkness- who had traveled trillions of years from the **Crypt of The Beneath**, a vampire kingdom in **THE V.O.C.** `THE BLOOD-KING came to Xadin to warn the old chapel of spears regarding the impending doom their world was facing. He stood before the thrones of the Chapel Lords, and brought his warnings to the tower of the remaining reaper-king.his warnings were lucid and clear.

THE SOUL-EATER-THE-ANCIENT-MASTER OF SOULS found the ‘Orbs which mysteriously appeared beneath the waters of the planet Xadin “You’re Planet” The Blood King Said to the reaper, when the death of a third sun came to be, the third sun created a freefall of dead stars impacting the white seas of Xadin twisted the waters into a black, gloomy, and wintry hazardous world of dampen evil- it became an ocean of darkness. The new evil was conceived and the betrayal polluted the blackhearts and the reaper-king was murdered in cold blood and his essence was captured.

After the betrayal took place, and the Nebula murdered the last **reaper-king**- in a prison made of gold bars and macrobiotic shackles with the blood of the very last reaper-king smeared on the cells latch, bolted with angelic scripture, inside this underwater jail, under black snow, and a platoon of spider-soldiers guarding the prison. There’re was a force of dark energy venom inside. A master of a kingdom, from a world trillion years away from the planet Xadin and The chamber of GOG rested at the very bottom undisturbed for eons until the combination of a future war on a **sideways earth** led to the vomiting of a dark seraph from heaven and in this Great War. One lone angel was forgotten, subsequent to the dark forces malicious attack and breached heavens celestial temple the dark archangel was defeated, overpowered by: *Michael- and his archangels*. nonetheless the dark-angel, the sinful devil continued his warpath on humanity without notice through television, music, books, wars, racism and all kinds of evil, in ‘1914 it was rumored the first world war had begun payable to the fact of the extraction of this being from heaven, and hurled downward to the PRIME-EARTH1.

A sideways **HELL** was fashioned by the dark-angel, following his fall from the heavens, the impact was devastating and produced a massive disturbance in all transverses, major earthquakes struck the planet, and a **NEW HELL** was formed and the forgotten archangel "AESCHYLUS" became imprisoned in it. A sentencing he did not deserve. After his accurate original angelic structure was abandoned, left to rot in a new hell created by the infuriated gone astray, 2nd archangel who embraced darkness, Aeschylus's hatred for mankind grew in the shadows' of torment. Dwelling the deepest corners of the sideways hell on the PRIME-EARTH1 he found the **VEX** a dimension of enormous power guarded by "THE UNKNOWNNS" two creatures of ancient myth said to protect the streamline connectors from the outside forces, Aeschylus came to find scores of supplementary worlds, dimensions', heavens, hells, and portals existed. And when the reaper kings rebirth took place following the bereavement of one of the orbiting suns from the world of Xadin.-**THE NEBULA** an authoritative and merciless lord of outer surface realms roamed beneath the vaporous and baleful waters of Xadin commanding his invading forces to release the blood-king imprisoned by "THE SOUL KING "GOMORATH.

The Nebula then proceeded to embody the deceased essence of the reaper-king. Millions of light years away from the prime-earth1 and billions of years prior to the war in heaven from the initial prime-earth1 *the intention* was to liberate the vampire king Sirius Colfax and deceive **the necromancer: Gomorath** with the objective of striking at Gomorath when the creature was at its most fragile condition. The deception would come to cost the *spider-god* further than the wretched monster ever bargained and intended for. The Nebula anticipated a fresh new war in actuality this is what the beast sought after. However he'd underestimate the power of human survival and the rise of an unlikely ally and thus, so it'd began to contrive, scheme, conspire and journeyed within the savage-roads and succeeded to unscrew and unfasten the ancient **DREAM-KINGS** gatekeepers protected entry to the underworld of the V.O.C graveyard of Requiem. The **V.O.C** was an iniquitous and malevolent land of darkness with no sun and absent moon and where the most horrible of creatures dwelled. *Imagine* the confined and restricted clandestine underworld which lies beneath it and the monsters which wander its impious terrain

The Nebula combined the orbs to create the **REDSHIFT** a connection of light waves, expanding space while time slowed down creating a cosmic corridor for the essence of the reaper king to attach with the faller in a future timeline. The essence of this foul creature- was nearly invisible in appearance; the essences completed its way in the course of millions of galaxies by means of a black '**ORB** connector which spent more than eternity beneath the black seas of Xadin. A box-shaped portal revealed itself within the **VEX**. In the nadir of hell in prime-earth1.The shadows of *the "UNKNOWNNS"* continue creeping, crawling, and waiting for the portal to finish constructing itself. A profound tone of voice could be heard charming the faller "Aeschylus" from a box-shaped-hole in the ground, at the moment completely detectable the gold floors of the Vex were flooding hastily upward with a red broad gooey liquid "People don't die, "nothing dies, "they just change-said the voice from the portal while it shaped into an awfully vulgar and bulky mucus type substance, toggled itself into a configuration of diagramed echoes of black smolder when the essence spoke. The entire pyramid fortress of the Vex chamber shuddered and quavered.

Who is thy? Aeschylus asked. While the archangel shaped a figure and kneeled and glanced downward. "Did I request thee, "and "did I call upon you from the silent screams of my dreams, "or is thy, another worthless being from the *OTHER-WORLDS.*" The questions from Aeschylus would not be answered on that faithful moment. *Instead* the reaper-king tells **Aeschylus the faller** concerning Xadin and regarding the "Orbs, and the savage-roads and his new hesitant and unfriendly collaborator. The vex pyramid was set into practice by the Council of tombs who carry

out executions by means of the VEX, sending those who commit treason in the outer-world's existence into forever punishment.

The red-light beamed into his eyes, the current of air and wind squall blew reminiscent of a million category five hurricanes and the rigid winds inflated the walls with noxious and venomous otherworldly toxic air. Above, at the exceedingly pinnacle of the vex pyramid were imperial legion guards in their possessive forms, dark sprites' whom served the **Council of Tombs** equally in physical and spiritual manifestations' these guards wander the very zenith of the vex, and when all four of the legion guards begin to align themselves in a perfect sphere, *the VEX opens*, a ceremony involving the locked-power of **"Dark Fire"** was performed by a high priest of the **"chapel of spears"** a race of ancient malicious extraterrestrials' who claimed the planet **Xadin** for themselves, without knowing the antediluvian world was previously occupied for centuries previous to their arrival on the depraved and corrupt planet. Furthermore, hence the **Tombs** traveled from end to end and all the way throughout the endless streamline and for **500** centuries and became the committee and the ruling body for the devious and powerful **HELL SPAWN OF MANY NAMES** a necromancer god adversary and rival challenger of Gomorath.

The **Vex** trembled and vibrated. Men, women and small adolescents stood chained together in a perfect straight-line configuration even as the unseen-ones, the creatures from the vex would slither and slide along with their ooze, oily, repulsive and hideous earthworm bodies and formed into gigantic serpent monsters. The victims' men, females and children were swallowed up entirely. **Hell**, by no means cared in relation to sexual characteristics, race or age. **Hell** sought after torment- and suffering wanted blood- and blood required torment and round and round we'd go. The Essence of the **reaper-king** had grown stronger within the vex chambers.

"Another, analogous to you my darling 'Aeschylus is on his way down said the black smoke- now with a slender tone of voice. A female voice spoke from the colossal serpent the reaper- king's essence twisted into. The snake slithered through the walls and dipped its long and grotesque head within the flooded grounds of the pyramid parting pieces of sea green serpent membrane wedged to the walls. - **The "Unknowns"** observe with cynical eyes, eager to feast on the soul of the guilty in an infinite, everlasting punishment. "I've been released from the Transverse, "my world was destroyed, "my chapel was smashed by the iron fist of the spiteful **GOMORATH** "and his dark secretive armies said the female serpent manifestation of the reaper-king. The apex of the Vex was unsealing, the VEX connection was unsteady. The one impending downfall was a dominant and mighty being. The one who was judged, and found guilty of sending sound-waves manipulating the particles of frequency using energy of life to send secretive messages' of warning by way of sea waves, was falling into the vex, he was declining downward into the dwellings of the **"UNKNOWNNS"**

The **Winds** had come to a pause, the flood waters had subsided,-and he landed, first time ever, someone expelled by the Council and thrown into the VEX, plunged down into a six hundred feet tumble and landed on both feet, this was no ordinary **"Traveler"** in actuality he was not a traveler at all. Nor did he belong to any of the fractions mentioned by the essence of the reaper-king. His name was **ACIDMURDA** a powerful angel of the transverse, a war angel of apocalypse who traveled worlds, universes, in search of **the bringer of END**. The name this archangel held would be considered peculiar and perhaps a bit distasteful on our earth. After all, the word **MURDA** was not commonly used in human dialogue. Nevertheless, we will come to

discover the accurate significance behind this seraph's celestial title and the true strength of this unheard of and mystifying character's *origin*.

The crimson radiance of Acid, the archangel of war shone from side to side and swirled around the seraph's outward manifestation body structure. The Serpent fractured in two pieces and thrust aside its otherworldly snake shell. And a slime drenched bare-naked feminine figure was contained by the belly of the mammoth snake. Each step this unclothed female took left ominous and emerald green soggy and steamy imprints on the gold floors of the Vex-Pyramid. The trajectory of an evil force and this immoral fortitude grew stronger and ate the flesh from her new manifested body. "Now, so as to both of you, which each of you is here?" subsequent to scanning the chamber for Acid, *the evil essence said*: "Let's begin." The Unknowns" watched from the shadows hungry, and standing by to banquet on the guilty party, the foul creatures' come to comprehend this was no ordinary meal, these otherworldly visitors to the vex were superior even to them. The ancient monsters' kept to themselves, and they knew when a battle was lost before it even commenced.

THe Serpent altered into a youthful, punk rocker female complete with purple and red highlights a colorless tee shirt which READ: Reap What YA sow and tight blue jeans with a design of a reaper on her ass. The essence of the reaper-king became a walking, talking, stuck up 20th century-human female, in other words: a straight up bitch. She walked up to the aged, elderly and filthy throne finished of bones, and bullion decoration with various organic flesh worms wrapping itself around the arm rest. The throne appeared ancient; prehistoric even and awfully older. She dusted off the throne and assembled down. The flesh worms would penetrate her eyes which would shift from a shimmering metallic blue to an empty and hollowed hole akin to an endless crater. **O**nce she's confidently up and resting on the throne. The force of her captivating a seat sends an earsplitting and echoed booming resonance of sound shooting uphill to the top of the pyramid.

"*My* powers are' already thriving bitchesss, "So here's the deal- "you two, now work for each other, "I know, "I know you can't stand one another- "I perceive it in your eyes Acid. "Frankly, get over it, you tried, you failed, your mission was disastrous." *Acid beamed vivid luminosity from his mystical crimson eyes at her*. "They'd send your ass to the requiem, except down here is where bona fide torment lives and breathes." - "and now your ass is mine said the punk rocker female.

"**C**all me Victoria for now, "I always liked that name found it sexual , when I'd travel to prime-earth4, the blood trees, "they'd dish up there, oh man "Ok fellas, let's get down to business- "let me give you a crash course in wars involving hells, and heavens said Victoria. "My world, "my perfect empire, was mangled in just one single day, "you see, "my soon to be angels of death, "the passage of time is altered for beings traveling at different speeds. Said Victoria whom had changed into a taller, further menacing figure, her hair changed and transformed to a dazzling ginger shade, her apparel was currently an elongated blackened dress from the gothic period in England's 18th century. The essence of the reaper-king had- at last, gained an adequate amount of spiritual strength to morph one final time into a young, seductive, and lofty, and muscular sovereign of the underworld. The reaper-king was at present a two dimensional being. The physical formed structure was here' trapped in the interior of the vex pyramid in a sideways hell fashioned by a PRIME-EARTH dark-angel who fell from grace in a different time-line-and far into the future.

The essence of the reaper-king remained blinded, not capable to perceive, and ensnared by a **hallows-blood-spell** casted upon the essence of the departed reaper king. In a reverse *savage-road*, *flipside* billions of years in a *sideways* time-line, in a lost galaxy of the transverses- *the BLIND Curse* was placed by:-*The Coffin-Reverend* a high-ranking loyal commander, brutal killer, and a servant until death-and beyond-of the armies of **"GOMORATH"** "AcidMurda, and "Aeschylus both strong and equally powerful archangels' from different-sides of the universe' thrown together by fate and lies. Were now forced by the Necromancers of the wraith, the multitude of spirits randomly possessing the reaper-king's essence to work collectively, or simply die perpetually in the Vex with **"The Unknowns"**. Both Acid and Aeschylus leaned on the blood saturated walls of the Vex Pyramid. The archangels transformed and constructed human superficial structured formations. The screams from nearby secretive subterranean crypts were approaching from tormented souls captivated in the agony of the hell on [prime-earth1](#).

On opposite's ends of the pyramid, unmistakably a presentation of bad blood, or an impending quandary approached, placing them at odds with each other. The two war-angels were fully clad in celebrant garments. Although, Aeschylus roamed the *sideways-hell* in spiritual manifestations, the bodies he'd occupied from victims trapped in the black eternal pit of hell decomposed quickly. **"ACIDMURDA"** sports a more old-testament attire;-the true origins of AcidMurda were concealed long ago, by [THE ONE TRUE "GOD"](#) He was a man in appearance however not much else. The altitude of this Side-Verse/Multiverse war angel was unidentified. His physical material constructed organism of the human body was a lofty, physically powerful, muscular resemblance of a man; the powers dwelling within this entity were far beyond the powers of **"Aeschylus "the faller**. once thought to be equal arcs(angels)-have come to comprehend, depending what duties the angels were assigned to, what side-verse, or transverse became their area of celestial protection, -or whatever earth, became breached by the **"death-Orbs of the Xadin"** different arcs(angels) acquire diverse powers according to their celestial location and circumstances.

The transverse seraph AcidMurda wore gold chain-linkage all around his upper limb and a red armored-breastplate, of unfamiliar materials' with red, box shaped diamonds on the frontage of the chest vest. A' black, small-sized 'Turban with a peculiar emblem was centered in the middle of AcidMurda's head-gear (*to be honest: the cranium mechanism seemed to be more akin to a winter hat, hip-hop performers used frequently in their videos*).

A long, red-blooded wraithlike robe accompanied by lengthy silver chains, crisscrossed Acid's body from the backside, and connected to his front shatterproof chest-plate. In the other hand **"Aeschylus" the faller** had been trapped in the *sideways-hell* -in this time-line for the hundred years, following the "dark angel" who was defeated and trapped for eternity in a PRIME-EARTH limbo. Aeschylus was merely a pulsation of excessive dark energy, a grey mist, at the moment of his encounter with the essence of the reaper-king. An electronic entity trapped and ensnared in a limbo for dammed souls. Victoria had disappeared from the VEX throne. The voice lingered on, approaching from the box-shaped threshold which appeared in the sheltered horrifying chambers of the VEX. **"Hear me now,"** the voice said. "I was unchained by my own enemy." The voice said. The pitch grew darker and callous. "Ninety billion years ago, "Between then and now "fossilized remains of a race of proto-humans-was found on the Xadin oceans, "along with fossils of some variety of ancient-vampire, and an extraterrestrial spider-race, The discovery led to the orbs of Xadin" "an underground, universal cosmic boulevard connecting highways, serving as a bridge for all realities." The voice said. "I was the last of "The Old Chapel of Spears. "Before it came, "ahead of the beast with the blood of Saturn arrived and ate my

eyes” Said the voice with a perceptible modification in the embodiment’s tone. The mist of Aeschylus swirled around the box-portal paying close attention and awareness to the essence of the deceased reaper-king lord.

AcidMurda was not convinced by the arrogant ex-master of Xadin and proceeded to interrogate the suspect like a detective hell-bent on catching a killer. Acid questioned the motive of the spirit dwelling and contained by the hole. “Thus why free you? “Why would the Nebula use the **REDSHIFT** “a savage-road backdoor to send your essence to prime-earth1”? Acid asked rigidly and stood firmly upright, looking downward into the portal. “A commanding officer of the V.O.C “and the fabled “**VAMPIRE-KINGDOM OF JEREMIAH**” came to us; “he’d traveled trillions of years throughout a sideways galaxy and arrived at a snowball earth the fucker ought to return there and die for once.” The Reaper-king Said. “However, I do need him to soften up the beast, when the vampire elder landed in the lost caves of queen’s death, NY- the blood-king journeyed east, and found the entrance to the savage, in the abandon waste-lands of Jersey Dark. NY an alternate United States”. The voice said.

“After his arrival on Xadin, “he came to me with massive warnings “however there was nothing I could do, “the Soul-eater had battled my defense forces and won, “he was generous with I, “since he did vanquish my committee but left me alive with one condition, “that he’d may well roam the planet until his armies of **GOMORATH** found the “orbs and slays the vampire elder neither of us had any idea what this would cause” Said the voice with a dark evil pitch. “A quantum leap of photons-tiny packets of energy created “Black Dwarfs” dead-stars which created a collection of celestial way points, space-highways consisting of dimension-connecting-stars-that orbits around a central point of “Dark ICE” much like the **REDSHIFT** “the creation of the orbs became known to “those who thrived in the darkest outer-realms “of the never-ending roads of endless time in the vast space of the streamline”. The voice said. “I believe you, “at the same time as crazy as that might sound “I do believe, ‘he’d want you out- “so you could liberate orbs into this earth, the prime one, “and have the *darkest of creatures* bring their blood lust here, “and let me ask you, are the orbs here already Reaper? Asked AcidMurda with a stern and fixed tone in his voice glancing downward at the portal with hateful eyes-

“**Yessss** said the voice with a high-pitched hiss in it. *“In a few decades’, “a phenomenon known to this world as potholes, “or landslides will begin to obtain shape, “curtsey of the media of this planet, “except in authenticity the holes,-the craters have been appearing since the beginning of time itself “on this wretched earth” “something called the internet “will bring the phenomenon to every house in this doomed land and the GHOST Planet will return.”* said the voice. Fading in and out, the connection was about to be lost, cut off, dropped like a bad signal. Except the archangel with a large quantity of good in his heart ought to know if those- **who thrive in the dark**, were released to assist **the soul king** and several will come from the kingdom to serve and provide aid to the elder vampire lord?

Therefore Acid asked the wraith lord, the reaper-kings essence one very last question “Have they found them? Acid asked. *“Many Have, “Not Only Outside interferences, ‘however a legacy of humans whom have given up their very souls* said the voice and prior to departure and fading out *it* warned the two angels. *“AcidMurda is immortal “Aeschylus “the faller you are not, ‘the kingdom I will give you in a third prime-verse “many years beyond this reality, “is to be given to acid when the battle erupts many will come- to destroy the earth, for me? “They can eat it and shit it out “except the most ferocious monsters the “Leviathans ‘will roam this world, “and it will end with the blood on the snowfall, and the precious savior, the young dream-drifter’s son dead- be ready for the rise of “GOMORATH*

with those words the box-shaped portal *closed*, *–and the darkness disappeared along with it.* –

CHAPTER 7

THE BATTLE ROADS:

REBIRTH OF DARKNESS

3:53pm the day of exodus

The Red Hummer kept banging the asphalt with the sports truck bulky and whitewall tires. Daniel Mikael was at the helm and operated the weighty vehicle. Quinn and DJ equally felt drained and feeble exhausted by the **mind-link** through the **midday-mirrors**. A chosen few were gifted and supplied with the talent and aptitude of transmitting thoughts without an actual mirrored object or ancient reflector to access the streamline connectors. And it was unheard of the power: DJ and Quinn had to maintain control of both the mind essence and the physical one and be in command of equally mind and physical condition. “I can’t believe it.” DJ Said. He’d think he was dreaming or in the **mind-link** again since the entire five mile radius were the otherworldly horrific earthquakes had demolished Quinn’s neighborhood in the process was positioned back together like a jigsaw puzzle. The houses did appear empty, lacking life, devoid of no people, no pets, and no traffic. “Fucking believe it.” Quinn Responded. “This is something nobody’s ever seen DJ, history is being made dude.” DJ glanced at Martin and Said: “You’ll feel better once we get inside Quinn’s got a stash.” DJ referred to Martin’s shakes and unsettled stomach. “Thanks, but, I doubt ill feel better.” Martin lied to DJ regarding the meth. Martin told Daniel it was just coke and he’d merely hit it when a stress bomb would blow up in his head.

62 miles south of BlackStar, fl

Tiffany Elliot, Earl Raney, Gigi Blake and Austin Dallas were on their way to pickup Jesse Hank and Cody Atkins. The Huntress of legacies as well detained the gift of the [Mind-Link](#) and soon, not before long she'd join Daniel Mikael, Martin Lloyd and Quinn Mitchell Cater in an unplanned, unintentional accident. Earl was a large gentleman therefore he was the last to strap on the vest and the only one to actually do so. In many ways for the rest of Tiffany's assemblage this was an assignment where returning home or escaping with your life was not an option. Until the servants and cosmic travelers of the creature of legend were eliminated of all life and the legacies: a multitude of coldblooded and pitiless followers of **GOMORATH** were all dead.

The Men marched onward with urgency to get inside the interior of the carter house. The block appeared to be struck by nuclear attacks and the snowstorm kept blazing. Quinn kept slapping his face and telling himself to stop talking inside his brain. Quinn M. Carter walked forward to a basement door and introduced the boys to fresh, new artillery. "I ought to show you mother fuckers what I'd got from several London websites." Quinn Said. Martin threw up. "Damn Bro, let me check if I got that coke but I gotta warn ya it aint much." The Men picked and singled out weapons and Quinn Mitchell Carter located a sack of coke from beneath one of the duffle bags.

The **three** man crew was drained and exhausted. The road to the carter residence seemed like forever and dusk would twist into dawn and night would become consumed by the **Blood-Moon**. Typically, On average the miles flanked between Advanced, FL, BlackStar and M-Ville, Florida would be a standard course of 10-15 miles however, reality suffered a breakdown in accuracy and time was the victim of a masterful plot and scheme of slaughter. Quinn felt the quintessence of the grim reaper monarch from the world of death thrashing and skirmishing within his mind. And the extraterrestrial parasitic rodent which occupied Quinn's psyche became entwined and struggled with the Reaper's volts of [dark-plasma](#). Quinn's commencement to a prearranged destiny was about to begin and cause and transport destruction to everything he'd ever loved and his fate was inevitable and Daniel Mikael would eventually lose his friend and blood-pact brother forever. The charter house reeked of scorched cadavers and dead roses.

HE was ready: the body armor fitted his trim and well-built body like a custom finished suit, The guns in his black duffle bag, he'd ordered from a ["UK WEBSITE"](#) and the guns the group took from the gun store had been checked and re-checked by DJ and Quinn, "*in his mind* everything had to be perfect so he'd made certain the 2 handguns: a 357 Magnum Revolver was fully loaded, and **THE 45-** a chrome plated beauty of a gun, he adored more than himself- had its clip entirely loaded and filled to the brim with minute body ripping killers: "*Hollow Point Bullets*" meant and designed to explode on contact, and rip bone into tiny fragments. **The red-lightning** illuminated the heavens and thunder crashed in opposition to and against the billows.

Quinn convinced: 'DJ and 'Martin the paramount location for them to regroup and compose ideas would be a place which would be familiar to them. Following the **PORTAL-DROP** from the Traveler "Alexis Cane" which took Quinn and DJ eighty five miles north into Vines, GA where the state police nearly laid them both out subsequent to a robbery at the gun-shop, the group survived the battle with law enforcement other than the five year old girl Quinn nailed in the neck by mistake lingered with the assembly. "Damn bro you've, "stacked up on some good guns from that shop, "and I never knew UK web sites allowed shipments of these types of artillery" "I love

customs in the US.” said Martin the pudgy UFO researcher the group had picked up after the shoot-out with law enforcement. He’d been hitching a ride to see his sister and brother in-law following the **red-lighting** when it began to spark in our skies.

“Quinn said DJ with irritation in his voice. “Forgot about the girl already?” “No, but “with all that’s going on “you really think we ought to be feeling apologetic for a casualty of war” Quinn Said. “Did you say Casualty of war? “Are you fucking kidding me? “This was a child Quinn. DJ shook his head at Quinn’s state of mind, when it came to the death of the young girl. Other than Quinn was accurate- *too much crazy shit had been going on-* to dwell right now on one victim. The frigid winds had begun to propel overpoweringly outside: “*the carter home*” and the entire east coast. Florida was drenched in snowfall for the first time in the history of the state. And a whiteout blazed resembling a snowy pallid cyclone. *The Cadillac* parked and kept in reverse at a distance

“You actually think “it was smart to come back here” “I mean, that Cadillac dude, “is parked somewhere across the street” “it’s hard to see” “but I know he’s there” Martin said by means of examination all the way through the blinds. “No other choice ‘Martin “we needed a place, “where we could pick up more materials- “plus this place, “Quinn’s house seemed like a good choice kid, “it’s where the travelers’ completed a point of entry “and the roads are fucked right now” DJ Said. “DJ and Martin” made their approach upstairs to the main bedroom to inspect the portal of *dark-fire* Quinn turned, shook his head and completed his way to his bedroom he felt odious. The Nebula had commenced to position his devious plans in motion alien spaceships had begun to materialize outward of the dark clouds. *The Soul-King’s* battle with Sirius Colfax (*THE BLOOD-KING*) was starting, and the dream-drifter’s child was in great danger the event of 3:15 was just merely a sheer few hours away. The men arrived at the carter-house after the “*Sky-Keeper*” from the transverse reconstructed the entire area through a *Midday-Mirror*. The complete neighborhood had been ravaged hours earlier and before the archangel’s reconstruction. The avenue had developed into a descent hooked on madness and led to nowhere. Police, innocent bystanders, citizens’ all swallowed up and consumed by an unstoppable wickedness.

A knock on the door startled and concerned the men. It was a strident knock and after that turned into a firm thump. Mickey Green SR. and JR the overweight neighbor stood at the door with his bulky and short sized eldest son Mic Todd Green hugging hunting rifles and held revolvers. “We’re going door-to-door,” said Mic. “House-to-house, the worst of it past us I think, but we’ve rescued scores of people that we’re trapped in their homes.” Mickey SR Said. “We’re all right watch Yo asses, I mean, excuse me yourselves out there.” Said Quinn and went to shut the front door and DJ hard-pressed it open. “Wait, Rescued from what, what exactly is happening out there? DJ asked. The two men glanced at each other. “Riots, looters and gangbangers are banging up the streets pretty bad and the blizzard caught everyone off guard.” Tell them about the vampires and the zombies’ pops.” Mic Todd Green stared at his eldest son and said: “kids, Mother Nature gets her period and bleeds a little and now dead people and vampires are among us come on son? DJ glanced over at the forerunner parked at the curve of the house. “Kids, You got kids in there we ought to stick together.” DJ Said.

“**No** fucking way we got our own issues.” Quinn Said. And shut the door in the faces of the hefty and scared men. DJ looked at Quinn with repugnance.

At 6.1 in height and weighing in at 195 pounds “*Quinn Mitchell Carter*” “was a man, who left an impression everywhere he’d went- at all times, at all places, citizens would stare when he

walked by them at the local "WAL-MART" out of respect, but also fear, "The type of gentleman, a mother would tug their child close to her, and grip them tight when he'd would walk by the aisles "he had tattoos everywhere, a sleeve in his right hand composed of Weapons', The grim reaper, the face of a zombie, a massive heart cracked in the middle by a black dagger with a extended sword dished in blood went downward to his wrist. *On his left hand:* just one tattoo covered most of the arm it was a box "THE OMEN-ALPHA BOX" a incredibly aged legendary antique puzzle box which was said to open the "THE REAPERING" a stream-line connector for dimensions, or a side thoroughfare to arrive at a different existence.

The "OMEN-ALPHA" box tattoo covered his left arm, similar to a giant glove used to dispose of rotten bodies, *INK colored musical notes* came outward of the tattoo, followed down to his fingers" A Black and RED Box with symbols, patterns, and strange designs, "trimmed in brass, and chrome with what seemed like faces of human beings tattooed drifting away from the box like *Ghosts made of Ink*. The clatters of emaciated skeletons jingled within Tiffany's mind. She'd been at the controls of the navy blue Lincoln navigator the whole time and witnessed night turn into day and daylight curved into hours of darkness in a matter of 63 minutes she'd calculated the events and the reoccurrence of the strange eclipse which had changed time. Tiffany's Group was on a collision course with *Daniel Mikael's* assemblage. Tiff on no account went to the emergency room following she'd bang her cranium against the steering wheel after a possible *Mind-Link* transmission. Earl Raney and Gigi Blake together, equally Vaped their Ecigs and the electronic cigarettes were running awfully low on eLiquid and administrated not quite enough vape. "That shit makes me laugh you're smoking a fucking machine." Austin Dallas Smirked at the comment made by Jesse Hank. "Better then that shit you smoke Jesse and I am not talking about the Marlboros." Earl Said while he'd create an awesome cobalt cloud of vape inside the automobile. *Back at the CARTER House*

Quinn Mitchell Carter was a disturbed man at the age of '31 he'd been fired over a mistake his supervisor made. Quinn's superior was caught cross selling sale leads to rival clients and his own competitors. Quinn thought he had his career set, his life in order, he'd worked so hard for his boss the Rich and Powerful Lunatic "*Mike Marko*" he'd made "MR. Marko millions of dollars 'and got spit on after Six and Half months of being a slave to his every email, to his every call, to his every threat, his every day screaming, and never satisfied with money, constantly tried to cut corners, and be a cheap despicable bastard. Never upgraded server systems, under paying great customer service agents, and managers- it was hell working for MR. Marko. And with DJ locked up at "BLACKSTAR" Quinn initiated to hit the booze and the cocaine like never before.

Quinn stood by him for months. even against his own everyday moral code "*Just as you want men to do to you, do the same ways to them*": *LUKE 6:31* "Quinn lived by that code: he opened doors for the elderly couples whom went shopping at the mall, he paid for some item a sweet old lady, could not afford to purchase alongside with the rest of her shopping, and would make an effort and formulate every chance he could to go church just to observe a smile on his ill mother's proud face, she had breast cancer **STAGE 3**. It had been a fight that drained Quinn by the inside- he'd taken her to all the appointments, all the requested assessments from the specialists for outpatient blood analysis", and CT-SCANS. *On some days Now and then* Quinn would dead bolt himself in the bathroom, and cried for hours, he thought in relation to his blood-pact brother "*Daniel Mikael*" and how the nightmares and visions were becoming further vivid, stronger and extra evil with every transitory day. Then he'd turn angry, his sadness would manifest into a fury. And the moral code he lived by began to die with each fleeting day.

The water-snake-lady had become a regular night visitor. She plagued his every dream with imagery of a new earth and a pale horse with a bare bones figure traveling the landscape of a dead earth. "Am I, the Fourth? "Please, "lords don't let it be so" Quinn said this to the bathroom mirror right before his fist made the glass smash to smithereens. He dug into his jeans and popped out the bottle. **IN A FEW HOURS:** DJ would be back, broken free from prison by outside forces, an earthquake will eat the entire area, gulping down people with it, The nightmares will by then have turned into a reality, *The Lady in Red* and *AcidMurda* would be on the journey with Frank, and Jason to retrieve the Streamline locator *sub-12 device*. And Florida would encounter one of the worst snowstorms in the history of the world. With the time which remained: Quinn kept downing the painkillers like candy. He popped 8 then 4 then 2 then none.

Quinn would suffer from numerous dreadful painkiller addiction withdraws each time he went throughout the process of a withdraw, it was agonizing for Quinn, the non-stop bathroom trips, the cramped up stomach, he felt inadequate, hide under a rock, or **smash** the cell phone at the GUY in the *drive-thru* for getting the entire order wrong, right in his fucking face, grab him and start banging his stupid skull on the cash register until he popped out an eye and blood splashed all over the *drive-thru* side window. Quinn knew how to blow off some steam. Under the terrible effects of withdraw 'Quinn was constantly a bit extra dangerous and when he nearly murdered the fast-food guy by banging his head on the register. He went home with a thought to help fuel his frail body with some good 'ole American junk food.

Only to get home and find himself staring at the food like if it was some category of unfamiliar object, or a dead pet that just died on his plate. Quinn felt like his brain fractured each time he went through one, the withdrawal twisted his brain function he'd started to **CUT** himself and put out cigarettes on his arm and neck to compensate for his mistakes, and would punish himself profoundly by not allowing the benefit of eating nor drinking anything for at least a full day. These were the days previous to the **3:15** event Quinn's time without DJ had made him more perilous.

5:58pm

His head was a mess, his eyes bloodshot. The Black Duffle bag rested on the chair next to his bed. On the T.V. the latest news report was playing on the Tube. The chaos had spread, it was not only Florida anymore, it was everywhere, snow, and rain with storms which contained winds thus so powerful it had blown the head off MS. Liberty in New York. Quinn was a master electrician courtesy of the brain-ghost **"THE DAMAGED THING"** a spirit, a fifth dimensional poltergeist which possessed partly of Quinn's mind. Quinn had built three back up generators' to avoid sleeping. When he slept, he dreamt, and when he dreamt the damaged thing would take full control or the nightmares of the water-snake-lady killing him and bringing him back to life haunted his every slumber. He'd dream of long dead Mayans' resurrected through the requiem. He'd toss and turn when the nightmares of the **Master Elder werewolf** camouflaged and masquerading as a human preacher fucked Emma Griffin in the ass in a merciless sexual conduct.

"Thanks to you more than 300 souls have been spared the grip of death today" "how do you feel about this freak storm? And the capture of "Jake 'De Lone" Asked the female on the Television, a pleasant, slender however curvy brunette Quinn always thought McLane was attractive. She had just taken over as the new station director of operations for the **"SUPERIOR IMPACT NEWS CHANNEL (SINC)** for short. although she could not stay away from field work, it was in

her blood and although the founder of the news channel and her first-class friend the billionaire “Mike Marko” made her boss of all bosses, she insisted in still being out there, In the frontlines, risking her skin “My type of female” thought Quinn “young, “sexy and a fucking go getter” “that’s what I needed, “but not anymore he said to his brain, “*Right DT?* “The world went to shit”, “if you ask me, “it’s about time it did. “DJ and Martin” were loading clips, and felt petrified when they’d glanced outside. Other than considering Quinn talking to himself in his bedroom- where **DO NOT CROSS** yellow tape had been placed by police just a few hours back was a bit more terrifying.

Quinn and his own intellect had become a component- more than just another simple organ attached to his body; His brain identified himself to Quinn by the name of: “**THE DAMAGED THING**” one stormy day, more than a year previously and ever since then, ever since that peculiar and corrupt day. They talked, ate together, sometimes “**THE DAMAGED THING**” even illustrated its shape in this reality to ‘Quinn and they’d sketch together, or read books in the basement of mom’s house. And shared stories of the afterlife “*The Damaged Thing*” or Just “DT” for short was an authentic phantom inside Quinn’s brain.

It gave the impression of being similar to a reddish specter with several categories of noticeable face, arms, except veto of legs just a trace of gloomy sea green smoke from the waist down. And when the brain ghost was verbal its pitch in tone was disheveled, demonic, and coarse. The psyche ghoul was a parasite from the outer rim and the evil fucker was foul-mouthed.

“*It* was about time- “that fine ass bitch left “Miami” “and that bullshit city “I love the snow quinine “u think he cumin” “you know how so yesterday this place is already?, “wow, “a big fucking earth with humans in it, “boohoo big deal “how fucked up all u pussiesss dooooooo is kill one anotha right , “tell me quinine right? “Pussy shit right, “DJ and that fat fuck “so scared “so afraid- big deal right quinine? Said **THE DAMAGED THING**

“**Yeah** I guess so replied Quinn to himself “at the same time as taking the remote, and switched off the tube previous to anyone answering the attractive reporter. *The TV was shut off.* “I will tell you like this ‘DT referring to his other him, his second half, the real phantom that dwelled beneath his cold heart this aint “DJ” and no Quinn lives here, “I’m getting that box and I will find the boy by ripping absent life from this world” “*Now, “That’s the spirit quinine, “remember why you got that tattoo in the first place* replied “**THE DAMAGED THING**” “so you could bring back the pain masters, “you require sufficient amounts of blood for the soil to consume, “this gives you the map of “savage” “once you have the map my dear Quinn, “you have immortality, it lies within the box of “**Violent pleasures**” DT’s tone was exceptionally tranquil and uncanny.

Quinn, in several ways knew it was himself chatting not “DT not “the damaged thing” however a suppressed identity that sought after to come out and take over him completely. at times “**THE DAMAGED THING**” felt further genuine than just a mounting psychosis being constructed by a very sick individual, the truth was: the ghost in his head was not “QUINN however a fortitude wraith spirit epitome from “**Xadin**” A fallen reaper-king at present turned extremely deadly and a callous villain of the human race, whom learned regarding the streamline connection through the power of the omen-alpha box following his losing a battle with “*SinX-Prime*” an alternate version of “AcidMurda” From the “**EARTH-PRIMES TRANSVERSES**” – “The Damaged Thing explained to Quinn all about ” **THE BLUE PARADISE DIMENSION**” and how his Universe was swallowed by the “Soul king’s wrath of infuriated evil”. While he enthused around the room, getting organized, he stared at himself in the mirror to make certain everything was in place, the vest, the grenades, the guns, and of course his **AR-14** assault rifle “he did fancy a more

authoritative machinegun, other than this was all he could acquire before the Vines, GA state police came blasting at Quinn and DJ hours before. This is when Quinn murdered the daughter of an exceptionally familiar person. The odds were slim but Amanda knight's five year old child did comprise of a grandmother in the state of Alabama and the memory was haze for three men all of them felt strange about the petite little schoolgirl especially Daniel Mikael.

The "TV snapped back on by itself, the bizarre poltergeist features of his phantom best friend the damaged thing appeared on the screen, with an **S** decorated in blood red paint and was smeared on the walls behind him. The damaged thing reached outward from the TV like an extended rubber hand with transparent arms which consist of liquid acid- flickering orange lights inside its ghostly arms "What the fuck are you doing DT? "Can't you see "I'm getting ready for my big day" replied "QUINN?" No response from the entity. Quinn took a step back and commands "Yo, I'm super serious, "we can play games after I come back from my bloodbath, "if not I'll see you in the afterlife, "like we've always talked about. Quinn shrugged "I need to show you something Quinn, "I need to show you a future that will come to pass, "if you fail in retrieving the box, "something terrible will come about which will change the course of our plans, "and give the powers we seek to someone who is already immortal, someone who can't be stopped.

The Ghost positioned its translucent arms on Quinn and the house begins to rattle, and wobble. It seemed in the vein of the home was thrown inside some type of giant blender. Martin and DJ pressed up on the wall horrified "Quinn, once you get the map from your mission of expiation, "the blood you spill, "the agony you will cause will become a streamline and the map will be drenched in your victims blood, "revealing the location of our enemy and only then, will you be the 4th" "find the human **SKY-KEEPER** who is protected by a Dark Lord and his minions. Digging subterranean into Quinn's cranium with his mystical abilities the flooring began to unfasten and a platoon of horse flies came spraying outward like a sprinkler of insects. **"BOOM"**

The Roof cracked, the posters, paintings, and walls all came plummeting downward. Quinn was now standing on the top of an enormous mountain the fire raged on in front of him. Buildings, houses, streets, neighborhoods all engulfed in gargantuan flames, the sky was red, the sun was dark, and as if a red blood stained cloud was covering the massive star. *On the ground* below to the far north Quinn could perceive someone fully clothed in a long black trench coat, with a touch of S&M, Goth, and a black garment mixed in with the rest of the attire looking like a death high priest on his way to a memorial service. Large, steel bones grew out of this figure from his shoulders, torso, and shaved ashen encircling head, and whitish vampiric face.

The cape was black with a touch of grey, and torn at the bottom, An S with a crown symbol smeared in what appeared to be coagulated blood shone bright from the distance on the center of his dirty bloody black cape "His eyes flashed Yellow and Red, his boots a dark black. His face filled of bright red crisscrossing veins you can still see the symbol on his chest somehow glowing crimson but it was more like a shattered S, and it bled. "As the figure walked across the land the ground beneath him would burn. Quinn snapped out of the vision when the phone began to ring, a loud strange ringing began: the ghost arms pulled back into the TV and The Television shuts off, the windows blow out, and **"THE CADILLAC-MAN** rushed in, smashed a wall, wearing a psychotic outfit with bone spikes covering his body he ripped off "Quinn's head with one solitary tug, and Quinn's corpse fell limp and floppy on the ground- **UNTIL** "THE DAMAGED THING woke Quinn up: from the vision for real this time. DJ and Martin stood over Quinn wearisome and tried to snap him out of the hallucination. Quinn stood aloft from the floor and began to scream.

Martin Lloyd gripped and engrossed his firearm. DJ nodded and did the same identical shift.

Both Martin and DJ were mutually confused and forthrightly afraid **“No**, “I won’t let that happen, “I can’t, “I will succeed replied “Quinn visibly taken aback from the visualization of him being decapitated” **“Behold Quinn**, “that is the wrath of a God gone insane, “get to the Sky-Keeper destroy him, “use his blood to gain access to retrieve the map, the **“EVIL DEEDS** will be your guidance. “Be warned Quinn: “Do not let anyone through the connection “once the “CROSSLINERS” are unlocked anyone, “or anything can formulate its approach into our continuation existence, a new threat is demanding to obstruct us and get in the way. “Something is raising from a deeper galaxy “something thus so sinister it will devour your eyes from the inside out” DT Said. “Let’s go have some fun.” Quinn Said. Martin and DJ hugged their artillery and both men contemplated and after extreme internal deliberation chose to carry on at the side of Quinn M. Carter. A choice they’d come to regret deeply with a pang of guilt.

Quinn- Martin – and a concerned DJ completed their way to the **“2010 HUMMER truck”** parked outside Quinn’s shit-hole of a place. The cars not theirs, they had borrowed it for the occasion, slipped the backpacks off their shoulders, placed the keys inside the ignition, and the engine ***roared to life.*** **-(BEYOND-EARTH)-** -In another galaxy beyond ours, further than earth 1, 2, 3, or whichever earth, away from our existence, a shadowy presence was having a **DEATH DUEL** with a extraordinarily powerful life form, he was a master of something inconceivable and super powerful called **“LEGACY”** “He was a **VOA**” back from the afterlife of **“GAMBIA”** “The rival dark existence the master of legacy was entangled with was in addition a master of something called: **“WRAITH”** “A Chapel Lord” Both of them held supernatural monster outward appearance ‘ of beaming neon luminosity, monstrous sized bodies. The creatures in their true outer shells battled underneath dark skies which would illuminate every instant they’d attack one another.

THE WEAPONRY consisted of winds prepared of unadulterated barely discernible plasma; it was a discharge of pure unpolluted energy. **A WEAPON** never seen by any of the earth’s, along with or any realm’ -enormous winds at a velocity of further than **2000 miles per hour** swept the planet. The **VOA** Master engaged in this duel to the bloody end. “Master Malic” had fallen to the **“DARKWORLDS** of the transverses subsequent to his father “The Evil Tyrant “Sanider” took his son, and disappeared with wealth and power following the bereavement of the reaper-king and the Soul Eater’s evil father **“Vannsam” Master Malic** disfigured himself with a ring recovered from his dead fathers finger and branded himself in the chest. He fled the planet after the death of “the first spider” nine long years later, and living a sad life,” Here: somewhere between despair, and regret His hate for love, his hate for his own race, still grew inside him like an evil illness, and after many years of waiting in the dimness, an ill will fortitude known only by legend, a creature so feared it was said- not even the angels knew how to destroy it. After the creature’s essence took ownership of his flesh he obtained his opportunity and battled **“The 2nd Spider”** -*Master Malics was dead and now the creature of legend thrived within of him.*

Currently, loads of undocumented years afterward “The Master has returned from death, rumored to have been brought back by the **“CHAPEL”** an extraterrestrial race whose primary incursion nearly brought the annihilation of all life in the galaxy. Now both combatants acquire human-shape wearing a dark green robe, His eyes finished of profound dark olive pearls, he was no longer human covered in war tattoos similar to his opponent: the fearsome and deadly **“NEBULA”** The two battled on the mysterious world of **“Xadin”** a globe of sea monsters beneath the black oceans, and mountains covered in black snowfall, the planet **“Xadin”** was a further

destination scrubbed out from the archives'. **Wham!** The fourth punch knocked The Master to the ground and he plunged his sword of power "You ought to have stayed dead Pig, "Now look at you, "about to fall again. "This time, "I will take your head, "and burn it to dust and blow your ashes into the flaming calderas said the wicked lord "**The Nebula**" while he'd looked downward at his challenger who was smiling back at his enemy "I did not return to stay in this existence you fool" replied The Master. "I have made contact with a being outside our reality, "a transverse sky-keeper who holds the "**BOX OF OMEN**" "spilling your insides, "cutting you profoundly to construct a puddle of your murky dark blood will release a connector to his outer universe". The master said. The apparatus of the new evil was at the point of full manufactured construction.

"Your encounter with death as left you in madness replied Nebula. "As your encounter with MRS.DEATH left you rumbling though garbage turning your torn apart body into a creature eating off the dead faces of lost "lords in that rodent infested planet, "Tell me nebula are your fragile legs sturdy enough to encounter "**The Blood-King**"? The words of "the master enraged Nebula" however, also gave the dark lord a feeling he never felt, not even when he'd fall into darkness, with his head cut in half. The mention of the Blood King" one of the most powerful, "If not the most powerful of all "Dark Transverse-Masters "The Blood Lord "Sirius Colfax lives. "Lies Replied "Nebula "He proved to be weak within the dark realm of blood "of the Kingdom of Jeremiah, "he fell to the SKY-KEEPER of the transverse and the kingdom was cut down with him, "I should feed you to the "leviathans" "after I take your head for "all your lies "you have always been pathetic and at this moment in time you will die. Said the Nebula'

The Nebula had warrior tattoos covering and casted over his body, deep, engraved horns bulging from his head, face, His shroud sapphire, His robe black, His boots a cavernous black, and his eyes a shady ginger with a touch of black, His outfit had been customized by: **THE NEW "CHAPEL OF SPEARS"** He appeared like a deadly samurai ready to assassinate his target his "**DOUBLE-BLADED SWORD**" was equipped to strike down "**Master M(The Master)**" whom prepared no effort to evade the approaching dark-plasma razor blade sword.

"Tell me about this box? Asked the nebula" with curiosity and pliable irritation noticeable in his tone "and where is this so called blood king you speak of, "what is the true name of this lord? The Master grinned and replied: "In a universe far from here; "in fact it is impossible to reach him without the sacrifice of a soul, "the map made of GOG's blood "my blood "you fool "I will take you to him, "he is more than willing to give I the box, in return all he seeks is the destruction of the humans that dwell within his realms". "We can do it together once we open the "**THE REAPING**" "The King of Pain and his loyal "REAPERS "will join us and turn the entire universe and all its worlds into one big "CASKET" "join me, "I only lay here in this filthy ground to satisfy my own addiction "to feel my own death "I could've killed you before you pulled that blade" said the master "Join together? Asked the Nebula while he looked downhill for a moment and pounds the proposal of an alliance with the soul-eater and released a piercing, earsplitting hiss. "We both know your powers, and we will unite in a sideways-future-timeline but not on this night." On this night here, in this vacant and ominous world your blood will run like a river."

"Why should I share infinite glory with you "when your miserable soul will grant me access to what you speak of, "You converse too much, "and let this be a lie, "have me looking for something imaginary "and I will find you in the afterlife and murder you *1000* additional times. The Nebula swung an AX made of gold bars and with one single strike beheads The Master 'his cranium rolled on the surface of the planet, The Nebula located the decapitated head inside a metal piece of apparatus and freezes it, picked up the body- *flipped it upside down* -positioned together both hands around the blood soaked neckline of the master and squeezed durable and

vigorous flooded outward every single very last drop of blood allowing it to punch the land and compose a colossal blood puddle. Devoid of clemency he tossed the headless corpse into the black oceanic waters of Xadin where an enormous 7 headed sea serpent consumed and ingested the departed and lifeless master.

The puddle of blood took the shape of a square with a pictogram in the center of the ground. The Nebula” stared at the red fluid; the pulsate hum of a heart began to thump from behind him, something deep within the ocean was looming back into existence, the colossal creatures which roamed the lowest point of this vast aquatic, seemed to be in discomfort; they felt something increasing or something brutal and remarkable and evil being reborn. The serpents completed thunderous splashing sounds and with their large and uncanny tails and smacked the black waters of “Xadin” produced ripples, and immense waves crashed throughout the entire ocean overpowering the planet. *Even for*, a Spider-Spear-Dark-lord as powerful and relentless as **“The Nebula”** the visualization and illustration of the creatures performing in a terrified, reckless and out of control manner, the behavior of the monsters was horrifying and for a brief split second **the nebula spider-god** felt: overwhelming **FEAR!**

7:22PM-7:15PM-3:23AM -7:15AM-3:45AM-5:53PM-00:00am

7:15PM

DJ and Quinn exchanged and shared the driving responsibility moments after he'd place the keys in the ignition DJ was whacked and thumped rigid and robust the headache was severe. Daniel Mikael intercepted mesmerizing yet horrific sequences of thought clarification and a disturbed amplification of illustrations. The imagery in Daniel's head was that of a ravaged small township with a rural community protecting an elevated and spine-chilling church. The shadowy figures slaughtered a row of jointly chained men; women and adolescents hooked into miniature pods with steel shackles and reinforced padlocks. DJ kept his gaze outward the red hummer's windshield and perceived a world in complete and utter chaos. Bloodshed flooded the streets alongside the blizzard disaster and catastrophe of tragedy. A province of contaminated insanity and at a soaring speed and promptness of **77** miles per hour downward suburbs and wealthy prosperous neighborhoods the mayhem could not be avoided.

Cars banged in opposition to each other as a result of the icy terrain. The consequences of a snowstorm impacting the state of Florida were starting to develop into a homicidal street party of gang violence and police had lost control of the districts. Eighteen wheelers smashed against each other in deadly gangland warfare and for new members the initiation process turned into a madness of the vilest category. The Porcelain gang a cluster of lethal criminals fully clad in odd eccentric body piercings and black trench coats had marched into the streets with first-class weaponry and would walk right into gas stations, supermarkets- and commit atrocious murders in coldblooded, maniacal fashion. Martin was the first to notice the bereavement minister in the middle of the road and in front of the Hummer's path. “Stop the car Quinn.” Martin Said. Quinn kept a hard stare at the preacher in front of his view. “He's in our way Martin, you don't expect us to stop the truck I'll run right over him.” DJ glanced to the rear of the SUV where Martin was trying to conceal the actuality he'd hit meth more than Martin had disclosed to DJ. *In fact* he lied about it. Martin was a heavy meth user and was about to undergo the brutal nasty withdrawal symptoms. “Quinn, Come on man, Martin's right slow down he's gotta get out the way.” DJ Said.

The Preacher, dressed in a lengthy and drawn out inclusive red cleric robe. Stood with his head skewed downward and long thick daggers apiece on each hand when a citizen or any person would stagger across him he'd utilize the daggers to cut the individual's esophagus. And accede to let the blood splatter from the throats of the innocent bystanders simply on foot and running for a secure and protected structure. "He's killing people; screw it Quinn, run that sick bastard over." Quinn increased speed and accelerate. "Now, you want me to kill him, make up your minds." Quinn Remarked. However the preacher was gone. He'd disappear like a thief in the dead of night. "Is that a fucking *vampire*? Martin quickly forgot the strange minster of death when the pudgy immature gentleman traveling with toughen harden criminals became aware of lofty and powerfully built men yanking heads off people which appeared previously dead or in some sort of coma like condition.

Bigger, further intimidating undead natives were smashing coffins over the less fearsome more delicate and feeble category of the undead returnees. "I don't think that's a vampire, beside the fact, I don't believe in them however after last night and given what we saw I think anything can be roaming our streets." Said DJ with a clue of apprehensive and frightened concern in his tone of voice, "We're here, you two ready I'm going in guns blasting." Quinn Said. The fire trucks engulfed in bursting conflagrations of flames rammed right into the building next to were the men plan to assault, demonstrate aggression and murder for supplies. However for Quinn if the world was about to end and reach its conclusion he'd go out taking all his **ENEMIES** with him.

Quinn, Martin, and DJ were by now at the **PRONTO SIEGEL UNIT SYSTEM** building in "Advanced FL" when they noticed the freakish **UFO'S** in the red skies beyond them. "They Look like Bats" said Martin. Police were in a heavy shootout with the notorious villainous clan "THE PORCELAINS" The man-bat LEADER of the masked and psychosis assemblage was ducking, and dodging bullets from the face painted maniac from a different squad of killers and police were shooting in all directions at the same time as the snowfall chopped downward it was total havoc. Quinn thought this was a great opportunity to assassinate his Ex-Boss, and take a few of his ass-kissing employees, in view of the fact that the freaky weather won't stop MR. Marko from making money.-had he sent home his staff and closed his business this might have gone another way. except greed was a silent killer and DJ, Quinn, and The Pudgy Martin needed to locate the [Sky-Keeper](#), they considered necessary to retrieve additional medicine, extra ammo and MR. Marko ran a pharmaceutical call-center company and had a fulfillment stockroom and *plus point* the fucker had weapons'. "I'm not gonna leave anyone alive." Quinn Said. DJ shook his head and felt he was losing his greatest friend very quickly Quinn was at a tipping point.

The entire police force joined the chaos. frustrated to defend the public from a freak unnatural snowstorm, and for the lunatic Quinn this was exciting, He cracked a grin, super surprised, He'd just walked into the six story building with **BodyArmor**, and a black large duffle bag and everyone seemed to go about their business, snapped pictures with their cell-phones at the weird UFO's and the freak snow. "Stupid Imbeciles" he thought after he'd gently tapped the elevator, and drumming the button for the 6th floor he began to whistle and strolled into the elevator... DJ and Martin trailed behind him. the soft, shitty music was playing somewhere on top of the men spilling out from various inexpensive speakers installed to make your life a living hell while you ride on an artificial machine held up by strings. Quinn removed his vest and let the body armor plunge to the floor. "I don't need it." He Said. "Quinn, brother, don't let what's happening consume you." DJ Said. *The Elevator* began to tremble and quake perhaps the backup

generators were losing petroleum. "Don't Move, and don't look at me." Said the death priest with blood overflowing the ground "I said don't look at me Quinn, You, have no idea what I 'am and these superheroes will die, everybody will die I have returned. Listen well this flesh is fading." The Soul-King Said.

"Don't think for a moment you are not in danger" voiced the priest next to Quinn appeared out of emaciated air, Quinn stared at the monster beside him ... "We need to talk replied the man from his nightmares, The malevolence, that came out of the box with an army of reapers was right next to "Quinn" and The bones on the apparitions head, face, neck, and chest began to bleed. Quinn knew immediately this monster was not a priest at all. however he was confused "baffled for a better term, his mind felt drugged, he could hear muffled voices coming from above him where the dumb music was playing once. "Do you know who I 'am? Asked the presence before Quinn" "No, "But I have seen you in my dreams" Quinn pushed every button for the elevator to come to a halt, but it never did, it just kept falling and falling into a nowhere. DJ tried to connect to Quinn's mind except several bizarre interferences was not allowing the connection to stabilize.

DJ and Martin stood stunned gawking at Quinn "Pities, "You still feel lost Quinn", the figure kept his hood on, never uncovered his full face. Spiked *BONES* bulged out of nearly everywhere "I'm one of many" replied the being. The spikes inserted themselves back into his skin. "It is pointless to try and resist me." "We cannot continue to have you contained- "you must consume the hate, "I know you're in doubt for what you're about to do, "however this is your destiny replied "Sinful" (**the physical manifestation of Gomorrah**) "the chain reaction your anger will cause will open up the gates all over the infinite universe. "In fact, "it's already begun "Quinn" "worlds and galaxies are by now opening to collide. "All of them seek one thing: "the OMEN-ALPHA box" "**A SKY-KEEPER** from this realm protects it. "Retrieve the map and find the instructions of "GOG" perfect directions to the planet: "**Xadin**" "Oh and please dispose of these two ahead of arriving at the funeral home" *The Vision Vanished*

Everything the mysterious figure who claimed to be named "Sinful" said was absolutely true. He just left out some exceptionally important details. -The elevator came to a full stop on the 6th floor. When the elevator swung open Quinn started to feel something in the pit of his stomach he'd felt like throwing up all over the fucking floor, and it was not credited to the nice free-fall he just went through with the death priest. He was nervous, shaking, and restless other than something kicked in when Quinn glanced up and saw his blood-pact brother who stood with him. DJ screamed "Hands in the air mother fuckers" and the sweat from Martin's forehead dripped downward and splashed on the chrome "45 pistol he had already removed from his holster. Other than nobody was in the office floor to get down except for Quinn became infuriated seeing Mr. Mike Marko's accountant and assistant "*JENNIFER HUNTER*" on a satellite mobile phone blabbering away with a portion of chewing gum in her orifice. She'd been hiding underneath the reception desk screaming at her husband with ear-piercing shouts that she loved him and did not desire to depart this life of course referring to the crazy shit going down outside.

She never even knew DJ, Martin and The Ruthless Quinn had arrived. Quinn hated her '*oh and that obnoxious voice she always carried*, He focused on her lips presently chewing away and oblivious to his existence' he aimed the *GUN- SUDDENLY!* Quinn was in total control and then he fired: **BANG** the first initial four shots, all of them hit "*Jennifer Hunter*" two shots in her cranium- two shots in the torso she flew backward from the collision and the blood speckled all

over her computer screen she fell rearward after she'd stood from beneath the table to snatch her container of heroin. That sack of drugs cost her life.

BANG, BANG, BANG, everything fell silent for "Quinn" "His massacre had begun, it was reimbursement time, it was vengeance at hand and "*Quinn*" will now embark in his "Killing Mission" –the ultimate killing spree, so much blood will be spilled the heavens will cry in disappointment. DJ knew he had lost his friend at that point. "Let's go" "I think I got enough stuff" said Martin. Martin didn't hang around to get a good look at Quinn's handy work he was too busy obtaining the supplies. DJ joined him while Quinn scanned the premises for MR. Marko save for he was nowhere to be found. "I only said lets go, 'Cus, I thought, "well he's gone nuts man said Martin with a serious glance "Just relax "all we got do "is get to my sister "she helps run a funeral home "I bet they got shit in place- besides I know something about that place, it's not just a funeral home" DJ Said. And Quinn's losing it." Both Martin and DJ nodded in

concurrence – *THE HUMMER SPED OFF WITH THE CADILLAC CLOSELY BEHIND*

I DREAMT OF DEATH AND SHE CAME FOR ME IN ANOTHER WORLD...

"EARTH-13" 22-million light years away from "Present Day Earth"- "He can hear the whispers all around him, silent screams penetrated all his senses- people were afraid, people were dying left, and right from disease, famine , wars, and a society who yearned for blood, hate, and conflict more than peace and tranquility. "The streets ran with fear, He kept wondering about home- He missed his sanctuary however he's on a mission and when the time comes this world will burn but he can't help to feel sadness for this earth. It's like an eternal darkness fell over the world it's raining. It has been for three long days' non-stop light rain, then heavy again the time seemed to be drifting away like wind in these dark and gloomy days. "The streets are flooded with all the water, "People were suffering more than ever. This was: *Jersey NY in the United Nation OF Countries* AcidMurda can see them from his view. It's depressing witnessing them struggle. But He can't forget the mission, why he's here in the first place. The man, the savior of these people must finally understand there was a mighty force behind it all, this was the reason He is here, the end was very close and he shall see his duties to the end.

Glancing down from a partially torn skyscraper dressed all in black, with a black jacket, black brace boots. And black eyes, with pale skin. His name was AcidMurda he was sent by the Coffin Reverend a very powerful galactic being whose magic was said to consume worlds the unseen group "THE EVIL DEEDS" controlled the reverend until the Federal Movement plotted against the secret group and the "EVIL DEEDS offered the F.M. (FEDERAL MOVEMENT) the reverend for sacrifice in form of payment to avoid an inter-galactic war with "THE ASCENSION" a group of law officials who protect ancient scriptures and artifacts. the ALPHA-OMEN box was crafted for one purpose to create "STREAM-LINE CONNECTORS" it's origin was very much a deep mystery the stories were ancient, some never knew it existed, some will never know about it at all. It is said to be before the sun was born, previous to the moons radiance to planets, prior to the universe itself when it came to occupied existence. Acid was in charge of traveling to the prime earths and report to each of its world's champions and heroes that a terrible threat which had been dormant for eons has in actuality remerged. A distant star system never intended to intertwine with this sector of realms apparently completed contact via **"THE NEW CHAPEL OF SPEARS"** -a squad of ruthless and powerful lords whom used the "*NEBULA*" for power and domination. A connection was prepared and hooked on EARTH13's primary central component

and the blue orb and ACID was swept by the “Council of Tombs” *and now a trial would begin.*

CHAPTER 8

A winter's Ride in the Streets of Hell

ONE YEAR BEFORE

A total of three white ford transit commercial vans were parked on perpendicular snow-covered hilltop overlooking the rural township of SunSnow, Minnesota. The **Huntress of legacies** Tiffany Elliot and Earl Raney along with Jesse Hank and few supplementary affiliates and members of Tiff's entourage received a lead on the so-called *apocalypse man*. An internet sensation of the prevalent kind and the widespread phenomenon went viral following a video captured by a crowd of teenagers whom witnessed a man turn himself into a spider and leapt in excess of automobiles to break away from law enforcement. The video on YOUTUBE received a million and half hits in merely two days. In 2012 Adam Lanza left behind a diary which illustrated the real motivation behind the shootings

Ultimately the men in black must've sent scores of threats to the website and the Vid was taken down and removed. The youngsters whom recorded and filmed the video were warned and intimidated through the technique of terrorization. Several of the kids even disappeared and according to Linda Aidden the youngest of the crowd responsible for capturing the video, the chief teenager bad ass Spike (Real Name: Steve Lox) kept calling his mother for months after subsequent to he'd commit suicide in his stepfathers master bedroom. He kept telling his mother he'd been dinner for a queen and nightmares were real- months following his death and the phone calls haven't stopped.

“This is it.” She Said. “This is when the bastard comes into our lives.” Tiffany Elliot took the video the kids recorded with excessive seriousness and significance. “Tiff, I don't mean to be rude Said Earl. “But you will be anyway, what's on your mind.” She Replied. “We came all the way from Florida because you're convinced a man named Jeremiah came to your door except it was a fucking spider, do you know how that sounds.” Said Earl at the same time as he'd communicate with the others within the additional vans and used a binocular. “What about the video Earl and the fact that I have two blackhearts pulsating within me.” Tiff checked her long barreled revolver. “Kids these days use iPads' to position Obama's face on a chick's body come on Tiff.” Earl Replied. “Listen, whatever happens we can't interfere.” Then why are we here Tiff? Earl Asked. “Earl, You ought to trust me and if you don't you better start.” The Vans kept at a standstill.

The Car was a black: 1975 Cadillac coupe Deville, the road was barely visible; the winters in Minnesota were treacherous. The snow fell parallel to a never ending dissension of machinegun bullets raining downward from the pallid sky. The individual in the trunk was gagged and tied up by their feet. The driver could perceive the noise of the thumping pending from the trunk, it rattled the complete vehicle, he liked to listen, He enjoyed it, loved to eavesdrop- loved to hear the screams when they struggled. *He/It* left their hands untied; the feeling of despair coming from the unfortunate soul he took away, from the helpless victim he

ripped absent from life- and brought into his own hell soothes him. The driver of this spotless classic beauty was a ["Traveler"](#) It might be a diverse model now and then depending where and when he'd crossed over, except it's always a Cadillac that crossed with him. *He or it* came from other worlds, a fabled land, and a diverse reality. His black long, stretched talons tap the steering wheel, even as he drove with his left hand- the right hand was full of activity and tapping away at the controls. Those disgusting black elongated finger nails resembled talons from some evil ancient bird. His features were abnormal and his face was lengthened and whitish, his eyes seemed to be filled and crammed by the inside with black glass- the reflection of the snow falling ahead could be seen displayed like a mirror throughout the *"Cadillac-Man's" eyes.*

[The hours](#) whistled away on the white dangerous road with nobody in site, no other car, no other person, not even a deer to hit and run over a few times, at this point Cadillac-Man would settle for a crow drumming the windshield. Just to get a dosage of violence and some blood to consume. He's always weaker within the first few hours when he'd crossed between worlds. *THEY ALL ARE.* Sides of the road he's riding on- were completely isolated with woods on each side, the snow was increasing rigid, and the ice-cold road was becoming hazardous. This made the *"Cadillac-Man"* very excited he placed both hands on the steering wheel of the "1975 Cadillac coupe" his long black talons retracted from his fingers, reversed to regular sized hands and nails. He currently wore black gloves to cover-up the rotten putrefy marks in the skin and the transparent rotting bones that infected his hands and the majority of his body. With the entire upholstery of the vehicle dished in dark lavender with a morbid cushioning resembling the inside of a casket and a locket hung from his purple review. It was so aged; the picture inside of it was grainy and indistinct taken in the late 1700'S [by](#) the Cadillac-Man himself.

[In a time](#) before he crossed between worlds, in a time prior to the *"Spears"* before he was changed- before the transformation.-Hard to accept as true, however this foul creature was once a man, well not entirely, the body, the flesh, belonged to a human from **PRIME-EARTH 1-** it's what's hidden underneath the man, the genuine horrifying terror of what possessed his body, and made him become the king of worlds, and a master in pain and punishment , a powerful traveler of the [savage-roads](#). The Consciousness of the man trapped inside, still lived, and was very much re-living the fatal mistake he committed by inviting this dreadful darkness to consume him in every way. Replaying over and over in [the MIND-Theater](#) a [locked-power](#) used by-Travelers to reproduce fading memoires since at a certain point all "Travelers" become immortal.

*"Why? "How could I let the evil flame become a fire? Said the consciousness to the THING contained by its flesh, "Be Silent, "That night by the fire,-in the woods, "you wanted an escape, "I needed fresh-flesh- "it was a mutual business contract why are you so displeased? "Have I not, revealed you the world?" The Queen brought you to me giving you life far- and beyond the age of ordinary men, "hush now I must conduct serious matters Cadillac-Man said. In the middle of the steering wheel, in the center compartment where the car horn mechanics were installed the cover shined in gold brass with a symbol of a *Spear* with a sliver tip, and engraved text displayed in a language not recognized. He removed the cover and inside the secret compartments a diminutive, blackened circular tornado, swirled inside of it. The entity was a life form of the worst kind the malevolent king of souls.*

[An](#) evil malicious creature the beings essence took the shape of a circular object a living animation of a malice monster. A brawny airstream was produced by this supernatural force. It was obvious *"The Cadillac-Man"* himself was a commanding and coldblooded creature however

even **HE** is to be obliged to bow to the black storm dwelling inside the vehicle's horn. *"I AM displeased with your navigation, now the irony of this mistake old friend"* spoke the small supernatural tornado known to the "Cadillac-Man" by the name: *"The Undying Eternal"* – *"You shall now, be the one chosen, "the one, I will place to find the boy. "Seeing as you made the choice to stop and confiscate one of your playthings, "Listen to him? he cries like a child inside his mind, "he begs for his rescue in silence- he pounds, and pounds hoping the authority's will notice you and save him from death" "Your new task relates to our mutual primitive enemy, "the one which would of sent your soul for "I to eat, and then flush out, "you will face our old rival.* Said the Undying one, the cyclone that swirled and swelled from the car horn and shrieked while it spun around the car horns components and the smell was that of rotten flesh and decay.

"Old One, "Master of all that is, "and all that will be' I agonize for refreshments- this is why I took the human. Replied "The Cadillac-Man a small fragment of fear in his tone.-The black tornados, deep, evil dark voice turned into a child's voice mixed with an old woman's tone "I don't want nor require any worthless explanation: "Kill Him! Bury him, "in the depths of the white rain and find the dream drifters' son- and bring him alive only to me" a roar akin to a lion followed by a scream mimicking an elderly aged female in distress boomed outward from the center of the automobile's horn compartment where the entity created a portal like connector between his/It's world and ours. "How do we find this beloved son of the dream drifter asked the Cadillac Man? "Reach inside and take what is needed to find him" replied the "The Undying Eternal" with those words the small circular entity vanished- leaving the center of the steering wheel open with a blinding red illumination bombardment shooting out of it.

The Cadillac-Man reached inside of it with his right hand; his arm roughly disappeared completely within the hole where a car horn should be. Instead a portal to another reality was implanted to guide those who crossover to the Savage Roads? The Cadillac-Man struggled with the portal connector although managed to retrieve the item his master put in place for him to achieve the new mission. "Strange thinks the Cadillac-Man. When he pulled the item from the center of the car, and held it up, looking at it in a weird way. "it's just a notebook more like a diary" then he smirked when he noticed the initials on the front of the leather diary it read: **S.K** he let out a very eerie laughter and placed the book on the empty passenger seat "I'm looking for a boy while the clowns make magic/I'm Polishing his casket, Die, Burn, Cry little bastard the Cadillac Man was humming this tune while he pulled over and prepared to lay waste to his rattling plaything. The entire time he's been driving, passing through towns, singing his songs, and chatting with his master from another realm. In his wake his supernatural essence was creating a rift in purgatory those who die, and are retrieved by the Reapers from the ANTI-world of death- have a set destination but others became victims of the rapture. It was a biblical prophecy misunderstood and misconstrued.

The sky still opened up, and a hole is still visible when this occurred but only to the person it was happening to and heaven was not the destination. All the phones in the nearby cities and towns had begun to ring simultaneously the rift caused by the Cadillac-man opened a sealed door to a very menacing place and now "James Kite" from Sun Snow, Minnesota. Was receiving phone calls from his dead mother "Judith" she was calling long-distance from somewhere beyond this world and when "James Kite from Sun Snow, Minnesota heard his dead mother speaking to him on the phone from someplace in hell. His pants fill up with yellow liquid, he peed on himself like a newborn baby "Hello James are you still buying kiddies porn with my social security check, "well are you? "Tell your mother; "tell her how you touch your brother's daughter, "how you cuddle the little cunt "when you babysit for him and that bitch wife of his TELL ME? "Judith Kite screamed these words.

"Fuck You" Yelled James with terror in his voice and a ball of stress in his throat- before slamming the phone down he noticed not only were all the phones ringing in his home but the live news segment he had on has gone dark and the ringing sound of every phone in his neighborhood was booming louder and louder he looked out the window and can see a black Cadillac breeze by. It's time to dispose of the victim in his trunk but "The Cadillac-man" liked an audience especially a sleepy town where he can bring out everyone's darkest, most disturbing secrets. It was a dead-end street where Cadillac-Man decided to dispose of his victim in a gruesome and ruthless fashion.

"The Cadillac-man" was an apparition who appeared in human form he can drift in and out of the human world, He can make himself seen when he wants to be seen, or stay transparent to the human eye. He is a "Cemetery Ravager" a lord of the graveyards, a faithful high commander for the "Chapel of Spears" and he obeys the order of the "Council of Tombs" the neighbors began to walk outside the power was out- in fact the sound of a transformer blowing up rattled the windows and made the entire block go dark with the exception of the cell phones, pagers, and home phones. The mobile devices had developed minds of their very own.

The sun was covered by the dark cold clouds of a Minnesota winter, some freakish black light snow flakes leaked down from the darkened skies above. The Black mysterious car came to a full stop right before the road sign at the end of the block: **DEAD END** He's not in a good mood, He was sent to take care of a man named "Grant Hook" find him, destroy him, and head back. Back into the savage, but his violent emotions got the best of the "Cadillac-man" so his detour to the state of Minnesota and the kidnapping of a human who had nothing to do with his true agenda for the "DARK LORD" had a major repercussion. Now he must find the boy, the chosen one of The SKY-KEEPER Earth angel from the **Seven7Morpheus**, the return elder Transverse angel rival to the "OLD ENEMY" possibly re-enter the timeline-connector to the savage-roads and **leap a full year into the fall of 2015.**

"Mrs. Mercy Copez" was right across the street from her neighbor of eighteen years "James Kite" watched in disbelief while "James Kite answered his cell phone again while standing on his front porch "James do not , "for the love of god hang up on your mother requested "Judith Kite her voice sounded eerily clam. "Is he there? "He likes to burn things- did he burn that creepy kid of yours alive yet? "I always hated him from the moment I saw that little retarded basted. "That bitch you married, "HA she said. "She's here you know? "Oh Yeah, after she killed herself, the stupid bitch paid us a visit.

"She's a slave to the serpents of the gates they love her here, they suck on her wrist right where she opened herself up to die- **ARE YOU HEARING ME?** Screamed Judith "Yes, "Yes For the love of god please mama" cried James who dropped to his knees crying heavy tears from his blood shot eyes. The neighbor watched in shock and great panic while another man "Beck Hudson" The Towns superstar quarterback for the "BAYPARK EAGLES" pulled out a handgun, nice forty-five chromed-plated firearm must be his pops, very clammy, pale, distraught "Young Beck Hudson walked to the middle of the street and pulled the trigger.

A house appeared right in the middle of the 8th Court neighborhood which was under the attack by wickedness, by an evil being, the dead end-street where the crazy fucking monster decided to make a stop at was going insane, his very presence was only misery. The three-story home appeared where dirt, rubble, and construction supplies once occupied the empty grounds. Mrs. Mercy Copez" screamed out to the young man but it's too late his brains were all over the pavement. The black Cadillac's engine was running, the headlights beam through the falling snow which seemed to be getting heavier by the second. The arrival of the "Cadillac-Man

“created a disturbance in Sun Snow. Minnesota. The driver side door slowly began to open and the driver stepped out of the vehicle by this time, the entire neighborhood was in a state of panic. Phone calls from purgatory by dead relatives, the power outage, and a suicide. no police, no fire trucks, no signs of any help coming just the continuous sound of hip hop ringtones blaring out of the neighborhood teenagers mobile devices, home phones rattling off the wall from the ringing, people gathering around the body of their star quarterback, the sound of uncontrollable crying was heard from every home in the block.

An old haunted-house type home appeared from another time, complete with staff members and maids working outside dressed in “1920’s attire- and waived their hands, with gesturers of greetings’ like they wore part of the close little town, and knew everyone in it, still it looked like **Dracula’s house** and it smelled funny it stank up the entire street. And now the time was perfect for his second act, He loved the audience; he adored the fact wherever he went darkness followed. Stepping out of the Cadillac- was a Tall and very thin man, He resembled a lunatic circus act complete with the top hat, the gentlemen suit, and his height was so abnormal you would think he was standing on stilts.

The apparition in Sun Snow Minnesota was a powerful master of torment, a commander for the “SPEARS” Since his descent into the madness of the “savage roads” by the being inside him eons ago. with his purple dress shoes, he made Imprints on the snow that quickly disappear, his purple tailored suit let go of a black gas that can be seen if you stared at him long enough, his death-breath cold like the deadly Minnesota winter. He does not need to breathe nor sleep, he does not eat, (well only human flesh) nor does he rest “The Cadillac-man” was on evil automatic mode, on autopilot for destruction. Every single passing second he lived someone died, he brings death to any and to all. Standing at Seven feet, Eight inches, a long slim body, with a long face to go with it, His eyes made of glass perils blacker then hell’s pit, reflect the images of despair, and the agony he’s caused since his arrival on the small sleepy town of “SUN SNOW” His eyes served as a mirror to eternal pain.

The whole neighborhood was now staring at the “Cadillac Man” with some type of horrifying amazement. They pile up one after another, bumping into each other trying to get a better look at the creature pretending to be a man. He walked up to the rear of the car, he placed his right finger on the automobiles trunk and it popped open making the **CLACK** sound- the trunk swung open and Mr. Chris Goodyear threw his hands up high in the air. A signal of despair- he was taken from his home at “1222 Fountain Blue Lane.” He was working on his garden covering up his precious outdoor baskets, the potted plants, and any tree that might expire during the hard winter. *When a man* walked into his home in the middle of the day, and strangled his wife, killed the pit-bull, smashed his head with a hammer and burned down his house, tied him up by his feet, gagged his mouth, and gave him a ride across two county lines. Mr. Goodyear pounded and pounded from inside the trunk crying for his wife, begging god for his life, and when the black Cadillac made a stop at an intersection before leaving the city of Princeton- and entering state highway’95 to make its way to Sun Snow.

Before the events, before Beck Hudson blew his brains out and purgatory was disturbed. A heavy framed African American state trooper-“SERGEANT LAURENCE GLOVER” pulled up right next to the Black Cadillac. The police officer examined the black Cadillac, performed a visual surveillance with his cop eyes. In his gut he felt something strange about this automobile the black vehicle was completely tinted with absolutely no way to see inside, Sgt. Lawrence Glover was a 12 year veteran police officer with great intuition he was also a deeply religious man and confided in God.

The streetlight turned from red to green and both cars moved forward. Officer Glover quickly switched lanes positions himself in back of the eerie looking vehicle and hit the sirens- but no lights came on, the police lights flickered for a moment but went out like a bad fuse. "Officer Glover" tried to use his squad car radio but nothing only static and the radio hooked up to his uniform was only sending out signals, and messages' he can't get in contact with any other unit, he can't reach his station- therefore no back up was coming. Unexpectedly the sirens start back up again and the reflection of Christmas lights can be seen from the review mirror of the Cadillac.

The old chapel music playing on the Cadillac's vintage car radio started to fade away, while the radio's dial tone began to switch stations on its own and a message appeared on the vintage old school radio "**K i L L T H E C o p**" the Cadillac man proceeds to comply with the police officer and began to pull over the 1975 Coupe Deville right before the entrance of highway "95 the snow was falling heavy making the conditions threatening. The tension in the cold air can be slit like a suicidal patients wrist you could almost hear the "BOOM" BOOM" invisible high octane music playing like if something terrible was about to take place. This time for 12 year veteran "SERGEANT LAURENCE GLOVER" evil has taken the shape of an old school classic automobile with the grim reaper himself behind the wheel. In front of Officer Glover was the black Cadillac with the emergency lights blinking away.

Officer Glover can see the roof made itself taller and longer in width and also reduced itself to normal structure this was the way the living vehicle accommodates the size of the traveler operating it. Glover made one last attempt to reach out to his base, to the station, or any other police units in the area but nobody was at the other end of his radio, his plea for backup went unanswered "All Units in the area, "any units in or around highway 95 please respond" still nothing it was like the storm buried everyone alive in the depth of the white rain. "SERGEANT LAURENCE GLOVER" was focused, ready to confront whatever was waiting for him inside the black car of death. Right before he grabbed his shotgun and spot checked his side arm the police laptop began to display words on the screen the first word was **DON'T** the second word was **YOU** and the last text displayed were two words **WILL DIE** he bowed his head and said a prayer while praying inside his squad car the Cadillac-man began to grind his sharp teeth his talons are not visible only the black gloves he used to cover up his dead hands can be seen. The prayer from the officer made the Cadillac man uneasy, and extremely agitated.

"SERGEANT LAURENCE GLOVER" made his way out of his police cruiser with both hands gripping his weapon- he aimed his department issued Remington shotgun at the driver side window walked slowly up to the automobiles door, the increasing snow fall was making visibility difficult the Cadillac's engine was still humming, the black tinted windows were still rolled up the officer's boot prints on the snow began to disappear and then he reached the driver side door and tapped it with the barrel of the shotgun. In most routine traffic stops "SERGEANT LAURENCE GLOVER" did not require to pull out anything but his notepad and ticket booklet but this was no routine traffic stop, and Officer Glover knew it.

Somewhere deep down in his gut he felt the beast was hungry and looking for chaos the window began to gently roll itself down revealing the driver: A tall, thin man with a very pale complexion and black, dark evil eyes in fact "Officer Glover" noticed his own reflection bouncing off the drivers eyes like two small mirrors attached to his face. "Sir, "please step out of the car slowly" Officer Glover ordered the driver to step out of the vehicle his hands do not shake, his feet remain steady. This was a man who lived his life according to the way a good man should, his faith was strong and his commitment to protect the defenseless was never-ending. He felt the lord himself called upon him to serve the people and if he had to die for them he was ready. "Well Good day "Officer, do you really think that will be necessary? "I mean with the weather

conditions and all replied "The Cadillac Man" something was not right with this man thought the officer to himself "Sir, "Please I will not ask you again, "I will drag you out though the window if it comes to that. Officer Glover aimed the weapon at the driver's head "Did you hear the one about the pack of wolves- who got lost looking for food, "and wondered into rival territory, "into the land "the Lone Wolf" had claimed for himself after being outcaste by the others?

"You see the lone wolf absorbs most of the aggression from the pack and is considered to be the puppy of the group "but this particular wolf found a mate and together they started a new pack, "once known as the omega, the loner, the weakest one, "this wolf was now leading his own wild platoon of flesh tearing hunters- "when the alpha pair of his former pack find themselves desperate for food they began to roam areas they had never roamed before- "and this is when they are met by the Lone wolf they had expelled from the group a year prior and the lone wolf said to the alpha pair "Have you not had your fun?

"You bit down on my open wounds when they were fresh, "you left me nothing to eat, starving in the coldness of the land are you not ashamed? "Are you here for an apologue, "I shall take none, "I was your servant,- and you had me washed away like your pray's blood in the freezing lakes of your own pride "then out of the darkness the Lone Wolf's new pack emerged and the Lone Wolf told the alpha pair "GO" "here is your chance to runaway, "to save yourself from the rivers of blood, "but never enter these woods as they are forbidden and cursed as I was to you- "Now I asked you this MR. Glover which one are you? "The lone wolf or the pack that deemed one of their own unworthy -it does not require perplexing thought?

The Cadillac-Man's words shook the officer to his core, a flash of his family at dinner, his children opening presents on Christmas morning, and the day he noticed a strange older model Cadillac leaving the scene of a notorious crime- these visions hit Officer Glover extremely durable and that's when he knew he'd seen this car before perhaps not the same year, not the same model, not the same color except it was a Cadillac and he was sure it was the same car just disguised somehow like a chameleon. "Sir, 'Step out of the car slowly with your hands up "Officer Glover" repeated his previous orders. "Don't, You Will Die" responded "the Cadillac-Man" the same warning "SERGEANT LAURENCE GLOVER" ignored when his police cruisers laptop flashed with the equivalent precise words.

Bang – The orange flash of the 45 caliber can be seen lighting up between the two men "The Cadillac-man was never going to let the Officer arrest him, take him to the station, and place him before a judge that would be ridiculous The gunshot fired hit's the officer in the center of the chest blowing him back three feet and falling on his backside in the snow-covered terrain. It's enough to completely drain the officer's breath resembling he'd been clouted with a sledge hammer in the stomach, however it was not enough to murder him the vest took nearly all of the impact other than fragments pierced his skin and blood began to trickle on the snow filled landscape.

The Cadillac-Man" was a perfectionist he'd never begin something to leave it partially done, or incomplete. Slanting his head to confiscate a "**Mini AR-14**" from a briefcase he sought after to bombard the cop with bullets, not just simply kill him he required to destroy him thus so when the funeral was arraigned it's a *closed casket*. Taking his eyes off the police officer for a split second he removed the weaponry and began to step out of the evil instrument he called a car. However only a miniature pool of blood could be perceived where the cop's corpse ought to be. "**Clever**" the Cadillac-Man thinks to himself Officer Glover was badly injured using his squad car

like a barricade. He dropped his shotgun from the cannon blast and currently his only friend was the *40 caliber* sidearm "ALL UNITS OFFICER DOWN NEEDS assistance" he screamed his request via the radio attached to his uniform but only static is heard and no response.

THE CADILLAC MAN opened fire-smashing the police cruisers front window, bullets riddle the front hood of the vehicle, the front tires were flatten like a balloon being penetrated by a pin. The whiteout conditions were working towards the Cadillac-Man's favor he could see in the dark, he could see all the way through vivid illumination and he could smell you hundred yards away he's got the advantage. "Come out and die with dignity, 'I told you to go, "don't ever say I never gave you a chance to go home and forget me" said the Cadillac-Man while he enthused closer to the rear of the police vehicle Officer Glover noticed his bragging, He's so confident about winning this "*one on one death*" match he underestimated" SERGEANT LAURENCE GLOVER" years of experience and his muscle memoire. With nothing to lose except his life which was by now hanging by a awfully thin thread it's all or nothing for the 12 year veteran police officer and he stood up stirring him inches away from the safety of his squad car he began to unfasten fire in a do or die moment four shots hit the Cadillac-Man's body two in the chest and two in the neck nevertheless he will not fall, his blood was dark red almost black, and exceedingly substantial like if it was coagulated.

The Monster-man stared at officer glover and tells him a chilling statement "I've been dead a lengthy time "but it's been a long time since I felt this alive" previous to The Cadillac-Man blasting his artillery the kidnapping victim MR. Goodyear began to pound heavy from inside the trunk of the 1975 Coupe Deville this distracted The Cadillac-Man" enough for the sergeant to discharge and blast him six additional times every single shot hit the exact mark the suspects head- the slugs created holes in his pale long face he fell backward floppy, bleeding that disgusting black blood all over the snow, his body motionless like a dead dog hit by a speeding soccer mom furious over her kid losing the game.

Officer Glover kicked the mini AR-14 away from the suspects reach checked his pulse and confirmed he's dead Officer Glover searches the corpse for the keys to disengage the trunk the pounding continues; Officer Glover searched frantically for the set of keys to free the helpless victim. He'd find them in the bottom left pocket of the purple suit the dead suspect was wearing Office Glover proceeded to open the trunk and observes the victim a man in his late 40's gagged and feet tied together bound. "It's Ok, "You're Safe No----"before he could finish the reassuring words to the helpless gentleman inside this deranged suspects vehicle a shot from behind blew officer glovers brains all over Mr. Goodyear's face. The cop plummeted to the soil, and his blood-soaked decapitated dead body spanked the snow filled road. A shadow could be distinguished approaching the cadaver of the police officer. except this man was much slighter in size then "The Cadillac-Man" behind this new dark mysterious figure slowly stood the Cadillac Man "Hello Alexis "it's good to see you. Responded the Cadillac-Man

"**SA**ve the chatter, "Traveler, "I'm here to make sure you get out of this mess; "do you think the "Undying one" is not watching, -and why use a firearm? Alexis Cane told this to "The Cadillac-Man" as he create a snow filled frosty grave for the police officer. The comments completed by "ALEXIS CANE" infuriated "The Cadillac-Man" that hateful spirit which defines "**THE CADILLAC-MAN**" came bursting out resembling a wildfire. grabbing a hold of "Alexis" by his jaw aggressively and with his index finger scraping Alexi's purplish skin- drawing blood with his long black talon from Alexi's cheeks the strength of the Cadillac-man was overwhelming even for another powerful "Traveler" such as "Alexis Cane" jolting Alexis, and pushed him against the trunk of the "Coupe Deville" The victim MR. Goodyear watched in horror the bickering between

these two extremely powerful supernatural beings pretending to be men. The trunk slammed right on Mr. Goodyear's skull from the impact of the shove, directly knocking him out leaving him unconscious. At the same time as Alexi's body was pushed against the rear of the vehicle, pressing hard on the trunk- the heat generating from Alexi's body was melting parts of the **Cadillac**.

Suddenly two columns of flame and smoke erupted from the back of the "Coupe Deville" "Stop it Cane "You'll ruin everything!" the motor was still running the smell of exhaust, mixed with the unmistakable sent of dried blood filled the Minnesota air with the odor of death. Alexis Cane's quick compliance to the Cadillac-Man's orders proved his authority "The Cadillac-man" reported only to "The Council of Tombs" and "The Undying Eternal" was the highest ranked official of "the Council of Tombs" Not even the Cadillac-man himself has ever laid eyes on the true form of "**The Undying One**" Still firmly gripping Alexis by the face and letting the dark thick blood run down his decayed purplish skin "Poor you" his thoughts raced about ripping off Alexi's half decomposed head clean off.

"Clear this mess up, "and remove all evidence- "I suspended the timeline long enough soon a multitude of cars and people will be entering the highway" "The Cadillac-man" released Alexis from his intense, and lethal hold left Alexi feeling furious in the inside if Alexi would show any hostility, or aggression towards the "CADILLAC-MAN" he knew it will bring his imminent death "Oh and Alexi "try and differentiate between the "usual road and difficult road to death "since it seems to me your choosing the difficult one" spoke the Cadillac man to Alexis "I'm already dead, "besides everything with you involves the difficult route" replied Alexis "There you go again- "with that witty mouth of yours, "sometimes I just want to tickle you to death" his black eyes made of pearls turned into a deep intense purple color tone "With a fucking **AX** he completed his remark- with a long serious look and proceeded to tell Alexis to: "Now , "get going, "after I feast on the flesh of my friend in the trunk "I'm off to the sunshine state.

Cadillac-man made his way to the driver seat of his Coupe Deville he adjusted the roof of the living vehicle, shut the door, and before driving off his face morphed into a terrifying creature exposing one of the many faces of the deadly and ruthless "Cadillac-Man" before driving off he waved a friendly goodbye to "ALEXIS CANE" 'Hurry up, -and bury that fucker- "it's getting cold out here *don't you think?* The Trees began to move again, the snowflakes which had been suspended in the air while in the process of the timeline disconnection began to hit the cold ground again, the wind started to blow, and the traffic was piling up. Barely visible while entering the interstate the 1975 black mint Coupe Deville was gone. – disappearing like a ghost, vanished into the whiteout like a phantom in a haunted highway.

These were the events before Sun Snow. Minnesota, the Cadillac-Man's detour to capture a new sufferer for his own pleasure instead of following his direct and **ONLY** order to find a man named "GRANT HOOK" and dispose of his target had cost him more than he was aware of. His master "*the dark lord*" *The Undying Eternal* "was not pleased, and now his task will become-The Ruthless "Cadillac-Man's most daunting mission ever.

After leaving a police officer dead, strangling an innocent woman, mutilating a dog, and kidnapping a helpless yuppie from his own home two county lines back. His master the one with many names-“The Undying Eternal, The Dark Lord, “the Undying one was not satisfied at all. Cadillac-Man’s master was stronger- even extra powerful than Cadillac-Man and Alexis put together it was said “The Undying Eternal” was a terrible creature which spawned theories within the “Travelers” The Undying Eternal’s various manifestations also instigated and spawned stories of the rebirth of “soul eater” or “THE SOUL KING” or worse the return of **THE NEBULA**. After reaching into the center compartment of the black caddie, retrieving an item from the “Transverse” his hand bottomless into the car horn mechanism, and being provided a lambskin diary with the initials S.K. on the front of the notebook with a sticky note attached which read:

-P.S travel ONE YEAR AHEAD after retrieving the boy –KILL HIM!

The fourth rider will assist you...

4:44pm 2015 2:17am 2015 3:15am 2016

Chapter 9

Clockworks

Mirrors and Murder

1936 SPAIN

Daniel Mikael’s late grandfather was very prominent in 1936 old country Spain. The Spanish revolution was on the brink of victory and “General Francisco Franco” and the republic government frequently visited “MR. Robert Marie De Juan” On this particular night Mr. Juan had taken a seat in his snakeskin hand crafted chair inside the private confines of his personal office when his wife strolled in. “Don’t bring that madness in my home, “don’t play with this power” said MRS. Juan “*No juegues con su poder Roberto, “ya veo fantasmas en los espejos. No me importa el dinero no quiero ESE mostro aqui... Callate Mariso! Tu no entiendes, “El Rey de Alma se VA a tragar la tierra con todos los soldados de la revolucion”* the two carried on a conversation in their native language for over an hour resulting in a enormous fight and Mrs. Juan left her home that faithful night and never returned to the side of her husband. Whispers of Robert De Juan being some type of evil worshiping servant of inferno gods swirled around the old country like a black cloud floating over the land. At the far end of his office rested the mirror. It was large in

size the mirror stood well over six feet in height with hand crafted symbols' engraved on the mirror's woodland edges. He drew pictures of the servants which had crossed over into the savage-roads and embraced a new reality.

A vintage old wooden long-case clock also stood on the opposite side of the office, both mirror and clock faced each other in a forward view like two boxers about to knock each other out. And when the big vintage time box struck midnight it was time for his journey the clock and the mirror connected with one another's streamline. Pulses of unpleasant energy shot through the middle of the office and Robert Juan began to chant: "El Rey De Alma", "My soul king opens the mind, "open the door, and "spin the world. He Chanted, and kneeled, and then it came. Just a presence, an unspeakable evil had made its way in to Roberts office that night. The evil floated, loomed above Robert Juan the entire night in his office. The loud thunderous sound of an airplane crashing and exploding came from the "Midday-Mirror" The Long-case vintage timepiece had established the connection into the future. And this future can be altered if 'Robert Juan made the choice to crossover but he did not, he had no reason to. He had been dead for over ten years. The war was begin

Robert Marie De Juan had become a traveler and had witnessed many different timelines during his journey to the netherworlds. But tonight was different he had to warn his unborn grandson who was in a future but at the same frequency of the savage-road of this realism. *1936 Spain-made a connection to 1997 America from prime-earth1*. And a Grandfather would warn a grandson, a young boy of the impending doom the family would face deep into the streamline. Except his wife was right in not wanting such malevolence to be invited, And the creatures came under a powerful thunderstorm: **THEY CAME** and Robert Juan grabbed a rifle and went outside after his entire stable of horses died suddenly and silently under the dominant rain storm. And that's when he saw it: massive, ominous sickness an evil monster. The supremacy of such being swept Robert Juan right off the rain soaked ground and took him into dispense of nothingness. This was not the end for Robert... The story had just begun.

And into the mind of a killer we go...

s.k

CHAPTER 10:

Murderous Notes

The Legacy of Servants

NIGHT OF EXODUS

A Cold front had come early that year. “MRS. Diary I came to you, for the reason that I want to tell my story. It is only with vast tentativeness that I let my mind go back to the time the earth fell into deep darkness and it truly was the end of the world- you see, and somehow- I feel like I’m a part of it. Except why, I been a loser most of my unhappy life, maybe this was the reason for my twisted actions towards women. Who would have thought me? A serial killer, a monster clandestinely hiding like a regular man and my days have grown darker. It is HALLOWEEN Day the sun is out, and the cloudless skies are revealing a beautiful day outside.

A cold little wind is breezing thru the town...frankly MRS.DIARY “I’m feeling so dark, and sick in the inside that I keep feeling sorry for myself and all my victims or am I not sorry, not sick, not even giving a shit how I truly feel. Who am I kidding? I’m a fucking selfish guy. I want the world and I don’t want to lift a finger to get it. Here I am again- writing in my diary of the dead. In my insane murderous death notes and the madness I embrace, like a vampire embracing his true nature for the need to sustain life thru blood. Dragging myself through this life, self medicate myself with fucking pills and weed a camouflage method to hide the pain. With every passing day I feel deader than alive, additional anger, and misery have consumed me. Please I beg of you, show me a sign tell me what I must do to stop *the shadow killer*.

Last night’ I was in total bliss. I wanted her in the sickest sexual way; she was so naïve I wanted to burst out in laughter. We passed a pack of what looked like older teenagers dressed up in reaper costumes gawking at us while we made our way to the beach.

“Trick or Treat “screamed out one of the kids, the girl I was with put one hand in the air in gesture, a wave of hello and we kept strolling down in our own little worlds. I saw a flash of the man from my dreams – The dark-man, or the prince of pain for a brief moment I saw his face on the surf shop windows which we had passed heading to the cinema, “another vision” I told myself besides I was on my mission to kill. I was convinced my life was already over and I wanted to take so many with me. ‘YES you can blame my mother for dying when she popped me out of her belly, her death was my fault and I hated her for making me feel like a murderer right from the moment I came into this world.

You see to identify with this story we have to start from the beginning but what is a real beginning when there really is no genuine end .My focus tonight was ON my prize.

She was calling me cute and funny, the entire time I was thinking “I’m going to kill you bitch and bury you in my parent’s cabin”. If I was lucky, I would wake up on Halloween day next to my prize.

We went to a movie, saw some romantic comedy well, she saw it, I was playing a death scene in my head over and over again of a snuff film I had seen the week before. Then we hit downtown for some drinks at the “WET PAINT” in Finch Drive right across the shoreline The way I wanted her, was driving me crazy. Her smell somehow reminded me of a nightmare I had the night before- where the moon was consumed in blood and I was trapped in some kind of dungeon with something bad- something far worse than me. Excuse me I have to chuckle Wait now that’s funny, worse than me? Nothing can be worse than me? I like young girls dead on my bed, but this dream felt real the dark shadows that plague my every day thoughts cannot compare to the feeling of dread that came over me when I saw this figure. I believe he was a man, the way he spoke *it* sounded like a man or at least something imitating one. The vibe was dark and malevolent, Sort of like when I’m plunging a knife into my victim’s skull.

I have to admit. I liked the feeling this nightmare gave me. Maybe I was dreaming of myself after all it reminded me of the way I am but my name was not Colfax and that was the person's name on the tombstone I kept seeing in this brutal nightmare. Was it a nightmare at all? His face was pale and horribly burned, his head shaped round and pointy, his eyes gave the impression of being carved in like when you slice and dice a pumpkin to make its eyes glow for Halloween. I woke up screaming- a first for me, but anything that can scare me like that I embrace.

'Giant Mirrors had replaced my walls; my roof turned into an immense floating mirror. At first: it felt like I was double dreaming, but after splashing water in my face and smacking myself a few times to feel the pain' I snapped out of it. The second dream within a dream felt more like a connection this must sound so crazy, do you think I'm crazy? "If you do Mrs. Diary, indeed think I'm a nut job, "or some fucking sick perverted wacko prepare yourself for an unbelievable, petrifying, and twisted story which began on the day the earth would face "EXODUS".

Today I watched CNN switching back and forth to SINC (I like the main chick field reporter better than the old, ugly fucks from the other stations.) reports of snow falling here in Florida was extremely odd, and tremors had rocked the town of BlackStar FL all the way to Advanced FL 'I kept seeing light flakes outside the cabins windows and a storm hauling RED lightning strikes with it. Was I still dreaming? "I dreamt of a day the world would feel like I did and here it was. "I kept hope that I was not dreaming at all and my craving for death had become more intense, so I burned my neck with one of those long barbeque lighters to defeat the dream. Right now I'm fully awake and I have the perfect being in my own world of blood.

"My fifth victim, "I have her on the bed in my father's cabin gagged and bleeding from her mouth and tied up fully naked 'just the way I liked them. With another one at the bottom of the lake I must confess, Mrs. Diary I stepped up my game and snatched two victims in two days. "On the Outside you would think everything was crystal clear perfect- only 17 already a high school graduate, a year into college, at last I will be fulfilling my father's wishes by going pre-med. the rain is picking up" raindrops tapped on the cabins back-end windows it's a dark day so I'll write in my diary for now.

Entry number 11 of my diary of the dead. Don't be alarmed because I won't disclose to you my real name yet I trust you MRS. Diary I just don't trust people.

I won't tell you my real name thus far in case any other unfamiliar nosey parties find these writings. For now madam diary you can call me "Andy which is not a complete lie I do have a friend named Andy who dwells in my head. I call him the good side or the seraph of light on my shoulder. He reveals himself only when my true self is about to go into the hunger.

'Andy just wants me to help people not destroy lives, but to me' everything seemed unfulfilling unless "I'm doing what I love- I want the **"HUNGER"** At least that's what I call it but for some reason.

Andy calls it the infected shadow, Andy claims shadows are really dark sprits, the evil side of the human soul. Andy wants to save me from myself and He's been coming around more lately planting thoughts in my head. Andy is working overtime using an effective method of warning in my dreams. "I should try to control these feelings of the HUNGER, but I can't.

So for now unless the police find the connection, a confession, or some type of link that sends those sirens right to my doorstep I will keep feeding my hunger 'Oh how my brother "Tim would love that. I think he would rejoice if the police did find out who I truly was and would come for me in the middle of the night with guns drawn and bulletproof vests but until that day, I will place my thoughts as Andy in my entries.

My father was out of town the weekend I made "Gloria Winnfield" my new angel of misery. "I was also getting calls thru-out my stay in the cabin, from a man I will identify only by "Dean" his real name should not be placed in this entry so please diaries keep my secrets safe. The man I refer as "Dean" who my father had spoken about when he was in the service. Was driving me up the fucking wall calling and calling and pleading with me to find shelter quickly and to warn my father the day had finally arrived- and "THEY" were here. When I asked him who? All he said was: "3:15am **DON'T YOU DARE GO OUTSIDE KID Promise me**" he said. No he screamed it. My father did agree to some type of covertly top secret assignment, 'I think that's when he went nuts with ideas of monsters, dimensions' and some type of GOD or Lord that controlled unseen realms. Every now and then he would ask me if I felt strange or different and if I ever did to tell him immediately.

"He thought I had some suppressed gift that I hidden away. I think his assignments might have caused some type of paranoia over the years. He had become dreadfully fearful of Mirrors "Son, Mirrors are dreams, nightmares, "trapped in glass where do you think your mind drifts away to when you sleep, never let your mind fall into one". He said. I had to turn off the news Mrs. Diary some type of massive shootout left cops dead, something the government itself could not explain had begun to occur. The Moon had turned into a massive rotating ball of blood. It was red like a fire engine. "I grabbed my father's binoculars and its true my love, my diary, you are my refuge I pour my soul onto you.

"I admit, "I'm getting freaked out had "Dean" been right- about warning my father and seeking shelter. Fuck this I turned off the tube and cleared my mind for a second "don't turn the page away from me, don't look at me like that MRS. Diary "I'm not afraid "I'm getting ready to drench myself in "Gloria Winnfield's blood. I can't, No, I will not stop "I need to feed then I'll worry about whatever is going on outside in the real world but for the moment- I need to release myself on her nude and cold body. "Yes my father's crazy ideas are bending my thoughts and the sliver edged spick and span mirror which stood close to five feet in height had begun to vibrate in the

cabins master bedroom I saw it, the image was distorted but a figure was inside the glass. The shape of the body resembled a tall woman, with a long trench coat and red beaming eyes.

My father warned me about “Mirrors but I doubt he knew some of these so called “**Midday-Mirrors**” were more powerful than others. The phone was ringing again MRS. Diary but I let the voicemail pick up this time. I’m sick of hearing “Dean” talks about stupid shit. A dad fairy-tale was enough for me and still- sometimes I felt like plunging my special knife in his throat, when he went off for hours and hours about the same fucking bullshit. A bottle of Jack Daniels and it was all night telling the craziest stories- He had some very weird tales my father, about other worlds, dimensions, and people with powers, aliens, and werewolves. And a legacy of servants who would trade souls for immortality a vampire lord who came from something called the streamline and a creature so powerful that lurked in the depths of the **Dead Sun** outer rim in a transverse realism.

I was commencement to think my father was cracking. After all, Jack Daniels and Vicodin may possibly be the core source he told my brother and me about: Monsters from the sea that would come up from the depths of the unknown waters and unexplored sea-creatures from Hell itself. Not to mention the **DREAMDRIFTERS** who were “a special unit of soldiers with one mission to travel dimensions and bring back information about undiscovered worlds. By using Orb’s from a planet millions of years in a sideways timeline future and a flash-past-site, all of this was crazy shit. A dust-witch who commanded a tribe of white witches, werewolves who can’t change into human form or any outward appearance, aliens called “The Greys’, and the Nebula.

To me, it was humorous; if my father only knew- the truth about me. I was dubbed by the media the “**Shadow Killer**” I was the one who brought horror to the world. I was the one making the nightmares of young girls come to life. And I fucking liked it to, the screams of my sufferers. I was the true monster; my father had to break his back to get us keen on school and now look at me what good did it do? I never saw him. He was never home. My brother ‘Tim or “Timmy” like my mother called him, God bless her soul. She died giving birth to me. In many ways my father blamed me for what happened to our mother.

I could see it in his eyes and I had no choice but to hit the books and try to follow our father’s footsteps. Tim blamed me too but he made no attempt in hiding his true feelings for me every chance he had to throw it my face he did. Tim is five years older than me; the fucker had a big head start. Now a very successful business man who was in charge of PNL (profit and loss for a big sales firm) a job that asshole does not deserve. Tim could always see right all the way through me like if I was transparent.

He knew I was sick or insane. He just chose not to believe it. Eventually, Tim left home and tried to put a bundle of distance between us- two hundred plus miles to be exact. (Mrs. Diary please excuse me I think I heard a car.) This is unbelievable; I got one schoolgirl gagged up and ready to send to an eternal unconsciousness and another- cold and dead like dirt in winter. And my fucking dad is here? Thank the lord I took care of ‘Winnfield the cold and dead one. Lol, sorry it

took a bit for that bitch to be submerged to the bottom of **BLUE MOON LAKE** it made my night watching her ass sink, frankly I'm laughing like a kid who stole something at TOYS R US about it. I want to keep writing on your beautiful smooth pages, "No, I need to, "I have to let all this out if not, I feel like I'm going to implode from within from the inside out.

I'm switching over to the tape recorder MRS. Diary and a small convenient portable web-cam. The car I heard, parked on the rear side of the cabin, the snow outside made it difficult for me to identify the make and model of the automobile. I can see my father, who waved his hands in conversation with a few others inside the confines of the automobile. The RED lightning illuminated the sky and when it did, I could see inside the vehicle. No doubt it was some type of sports utility truck, but super customized, supped-up and transformed into a battle assembled machine of some sort. The snow had been falling mildly, at least in this part of Florida until now. My eyes were locked on to the truck with my binoculars, and next to my lovely prize of the night. A young exchange student, when my father arrived at around 8:22pm he looked pale, distraught, and extremely scared.

You must understand: **Mrs. Diary** to observe my father afraid sent chills down my spine he walked in with his shirt half ripped, and blood stained khakis his eye had begun to close up from a bruise he had sustained. I could see the black eye which formed around his face. He had an AK-47 and a pickaxe with him. I saw people interacting with each other outside the SUV. And for a moment 'I thought I saw a celebrity' with a black and white long over coat- extremely tall with bracelets made of spikes.

The figure had eyes that flashed red in the downpour of the snow. But I told myself it was another daydream or blackout. "I had trouble trying to figure out if I was really freaked out about my dad looking so distraught, or if I felt amusement. One thing I do know, I was astonished to see him this way. But he was not alone. He had brought company. He had brought people. "The first one I remember from the group was a woman, "she was so fucking hot. I could picture her in my bed naked and chopped up. She was irresistible: long reddish hair, nice colorful skin tall and super attractive. Her body suit was made out of fine leather with a hood attached, all in red from top to bottom. Even her mascara was red this woman was a goddess.

The next person I saw: was a younger man, a little older than me maybe only by a year or two But I might be off, given that his face had a glow that was otherworldly; he had the aura of an older, much wiser individual. He was tall and fit short clean-cut hair and his eyes had a deep emerald glare. Shit to be honest' I don't know if it was me, or the weed I had smoked- but this guy did not look human. His features were to perfect. His eyes shifted from a deep green color to yellow until it settled on a green slight purplish shade. 'I had a dead body upstairs and I was a slight concerned somebody would request to use the bathroom. We only had one- with a toilet and it was upstairs. Imagine one of our guests taking a leak, and suddenly seeing some mysterious girl naked and strangled with a knife wound to the neck. I felt my luck was about to run out and my ass was going to fry.

I never could' see myself in jail. I ran, I' ran desperately to the cabin's bedroom and lifted up my wonderful exchange student. She looked perfect.

I can't begin to tell you how great she smelled- better then the cadavers I have to slice open every day of my conflicted bizarre life. At this moment, I heard the locked doorknob turn. The tender twist came from my back porch door while I ran downstairs with my victim. I tried to reach it. I almost stumbled sliding down the steps, Frustrating movements to keep my balance. I could observe my father in my head- "asking what the hell I was doing with a silicon doll. He would never envision it was a real body.

I barely made it to the door without busting my ass. Instinctively I went to press against it and stop the person that was pending to come in.

Dad was home and he had company, but this was someone else, and I had the body with me tenderly laid out on the wooden floor. [Mrs. Diary](#) the next few details are TOP SECRET. I will be disconnecting the portable web-cam and tuck the tape recorder on my waist. The moon crammed up with blood or some type of red substance, snow fell over the cabin like a sudden cloudburst exploded above us. And someone was about to die' I can feel it in my bones.

I loved this cabin: outside the back windows' was a beautiful view of "BLUE MOON LAKE" the dumping grounds for 'Winnfield and my first victim "Candy". She was a local stripper and low level prostitute whose real name was 'Ashley Graham" a runaway from long island New York. I could hear my father in discussion with his new-fangled friends in the living area. I knew at any moment someone was going to come back here and discover the body. I had to get rid of it somehow. "W is that you? "It's me bro. "Let go of the door, "you fucking pussy it's me" I was pressing on the door so hard, I thought, I would for sure pop a blood vessel in my brain and make my hands initiate to bleed. "W, "you idiot let me the hell in, "or I'm going to break the damn door down". He shook the doorknob violently. The voice on the opposite end of the door was that of my brother Tim.

He was here but why? What possibly made him drive almost three hundred miles to the cabin and not the house, of all the people in the fucking world my brother was the last person I wanted to see. And at such a wrong time- did he know who I was? What I had become? "It can't be I had become careful and very meticulous. I had read all kinds of books on [America's](#) most ruthless serial killers. I had my own CSI kit, I ordered from an online London-based website and countless DVDs. Shit, even passed a course on forensics science.

I kept my game tight, looked up information on GOOGLE, and watched the ID Channel which by the way gives the viewer ideas to commit crimes.

I' personally used it to educate myself on cold cases, and unsolved murders and serial killers who had never been caught by police or FBI.

I had countless documentaries, numerous homicide investigations shows, unsolved cold cases, and programs on how to get away with all kinds of crimes, even atrocious murders, stored in my HD DVR. I made it a ritual to watch at least six hours a day- mostly at night.

I purchased massive amounts of books on how to be a crime scene investigator. I had taken an online class aside from my day to day studies at VFMASS College. I kept that to myself. I felt a small breeze coming from behind me. The sound of his voice had rage and hate in it. "What are you doing? Abruptly a spine chilling reality set in, have I just been caught? Is this the end for me? When I turned my head: I saw him. The young man who came with my father, He stood right behind me. His eyes gaping at me with razor-sharp greenish eyes like if he was scanning me, looking right through me, like some type of human x-ray machine. I felt my thoughts being intruded. He was looking inside my mind Punctured into my brain like a surgeon. He stood nearby with a devilish gaze on his glowing otherworldly face.

"Looks like you need help, "go outside and distract your brother "I'll take care of this" he stated these words while looking down at the body, then smirked and said "GO!. I don't believe in the supernatural, but if I did' I would declare this person something different' most definitely not human. He was perfect in size, height, and his eyes gave the impression of being similar to diamonds. He knew my brother was out here, but I was still not convinced he was anything, but a clown trying to impress my father, by dressing up in a weird way with urban clothes, and fake contact lenses. Along with some make-up like a gothic bitch before she dropped ecstasy and made her way to some RAVE PARTY with additional losers from her pack of college drop-out buddies. This man was no fluke, his hands glowed red when he balled up his fist and he spoke with extreme calculation.

"You're almost as stubborn as the 4th "lucky for you "I'm thinking we need you" He said. "Now Move it" "Go before your secret is exposed." I had no choice but to trust him. I was in a shit-hole of a mess and where the fuck was he going to stick the body? I had no freaking clue, I didn't care "just hide it" - I thought of setting the door on fire and force *Tim* to try another way inside the cabin. But I released the door and closed it in a spark and stood in front of it.

I heard a voice inside my head: "Don't be alarmed "shadow killer" "I will protect our secret" said the voice. A colossal ringing in my skull began and traveled through my brain waves and came out in the appearance of blood ejecting from my ears. "How could anyone possibly know what these fuck-faced media people were calling me on the stupid little news at 6? My father mentioned to me about certain people with abilities' my father himself was convinced, he was also special and came out of his government assignments with a unique gift. Nevertheless this guy knew it was my brother out there- how so? Answers had to wait for now. I had a bigger problem "Tim, I said with a wavering voice-

"How you been man, "what are you doing here is everything ok? He gazed at me and said "Why are you blocking the door bro? "Let's get inside" he said but with a very nervous trace in his tone and noticeably upset and I could see spots of blood on his jeans and some had splashed its way down to his basketball sneakers. He constantly wore boots something was off..."Tim, "you ok man, "is that blood on your shoes? He glanced at me with blood-shot eyes and inquired is dad here? "I need to talk to him, "just get out of my way man- I'm not playing" I blocked him

again but this time he pulled me up by my shirt and tossed me firm to the side “You fucking jerk off he said “you have no idea what’s going on”.

Tim made his way into the cabin, and I was right behind him. I knew there was no time for the strange man whom my father had brought home to hide that body. But the exchange student had disappeared. A strange smell filled the air, and not just the smell of a decaying body’ but sometime else entirely. It was the parallel smell from my dreams. The one of the weird monster who appeared as a man, zombie, or mosquito with the headstone that read: Colfax and sliver coffins all around him. The same smell by the surf shop, when I saw the hideous image on the windows. Tim ignored me, even after enlighten him that Dad had company and headed straight to the living room area- not giving a rat’s ass that my father had people over. I was freaking out where was the body? How did this gentleman hide it so fast? And make it vanish into thin air who was this guy? Where did dad meet him? Is the female like him? Are these people even human- was my father right? Was “Dean” my father’s friend from his time in the service the nut-job who kept calling me at the cabin precise about monsters and all these creatures?

“Get a grip” I told myself- there is no such thing. “I ‘am the monster in this world, I’m the one people should fear. My addiction to death was getting more intense and the “HUNGER” was always there waiting, wanting to be fed. I had another vision of a grotesque being, a wretched creature with frog and snake skin. I saw the monsters reflection on the walls of the cabin. I called out for “Andy to come and stop the visions. I needed him but he never came. He did manage to always show up right before one of my murders took place’ but not even Andy (my good side) could stop me. He was a part of my conscious. He perpetually tried to talk me out of it right before I would drive my knife into their soft and creamy skin. Except he always lost to the hunger.

The cabin became unexpectedly packed with people and my artistic creation would have to wait. And now in attendance was my brother Tim. he was right in the central point of the living area. Dad was laid out on the loveseat with an icepack right below his left eye the one which appeared like a sledge hammer had collide into it. She stood across from him staring out the window, was the female. She was so beautiful. Tall and physically fit, she had a glow which came off her’ similar to a person who stood under a spotlight. The bizarre-man Who had vanished my dead body, disappeared my lovely prize into thin air had inclined against the front doors. He had a hood over his head now and covered nearly all of his face with a wickedly strange expression, just staring right at me without blinking. My dad slowly stood and went to greet my brother Tim “Timmy, “What are you doing here son? My brother’s face shifted and locked both eyes on the two strangers.

“I truly must talk with you”- privately” said Tim with a shaky almost embarrassed tone of voice a strong sense of fear assured my father something was wrong. “I got important business to talk with these people, “can it wait? Tim shrugged. “**NO** dad it can’t, “and who are these people anyways? “They look like something ripped out of a comic book, “besides, “it’s about that thing you asked me to look into replied Tim. My Father’s face went from the not now look, to the let’s talk without delay stare. His one good eye flashed wide open “I’d need to make it fast, excuse

me for just a moment he informed his guests. 'I'll be right back' he placed his hand on Tim's shoulders and walked with him down to the low level basement.

In The low level basement we had stairs which expanded down to a secret office my father had custom build- complete with Laptops', Tablets, I-phones connected to a five feet server with about thirty *I-PAD* tablets mounted on the wall to make one massive screen' along with a *Military notebook pc* that read **"PROPERTY OF THE US GOVERNMENT"**.

A bulletin board with names, pictures, locations, statewide roadmaps, the time **3:15am** was jolted down in bigger text right above drawings of what appear like werewolves, a freakish vampire looking creature, some short of constellations of stars, a machine with orbs connected to a human being. 'If I could think of anything to say to my father, the only one word that came to mind **"Paranoia"** now, I find myself in eavesdrop mode, with my ear pressed firm on the locked doors "I'm so fucked, "oh god dad" I'm so fucked they took everything from me, "they had me fired then they wiped out my 401k, "my bank accounts "my life is ruined dad they took the house, Stacy left me and said something about taking off to New York to be with my ex fucking client's family for a while. Tim Said. "Can you believe that fucking bitch? "after everything I did for her- putting that slime ball bitch in school, "helped her build her own life so she can leave me at the first signs of distress "fuck that I took matters into my own hands I had to." Tim paced back and forth. I heard the footsteps from his blood stained shoes leaving a trail of blood puddles.

I imagined in his mind. He felt his world was over and he was right, but the world was about to end for everyone. Tim vented with pops and his breathing was extremely heavy, I must admit Mrs. Diary. I myself, have some OCD traits occasionally I counted how many times I splashed water in my face in the mornings. I could tell Tim was stressed I would go and try to check his blood pressure- but I don't think now is the time. "Ok, "Timmy just settle down I told you to look into "GRANT HOOK" the funeral home director. "What did you find? My father had this way of talking to you, to clam the person down. "Just relax and start from the beginning. And my brother Tim began to tell a story not even a master of horror could make up. If it was true of course- Although the sound of his voice, and the blood on his clothing did indicate honesty even if it sounded bat fucking crazy. "It was a regular Thursday morning all my client's portfolios' had been done, "every single one of my clients was thrilled to know most were up 10% from last quarter's profit and loss meeting. Tim said.

"I was feeling great, I felt puffed up. "About to have lunch with 'Mick Thorn "his accountant had just wired me "a nice 25k ACH bonus and in comes "Mr. Hook" "So I thought; perfect, 'I'm feeling good- "now was the ideal time to find out if he still owned this funeral home dad considered necessary for me to look into. "I asked this guy one question "Sir, Mr. Hook '*Do you still have the property at 55th and East 6th*? "He gazed at me with an insane stare "like I was fucking foolish for asking "or like I had just pissed on his mother's grave. "I mean he was not pleased, "he stormed out "I chased him down the hallway the lights flicked while he walked hasty without looking back not once. "If I knew then, 'how much it was going to cost me "I would

have never gone after him” “but curiosity overwhelmed me “so I followed him. “He went to this house a nice “TWO story place with at least one security guard patrolling the grounds. “I’m in the car, I get a call from Mick Thorn and with that one call my life was over”. Mr. Hook had by now threatened to drop his investment in web marketing.

“Just a month prior to if profits did not increase” “I had moved some resources to *India* and the *Philippines* to make room and it worked “Mr. Thorn was pleased since he had a 40% investment on the e-commerce call-center business with Grant Hook” Said Tim. “So pleased, “he called me up that day and invited me to lunch with him at “FRANKIES BY THE BEACH” “A very low-key and member’s only establishment my profit cut was to be a clean \$16.000 but he wired me 25k Thorn said: “Consider it a bonus kid, ‘for the great work keep it up son” he said: “one thirty pm sharp for lunch and hung up”. *Yet to me and I can analyze a person well, Tim told the truth Mrs. Diary my brother was petrified and my father knew it right away: Pops knew Tim was holding back.*

“Tim, “You’re bouncing all over the place what happened in that house? “What do you mean- “you took matters into your own hands? I could hear my father’s voice sounded immediately diminutive irritated “Look, “I don’t give a shit who them folks are- “and how fast you need to get back up there let me finish, “whatever you got into dad “it was not pretty and you positioned me right in the middle of it”. Tim’s voice raised in attitude’ while my father kept silent. “The first call I got was from Mick Thorn himself” Tim continued. “he was bringing up numbers from a satellite account that went bad a year before” “it was totally irrelevant and besides we had just spoke an hour before about money, golf, and lunch at “FRANKIES” he said: “The yearend numbers came back and I had lost him 300.000 Dollars by letting sales reps inflate the real sales count at the end of each day and with a strapping tone said: “Tim, “I will look into this matter and investigate possible business fraud” “in the mean time I want you off all my accounts and the “Berkley-Lynch Firm” ‘also Tim, “our dealings in direct web marketing are over “sometimes Tim even the smallest question can bring a devastating consequence and the sad part, “it may in actuality never be answered” “the phone went dead and “I knew it, I knew it Dad it was ‘Hook that question pissed him off, “set something off ,”or triggered some type of paranoia over a fucking secret he’s hiding“ Tim Said.

I kept my ear pressed on the door. I sought after to know what my father was truly into and the outcome of Tim’s story. When she came from behind: “Hey Kid, “You like listening in “on people’s private conversations? I never heard not one foot step. It’s like she moved in supersonic silence “It’s not polite to be snooping around” ‘besides your hunger is calling out is it not? “Must be hard to have such feelings of hate, despair, tell me is it helping? “You, “listening to your brothers dilemma does it bring comfort to you? “After all, you always were a step behind Tim how does that make you feel? Asked the lady in red at least that’s what I called her in my mind. “It’s my brother- “and my father besides when did it become your business? I felt kind of strange replying back to this woman in a cold nature manner. I was still trying to figure out if I wanted to fuck her or just kill her. But to be forthright she appeared akin to that chick from the [UNDERWORLD flicks](#).

I had no uncertainty she could hand me a nice hard beating so I decided I would be respectful at least for now. "Look, 'I'm sorry I'm stressed been a hard day what's your name? I stared at her and my heart began to race just a little bit. I swear her hair moved in slow motion and it looked drenched in the vein of: she had just walked in from a tremendous rain storm "Trinity she replied" Trinity? 'What kind of name is that? I went back to my eavesdropping I skewed back my head and she was gone. Instead her name kept whispering throughout my surroundings even after she was out of sight. "No Dad, You Listen to me, Tim was fully fledged angry now I could imagine them holding each other by the shirts and being nose to nose, Both Tim and my father had explosive tempers. My dad can settle you down, help with words when someone was upset but when he himself became upset it's more like an enraged driver shooting someone over a parking-lot but Tim continues to tell him his story.

"At the same time as I'm outside this fucking house' "still taking in the fact that my job was gone and "I was fucked and that my whole damn life just went to shit" "Stacy called "she had just received a telephone call from our loan service department" "stating we had immediately went into a fifteen day foreclosure "nine months behind. "They told her this bullshit and no opportunity to negotiate for payments" "Dad" Tim said with a pillow voice "I have never missed a mortgage payment in my life. "in the four years since I bought the house "it was a lie, "someone was pulling strings to end me and end my life" Stacy finished the call with: "I'm leaving you, 'going to spend some time with Mick's wife in NY...(Stacy remained silent for a second or two) "Oh Tim, she said in disappointment "I have to go.

The phone clicked off. "At that point the dashboard of the car looked like it' was becoming bigger and subsequently smaller "after that closing in like walls. "My eyes felt like two reality TV cameras were being operated by some bad low budget producer" "shaking and out of focus with the worst sound "I ever heard going off in my head like two airplanes had lifted off with screaming witches on their wings".

"I start checking crazy for a cigarette. "But I don't fucking smoke "so I'm just tearing up the car at this point. "Under the seat Stacy always kept a stash of cocaine, 'she would take a few bumps before playing the part of a volunteer volleyball couch." "That lying sneaky bitch Tim said.

"I laid out a perfect line on the center compartment of the car- and sucked it all up with one giant sniff. "Then I saw it, Mick Thorn's car pulled up into the long reddish driveway following the white gates which opened from the inside, "the guard on the grounds signaled for them to move forward after a minute or two the doors swung open from both sides. "out the driver side came Thorn dressed in an all black suit, with a black tie, 'all black cufflinks black shoes and "I could see a very hefty and eccentric ring which I had never notched in all our years of business meetings, lunches, or dinners" it shined bright in the mid day sun the middle was made out of one large diamond with an **S** symbol on it" "the rest of the ring was black and seem to be custom made.

'Was he a part of some cult? "Or some weird church, 'it looked like a ring from some type of organization or cult. "From the passenger side walked out Thorn's trophy wife "Elizabeth Thorn"

“she looked amazing. “She was dressed to kill like she always was. ‘Different pair of super expensive shoes covered her perfectly manicured feet. “She had on “JIMMY CHOO ZINC METALLIC LEATHER PLATFORM SANDALS” “I was going to get Stacy a pair this Christmas with a surprise ski vacation to go along with it.” Tim said.

“But now I doubt I’ll even see her for the holidays. MRS. Thorn had a “ROLAND MOURET MYRTHA FOLDED SHEATH DRESS” to facilitate perfect with her shoes and two “PANDORA” Bracelets with large custom diamond charms hung from it making a perfect circle.”

“The guard moved closer to the car and opened the back seat passenger door and out came “My Wife, “Dad, Stacy was with them. My fucking wife” “she’s dressed in all black like both *MR AND MRS Thorn* “her hair was different it was all curled up and her face had this weird glow to it with a perfect smile. “Stacy had a gap between both her front teeth that drove her crazy In turn she would drive me crazy to get it fixed” –“I intended to do it with this bonus but that too is not going to happen” “Stacy’s Teeth looked sharper and pointy. “Maybe it was me or the shock of everything that was going on at once but then I noticed Mick and Elizabeth Thorn’s mouth when they smiled the same thing, “sharp and pointy teeth with some discoloration the white had begun to turn into a nauseating brown for MR. Thorn.” Said Tim to my father behind the closed doors, the doors I was hard-pressed against.

I’m still listening in, while my brother, Tim- told my father this very weird and frankly strange story. I’d hate to admit it, but I felt kind of sorry for him- *if* of course all this was true.

I began to take notice of a placid singing which came from behind me in the distance.

“I Die You Die New Blood New Life” The singing was a bit unsettling’ but the voice sounded familiar. *Holy-Fuck Mrs. Diary* It was the dead girl, she was up and about. I started to take unhurried steps to the living area where the singing had come from. How could it be capable my victim was alive? Her body was laid out stiff and cold but it was her. Somehow back from the clutch of death’s hold- it was mind blowing.

The girl my father’s new acquaintance had disappeared from the cold wooden floor. Her name: “Julie Myers” Her body: had just vanished- and I, had put an end to her life just two hours before how was she up? Walking around and even singing, it can’t be I thought to myself another vision, maybe or a day dream. But I could smell the same distinct odor when Tim had barged in all the way through the door of the back porch about “half an hour or so ago after the strange-man my father came with to the cabin vanished her body my thoughts began to race “what the new kid did? “What was he?” My hands quaked; I got closer and with every step.

I felt my chest bent up tight, I found myself gasping for air. I can could **the women in red**. First: she stood nearby the doors while she glanced out the front windows. The mysterious-man who had helped me cover up my secret was nowhere in sight- and that’s when my heart jumped. It felt stuck in my throat. I saw her: I think her name was “Julie” she was an exchange student. I had met her only two days before we chatted very brief and arranged I would show her around the town at night. Since’ she was new to the place and wanted to find some cool night clubs and hangouts I ended up bringing her here to the cabin, where I ended her life or so I thought. Now I’m thinking was she still alive?

Logically, it made no fucking ordinary sense she was cold, rigid, purple and blue. Her lips cold, her eyes vacant and desolated, somehow she was up and danced and even chanted that eerie song “**I Die You Die New Blood New Life**”. “Now, “she can be your victim forever, “or you could be her victim forever” the names: “**JASON**” I turned, very gradually and stared right into this persons eyes and with all the evil that roamed freely in me, I had never seen eyes so dead. So full of nothing, like a bottomless pit, I was looking into the abyss of a powerful being. I wondered if my *Father* knew who he had brought to our cabin. This was no regular man **AND** the dead girl was alive again.

The once dead victim was now some type of “undead girl” and in a very bad mood. Her fingernails had grown very long and brown with a touch of decaying green. She turned and locked judgment with her new dead eyes, subsequently she leaped from across the living area and placed one hand on my neck the other she used it to pull my head back. “*Hey You, Did you like fucking me while I was dead?*” And then she flipped me, turned me completely around in the middle of the air.

I landed hard on the floor. “That’s enough” said **the women in red** “Go- “play outside,-“you’re not killing anyone in this house” Jason nodded “Ha, Ha fucking Ha, “You guys are no fun” she flashed her teeth with an additional fanged syringe shaped needle tooth much bigger and sharper than any movie vampire I had ever seen.

She strikes a chord, in truth, I had begun to believe Tim’s crazy story about his client and his wife with pointy teeth. I had stripped her nude, except she had a white dress on somehow “Take your pet for a walk Jason” said Trinity” Julie let out a growl and moved fast toward the door like a supernatural **FLASH** her speed was like nothing I had ever seen. She moved faster than my eyes could catch up. She stood at the door and then flew vertical, upright shooting up into the air. She now held a resemblance to a Culicinae and Solifugae with wings like a moth. Julie and Jason were both gone and I was left alone with the women in red. The goddess, the most beautiful woman I had ever laid my mad eyes on.

I began to make my way back to the underneath level basement. I was very anxious to continue my eavesdropping- besides I could not fathom what I had just seen. I had a dumb misconception of Vamps. Thanks to “twilight and vampire diaries” First: vampires were sexy, cool, half pale good looking people that walked around in the sunlight sometimes. **Second** “she must had still been alive” and I imagined I killed her, I imagined the whole thing, and I’m having another one of my “**BLACKOUTS**”

I go into these daydreaming spells” it often happened while I’m very tired or need to feed the “**HUNGER**” either way if it’s my dream or my vision or my mind just snapped. I’m going to do what I please- and right now I want to know why my brother Tim is here?

Why he’s got blood on his shoes? How is he connected to my father’s strange theories? “And most of all: how did this man bring back the dead and possibly turn the dead person into a vampire, or an oversized looking mosquito” interesting daydream right? Shit, I think it’s

awesome. So here I am my ear pressed up against the latch door again sweat ran down my forehead after my encounter with the "Undead Julie" I was left shaken. I could hear both 'Tim and my Fathers voices closer this time. They must have made their way nearer to the door by walking slowly up the steps in argument. So I began to listen in again."Tim was fearful of something, his tone had changed, and his voice went down to a low pitch. "The night had fallen more than an hour ago however it began to get darker. Darkness' started to fall unusually hurried like some dark giant black cloud had covered the moon' then exploded filling up are precious moon with blood.

I heard the engines to a multitude of vehicles which roared with life somewhere nearby. I kept gazing back to make sure I was not about to be eaten by some zombie girl or whatever the hell "Julie had become. **Tim continued his story and I continued to listen carefully.** "By the time the night had fallen. "The wind had picked up and the moon was full and shined so bright "its light pierced my front windows pops" Tim said. "And it hit me Dad, "like a ton of enormous bricks" "I had just remembered last summer "Stacy's father DR. Julian Jones had invited us to a weekend camping trip and a day at the shooting range "when he asked bluntly –"If I had my own gun and I replied with a "NO he said: "Son a man without a weapon, "is like a man without a dick you can't shoot blanks? "Get yourself a weapon" and he handed me- "a loner from the gun range. "Here son, this is a snob "38 should be light enough for you rookie" DR. Julian Jones was a fat, small man, who had serious complex issues because of his size. "He always bashed taller people, "making it look as if taller and more impressionable human-beings "were nothing but freaks of nature." Tim Said.

"I stand at six feet, "so you know "I was one of his targets of bashing and what I call "midget bullying" he was only five three." "My fantasy would consist of feeding him a large amount of double burgers that he would pop like a fat balloon" "I would imagine throwing his fat ass over the hill every time we went camping or "opening the door and give him a good kick in the ass so he can fly the hell out the car. "I hated the guy, "however I did take him up on one advice I did buy a gun. "I walked in my local guns and clips store and picked out this chrome **45**" automatic sixteen in the clip and one in the chambers wind-pipe.

"Seventeen total bullets, "I figured, I would never have to use one bullet in my life- "and if I was lucky I would never have to pull it out at all. Said Tim with disappointment clearly in his tone of voice Tim told the truth. "Not true dad, "I found myself getting out of the car and heading for the trunk- "under the spare tire in its locked box, "there it was and for the first time, "I looked at it without regret, "I had deliberations with myself about giving it back more than a million times. "Except it looked enchanting under the full moon, "the glare of the moonlight made it sparkle" "I was bewildered by it, "I picked it up and I felt its power consume my thoughts" Tim Said. "I went back to the driver-side door" Tim Said "I sat rear side to the house in the driver seat "I took the clip out- it was fully loaded.

"I heard the click (**Click, Clack**) sound when I popped the magazine back in "I took off the safety, "captured a few deep breaths and said one prayer glanced in the rearview mirror- "and told

myself I was ready” “For what son? “What were you ready for? Asked my father with booming curiosity and concern in his voice with a light airstream blew inside from an open window in the kitchen. “For the cleansing, dad what else”? “Mick Thorn had just pulled the rug of my entire life from under me, taking my job, pulling strings to take my house and for what”? Tim asked. “Because I asked one question to Grant Hook and now my wife my fucking wife was here with the same man and discussing about going to New York”. “I took another deep breath and stepped out of the car”. “I tucked the firearm behind my “POLO COLLARED DRESS SHIRT” and proceeded to cross the lonely and isolated street.

“My God Tim” what did you do? “I never asked you to hurt anyone replied my father in his stern voice. *Other than Tim wasn't going to let pops make him feel remorse or any kind of guilt so he went on talking. Mrs. Diary my ear felt in the vein of it being roasted by some flaming evil spirit in hell but I had to keep listening. I had to find out if all this time my purpose in this world was to remain a shadow of evil or if it was time to turn my hatful desires into a weapon against what's coming.*

“The gates had raised back up and the guard was a lean man about 5’10ft in height who took his job very serious”. “His eyes kept moving like scanners searching the perimeters”. “I hid behind the “JUNIPER-BLUE POINT bushes” “trying not to move at all, wearisome not to exhale one single breath. “I knew if I was discovered at this point I would be tossed in jail “or worse maybe even killed. “Something was definitely wrong here and I kept thinking about YOU dad and how much I craved to call you and tell you- “how you destroyed my life for making me ask a question, a fucking question. I felt like I was in the twilight zone just that one question you sent me to ask cost me everything. “I could sneak a quick look at the guard through the blue-point bushes. “I thought to myself perhaps he knows I’m here” maybe he even noticed the car being parked for about two hours and a half at the same spot.

“However I put my fears aside and engraved in my head how I was going to get this gate open “and distract this son of a bitch. “Then out of nowhere someone else appeared behind the guard. “**POW** It’s like he came from somewhere above us, “Dad this thing, whatever it was Tim Said. He landed with force- his eyes flashed from green to purple” The Thing had a hood over his head. Dressed resembling a soldier for some type of evil army, “his arms flashed with colors- subsequently became transparent. “I could see wires connected to his veins and black ooze flowed down his arteries some green liquid dripped inside. “The lookout let out a low growl when he noticed the individual” illuminating the guard’s sharp and pointy teeth: “Just like “Mick Thorns and his wife had. Tim said this with fear in his undertone. (The story was about to acquire even more peculiar details.)

“I still, refused to believe ‘Stacy my wife was in there as well”. Tim said. “But deep down “I knew I was out here, for her and I moved stealthily around for that exact same reason. “Hello, Grieco” “The time for the wickedness to become again arrived” “tonight we celebrate, “tomorrow we murder the world” said the bizarre man behind the guard now. “He appeared suggestive of a force other than human was powering him up” “an unnatural force” his eyes came across blank, empty, filled with nothing” “but his face had a glow and his arms would flash white then

transparent when they flashed like this, “I could see inside his arms they looked like they had wires running through them- “and his bones seem to be red instead of the normal white”. “And then dad this thing, “whatever it was began to speak”. Tim Said. **“The Soul King, “the dark master is arriving with “Belmont” “at midnight on the 6th day of Exodus. “There is a specified time for “THE TURNING” it is time to go Grieco”** said the mysterious figure speaking with the guard.

“Whose name was Grieco and the reason I say was, “and place him ‘past tense was because “he must of told that weird dude the wrong thing. “All I heard was: **“Your allegiance to Sin and Colfax is done. “You have always managed to survive as spider-solider-“and the master calls upon us all.”** Said the figure... “Doesn't matter, Tim said with a soft tenor tone. “What the guard's words were after that, “I could only try to imagine them, “and I would like to know because it got his head ripped clean off”. “Then this guy or whatever it was” “the stranger licked the blood off his black jacket and stuffed the head in a black leather vintage duffle bag- “dusty and old “it looked like it was from 1930 Can you imagine? “Seeing someone get their fucking head- cut off in front of you? “I threw up all over my “TIMBERLAND 6-inch waterproof boots”. “I knew it, the vomit spilled on the shoes then splashed on the concrete.

“This would make him notice me and he did. **“You're his son but you're not the shadow “you're not the killer, doesn't matter looks like tonight we have the same agenda”** “he snapped open the gate-door by just gazing at it. “I was scared shitless, except I never showed it, “I did not have to pops, “he knew I was terrified “He put his hand on my neck, “behind my left ear and whispered: **“I can smell your fear, you have nothing to worry about. “The dark master yarns for the “Shadow Killer to be at his side when it's time. “I'm not going to kill you** he came in even closer: **“But you will die soon”** “and then vanished. “My eyes felt this burning sensation when he disappeared. “I walked right in, thorough, with soft steps” “the gate door the thing had unbolted for me was open.

“He said: **we had the same agenda** “don't know what the thing meant by that- “although obviously we both wanted to get rid of the people in that house”. Tim Said.

“I had no idea what I walked into, “My mind was still registering, “What it had seen, “he was not a man- not with the strength it displayed. “He hacked the guard's head off with his bare hands like a chainsaw cutting thru paper. “Pops, with the image of his decapitation still flooding my thoughts, “I knew, I had to proceed into the house somehow, “maybe an open window or a unlocked door, “but all that blood dad” said Tim “kept my mind unsettled and I started to think about my life and “how it had come to this” one simple question cost me everything. “So **HE** came into my mind. **“ALEXIS CANE THE SAINT NICK SLASHER”** “before I went into sales and marketing during my college years “I worked in a mental hospital for the seriously fucked up and insane. “I mean these people would slam heads on walls, cut off their own fingers for enjoyment. “One time, “MRS.CANEY” “a widow who had lost her entire family to a serial killer poured gasoline on herself, “and started to poke her eyes out with a scissor before lighting a cigarette- “she had stolen from one of the orderly's on the night shift” Said Tim.

“She waited till noon at the peak of lunch, “and she set herself on fire in the wreck-room. “she looked right at me- “and where her eyes use to be, “I swear I saw snakes twirl out of them” “I know, how it sounds dad, “your thinking: “what the fuck do these stories have to do with Stacy or Grant Hook “but it does dad, “in some strange way this all connects” “previous to setting herself ablaze “she muttered one single word: “GAMMORATH” Tim said with deep fear in his pitch. “Tim, “I remember that, “your uncle and I took care of you for a week- you got so depressed we had to get you from school, “you were disappearing into the dorm rooms at night naked, sleepwalking and talking delirious. My father said. “You even put your “GERMAN PINSCHER” “what was his name again?

“Bug” replied Tim “Right bug my father agreed with Tim on the Dog’s name. “You laid that little pup in the middle of the street “where he got hit by that dump truck. “Tim where are you going with this? “All this went down years ago” “happened a long time ago...” “The reason “I bring up my past job at “HOMES PROMISE” after MRS.CANEY was gone her room was available”. “And I was constantly in charge of cleaning up, changing light bulbs, “painting over any scribbled walls after a patient was ether transferred, released or died. “Behind her vintage “EUROPEAN MAKE UP DRESSER” the paint had chipped off the old thing and it had to be removed.

The words “**HE WHO COMES NEXT TALKS TO THE SOULKING**” “had been written in black lipstick behind the dresser, “I thought nothing of it until that night pops Tim said this in a very apprehensive voice. “Until that peculiar visitor the guard lost his head to mention something about a “soul king”. *(FUCK) Sorry) by* this time my fucking ear was throbbing from having it pressed against the door for so long. My brother’s story was getting to me and not knowing where the bizarre guest my father had brought home or where undead Julie was had me in a state of panic.

I was going to go check on Trinity and the rest of the house guests- for the reason that the cabin had fallen silent into an unease awkwardness. But Tim had raised his voice and told my father: “Just let me finish, “you need to hear me out or “I’m going to blow like a fucking time bomb please dad”. Timmy had been in there for a good forty minutes already. I could imagine my father getting agitated, but like a good parent. He listened to his son. And the story kept flowing at least for a little more until death came.

I could not hold back from listening, so I kneeled down. My legs immediately started to shake. And cramped up about five minutes ago, from standing so long eavesdropping on their conversation and that’s when the latch unhooked and the door swung open. I fell right into my father’s chest. “Might as well join us “you been there long enough said my father in his stern voice. “How much did you hear? “You little freak Tim clutched me by the shirt and pulled hard on it. I could see violence in his eyes “Not too much man I said “now get your hands off me”. Part of me did want to, when he got in my face like if we were twelve again, fighting over the last piece of candy that was left.

The room fell silent; my head felt like a bomb went off in it. My eyes felt pain and my concentration was on: **Tim** and like I said **Mrs. Diary** I did not want to, or maybe I did, but it happened suddenly. I pushed Tim off me- however without touching him- he flew back with force and my father caught him, before he could fall down the steps and into my father's metal table. "Did you just do that son? That was amazing but how? "Can it be, it's you who has the gift? "Gift, what gift dad? Asked Tim vexed that maybe for once, I had the upper hand on him on something.

"Nothing and now is not the time "besides the people I'm with, "can answer these questions better than I can" "there are different worlds out there, "things you thought and deemed impossible" we made connections with these worlds, -and some of the beings from these places. My dad sounded nutty again- we made our way down the steps and we stood in front of his metal table and his massive connection of multiple tablets made this static sound which came from behind us and 'Tim leaned on the wall and placed his face between his hands. You could hear a whisper, a soft sigh come from him and when his face lifted back up Tim appeared angry. We stood in that old, half squelchy basement for the first time together in a long time.

But he continued to tell us the end of his story: "**ALEXIS CANE THE SAINT NICK SLASHER**" was the patient which replaced "MRS.CANEY" "rumors had floated around he was talking to himself, a vision, "or maybe the ghost of MRS.CANEY "but voices had been observed upcoming from ALEXIS CANE's room. "Some staff members reported seeing him talking to the sink after filling it up with water. "Others reported stories "that were fucking crazy. "Even odder like reports of not one: but two: voices coming from his room. Tim said. -"Rhonda Falcon a head registered nurse and psycho therapist, "quit her job at the mental ward after sixteen years of coming to work with the flu, "a broken rib, a nasty divorce "and she had lost a finger to a patient who bit it off after he faked a heart attack.

"Rhonda Falcon was summoned to provide him aid. But one night-"nine days before Christmas "she heard and saw something so terrible it made her leave that place crying out for GOD "like a infant cried for their mothers breast. "He's not human, "Oh god save us from death's grip, "Oh My lord in the great heavens "She screamed the words dad while she kicked and screamed" Tim Said. "Being held down by other staff members and security, "She left and never came back, "but her story dad, "connected all this to you Dad" said Tim with frustration in his voice.

"You're after the soul kings aren't you? Your hunting this thing isn't you? "This goes deeper then Grant Hook doesn't it dad? "I was there the night Alexis Cane almost killed everyone. "It was about a quarter to midnight when Rhonda Falcon was making some late night rounds. "A nasty cold was striking the ward tough and the CDC had advised this strain of the flu was like no other. "Wash your hands periodically; "don't go into clusters of shopping malls which was hard to avoid, "since it was so close to Christmas. "A special direct memo went out to all Hospitals, Hospice, Daycares, and Mental Health facilities "it was a serious flu strain, worse than others" "the memo warned of the illness, "Urged everyone to try and get the flu injection before the peak season.

“To be on the *UP* and *UP* “so MRS.FALCON always being the helping hand that she so faithfully was “did not hesitate to pull a spilt shift and come back at night to check on unhealthy parties” Tim said “When she checked ALEXIS CANE’s cell/room “he was confined behind a metal door with one small glass right in the center- “with a very thin opening on the bottom of it enough to fit a tray of food. “He had killed his stepfather the Christmas a year before he stabbed him sixty eight times in the neck and chest- “then he grabbed an ax and chopped off his head and placed it on his mother’s night table” “with his eyes poked out and a dead baby rattlesnake inside his mouth. “On Christmas morning Cane’s mother came home from an overnight shift at her job at the Wal-Mart and found her son howling on the steps outside with a bloody axe and blood drenched clothes all he said was “I got you the best present mama” “the snake man told me this would please “The Soul King”.

“And you needed to be free “so Merry Christmas ‘mama go look he said “Bobbie Cane was a strong women and a great mother she knew Alexis’s issues and being a single parent to a very sick and mentally unwell twenty year old was a heavy burden which she carried like a soldier on her back, “but when she saw the head of her husband who was not Alexis’s real father placed on the night table with a red Santa hat and missing his eyes” Tim said with gloom in his voice glancing at us with tiny tears moisturizing his eyes.

MRS.CANE screamed out in extreme agony. Robert Bale was a good man and an even better stepfather. “He cared for Alexis like his own flesh and blood and treated the boy like his real son. “I went searching for answers at the old cane house and found some files dad Tim said. “Turns out, Alexis Cane had been diagnosed with (DID) “Dissociative Identity disorder” “in a nutshell Alexis Cane was completely far gone and way beyond the reach of any professional doctors aid” “So over the years three personality’s had surfaced. “The first one was the primary identity which was still Alexis usually the primary identity was passive, dependent, culpable and depressed.

“The 2nd one was a small boy named: “Carlos who was only eleven- “and lived in a place called “Midday-Mirror World” “the 3rd identity was the most violent, twisted, and sick of them all- “this personality called itself “Quinn” and he would claim to be a profit of the snake-man “he who bows to the soul king- “he would go on and on about the end of the world and about people with black poisoned veins beneath their skins, “on each of their faces as if the arteries had been replaced with new blood.” Said Tim

“After Alexi’s identity “Quinn murdered his stepfather and claimed to be the fourth horse man of the apocalypse” “police in “BlackStar Florida discovered additional bodies in the backyard of the Cane residence. “A young boy missing since 2006, “Andrea Long from Colorado, “along with her mother and younger sister had been found with all limbs removed and decapitation was Alexi’s Cane signature M.O. “Except for MRS.LONG he placed a snake egg in her mouth. “Sick fuck said the county coroner “never seen a corn snake egg stuffed into a victim’s mouth” “this is one serious psychopath” he told the homicide investigator.

After the crimes “Alexi’s mother hung herself in the attic of her home in the “Upper Hills”. Alexis was convicted and sentenced to “HOME’S PROMISE STATE HOSPITAL” “after his trial, at hand was a big uproar the public wanted him to fry, “they wanted the death penalty- “however in the end it was determined by four of the states lead psycho therapist’s- “and two of the state’s top psychiatrist’s that Alexi’s himself could not be charged with the crimes since it was the “QUINN identity that committed the heinous acts of murder, rape , kidnapping “and in fact: “Alexis never regained his primary identity back “Alexis Cane was gone forever.

‘They said only the vicious notorious cold-blooded killer remained. “A product of society the police, “the government want people to portray simple lives pay your taxes, ‘go to work under snowstorms, “take your kid to school “forget the fact they just murdered students in the same school your child is attending” “we have brought this on ourselves by letting police kill at will by letting politicians’ make cuts to health care by letting the misconception of true happiness can only be obtain by riches” “don’t blame Alexis blame yourselves.” Tim said this with anger in his pitch “And so it went on for years of school bullying, “not receiving proper treatment” “in time a killer was born” confirmed Tim.

A killer my brother had faced and his story made perfect logic now. Tim felt frail nevertheless he counties to the end. “Alexis was gone forever” “replaced by the ruthless Quinn the profit of “the snake-man. “He who bows to the soul king and after his arrival strange and unexplained occurrences, rumors, “And sometimes for no reason at all: orderlies would vomit by just passing by his room/cell” -“But on the 9th day before Christmas” “Rhonda Falcon the veteran head registered nurse was doing her spilt shift right before midnight” “a terrible influenza was sweeping thru the ward. “You can smell the sickness in the air. “when it came time to check on Alexi’s Cane cell Rhonda Falcon was surprised to see him in good health” “no dry cough- no body aches, “no chills nothing at all he was healthy. ‘This was strange all in its own since more than half of the institutions psychopathic residents had been sick or showed signs of the infection” “however not Alexis Cane”.

“The thing is remember what the state doctors had said at trial. “Alexis Cane was gone- “his mind had trapped him in his own nightmare delusion and Quinn was now in full control- “so it was not ALEXIS CANE who was immune to the strain of the H1D49 virus. It was “THE SAINT NICK SLASHER who was immune. “Typically the body never changes when a person is born with (DID) “or when the mind gives birth to an infirmity. “But Alexis had changed “his face had turned zombie like while his eyes propagate black veins beneath them” “and his teeth had fallen out at trail” “but without any medical explanation they all grew back. “Sharper, pointy and perfectly straight- “she checked from the small window in his cell MRS.FALCON would keep her eye out for any signs of illness.

“She always said he was sinister” Alexis “but Mrs. Falcon was a strong woman. “**She** peeked inside and did not see him “so she signaled the retired police officer who was now night watchman and head of security for “HOMES PROMISE”. “He turned on the 3rd floor spotlights immediately and began to make his way down” “after reaching under the desk for his Emergency riot shotgun- “he placed it on his shoulder.

"What's up? "Is he talking to himself again asked the Ex-cop who was nicknamed "BAM, BAM", after the famous wrestler because of his size and haircut. Tim said. Signs of jubilation bounced off him, similar to a child approaching the end of a great adventure tale.

"Nah it's not that, "I just don't see him she replied back." Tim's voice had changed- he sounded extra eerie now roughly and cold like the memory kept playing over and over again. Tim shook his head and went on: "He peeked inside and did not see him either" "he snapped his radio off its holster, "on his waist next to his flashlight and TASER he radioed in code-1046 and asked for back up. "Soon Rhonda Falcon was surrounded by men in black and blue uniforms and one more person – **Me!** "When they opened the cell door' it looked empty at first" "the guards became baffled. "What the fuck is going on here Bam?"

Asked one of the uniform security guards except Bam, Bam had no reply guns drawn: "the four men gaze around until they noticed the small dirty metal sink move- 'then quiver- "then made a ghastly racket it nearly dropped me to my knees- "and that's when all the water came flowing out like a wave crashing against a mountain- "it spilled all over the cell floor. "It had greenish ooze mixed in the water. "The smell was terrible like somebody had died. Tim Said.

"Rhonda made a shrieking sound more similar to a very small cry at the site of the water" the noise became more intense –"and he just walks right out of the sink, "he had been in the spirit world" he said. "Fully naked and strange symbols covered his body" "he closed his eyes –"and I swear those guards fell in some type of trance. "He moved closer to Mrs. Falcón. "He placed his hand on her forehead" "the other one on the guards head" –"the closest one to her was "*OLD MAN* Martin Anderson" "that's what the staff called him around here. "I was totally paralyzed. "I could not move presently like the guards who appear more like "SWAT RIOT COPS" "they seem to be frozen in time. "I looked at their eyes, "they flickered like a street light. "Alexis' Cane whispered: "I know your bloodline, "I know your brother miens to stop us, "pour child nothing can stop the change."

"Then he yanked, pulled and tore off "Old man Anderson's head, "he pulled so hard parts of his neck were still attached to the cranium" "Old man Anderson's body had fallen limp- "blood gushed everywhere. "Rhonda Falcon could not scream. "Her eyes were crying desperate tears of suffering and anguish. "Alexis consumed parts of the flesh by eating under the severed head..."Then- "all of sudden "it was like nobody remembered the water or Alexis coming out of that dirty disgusting sink "the guards began to move again holding down Alexis" "He broke free for just a quick second" "enough to wiggle out his black tongue-"and waved at me with only blackness in his eyes. "He pushed his face against mine and spoke words that made no sense to me at the moment." "However they do now- "I know this was all preordained to come back around full circle. "It's been five and half years since then" Remembered Tim.

"What did he tell you Tim? I asked the question staring at my father waiting for him to say something, anything but he never did. He just kept looking at Tim with a confused stare. Tim glanced at me and said "You would like me, "to tell you- what he told me? **Alexis told me:**

“Your Father, “will be acquainted with the secrets- “in time his affairs will collide with your future”
“And you will be a killer just like me” “then a shotgun hammered against his face-‘and he was
out cold. “The screaming was so loud my ears felt like they had begun to bleed.
“That very same night’ Alexis Cane vanished. “Never to be heard from or seen again all he left
behind in the Infirmary”- “was a scribble text more like a warning with his own blood. “He tagged
the wall with the numbers **3:15** plastered all over the chipped cement. “The same numbers you
have on your board F^ather.

“Dude, your right, “pops got those numbers on his board I said. We all turned our heads
moreover gazed up at the numbers. My father placed his right hand on his face and said: “Boys,
it’s time you two knew everything” The door of the basement leisurely opened.

“How much longer- “do you kids plan to play down there? The question came from a voice
which sounded so enchanting- it made my skin acquire Goosebumps. She stood on the top of
the stairs gawking down at us, like a general who discovered his soldiers snoozing on the eve of
a battle. “Tell us, Tim did it come true? “Did the Slasher’s prediction manifest into your reality?
Asked *The Women in Red* who went by the name **Trinity**? “As a Matter of fact it did” “the entire
point of my story revolves around- “what he told me: “He said: “I would be a killer just like him.
Tim looked at our father and said “I am a killer”

“What? “Who did you kill? “Tim all I asked was for you to look into “Grant Hook” “not hurt
someone much less murder anyone” my father said with a steamed face. Puffed up like a blow
fish with anger. Yet intrigue came off the sound of his voice. His curiosity was almost has much
as mine I was the killer, I was the monster and never felt remorse. No matter how much I
wanted to. I was not capable of such a feeling.

Trinity began to make her way down the steps. I heard, possibly every crack, crunch, creek. Her
boots made. Her footwear produced: a steady pounding rhythm until she made her way down to
us. She placed both hands on Tim’s cheeks and he began to tremble similar to having a small
seizure. She connected into his mind and made us witness what she saw. The room began to
spin like if we all were trapped inside a giant CD disc stuck on repeat. The walls around the
basement commence to crumble and flashed past memories of Tim. Images of: Tim passing 5th
grade and mooning everyone at the ceremony, His first kiss, His prom night where he fucked
and had his cock sucked for the first time, his wedding night, his honeymoon. Then at last the
spiraling spin came to a halt. I, My Father, My Brother and The Women in Red watched the
events of Tim’s inauguration into a murderer.

The walls had come down and the entire basement was gone. We had somehow crossed time
and had become the audience of Tim’s thoughts. We all stood by Tim’s car a: **2007 “LINCOLN
MKZ SEDAN”**. Trinity’s outfit had changed. She now wore a vivid red metallic leather suit with a
white collared raincoat. And a red winter’s hat, the type of cap trend hip-hop stars used in stylish
New York rap videos.

She gave the impression of a famous person- like some *Hollywood* star gone rouge.

"I know where I'm at, "don't- "please don't do this" "I considered necessary to tell them" "but not like this begged Tim. Trinity made no sound. Nor did she bow to such request. She allowed the events play out and placed her hand on Tim's mouth. Consequently no more words were vocal. I felt my thoughts wanting to explode with action. Somehow, I had pushed Tim off me without touching him and my father talked about a gift. I had begun to understand- maybe I had a bigger purpose. **T**he Gunshot startled me back into focus. And I dropped the tape recorder which was tucked to my waistline this entire time. I can't move, but objects can? (Pay attention) said the voice in my head. Furthermore **Mrs. Diary** I'm so sorry. I will come back for you. (Pay attention damn you) said the voice in my head again- and this time I knew it was **Trinity**. So the violence began: "How the fuck did you get in here?" Said Mick Thorn." "Never mind now, "your here look Stacey "it's your husband he's come back to reclaim you said Mick Thorn" with a gunshot in his right upper cheek. My vision began to shake like a handheld camcorder used by some "I don't give a fuck about this class, I just need a C- to pass art director.

It was like Trinity made it full screen for us; - just like when you're trying to get the most out of your free trail porn-video on your workstation. "How are you still standing?" "I just put a bullet in your face- "and what have you done to Stacey? "What the fuck is going on here? "I'm not joking the next bullet will go into your wife's skull" Tim aimed the weapon: "Fuck with me Thorn, "I'm ready to die." Tim Said. Mick Thorn grinned and exposed large syringe shaped fangs.

"Such heroic words, "coming from a man who's let the devil himself fuck his wife replied Mr. Thorn. "Get down on your knees, "now mother fucker" commanded an enraged Tim. **Elizabeth Thorn** strolled right up to Tim. even as Mr. Thorn went downward to his knees both hands stretched wide with a smile and blood flowed down from his wound. Elizabeth Thorn afterward dropped to her knees herself she grabbed Tim's hand and placed the gun on her forehead. Her skin was colder then the *North Pole*. The gun barrel began to release a mist; she was so cold to the touch of the gun it appeared to evaporate. "You wish to spill blood tonight? "Then please by all means" "have your wish fulfilled replied Elizabeth Thorn while she caress her left breast. She licked the gun barrel and we all saw the black tongue which wiggled out of her mouth like a serpent. "Tim this is madness" "you can be like us "you really can- "let go of your old life -and we can give you a new one under the powers of **the 9th theory**.

"Oh My Tim, "my poor, poor Tim" "this is not the only world. "The universe is endless we will never die" Mrs. Thorn stood up and walked beside her husband. Trinity had displayed presentation of Tim's revenge and I was truly enjoying it. Stacy moved so close to Tim while speaking both their lips almost kissed and when he placed his hand on her face. He can tell she was not as cold as Elizabeth Thorn. So he realized: Stacy was not fully transformed to whatever Mick and Elizabeth Thorn had become. Not yet at least. Tim wept at the site of Stacy.

I had begun to try and brain-train myself by testing my focus and concentration. I stirred my eyes constantly from one object then quickly to the next for practice. Just in case **Trinity** ever did this again. I could use this method to spot danger quickly since our bodies could not move. I figured if **Trinity** ever took us on another marry-go around trip, I'll be ready if the matter went south with the ability of telekinesis or the "gift like my father had called it. "Pull the fucking trigger

already you pussy growled Mr. Thorn "I'm late for some Ginger tea with Alexis" "you remember Alexi's right? "Chaotic psychopath who told you this day would come. "He foretold your future- to bad Alexis chose the wrong side. "Our master is sick of the old peace treaty" "war is here- to take part on earth. "How wonderful to observe these fragile humans, "at last be judged by the lords of the outer realms" "Said Thorn". "What did you say? Tim Said. "You sick mother fucker" "if this next bullet does not kill you"- "I will use a chainsaw to cleave off your head. Thorn laughed "That might work, "and then again it might not "are you prepared to experiment your theories on how to kill me? "When you have no indication what I really am? "You're a fool Tim. Tim was infuriated however Stacy hard-pressed his face back to bolt eyes with him again. "Baby, "trust me, it feels much better than being alive

"let me show you what you can become" "if you just submit and let "The Scorcher "take your old blood "let him replace all your regrets, "all your pain- all your years of heartbreak caused by your brother, "His birth brought death to your mother" "come with me Tim "come with us" Stacy Said. Tim knew they held back on killing him. Mr. Thorn had a bullet in his face and was still unharmed. Stacy appeared different prettier, more sexual. Her face glowed like a woman who was baring a child. Tim's hand shook violently and he wept while he aimed the gun: "The only regret I have was saying the words "till death do us part. "You're not like them Stacy at least not completely I can see your sweat my love. Tim Said. "Here is my way of releasing you, "saving your soul- "I always loved you never forget that."

Tim Squeezed the trigger: (BANG) the gunshot was loud Stacy's head tilted back in slow motion her brains splattered on the wall and unto Elizabeth Thorn's face. Who stood behind them next to her husband Mick who was still on his knees? One of the room doors flew open and Grant Hook rushed out with an assault rifle except Tim pumped three bullets in him. Two of them hit his chest and the third one penetrated his skull. His body fell against the wall. The big picture frame hung from it fell and glass smashed everywhere and then came another gunshot blasted Mick Thorns forehead and he fell back and bled black blood his body kept twitching. I could tell he was not dead.

"Now you've done it, "we wanted to give you a chance to bring you into our family- "but your choices will now bring you eternal death". When she spoke blood came spilling from her mouth akin to if she was drooling. MRS. Thorn's face began to change Tim can hear the faint sound of sirens approached in the distance. Tim walked out of the house passed right by Stacy's corpse and slid into the driver's seat of his car the engine roared to life. He placed the car in reverse said a prayer and rammed the vehicle into the house; the windows blew out, the walls started to shake inside the home.

Tim sought after a massive killing spree. Tim wanted the car to go all the way in although instead he only managed to take out the front doors. Tim opened the gas tank walked back ten feet, he grabbed some old AC/DC shirt twisted it up poured the gasoline of his emergency gas container he had found in the trunk when Tim looked for the gun and emptied the last bullets in the clip into the tank igniting the car, flames began to reach the roof of the house. Then the car exploded after the booming sound of: a LINCOLN MKZ SEDAN blowing up thumped my ears

like a bomb went off inside my brain. The world began to spin once more and the connection was lost. The walls regained the prior structure and we had crossed over- despite the fact what we all had just observed left us in an utter of total confused thoughts.

All of us were swiftly back and returned in the basement. Trinity had finished Tim's story with a visual presentation "Tim, it's not your fault" said my father with tears. "It's mine, "I should have never asked you to assist me in any way" "I ruined your life I'm sorry. My father was genuinely brokenhearted for my brother. I was not; in fact: I felt I had to up my body-count now just to match what Tim had done. "No, "it is a good thing that your sons know the truth- "the time is near and sides will be taken said Trinity "what is she talking about pops. I asked the question not really wanting to know the answer.

Trinity stood up on the entrance of the basement without even moving a muscle- both her hands release double-bladed small gold swords. Her damp hair waved in the air in leisurely motion while she equipped herself for combat. "The Tombstones will be looking for us, "and my psyches (more than one) tell me they are near- "and your friend is also in danger. "We must move swift besides soon the transformation will begin and no place will be safe Trinity's voice was stern. Behind us in my father's metal work desk something that sounded like a pager went off made a beeping sound more like the emergency broadcast signal tests you see in commercials when your favorite fucking show is on.

My father rushed to the top shelf. Positioned his eye to the camera on the desk indentifying who he was and the shelf unlocked and some type of device that resembled a military GPS was going off inside. My father picked it up: indeed it was a GPS he snapped off a part of it which was part of the device. A miniature GPS watch and placed it on his wrist. He put the rest of the gadget in his pocket. "I lost contact with him Trinity" "but I'm still picking up his son's signal if we lose them, "we lose this fight, -and the 4th- the human born resurrected pale rider knows about Brandon".

He gazed at her with terror in his face. "I'll get Jason, you seize what we need. "The trucks had been customized by Acid even after we met up with DJ" "acid made more changes- "we should be ready to move." replied Trinity. "Does he encompass the map for the "SAVAGE ROADS?" - "Yes the map is with us, "we should find them quickly "before 'Belmont Answered Trinity. That moment was the first time; I must admit I truly felt the fear. All of us were ready- guns, ammo, assault rifles, bullet proof vests the weird man was back although without Undead Julie. "Where is your pet-dog Jason? "There is no time, to be playing with dead things.

Frowned Trinity "I left her to the blessings of the night. "she will cross over to the castles portal, once she feeds." replied Jason and with that : Gunfire exploded into the living area: pieces of glass flew by me, the sound came from high-powered assault rifles the machine guns kept spitting out countless bullets. I glanced at my brother Tim his mouth bled strongly and his chest and head appeared to be like somebody had drilled holes in them. HE was shot on the ground: cried out for my father.

Tim died on the cabin's floor. The gunfire never stopped- whoever was trying to kill us made sure they did the job. I looked over at Jason and his hands balled up. Altered colors and Trinity fired back without hesitation. I could have sworn under oath I saw her get hit more than once. The front door of the cabin swung open and HE was there, Acid stood in the line of fire taking the bullets used himself as a shield. Then the gunfire ceased. I could not believe my eyes at first glance Acid looked like he was twenty feet tall then a RED FLASH of what seem to be lightning lit up the entire cabin. My father was next to Tim's body sobbing and pounding his hands on the floor he screamed. Trinity picked him up. She gazed into his sorrowful eyes and said: "DJ will fight" "what his friend was foreshadowing to become and the seven7morphes- "will become a resistance" "we must have faith with all the vast darkness time and space hold- I believe in one true GOD and he will never let us down" Said Trinity. The Gunfire was in progress again. I glanced at my brother on the floor dead and my soul felt vanquished and I felt something infrequent for people like myself - I felt good in me.

"It has begun" Said Acid. I rushed to get my diary and started to write on a blank page. Since the tape recorder was gone dropped and disappeared into a past timeline. I began to jolt down as fast as I could - I did not know at the time this would be my last entry "DEAR MRS. DIARY this was entry number 12-I come with terrible news my brother is DEAD.

-----END OF ENTRY-----

Chapter 11: REAPERS IN THE HOUSE OF HELLHOUNDS

The state police was all over Mick Thorn's private hideout it was actually Grant Hook's house. the fire had eventually made its way into the residence and burned the walls and part of the roof otherwise the home was intact and crime scene investigators by now had forensics done on the "ICE BOX OF HOUNDS" At least those were the words written on the old antique big oak box it had a side door on the right where you can fit a mutilated body- and two more smaller doors on left with seven padlocks in total.

Inside they found the remains of what may possibly be a young fourteen year old girl before, and two severed heads. what had these investigators baffled and concerned was the fact that only one body was discovered "Stacy Hawkins" police investigators were told by the maid "OLGA GONZALEZ" which disappeared right after her statement to police who clocked in three times a week at seven AM and by the Gardner "Luis Garcia Lopez" In Secret the pair picked the same days to work at the "Hook-house" on this particular morning Olga and Luis had planned a few hours of pill popping, coke sniffing, -and hot sex in view of the fact the couple knew Hook mostly used the property at night.

Olga had failed to show up or was running a little late after she spoke with police- she vanished. As a result Mr. Lopez took the liberty and used his spare key to gain entry. The events he told

police that took place after he stepped inside the home sounded more like the words of delirious man with a bad hang over and a great imagination. "Luis Garcia Lopez" only spoke Spanish so detective "Ray Patterson" fresh out of his transfer from Black Star Florida was called by lead investigator "Devin Moore" to help translate.

Ray's parents had come to the United States in **1967** after the "CASTRO REGIME TAKEOVER" much like the fugitive who had escaped this morning. Ray concealed his Spanish birth name of "Roland Cruz" after all- he was born in the U.S, he thought, so why carry around a Spanish name. "I can't understand a word he's saying ray" "I'm telling you- "they have to send these mother fuckers back to their own countries.

"Every dollar I spend on anything Latin made "makes me want to puke. "I know you get what I'm saying Ray." "Other than Ray didn't get it" he was Spanish himself and now he remembered why he had changed his name in the first place. Afraid of the backlash in the department Ray placed his left hand on Mr. Lopez shoulder and began to translate for his boss. "Te Voy a preguntar unas preguntas, "estas bien con usted? Ray gawked over at Devin Moore and told him: "I just asked him, "if he's ok with some questions" Devin Moore Nodded "Si, Como no replied Mr. Lopez which meant "Yes of course you can" after the set of questions concluded. Ray Patterson appeared noticeably taken aback. The answers the detective received had left a doll, almost frighten look on Ray's face.

The detective's expression was that of someone who just witnessed a brutal slaying. In many ways he just had. After all he was at a crime scene, it was pretty bloody and the victim was a young female but that wasn't it. "Ray had a strong stomach it was the statement of Mr. Lopez who had made Ray Patterson sick to his belly and moreover the fact he believed him. "What did he say, "I swear I can't understand these people. "For the life of me, "I still don't get it, why are we allowing these "types" fracture our borders. Such a disgusting mind state thought Ray. The comments which came from his superior made him ball up his fist in anger. It was a statement that enraged Ray Patterson.

After all, his father came from Cuba in the late sixties with his mother and four siblings Ray's father "Juan" was a great dad and never stopped working. He kept the lights on, food on the table, and even after Ray's Mother had an affair Ray's dad continue around for the sake of the children. He did have flawed traits like any imperfect human being would encompass. He was emotionally detached, had a bad case of OCD, and never would admit when he was wrong. Nevertheless with all the flaws and troubles Ray loved his parents.

He knew they had come to a country without expressive to the English-language without a dime to support the kids. They had been a prominent wealthy family in Cuba. Ray's grandfather from his mother side literally owned a famous flowers and garden business and had to burn more than half a million in US money before boarding a flight to the states. Ray had chosen to be a police officer after bearing in mind his father's struggles. He wanted to break the chain and bring back his grandfathers legacy by creating a new prominent future for his family.

Except in a sad turn of events in *2005* something horrible occurred. Ray's brother "Alan" Took his life one Saturday evening by the use of the method auto-erotic. Alan was a "*Gasper* a term used to classify a person who engaged in such activities. Ray was not a police officer yet when his brother met his end. Following the funeral Ray discovered Alan's laptop he had moved more up north after working for the state for so long Alan Cruz was a road engineer. He designed everything from interchanges, bridges, tunnels and super highways. but Alan got a job with a private firm. In addition to the yearly salary taking a twenty thousand dollar hike- and the great benefits included. It was the fact he would have more time, more time for himself that really made it sweet.

Alan went from working sixty five hours a week: to a breezy thirty hours a week. He met a young woman at his new job by the name of "*AZRA*". She came from Pakistan only two years before, nonetheless she was a genius and moved up the corporate ladder becoming an executive "Azra" was a strange women very tin body without the nice additions a well formed, curvy, young lady would have.

Bottom line: she had a flat chest, no ass, a weird shaped face and a full body tattoo of a snake wrapped around her stomach all the way up to her kiddy breasts- and the tail stretched down to her flat bottom. It made Alan uncomfortable when they made love. He said it was like: "fucking a newspaper that was cold and wet" Even after Alan ended the relationship there was no stopping "Azra from receiving my brother back.

She became obsessed with him. She called Alan at work portraying to be his sister "Cassidy with news about mom- who had been previously diagnosed with chronic heart failure and experienced four heart attacks back to back along with a mini-stroke which left her with no function on her left arm, memory loss, and her taste buds gone. She lost her appetite, hated every food and was convinced a ghost was haunting her. Little did she know a phantom did seek her out and shadows' moved in the dark- above her loomed evil?

"Alan it's your sister, on line 2 shouted the secretary. Alan knew better his sister "Cassidy" or his brothers "Ray & David would just call him on the cell. When he answered the phone it would always be: *Azra* disguising her voice or acted like a client. It took a turn for the worse: love letters, flowers, endless calls, and then things began to obtain even creepier. After she began jumping over his eight foot Iron-Gate to get inside his apartment complex, the place was a nice little community but had no guard after eleven pm.

One night Alan received a knock on the door. After a bottle of jack denials mixed with some Roxy painkillers to ease off a hard day at work. He felt kind of lose and frankly Horney so he unlocked his door and let "Azra" inside. Following a while of talking, drinking, and listening to her beg to be taken back. Alan eventually asked her to go. In a last ditch effort Azra began to tell Alan the secret to immortality. He was too drunk to scream at her and the pills had worn off an hour ago. Alan decided he would let her humor him before he went bat-crazy on her and kicked her flat ass out of his apartment.

He simply had one bed room, and she was totally shit out of luck even the booze had leveled off somewhat- and she looked “not-to-fuck-able” anymore.

At this point she sat up on the couch, took another hard shot of JD and told Alan: “are you ready for a mind fuck? -Alan saw the tongue of the snake tattoo through her white transparent shirt he thought it was gross. Just the site of her gave him desire to puke. At that moment she started to speak to him in a serious manner. She more or less turned into a master story teller with a epic history session to execute to her class of weirdo’s and misfits. She lit a candle of wild peach and blossom and proceeded.

Once she began to speak- she immediately caught Alan’s attention. She spoke about two powerful beings at war after a peace treaty was broken. For centuries these two supernatural forces struggled for the domination of earth and the control of its inhabitants. One made of snake and frog skin with giant tentacles whose supremacy was endless- this wicked, unpleasant evil creature had many names- and some said *IT* was the one who wiped out the dinosaurs. She went on to explain the being was not from this world, nor this universe. He or *IT* was from the outer realms. A place which existed beyond heaven itself after a battle with the “**GREAT LORD “Aeschylus”** who sent spider-soldiers, reapers from the world of “**Death”** and his War-Angels to find this being and destroy him.

THE SOUL KING the snake skin creature departed from his 9th chamber of “Gog” and found refuge on earth. After judgment from a dark angel from prime-earth¹ heaven was casted out. A slash on the streamline occurred and time began to move in: forward-side-front-and past transverses and the orbs of Xadin reactivated. After he established the creature was on earth lord “**Aeschylus** gave up his mission to destroy The Soul King as much as he hated the tentacle creature. Aeschylus hated earth and despised the humans even further so he left the world to endure The Soul King’s wrath.

Deep inside his frozen and sinister heart “Aeschylus knew he could not destroy “The Soul King, only bind him to a world of confinement via the essence of the reaper king who came from a world only the true GOD can access when the “**Prince of Pain”** or “**Master Of Souls”** first arrived on earth’s lands of fire and flaming mountains previous to the seas came to be, and new life populated the world.

This ancient monster encountered someone who was already occupying the planet before him. Evidence pointed to his arrival being a decade before The Soul Kings fall. Except that’s never been confirmed. The second being seemed to be made of flesh and bone he looked like a human, but was far from it. His legend was more of a mystery: a **Vampiric lord** who in the early ages the Mayans worshiped and developed the language for the civilization by learning from this vampiric elder. The Maya empire reached the peak of its power and influence after he left them all to embark on a new mission.

The Mayans gave him the title of: “**The Scorcher”** for them it intended a flamed upcoming future: “**HE WHO BRINGS BACK DEATH WITH FIRE”** The Maya kings brother had died- he was heartbroken, enraged and asked for The Scorcher” when the vampiric-lord brought back

the king's brother by touching the gold headstone and it caught fire with blue, red and black flamed sparks raised from it and when the corpse emerged from the shallow grave, everyone fell down to the ground in worship. But the king's brother did not come back the same. His thirst for blood was unquenchable after the 9th day he grew wings like that of a massive bat and was seen shooting up into the sky never to be heard from again.

Alan leisurely walked to the kitchen filled up another glass of Jack D with some sugar. A method drunks use to get the most off the alcohol. Reached inside his jeans and opened up a bag of white dust and placed two perfect lines of coke on the table and handed her the straw. "Keep going he said"- "What was the new mission this vampire dude was "gonna embark on? Azra sucked up the entire line- tilted her head back and took another sniff and made sure she got all of it. She loved the little feeling coke left in your throat after a good hit. She lit up a cigarette dropped ashes all over the floor and said: "Keep your penis in your pants she said hoping he would lash it out instead Alan immediately looked at her with a stare of amazement. So she went on with the explanation: **The Scorcher**" was told local villagers had turned up dead but not just dead drained of blood and their souls had been consumed by something they could not see only hear when it growled and moaned in the dead of night.

This brought great concern to **The Scorcher**" he thought: who could be on this planet that was capable of consuming souls?

And the blood of the humans belongs only to him. He would not allow another being to move into his territory. 'He was here first and this was his world to drain dry. He went searching for the creature before he found the creature **The Scorcher**" found something else. a "**White-Witch** who was living in secret with her Covent subterranean in the caves of "**Brim-sky**" he could smell the witch blood a thousand miles away- and he descended from the skies above landed in front of the cave. At first glance by any human eye no entrance can be seen but **The Scorcher**" was no human and the spell the witches had on the caves entrance was quickly destroyed by the vampiric-lord when he entered the **midday-mirrors** were held in place by severed limbs of human prey.

He could hear a quantity of the witches scattering about the wet, cold, dark dwellings of the cave. Human skulls attached to wooden stakes with individual hearts wrapped around torches that lit up his surroundings- carvings on the walls of the cave resembled some type of other worldly being. The creature's drawings had been made with extreme detail extraordinary artwork outlined the caves walls **The Scorcher**" began to move he flickered eyes like a computed tomography machine processing the drawings premastering the art like a producer mixing down the final song of his hit record.

Intertwining the drawings with his own superior knowledge verifying the sketches and find the true definitions of the art composition of the being before him but nothing came to him. "Well, well "it appears you have remerged old friend" whispers the **Blood-King** Sirius Colfax: was old-maybe older then earth's core itself. He had been around for eons containing the longest division of geologic time in his powerful mind not only of this world but many others. "So, let me get this right? Asked Alan

“You’re telling me some weird alien creature sucked up souls, vampires, witches, and other worlds exist- “and all this is tied to immortality your fucking insane” Alan said this and made a gesture with his finger to indicate she was off her rockers. “You, “think I’m crazy but these stories are passed down generations- “from culture to culture until a chosen one was picked to serve one of the masters. In my family for example we worship “BELMONT “a Rakshasa the spirit of Resurrection” “he was recruited by the “BLACK COUNCIL” an organization specializes in keeping peace with Aeschylus and his dark army” said Azra. “So, “why worship some dude called “Belmont was he the creature in the cave drawings? Asked Alan? With a booming curiosity “No, he’s the snake-man.

“The one chosen by The Scorcher when battle lines were drawn “The Scorcher knew he needed someone with tremendous powers to aid him” said Azra.

“So when did the peace treaty end and why”? Alan Asked. “Nobody knows exactly when it began or when it came to an end. “The reason why the treaty ended was a simple one- “not enough room for both beings to exist nor enough human blood or souls to keep them both content replied Azra “Ok so what happened in the cave?

“Dude do you even know what really went down in there asked Alan? “Do I distinguish a spark in my baby’s eyes” “have I at last earned your respect? –“I truly understand hanging up on me after acting like your sister all those times. “But you made love to me twice and “I think I want to marry you “I think I love you “Alan Cruz” -and I think you love me too.” She placed her right hand on his knee but he quickly removed her pass off him and dismissed all her comments about marriage and love. “And this is why you have that snake tattoo? “Because you worship some demon monster who never dies who serves some vampire” Alan once again lost interest in what she had to say.

“No, “I have this tattoo because I was the chosen one in my family she said. “To be a profit for the snake-man just like Alexis was chosen- “when I die he takes my place and so forth “Who is Alexis? You know what? “This is getting to weird let’s call it a night Alan went to stand and “Azra pushed him back down. “At least let me finish my story. “More like a history lesson you mean? But go on replied “Alan” Not having any knowledge of the creature in his never ending data base of memories disturbed “The Scorcher” it was next to impossible to accept this notion. After all the vampiric-lord had walked the earth the same time gigantic monsters roamed the lands. He was witness to the colossal comet or asteroid that came down like a hammer on a plastic toy and annihilated the reptilian beasts’ complete obliteration of everything which lived and he watched the earth shake, the planet tremble, an everlasting fire, a world burned with black ashes which fell from its skies.

The Blood-King approached the site of the asteroid and came to find it was neither an asteroid nor any comet however a bungled landing from something which had crossed the savage-roads like he once did from his **Silver-Empire**, The blood-king came from a side transverse known as: **The Vampire Kingdom of Jeremiah** -[Back at the witches cave:](#) Colfax heard the squeak and scratching bats made above the cave. This gave him some comfort not with the purpose of aid.

He was on no account fearful of the witches or the cave- however he treasured the sound they made when they gathered. It was his music to adore. Colfax moved his gaze from the carvings on the caves rock wall: a greenish and red gas was rising from below. His surroundings had spells at every turn some would take shape of giant snakes others would be silver shackles that would burst out of the floor to bind him but "The Scorcher" was not affected by this. Silver did not hurt "The Scorcher" it was like throwing a rock at an eighteen-wheeler with a sling shot it would just bounce off.

He strolled deeper into the cave until he came to distinguish four hundred and eight steps made of concrete. He glanced up and saw a very high ceiling he noticed the cave had broaden in space too. Shrines of the "DUST WITCH" rested next to what appeared to be a never ending staircase. Sirius had no necessitated to walk- his powers were greater than any witch or human. He appeared quickly on the top of it stepped on bones, rotten flesh his black vintage boots made of iron and diamond quickly became stained with the witch's last meal. on a throne made of human skulls, flesh and gold was the: "The Queen of Underworld" she went by many names although she insisted on being called "Hecate"

-Ray Patterson's trip down memory lane concerning his brother came to a halt when his superior "Devin Moore" tapped him roughly on his back- and told him to snap out of it. "I thought we had lost you there for a good minute Patterson". "So what did the elderly spick say? "Ray tried to sound out the words but could not find his voice. The memories of his brother's suicide had jolted him back into a time he had long battled with his mind to forget but MR. Lopez statement opened up a brand new can of worms for Detective Ray Patterson. Ray knew what he was about to tell "Devin Moore his superior, his boss, and raciest mother fucker would for sure make MR. Lopez an automatic suspect.

In all truth: if it were not for "Alan's laptop and what he explained in his five page goodbye letter. Ray would have been the first one to arrest "Luis Garcia Lopez" however Ray played it cool knowing the game of political bullshit very well. He knew he would be thrown in the jail cell next to "Luis Garcia Lopez if he just hinted at the notion he believed Mr. Lopez.

THE cop in him gave Ray doubts just a little although his heart knew the truth deep inside. "Ok Boss said Ray leaning on the hood of his department issued Dodge Charger the last days of fall had the leaves scattered on the ground while a pre-winter breeze flowed though the air the holidays approached but Ray had stopped celebrating his own birthday after his brother's death. So Thanksgiving and Christmas had become a distant memory for Ray. "It can't be worse than our shadow killer and his violence don't tell me you think this is connected?" Replied Moore -"No I don't, "but if we are to believe MR. Lopez story this might be the start of something even worse" Said Ray "Whatever skew that spick replied Moore". In his mind Ray thought "It already started whatever happened here was connected to his brother's untimely death, to the still missing presumed dead serial killer Alexis Cane and not to mention the fact: two great powerful beings tangled in a high school kid type-fight over the blood and souls of humans.

“Ok, “So go on trooper lay it on me like a nice round Cuban ass” Ray hated Devin Moore with intense passion he knew the fool was a hypocrite. His boss loathed Latin’s, blacks, anything that was not full blooded American made, human or object but Devin esteemed Latin women. The pervert preferred them juvenile no older then seventeen. Ray clutched the side of his head listening to his BLUE TOOTH POLICE RADIO: a 911 call was placed by residents who owned a cabin in “BLUE MOON LAKE”. Apparently this morning a shooting had taken place the attackers had used high powered assault rifles to spray the cabin and a body had been discovered. The noisy Neighbors called the police again today to report: heavy snow falling and light tremors. The same thing BlackStar news reported on last night.

Along with a man who lurked around the **CARTER house** killed an innocent middle-aged lady and her dog before he burnt rubber driving a vintage classic Cadillac the same house fugitive Daniel Mikael was believed to be in. Ray knew this was out of his jurisdiction- he was not a cop in BlackStar anymore. But something the caller said caught Ray’s attention hard like the sound of a thunder clap boomed in his head.

The man who lurked around was described as being tall and thin with a purple dress shirt on. Black and purple denims the color of his shoes could not be made out in the deep darkness. Before dawn this unknown man knew (**The Hush Family**) were the only neighbors close enough to the crime scene which was now a stretched out twenty six miles of long dirt road away. After Florida’s first ever earthquake occurred and took down houses and people even police with it.

Whoever made the call was not from the *HUSH family* this concerned Ray and yet further disturbing was the voice of the caller: it seemed hollow, lifeless empty with a touch of loneliness. The fact the voice mentioned a man with no shirt and symbols craved on his skin was enough to send Ray’s thoughts radiating with curiosity. He wanted to rush home and dissect his brother’s lap-top but he was on the clock and had a job to do. He told his superior what MR. Lopez had said: “The old man said some crazy things, “Apparently when he first walked in” “he stumbled over “Stacy Hawkins frosty corpse almost slipped with her blood” Ray said this to “Devin Moore and right before the chubby foul mouth mother fucker could open his mouth. An immense **RED FLASH** lit up the sky. This equally made both men flinch in surprise. “You know” Devin Moore said. “It’s like time stopped ticking like the last two days have crisscrossed somehow”

Ray noticed: Devin twitch- then his eyes got pitch dark like black diamonds. His face was consumed as a result of a disgusting vain-shaped line which sported across his now pale and meager face. It took a **V** shaped configuration. Ray placed his hand on his side-arm and asked Devin if he was ok but received no reply from his superior. Another **red- flash** of lightning extends across the clouds. This lit up the entire sky accompanied by a loud roar that sounded like a cross between a lion and a dragon. *“The cleansing will begin” “The Master’s victory is at hand, bow to the soul king”*

Devin Moore spoke these words with an echoed tone. His voice sounded like some producer hid somewhere creating a special effect for a low budget horror flick. Ray drew his weapon and

pointed it at “Devin Moore “Just give me a reason” “you pudgy fuck, “I will empty this gun without a seconds thought “Ray muttered these words almost like a very faint whisper “Devin Moore twitched again then fell to ground- his nose bled and the V shape design was gone “What happened? He asked on the ground “Looks like that red flash and the bang the lightning made-“when it lit up the sky almost knocked you out. “I’m bleeding, Devin wiped down his nose and smeared the blood on his shirt Devin Moore looked like shit. “Yeah, it’s the third time today I have seen it” “but CNN is reporting the strange lights- “are happening everywhere replied Ray “So we take MR. Lopez in for more questions? “You look like you need a doctor? “And I need to chase up various leads” Said Ray.

The day rushed by like a supersonic train on its way to the moon- on rail road tracks made of rock, iron and blood. Ray drove forever first: it was 1pm no lunch today. Ray felt sick to his belly from what he had seen at the Hook place. In all truthfulness’ Ray’s thoughts had been captured and held hostage by “Luis Garcia Lopez” and what the old Gardner had to say. he really never told “Devin Moore” Mr. Lopez statement, he kept all the crazy shit he had said to himself- and against his own moral code- he asked a unit cop to take Lopez in for the standard questioning. It troubled Ray he knew the man was innocent- but he required more proof about the strange things he suspected before bringing it up to his commanding officer. So instead Ray placed a call from his smart-phone: to his close friends’ two millionaires’ business-men from Miami FL. Who owned and operated several successful companies which Ray was associated to in one way or the other.

‘This particular call was not a big business chat. Nick Young and David Knight knew things others did not. Ray felt they’d know something. Both Nick and David had their fingers on the pulse of the business world and the streets. Recently both-men had returned from a trip to Spain after the E-cig company the men mutually established was sold. After a talk with Nick Young and David Knight – Ray became convinced the world had gone into an anomalous change. The men took turns on the phone with the Detective- they’d been friends for over thirteen years. After a brief chat about family and so forth, the question ray required an answer to just came out of Nick Young’s mouth.

“You know me ray, calm and poised” “but some crazy shit is going down” “David and I single-handedly saw dwellers right here in the streets of MIA” these people looked totally gone, maybe on some meds or some illicit street drug we distinguish them on occasion in Spain- “just a day ago we cut the trip short, “it looked like a fucking zombie Armageddon at the airport- “like something had come to pass the night before. “I swear it feels like we crossed into a different time-line where the days are all tied together with no separation” Said Nick Young. Ray felt the same way he informed Nick and David to be safe and to keep an observant eye and suggested to David to call his wife at the funeral home. “And Nick tells: David to call Amanda- her brother escaped from BlackStar- “he should be headed her way” (CLICK) the Phone went dead.

BY 3pm: The sky had turned into a gloomy orange with a touch of shadowy blue. The hammered sound of something being shattered was heard from above the clouds. The moon

was drenched in a **cherry crimson color** other parts of Florida were under flood-watches and snowstorm advisory's- the shootout in Vines.GA fit the M.O. of: Daniel Mikael and partner in crime: Quinn Mitchell Carter except there was no way to tell- and it was impossible to get all the way to the state-line- eighty five miles north in a mere four hours from BlackStar. FL

BY 4pm: Ray noticed he had driven for hours. Ray thought about his brother and the laptop all of it had begun to make sense now. At least some puzzle pieces had come together. Out the window Ray saw the sky. It was darker now. It was way too early for night fall and the orange blue color had faded into a deep dark red. The clouds seemed angry at the sky. They began to stretch-out and the **RED-LIGHTNING** had never ceased. In fact: the entire time Ray was driving the radio was on low volume every station he switched to was on the same subject "The Apocalypse" he turned the dial to "POWERHOUSE 85" a music station that played hip-hop and sometimes alternative rock-blends however it was overflowed with back and forth chatter of what the **RED LIGHTNING** could be with: *So-called* end of the world junkies" calling in non-stop fighting with the radio-host on a bunch of weird ass theory's.

Luis Garcia Lopez the eyewitness to the peculiar crimes at the hook home had begun conversation inside ray's head the voice repeated the same things over and over again like a scratched old vinyl record playing the same verse in recur again and again by some demented artist. Ray's brain was filtering Mr. Lopez Spanish words and converting them like a Google Translator. The Gardner had a crazy story that fit perfect with Alan's suicide: The Gardner had grown very small and injected himself in Ray's right ear. His words came spilling out of him like vomit flowed out of a drunk. He said, In English now- at least Ray's brain was capturing his words in English he whispered:

"Olga was inside when I first went in, "this is why she was able to give a statement before me" – "and I had thought the bitch stood me up, "I almost fell over "Stacy Hawkins body it was just dead and cold- "arms spread out, 'brains 'on the walls and blood puddles everywhere. "But only one body" said the voice. "Then Mr. Officer something started coming out of the puddle of blood something started rising covered in crimson red" "naked from head to feet" "it was a woman: "it was the Thorn women- "I recognized her, "she looked like an oversized red glow stick she was flashing in neon colors Elisabeth Thorn seemed like she went swimming in a great pool of blood"- "her naked body came closer to me and "I started to get a funny feeling of excitement until I saw "**OLGA**" stand up from the living room couch" "she too had been stripped naked or at some point took off her clothes"

"She let the Thorn women touch her breasts and lick her lips then grabbed her tight by the neck and bit down on her shoulder" Mrs. Thorn had teeth like a fucking piranha. –"And her hand grew enormous: "long and disgusting" "her fingers stretched out- "and in the middle of her hand. 'her skin sucked in air backwards in reverse and something horrible came slithering out of the hole which the palm of her hand had now" "it was big and circular and it was alive inside her hand" "like a long worm or parasite with a mix of insect and human featured face" Said the voice of the MR.LOPEZ.

"I heard her bones crack Detective whispered the Gardner, 'it jingled like crunching metal' "the sound was so terrible" "but yet sexy at the same time- it made me want to taste it" said the voice.

"Get the fuck out of my head screamed Ray. Except it was not a scream at all, it was a moan. He tried to talk but apart from becoming hazy. Ray could not find the words: the Gardner had twisted something inside Ray's brain- and Paused the detective's speech patterns- tangled up something inside his mind. Cars behind him began beeping their horns. The **RED LIGHTNING** kept flashing more intense now "Better start moving this car Detective, 'before people start coming out of their cars and start a road rage horror show on these streets MR. Lopez said. "Stop, "Get the fuck outta my head Ray said" Ray punched the accelerator on the charger but Mr. Lopez kept talking his voice pierced ray's brain like a sharp sword stabbing the heart of various great warriors. "I saw Elisabeth Thorn- "sink her piranha teeth in OLGA's shoulder "she almost drained her of blood" "then she made her stand on the puddle of crimson red, "she made me watch her place her left hand on Olga's head, -"and with her right she grabbed her thigh.

THE Thorn women began to thrust her down the puddle of blood and, Olga began to sink in it all the way down until she was gone. "The Thorn women's eyes glowed from black to red. Elisabeth Thorn had disappeared Olga into a blood stain" "I think it works like a water well or like some type of transport system for Elisabeth Thorn" "You mean, "it works like a portal the same portal Alexis used to escape with the blood he left on the wall of the infirmary- 'at the state mental ward. Vanished without a single trace" "not one damn bread crumb he left behind" replied Ray to his own mind. "Baffled the FBI for years until they came up with a theory- "and made it fit into the facts" "the conclusion he had help in his magical escape pinning it on the Ex Employee "Rhonda Falcon the veteran head registered nurse" said Ray to the voice in his head.

"She was found dead in her basement" "sitting on an old rocking chair with both wrist slit and a note saying "I'm sorry" "I never bought it "always thought it was to convenient" said Ray. "What else did you see? And how did Olga manage to report the crime if she was pushed into a hole of blood. Ray had begun talking to MR. Lopez like if the Gardner had developed into a part of his brain synapses. "I told you this, back at the hook house but that boss of yours kept eyeing us while we were talking like he wanted me dead" 'well he succeeded, "you knew I was innocent, you knew I loved Olga- "and yet you still let me die said Mr. Lopez with his voice filled with rage now. "What? "I never hurt you, "much less wanted you dead.

"I had to ask them to take you in, just to question you- 'its standard protocol what the fuck are you saying? Replied Ray" 'I'm saying he killed me Ray Patterson" 'your boss murdered me in cold-blood and he had help. "You're stuck with me Detective: "I'm now just a pulse of energy as with any electromagnetic signal EMP energy may be transferred in any four forms" "I'm your ghost- the phantom of your mistakes" the spirit of your new misery" said the voice.

"You're just a fucking bullshit delusion" "I don't believe you- "why would "Devin want to kill you? above and beyond the fact your Hispanic" "there is no reason for him to want you dead" "he's been a cop for twenty two years spotless record" Ray's words made the Ghost of Mr. Lopez enraged and furious he grabbed a hold of the steering wheel: it began to move like too invisible

hands had taken over Ray's automobile "What are doing? "Stop..."you're going to get me killed" The car went from 60mph to 80 then to a max of 120mph down the streets of a city by now in panic mode. The RED LIGHTNING had turned everyone crazy. People rushed for the supermarkets, to Home Depot to board up windows and doors. People ran with guns drawn and masks on- that seem to be made of pottery. The porcelain gang had branched out of the deadly squads' territory and currently roamed every element of the state. The priest in front of the church Ray sped by doing a buck twenty held a sign saying:

"SALVATION IS DEAD ONLY SUFFERING NOW" "Ray, "I'm surprised said the ghost of MR. LOPEZ your still worried about dying to be honest" "hitting a tree or a stoned wall going at this speed would offer you a better death then what is expected for you" "look around you the end is at hand" "let's go look at that laptop why don't we? "Maybe your eyes will- at last burst wide open to what really is happening MR. Lopez said this through a clam voice inside Ray's head. More or less trying to comfort him in some bizarre disbaring way as if he had something to hide or was excluding him from the entire truth- Ray Patterson had ignored his police radio all day after all it was nothing but gibberish talk people called in to report the RED LIGHTNING some reports came in about clouds stretching out and reveling a laceration in the sky and snow fell from these clouds-

Some called in and reported a strange black mist which approached the shorelines- others claimed a gang of masked men had been looting stores. By nightfall Ray felt like the day had reversed itself back to the morning again or time had ceased to tick-tock after the tremors and murders in Blue Moon Lake. Ray found himself parked in front of his modest house. He glanced at the time on his dash it illustrated **8:45pm** the driveway under him felt unstable and lose similar to the cement itself had been hit with **C-4** explosives- and was ready to cave in and it did. The car began to fall into a dark endless hole. Ray felt his stomach rise up to his throat; his insides began to stretch-out like the elastic-man.

His eyes popped from their sockets, his fingers looked like they had grown into tree branches the car itself remained intact accept for the windows which had blown out and the glass was suspended in the air above.

Large vast shadows took the shape of massive snakes, dragons, bats, frogs, while some resembled Alan's face the brother Ray lost to suicide. "Are you scared Detective? Whispered MR. Lopez the ghost of the Gardner was now haunting Ray's thoughts "Yes, "Is that what you want to hear? "Now stop this, where are we? Responded Ray with a clam collected low tone in his voice. However they kept falling into the darkness of this hole. It was like diminishing to your death but without a floor to hit and smash into. Ray thought at least if I hit the ground I'll burn to death and it would be quick. "Detective- "you're taking this all wrong, "I'm showing how to survive said MR. Lopez. "Really, how? "By making me fall right into my own driveway? Replied Ray - "I brought you right back to the day of Exodus said the voice. "Now, at least you have a chance to save some lives"

“Ray screamed in agony when his testicles began to widen and fell off him like a flake of dandruff unto the driver seat floor “What’s happening to me? Ray asked with a desperate terrified voice.”We are in the “savage roads” a portal connector just like the **ICE BOX OF HOUNDS** were “Grant Hook, and “Mick Thorn disappeared into- “and when Mrs. Thorn was done with Olga” “she vanished into the blood-portal Just like Alexis when he vaporized himself into the wall of “HOMES PROMISE” “these are the powers of the 9th theory, “this is one of the gates to the 9th circle. “If your soul is truly pure” “you will find your road safely- “the ones pure of heart can cross between worlds and realms without being touched by the “UNSEEN ONES” those who are corrupted in sin, “those who bathe in lust can also cross the thresholds’ “but with great cost the 9th theory can change anything which is not pure of soul and heart into a vicious eternal darkness.

“And I with great concern, “be warned Detective: “additional worlds hold great and powerful monsters” “who utilize these portals to enter earth”. Precise when the ghost of Mr. Lopez Ray’s dead witness who was apparently murdered by his superior finished his reply. Ray sat in his home office on the nice black leather chair laptop flipped open showing the screen saver that READ: **HE WHO BRINGS BACK DEATH WITH FIRE**” Ray checked and double checked his penis and ball-sack. He was thankful everything was back in place. Next he lit up a match and dropped it on his tile to make sure an additional portal or hole was not getting ready to break apart the house floor and swallow him down like some giant frog catching a fly and digesting it. Ray jumped up and down in his chair but nothing happened. For the moment he was safe. Ray looked at the time on his computer 1:36pm clicked on the mouse and went to the desk top file named: ***SOUL KING.***

CHAPTER 12

THE NIGHT VISITOR

ADVANCED, FLORDIA

Ray Patterson initiated to get comfortable in his black leather office chair. Ray stretched his arms finally felt at home the feeling of unease was not completed gone. But had subsided- Ray was a cop after all. He knew he had been operational more than 70 hrs a week in his hunt for the mysterious and evasive **“Shadow Killer”** He was a sexual predator, sadist, and homicidal maniac who Ray was obsessed with for over a year. Ray took in a deep breath and told himself he most of fallen asleep doing research on the serial killer.

Nobody was in his head- much less a dead Gardner, he never fell down his driveway into a deep dark bottomless pit, and his balls never fell off. He grabbed a handful to check again and everything was in place. he glanced around his office space scanned it and observed the surroundings like one of his crime scenes’ he smiled and bit down on his lower lip when he noticed his creature comforts, his small office couch, his bookshelf filled with horror novels, and

comics- some law enforcement books stacked all the way to the bottom resembling Ray had not bothered with those for years.

On his office table Ray had both volumes of "FREDDY VS JASON VS ASH" and a hardcover copy of King's new book "DR SLEEP" he looked up at his wall and a poster of "*LINKIN PARK'S FIRST ALBUM*" was held up by some thumbtack's- he could of swore for a moment the band had moved and began playing the guitars along with the drums while the lead singer screamed his lyrics of pain staring right into Ray's light brown eyes. Although this was dismissed quickly by Ray's extreme self-awareness Ray Patterson was one of the best cops this town had ever seen. He was "awake not a "Sleepwalker" He noticed things and suffered for humanity. In another life Ray easily could have been a great poet. His mind was open to all possibilities but maintained a level of great rationality. Ray stared at his laptop for a good ten minutes before interacting with it.

When he clicked the mouse the screen saver went away showing the lap-top folders. That's when it hit him like a process server catching you with divorce papers by surprise. It was not a dream, it never was, and it was all real. Ray did fall into his driveway, he did roar past a priest going about 120mph and indeed Ray had a ghost ensnared in his thoughts, he dug into his pocket pulled out his I-PHONE tried to call the station. Ray wanted to check on MR.LOPEZ however he had no signal. in fact: the lights of his house had been flicking for the last twenty minutes he now remembered checking the folder titled:"**THE SOUL KING**". He watched the video of his brother Alan and Azra practicing the deadly sexual game auto-erotic. He read the suicide note more than seven times- it was a five page letter where Alan explained the reasons behind his death.

'He simply wanted more; he wanted answers- where did we come from? Was there someone, or something really watching over us? Was death the last stop or was it merely the beginning? Alan wrote about Alexis a year before he killed his step father and was sent to Homes Promise. Alan had drawn a picture on the side of page **3** which depicted an image of a man sitting in a courthouse with his mouth full of blood and his teeth on the large conference table laid out in a row like dominos. Ray's hand began to a shake a bit. He knew Alan's drawing was more like prediction. Alexi's trail had come to a pause for a week after all his teeth had fallen out and started to grow back without any medical explanation.

The media called him: "VAMPIRE CAIN" Ray was all too familiar with "Alexis Cane" after all Ray had transferred from BlackStar, Florida to get away from the case. The last page of the suicide letter described how beings from other dimensions would cross over to our timeline by use of the "SAVAGE ROADS" and how a government project covered up by lies led to these outside forces noticing earth. The letter mentioned: the battle between two supernatural beings fighting over the planet like two drug cartels engaging in shootouts over blood money and territory." *THE SOUL KING* was the one Alan seemed mostly intrigued by. His letter described a creature with tentacles each tentacle had a mouth and a set of nine teeth on the top and three fangs on the bottom Alan wrote about how "**The Scorcher**" an ancient vampiric-elder lord was

the soul king's rival and his eternal enemy. And how deep in the mountains of "BRIM SKY" The Scorcher found the powerful witch "HECATE" here she told the vampire elder about the "master of pain" "the eater of souls" and how he came to be his new enemy.

The Soul King was forced out of his chamber of "GOG" By one of the lords of the 9th circles "Aeschylus" after a great battle where Lord Aeschylus lost more than five hundred "Dark-Angels and was witness to the "master of pain's" immortally. But "the eater of souls" was not left untouched his chamber had been destroyed in the battle. With the fear Lord Aeschylus found the secret to bind him forever. The soul king fled in search of a new home outside the transverse. Ray rubbed his eyes, he felt tired more like drained. For a moment Ray's eyesight faded, the room grew dark like shadow monsters had possessed the objects of the office. The chrome-skull souvenir Ray had on top of his bookshelf began to speak: "The mind can be so easily tricked don't you agree? "Here we are, "speaking to one another, "Yet I have no body, no real mouth "yet I'm alive I'm just a Pulse of energy" "drifting the lands of darkness waiting to cross" the chrome-skull tilted on one side to show movement.

Ray looked at the skull in amazement his eyes bloodshot he had lost track of the time. Ray thought: (I must be dreaming) he fulfilled this fact in his mind but when the chrome-skull let out a loud growl which made his "LINKIN PARK" poster rattle loose off the wall and his office table shook violently, Ray knew this was not a dream. "Who are you? "Or what are you? "Another, fucking ghost- "Let me guess another visitor from the "SAVAGE ROADS" the chrome-skull exhaled thin red smoke from his mouth and said "I 'am a Moroi" "our legacy was born the very same day our master came to walk the earth" "in a time where the lands burned with red flames and the seas were made of hot scorching fire the spirits of the dead came to be" said the skull.

"I, like your brother became obsessed with the dark history of the "Suicide Coterie" many of us took our own lives to gain knowledge, "to cross realms, "I have come to warn you Ray Patterson" "there are others like me- who wish nothing but destruction. "I don't come to you with these intentions." Ray fell into his chair again felt foolish doubting himself doubting his sanity. "Can I ask your name? "or what they called you before you became whatever it is you are" Ray asked this question with alarm and perplexity in his voice "I use to be a researcher" "I use to be a man just like you, "before the "Valstrick Spirit Realm" transformed me" "someone is coming to see you Detective" "if you survive the encounter then we shall speak again if you happen to fall to your night-visitor" "then I will have the pleasure of eating at your soul for endless time. The Room began to acquire more darkness now- until the lights finally gave out. Ray hit the flashlight app on his IPHONE which illuminated the room with a bright white light.

He noticed the time was: a quarter past midnights excluding last time he had checked it was past one thirty. "Your city is about to be evacuated said the voice behind Ray Patterson. Ray jumped from his chair turned around put his back to wall and saw one person who stood by his small office couch- and another figure sat down on it. The person sitting down on his couch just stared at Ray with black diamond's pumpkin eyes and said nothing. Other than he looked awfully familiar it was of course Ray Patterson's superior officer "Devin Moore" in a zombie like state. His face decaying- pieces of flesh fell off his cheeks his fingers come across like they had

been held to a fire. They were burnt- more like crispy. It reminded Ray of his ex-wife and her Saturday morning pancakes completely over-cooked and appeared like round pieces of hard rock.

Ray immediately went for his gun: the sidearm on his holster. Ray pointed the gun at the second apparition the one which stood with eyes flickering like a carved pumpkin with street lights manufactured inside them. His suit was custom made- he was a well dressed gentlemen. Who wore dark attire? He had one watch-chain and one gold ring on his index finger. The Victorian costume was made of silk and satin, the vest was made to open very low to show as much linen as possible. His collar was raised almost reached his chin and his trousers were made of medium width.

The night visitor featured a frock coat of medium length in both waist and skirt. His shoulders were broad and the collar seamed to go well up on the neck with a black overcoat reaching to his ankles. His head was round and pale. His teeth looked like a row of petite fangs on the top and open shears on the bottom, his hands long and stretched out with a brown and greenish color on the tip of each nail. By the time Ray thought he had squeezed the trigger of his hand-gun: it was already gone and in the left hand of the strange Victorian-man. He unbolted his mouth revealing more sharp teeth. Afterward the monster let out a small wisp of breath.

It was wintry inside the home office and even more dreadful was the night visitor who seemed to bring with him iciness. Ray bared witness to the frozen air which prepared circles around his firearm until it crystallized the weapon and it shattered into a few pieces of frozen pearls.

“Don’t do that again” said the night visitor. “Facilitate my time here” “this is no way to treat a guest in your home” “You’re not my guest, “what are you doing here? And what the fuck are you? Replied Ray with a stern tone. A sign of faith in his voice, The Vampire-elder let out a laughter so loud it nearly made Ray start laughing with him. “So glad you asked” he removed his black top-hat placed it on his chest and made a gesture to bow. “the name is” “Sirius... Sirius Colfax” “however you officer, “might know me by my ancient name, “a name the first advanced civilization gave me after I made them gods of their time” I ‘am The Scorcher”.

Ray’s heart sank deep down into his empty stomach, His legs felt unsteady ready to give way. His hands fell numb Ray’s eyes began to cry for no reason. “What are doing to me”? Asked Ray “You’re not even real, “you can’t be, -“and if you’re real that means your enemy is too, the “Suicide Coterie is real, “the blood portals are real, - and this is the end for all of us.”

“I seen the snake symbol’s on Alexis skin” “I read about the witches, “About the “king of souls” I know about the 6th day of exodus- about the specified time. “The roads that lead into gates and doors, “He warned me, “I think in some weird way” “my brother was getting me ready. “Alan made sure he prepared me before all this. “I saw a vision of this town covered in snow and a third enemy who pretends to be a man –“and always drives a classic car” “and the reaper-king’s spirit trapped on this planets hell. “But I know things **Xadin** is the world all of you really want”

“this world contains the “Orbs” Ray said with a deadlock stare. “Only thing my brother left out was whose side I need to be on.

“Excellent question my dear detective” –“and this is why I have come to see you on this faithful night”. Colfax moved gradually towards Ray Patterson and released a chain made of silver and metal which hooked into Ray’s torso. The pain dropped Ray down to one knee, He griped his chest tightly trying to catch his breath, and the silver and metal hook penetrated Ray’s skin creating a deep visible laceration. His **blood** hit the ground like a sad tear drop from a lost little girl. “Why are doing this? “You’re here because you want something; “you’re not going to kill me. Replied Ray not really sure anymore if he would survive this. Ray was convinced he would die right there on his office floor by some type of ancient vampire.

Another chain-hook hurled out of Colfax made of silver and metal catching Ray on his left shoulder and dropped him flat on his ass bone. Devin Moore: the Zombie-man” was quiet the entire time but when Ray hit the floor the second time and blood splattered by the office walls were the couch was. Devin Moore erupted in laughter and at last spoke: **“YAY HOORAY”** he clapped his hands in excitement *“You’re going to die...New blood ...New life- “The vampire makes you bleed...”what’s left is my treat”* he kept singing” “Shut the fuck up” screamed Ray “you’re better off dead- “you piece of shit “Who said I was ever alive replied Ray Patterson’s Superior Devin Moore. Now some-type of “Undead Monster” a piece of flesh from his pudgy cheeks fell into his hand and he looked at it with wonderment and then proceeds to eat it like some kind of delicacy.

“That is disgusting Devin, “where are your manners? “You don’t eat yourself. Colfax knocked the remaining pieces of cheek flesh out of Devin’s hand. “Where have you learned such barbaric ways”? Asked Colfax “He was a pig when he was alive and frankly he looks better dead replied Ray- Devin Moore immediately apologizes to **Sirius Colfax** while blood-clots spilled from his mouth and ears.

Ray snapped at “Devin Moore again: “You killed him” “you’re a murderer, “he had nothing to do with this you fat fuck, -“and now I got him trapped in my head. Devin Moore’s left eye fell off and into his lap. “After my master finds no more use for you- “I will eat your cheeks and eyes first answered Devin Moore. “Not, if I cut off your head and burn it first” Ray said this like it had actually happened previously. He was sure he would kill Devin Moore sooner rather the later assuming he can be killed. “Boys, Boys, Boys, “This is no proper way to engage in a diplomatic conversation” Colfax waved his cane into the air and released a **YELLOW GAS** into the office. It smelled of Vicks vapor-rub and cotton candy.

“There we go, “this should keep Mr. Moore quiet for there is not much time left- “before the wicked creature begins to transform your world. “I should have known that disgusting beast would pull something like this, “but after so many eons of treachery” “I’m not completed surprised Said Colfax while he kneels down and checks on Ray’s wounds almost like a father taking care of his beloved son. “Why did you do this to me”? However Colfax gave no reply to

the question. Colfax soothingly increases his fingers across Ray's face his fingers were long and scaly, ashy, and decayed. He grabbed Ray by the neck his eyes were now a pitch white like the fragments of pearls he created from Ray's Gun. with his palms wrapped around his neck and his decaying fingers gripping Ray's cheeks firmly "You bring me excitement Ray" "you don't fear me, "only what I can do to your loved ones is what you fear" "Oh Yes, My Dear Ray" "I know about your son what a lovely name "Tommy" is it? "You son of a bitch said Ray. "Come now don't be hostile his voice changed sounded deeper, hollow, and deranged.

He placed the left index finger on Ray's upper cheek and began to slowly slice open Ray's skin with a gentle scratch making a perfectly straight line going all the way down his face. Colfax held the Detective's cheeks tight with a grip so hard it felt like six hundred body building champions had used Ray's face like a punching bag. "You're fucking hurting me Ray said basically spitting out the words. The grip was too rigid for Ray to open his mouth the proper way. "That's the point Mr. Law-Man'

"Don't ever mistake my kindness, "I don't ever want you to question me again, "or to cuss at me "I'm not a child- "you respect me as you would respect your father" "when he comes home with the belt in hand after a stressful day at the job only to find out you been a bad boy all day long." "I bet your dad spanked you with his steal police clubber. "That's right, "your dad died broke and jobless" "all he knew was construction jobs located in low income areas, "not a soul ever desired his expertise. "He never touched me" replied Ray in defense of his father.

"Oh I doubt that Ray, "I doubt that very much maybe the old fool was too busy counting his unlucky days"- "or fixing every rug in the house his **OCD** was awful was is not? "He never showed you -"nor your brothers how to even throw a baseball you know he was regretful of the whole thing" "of marrying your mother "having so many kids" coming to a foreign country to waste his life way- "breaking concrete to support a family that was destined for doom he loathed you for being the youngest- "your own mother almost cut you out from her diseased womb did you know that Ray" Said Colfax.

"You're a fucking liar" why me Colfax? "What the fuck do I have to do with any of this? Replied Ray Patterson the blood from his two wounds hurt and bled but Colfax offered no relief to Ray's suffering instead he pealed at Ray's face with his index finger and began to lick Ray's blood like a lollipop prior to sucking on it. "I like you Mr. Lawman" "if not I would skin you alive and let your corpse walk without flesh endlessly in the eternal darkness of oblivion"- "and now I shall answer your question Why you?

While he licked Ray's blood Colfax shivers with enjoyment like a man in bed with two beautiful women. "Your brother Ray" "Remember him he found me, "he came to me, pleaded his case to me and along with Belmont Recommending you. "I think two loyal souls vouching for you were enough to consider the possibility of sparing you replied Colfax. "Spare me for what? I'm not going to help you in any way "or that soul sucking monster. "You two go fight somewhere else." **THE RED LIGHTING** flashed brighter and more intense than ever, lighting up the dark room. Colfax stood up and grabbed the chrome-skull on top of the book self "You don't need these

things spreading bad promotion about me” Colfax let the object drop on the floor and smashed it with his black boots made of diamond and Iron. The skull shattered in a hundred pieces rattled out a faint scream and blood leaked from the broken object.

Colfax beamed his white eyes at Ray and said: “The 4th rider is with your escaped felon” “you will have to join them and the *Sky-keeper* from this world- “you have no choice, “I have no choice the spider will betray the soul eater –“and every last wretched creature will cross the streamline and ravage this earth.” Said Colfax “It is beginning, “assist me stop this creature- “and I will give you back your brother, “I will fix your marriage, -“and I will make sure your son is in your arms again”.

“And make your parents young again-“without spitefulness in their hearts” a super wind gust blew out multiple windows very violently upstairs this made such a loud bang “Devin Moore snapped out of his trance. And stood bleeding from his mouth and said “Mr. Colfax may I relive myself” “Oh Go ahead you pig of a man, “Ray was right you are a nasty dirty slob” Devin Moore began to eat his bottom lip pulled down his pants and started to pee blood on Ray’s office floor. “You let go what you take in, “it’s the rules of nature” he grinned at Ray while he peed blood. Ray glanced at his office wall clock he got at a Wal-Mart Black Friday Deal. It was super cool; it was shaped like a wheel and had spokes inside them.

It made Ray feel comfortable. The time read: 1:15 in the am. Colfax began to gently spread Ray’s blood on the walls “and to prove I always keep my word your wife, “I mean” ex wife “sorry for being inconsiderate. There was no real apology in his voice.

“Beth will soon see you again during this crisis.” “But for now someone is here to see you detective” the figure stepped out of the shadows of the door that lead into the office. Someone very familiar to Ray, Someone Ray thought he had lost forever, the dark figure speaks but in a voice consumed with echoes *“Hello Brother”* Ray’s eyes began to cry at the site of his dead brother with the bullet wound still visible in his head. “Alan I missed you so much” Ray began to stand up, his wounds had been healed “I brought a friend Brother” and behind Alan was an image of pure paralyzing fear.

He was very tall in height, wore a body suite made of black leather and metals the peculiar figure had long chained hooks which wrapped around his body and his eyes released snakes.

Alan introduced him: a name that rattled Ray Patterson to the core of his soul **“BELMONT”** Sirius Colfax and Devin Moore both vanished. Ray was left with the two-men who remained in the shadowy corners of the home. Alan wept in the darkness while Belmont lit candles. “There’s a place, “not too far from here” “where our master will unleash a massive tribe of the dead” Said Alan. And Belmont the ruthless high-ranked official for the **blood-king** nods in agreement.

CHAPTER 13
PART-ONE:
NO PLACE IS SAFE

He was hideous, a very disturbing image to gaze upon, and it was the face of the malevolent force. She had seen in her dreams. The place perfumed of blood. The hallways stank of evil. It was a smell. She on no account got use to: **Amanda Knight** worked the graveyard-shifts at the "UNITED FOREVER FUNERAL HOMES" When she encountered him for the first and last time. She took tender steps, walked by one of the funeral homes display rooms when she noticed a casket which was previously closed wide-open with the coffin empty inside. She got closer- and with a soft, gentle pace moved forward. She saw spots of blood inside the casket and a trace on the floor. A feeling of terror rushed interest in her. She had seen this play out before in her nightmares.

Amanda can't imagine a corpse currently standing up and simply opened the casket and walked away. Amanda strolled up to the entrance of the altar and confirms the signing book, assuming it can be a prank. She checks the names: "*Odd, she thinks to herself*" there were no names on the list, no visitors, no cards or florals whoever was in that casket had nobody to mourn them. Blood began to leak from the roof. Fell on the floor right by her. She moved her feet backwards. She had a drop of blood on her curls; she freaked out and made it worse by smudging it. The half lit funeral home was a creepy place all in itself. Rumors had been going around for years that the place was a sanctuary for so called "**Roaming V's**" AKA: Roaming Vampires. They would come from all over the globe and slumber in the dirt in the **CEMETERY'S LOT**.

A unique breed of vampires some alleged they could walk in the sun light for three hours of each full-moon night, others gossip about an army of them organized for war. It was said they were followers of: **The Scorcher**" Old whispers of this man-creature whose existence was traced back to the year: 1474 had floated around these parts like a ghost story made its rounds down generations. It was said the entity was made of no flesh that was known to man and dined on the blood of humans. Several said: he was an angel once, casted out of heaven and into the "**Valstrick Spirit**" realm whatever was confined to this treacherous-world became a vengeful evil spirit. A blood thirsty machine of havoc and destruction although this theory was never confirmed and in 1988 historian "**Patrick Anthony** conducted a five year supernatural investigation which he claimed to discover a deeper history about the Serial Killer: named **The Scorcher** in his report he claimed the "Valstick-Realm indeed existed But "The Scorcher himself was much older.

His investigation led him to meet "**THE ELDERS**" who explained to Patrick the significance of **The Valstick Order**" and though Ancient text he learned about the "Reapers" Patrick's mission in life

became a journey to find the true meaning behind it all, and he did but at a terrible price. The Valstrick Spirit Realm was a world which held evil spirits, and beings that had been sent there by: the one true GOD for punishment. This realm existed in the outer-world the town's people warned others about "UNITED FOREVER FUNERAL HOMES" it was a cursed place to some, to others it was a portal to the undead world. In the end Patrick's Research drove him insane he became obsessed with the "Valstick Realm and the secrets it held. prior to his suicide in 1997 he claimed to have discovered the truth about death and the "unseen ones" death was not just an act of life, or nature- it had an army behind it "Death" was a world all on its own with land, laws, inhabitants, leaders, generals and a platoon of soldiers called "REAPERS" who would enter earth only to capture the persons soul at the exact time of death and acquire them to face judgment.

PAtrick's last entry in his journal explained a great war on "Death" caused by Reapers who would act in lust and instead of capturing the soul at the point of death- when it came to young beautiful women the reapers would breathe life back into them, and rape the females. These "Rouge Reapers" began to impregnate these women with babies' half humans- half reapers who became extra powerful than the 1st bloodline. Patrick called them "DEMI-GOD REAPERS" he declared in the suicide letter his choice to take his life was a calling for his true purpose to uncover life beyond death, and summon the one creature even The Scorcher had to bow to. Patrick put the initials "UFFH" in his goodbye letter. These initials twisted and swirled around town- and set-off rumors of the funeral home. Chatter of the place being some kind of gate to another world (*A dark-one*) a kind of: *Bridge* to hell itself also whirled around the town.

Amanda went to verify the name of the recently deceased; it read: "Sirius Colfax" he was also known as "The Scorcher". Amanda had no idea what horror awaited her; she knew. She had been a part of an undercover government Test-6 project. Amanda knew they had used the facility to hide some of the dead soldier's bodies under the command of: **MR. Cross** and the **US MILITARY**. Amanda was no idiot, "I fucking hate this shit she thought", while she reached for the bottle in her left coat pocket and drowned four white shaped oval pills the strongest painkillers money could buy. Once Amanda turned and placed down the water bottle she wiped her lips tenderly. She noticed him the figure stood at the end of the elongated stretched Hallway. He seemed to be human, except evil had consumed him at some point in his life. The man appeared gross and old- what a nightmare would appear on two feet.

His face was blurry except she could distinguish long; sharp black-teeth in the dim light then his face began to change under the moon light. "He was sickening" she thought. The figure's face was awfully whitish and some very miniature spots of smeared blood were observable around his mouth. His eyes seem to be imprinted in his face. The inside color of his pumpkin eyes were a metallic grey. Although changed to black exceedingly often like shimmering lights flicked in a random sequence. His suit was black as a night lacking a moon. His traditional raincoat made him seem even scarier. She thought of **D**racula movies, and appalling horror flicks which she had seen so many times before on stormy rainy nights.

Amanda slapped herself hard. But it made no difference. The man still stood at the end of the hallway. The rain-drops which tapped the windows became more intense and loud screams could be heard which came from the outside- a looming mayhem was about to break into our reality. Amanda had no idea even purgatory was breached and terrible forces had begun to travel via the **streamline-connection** into our galaxy. *DJ, Quinn, and Martin* approached the funeral home. The men drove as rapid as they could: Daniel Mikael hard-pressed the **hummer** to the brink of annihilating the engine. DJ held hope his sister would still be **ALIVE**.

She tried to glance away- however her eyes could not leave his site. The Shadow-Man had a tie which was shady red; his undershirt was pasty and sanitary other than a dirt stain, and blood spots the man looked well-dressed. Except his shoes appeared polished with brain-fluid and he spoke very well mannered. "Do You Know What I am?" He released a green slime from his ears it appeared like the **green goo** a kid would obtain in a toy machine after a trip to the supermarket when you're a child. Except this was all real- The hallway lights seemed to flicker in rhythm with **Mr. Colfax's** eyes like a musical symphony in perfect harmony. Frightening messages appeared on the walls. The language smeared in blood. The words read: **"PUNISHMENT" -"PIG'S DIE" & "GOMORATH"** Amanda's knees began to admit defeat. Her chest felt tight with each breath- her lungs hurt. She held her chest: "am' I having a heart attack? She thought out loud: "No! I don't know who you are" she replied. Laughter spilled out from the creature.

His long slicker began to spread-out behind him as if a wind burst made its way within the building. "Mommy, you look exhausted" Amanda turned her gaze away from Colfax immediately and gazed behind her and to Amanda's surprise her daughter: Christie stood at the rear of the hallway. **BUT it can't be**- Amanda knew Christie was **50** miles away safe and sound in bed. The vision dripped water from its eyes and feet. She made a black puddle on the ground. Her breath frosty when she spoke and her lips had been sewed shut however still managed conversation somehow. Amanda began to cry, she was in total disbelief. This was not her daughter. "Mommy" I'm cold, "come hold me. Amanda closed her eyes and counted to ten and gradually reopened them, the vision was gone.

She instantly sheltered her eyes back to the **"Monster"** in front of her. The repulsive image of this horrific-man had been engraved permanently in Amanda's brain. "This place is for sacrificial lambs, "People go and people die "your own people lied to all of you." "But of course, -you don't see" "you still trust, you still confide "Spoke Colfax." "I miss judged your intelligence." "Your intelligence is close to that of a parasite you're easily caught in traps by the superior breed" "The lack of insight your race holds is baffling" "The Devil is in front of you- "however you refuse to accept it" Said Colfax. who began to float off the ground and proceeded to inform her..."Things..."Bad things, "are about to take place. "They used these humans to **"Crossover"** Colfax pointed at body-bags of deceased men. "Just another vision, "I'm not afraid" Amanda told herself this demanding to keep clam. "You have no idea" "the wrath will be unleashed- "and you should- be afraid of me" He read her thoughts, Amanda knew for the first time in her life- she was moments away from dying.

Ray Patterson became a man on a mission. The detective began preparations for a task he never saw approaching or did he? Nothing mattered now: only the guns he had strapped to himself and the assault rifle over his shoulder- plus the bullet-proof vest. Ray had a secret room in his modest house filled adequately with guns and ammo. Ray's long dead brother: Alan paid him a visit alongside with the **Blood-King's** loyal and ruthless henchmen: "Belmont" the two travelers crossed over via the Orbs hooked on earth's reality by the streamline connection. Alan explained: legacies of human-servants who obey and follow the soul-king were on earth. These servants would provide souls to the monster "GOMORATH" in-return for eternal life or to simply end the suffering of an individual by removing the person who was responsible for the pain. Belmont kept to himself. However the snakes which slithered from the monster's eyes did speak- and told Ray the best place to look first would be a funeral-home. The night had turned into a massive out-of-this-world horror show.

The skies bled snow, the moon had turned into a globe of blood. Colfax had said: the detective required the obligation to form an unlikely alliance. Ray considered necessary to help prevent the impending doom. Ray dropped to one knee and began the longest conversation with GOD. He had ever had. God and Ray had a connection despite the fact Ray's heart constantly betrayed him with thoughts that god did not exist he fought those feelings and kept his faith strong. After a prayer and secured the weaponry Ray slipped into his Doge-charger and sped into the night' in search of his new alliance. First stop: **"UNITED FOREVER FUNERAL HOMES"**

Amanda's face was ferociously pressed against the wall. She was defenseless; a cold chill ran down her neck and into the pit of her stomach. The Vampires face now pressed on hers; Colfax licked Amanda's cheek, and her lip. "Your people "invaded them first." "After the Orbs- "after Xadin's omen-box" "They are here- "about to begin. "Nevertheless comprehend "I to have fault in this, "I was no longer in a position, "where I felt the need to bow to such a "Pig, "to such a waist of existence." Spine-chilling laughter spilled out of him. "Begin what?" "Who are you? Amanda's voice trembled; she felt her face sizzling from the invisible grab. Colfax had rammed her face tough prior to him materialized in human-form-and sucked on her cheek with his locked-power of invisible physical-attack. "Soon, "it will be time; "this planet will die- "and humanity will take delivery of the judgment it rightfully deserves; Colfax held a pitch black-cane in his right hand.

At the tip: two snakes crisscrossed each other with a black-heart in the middle. Colfax held the item up so Amanda could see and sarcastically asked the question: "Do you like my Cane" "Do you like its emblem?" **SIRIUS COLFAX** asked her in a dense pitch- you can tell the infection of evil in his voice. Outside the funeral-homes walls- Amanda can hear the perceive buzzing of sirens which blazed by. Amanda could see the windows reflected police lights illumination and emergency services. (What were they doing here in this place? What type of treacherous secrets did this place hold? She thought out-loud and Colfax was pleased to answer her "It's the

center of hell.” Ray’s dodge charger sped past the **Red 2010 Hummer** DJ and Quinn along with the UFO researcher had made theirs after a bloody shoot-out. The Hummer was parked in front of the last convenient store which had not been looted or dismantled yet. “This is to fucking crazy D” “the sky dude, “Look at it” “it sliced open something big is hovering over us said martin to a battle-ready: Daniel Mikael. “You got what you came for”? Asked Quinn “Yeah, “let’s get the hell out of here- “and get to my sister replied DJ. The Cadillac erupted into a flamed machine of devastation while it roared pass the men inside the sports utility truck. “What the fuck? Said Quinn... “The freak’s been chasing us all night” “why pass us? “You don’t think he’s going anywhere we are? “I do, said DJ with guarantee and anxiety in his tone of voice.

Amanda glanced around frantically for the monster. However he had vanished. She rushed to the head director’s office and tripped over a trash can prior to stumbling to the ground and landing right in front of the office doors. She ran inside his office and grabbed his **44** magnum. She spot-checked for bullets. The clip was fully loaded and paced back into the hallway. “Fuck you Colfax Amanda screamed loud, the words just blurred out of her. She removed her jacket- picked up her hair in a bun and said to herself “I’m not dying here tonight” she popped an additional painkiller held the gun tight in her hand.

“I’m a bad bitch, I can do this” she kept telling her brain to think in a positive manner. A loud howl and an intense hissing sound came from the men’s rest room. “Fuck this” she whispered, picked up her jacket and dug into the pockets of the coat for her I-phone the bar on the top right of the cell phone indicated the battery was drained which was odd. She by no means forgot to charge it previous to work. An additional loud noise rattled her it came from the men’s room again, without notice Amanda was so nervous she placed the phone into her jeans and disregards the fact she might be able to call for help. She was drawn by the intrigue of the sound which reflected from the rest area.

She took a deep breath and made her way to the doors. Began to twist the knob tenderly; another sound smacked the air like an invisible punch. This time, it was a humming noise- more like a song and maybe a flute played along with the hum. (**Just go in, stop being such a pussy**) she thought to herself” except the restroom door swung open and a bitter breeze rushed at her. This made her face resemble someone trapped in a declining airplane with immense holes sucking the passengers out. The humming stopped however the restroom was not empty. Faces of humans began to stretch-out from the walls. The flute started up again. The sound came from behind her but when Amanda turned around nobody was there. The faces had disappeared- back into the walls.

Someone cried from the handicap accessible bathroom. Amanda pressed on its door still quaking from the disturbed image of ghost-faced descriptions which ejected from the bathroom walls. She smoothly pushed the stall door open with a very light tap. On the toilet, the shape dripped water from its eyes and feet which created a crater on the bathroom floor, it seemed like a tiny portion of asteroid, had made its way through the roof of the building and crash landed on the bathroom tile. “Who are you, “how did you get in here? Asked Amanda with a solid stare at the women with a tear which rolled down her cheek? The old-women with water leaking from

her eyes and feet looked very much like Amanda's dead Mother. She wore her burial attire' a black ball gown with no garments for her rotten feet. She smelled of jasmine and pine.

"Rosa Mikael's" body was found dead in the wooded area near her home. She had several stab wounds on her body however a post-mortem autopsy revealed she died of strangulation and a mix of zyklon-B poison. The poison used in the Nazi gas-chambers. Amanda stared at the women who use to be her mother. Amanda felt revolted inside. The apparitions silence sent shockwaves of panic into the core of her soul. In, some strange way Amanda felt the ghost of her long dead mother tried to tell her something, trying to tell her to be safe, maybe she wanted to stand up, and hug her daughter- and she tried to stand.

However when the old decaying women stood up: her skeleton jingled and made a **clack-cracked** sound. Amanda could see bones became detached from the old women. Her fragile corpse disassembles and her bones slid off her skin from the bottom and smashed on the floor the sound it made was awful. A **Thump... Thump...** sound and shattered resembling glass.

Amanda thought for a second she might faint or fucking pass out seeing her: old dead mother releasing bones through her vagina. An unusual man who gave the impression of being a four star general dressed head to toe in military camouflage appeared to Amanda after her mother's broken skeleton started to assemble itself. Amanda's **Dead** Mother's corpse was just pieces of decomposing flesh. Her body battered like a sex-doll after some sick pervert had its way with the thing, and sucked the air out of it in a fantasy drug induced quarrel.

Rosa's bone-structure on the other hand began to reconstruct. Slime dripped from each piece of bone and skin began to grow out stretching and stitching itself together. The screams outside were loud and distressing otherworldly air craft's had made their way into our planet's atmosphere. The Cadillac, The Hummer, and The Dodge Charger: all three automobiles arrived at the same time- at the same place. **THE CADILLAC-MAN** slammed the break on his vintage **1983** classic car- it made a crashing squeal and brunt the street previous to flames subsided. The Cadillac-Man leaped out and began to go berserk.

The monster opened fire- he drenched the hummer in machine-gun bullets. Ray Patterson took cover in the rear by his charger. Used it as a shield and Quinn Mitchell Carter stood next to DJ while both men tried to battle the evil force of the Cadillac-Man. Martin was terrified inside the SUV but managed to count till five and jumped out with two guns drawn and he shot blindly at the charger. Quinn noticed the person who ducked and dodged bullets from the incoming gun-fire. It was the cop that had arrested DJ and testified at trial which resulted in Daniel's fall from grace. "D, "this guy is moving too fast" "I don't think he's been hit" said Quinn to DJ while both men hid behind the bullet drilled SUV along with martin that had begun to reload both his handguns.

"The other fuck, "shooting at us- "is that cop DJ"... "The one behind the charger?" DJ Asked. "Yeah, I'm gonna kill him for you brother don't you fucking worry" reassured Quinn. As he

gradually stood up in a slow-motion point of view the wind became an eerie howl of evil. Ray little by little made his way towards the side area of the funeral home and catches Quinn Carter by surprise. Ray aimed the assault rifle directly at Quinn and pressed rigid for rapid fire.

Quinn was bombed with bullets Quinn's neck was struck twice, his torso once, and his head four times. Ray noticed he had hit his target. Quinn fell down instantly. He bled from his mouth and eyes although Quinn was still breathing somehow. "Holy shit bro, they killed him" screamed Martin. "I got you buddy, "remember in life- "and in death just try to hang on brother" DJ held Quinn's hand while the bullets kept flying in a hasty and ruthless craze. "He's dead man" said Martin. Quinn was dead: unresponsive, icy, and bloody. DJ kept shooting at the Cadillac-Man. "Come now, "boys lets end this" "Daniel your friend is dead- "but only to be reborn" "his destiny was prearranged" said the Monster. "He will become the 4th and find the SKY-KEEPER" Said the Cadillac-man. "I thought you needed us both screamed DJ.

"No, Just him Daniel "you can simply die now" the Cadillac-man began to release a massive appalling hairy black leg from his backside the sound of a hiss came from it and the monsters face morphed. Ray leaped back inside his dodge-charger-closed his eyes and said a prayer. Ray began to go full speed at the Cadillac-Man. Ray knew deep inside, the monster in front of him was worse than the criminals he was shooting at.

The Cadillac-man turned and snickered at Ray "That's it Cop, "run me down embrace violence- "so I can have your soul". Suddenly the dodge-charger was side swiped by a NAVY-BLUE Lincoln-navigator. Inside the truck was a crew of people with the leaders: Tiffany Elliot and Earl Raney knocked-out unconscious inside. And the impact flipped over the doge-charger and Ray became trapped within the vehicle. Ray's dodge-charger was overturned with the front wheels whirling. The Cadillac-man laughed and began shooting at Daniel and Martin again.

Except the men had made their way to Ray's car and pulled him out of the wreckage and dragged him behind the funeral home. Earl Raney regained his senses the blow to the head was robust. And Tiffany was still out like a light. The others in the truck supply Earl with a grenade. "Earl, "whatever the fuck that is" "it needs to be killed said Gigi. "I gotta go back for Quinn said DJ. "No way man" he's gone" let it go said Martin. Everything fell silent for a brief moment while the small explosive rolled down the road coming to a halt by the Cadillac. The monsters eyes were pitched black and he bent down and picked up the tiny bomb and the foul creature placed it in his mouth- and swallowed the grenade. The Cadillac-man's abdomen stretched and from his stomach: an insect mouth appeared on his skin "*Oh My God Runnnnn*" yelled Earl Raney.

The belly of the monster had an oral cavity of a spider. It was repulsive; gruesome, and powerful the grenade went flying in the opposite direction. Landed inside Earl Raney's big sports truck and blew it up- black flamed circles shot up in the air. "Get inside, "Come on, "Come on" Tiffany Elliot was by now on her feet. She helped drag Ray inside the abandon police-station along with DJ and Martin. The rest of the group followed. The Cadillac-Man curved his body downward and leaped in the air. He's on the roof of the police station with a single jump and began to crawl on

all fours and extracting additional legs. "I need to get across the street" "my sister is in there" Said DJ "where?" "In the funeral-home shit "She might as well be dead" did you, "see that thing that's out there" reply Tiff? "Roamers" screamed: Gigi "Check the gun-gage" "these cops left in hurry- "we might find extra ammo" said Earl. **THE ROAMING V'S** were out of the tombstones. Absent from graveyards. **Colfax** undead-army had surrounded the police-station.

"WAKERS" yelled out: Jesse Hank while he glanced outside the stations window. "What's a waker?" asked Ray. "Dead-people, "we call them "dwellers" replied Tiffany Elliot. And "roamers" asked Ray. He noticed Tiffany's beauty for the first time. The roamers were fast and dangerous vampires who used the Funeral homes cemetery-lot to take dirt-naps prior to traveling to their set-destination. "That's much more,-"complicated to explain but think vampires" answered Tiffany. Martin, Earl and Gigi made it back from the rear of the station and gathered further weapons: a few handguns and two addition shotguns. Gigi noticed a **RED-Liquid** which began to take the shape of red-worms and gigantic centipedes slithered through the streets -and consumed the vegetation, the plants, the green grass became drenched in a blood-red substance.

The evil fluid leaked into the cracked street, the liquid flowed down to the bottom of the city. "We gotta get out of here" "or we are going to die said Gigi with fright in her tone of voice. "That funeral home" "what's it doing in the middle of a main avenue? "What's really going on in that place and how did you know to come here" asked Earl. "My sister, "if she's still alive -"must know something "she always told me stories of the place" said DJ. "Besides, "it's a local legend strange shit went down in that building said Ray Patterson. The racket on the roof resembled: a cross between a big steed and a slippery insect had claimed up and made the roof of the police-station its home and the creature's echoed voice sounded ravenous. "*Come out, Come Out, and Dieeeee*" said the thing on the roof above the group.

"Fuck the bullshit Earl" said Jesse. "We have to try- "and reach the funeral-home-"or we will die too many of them" an earsplitting uproar began outside the walls. **The Roamers** and **The Returned** had begun tearing all the way through one another's supernatural bodies. It became a dance. It became a kind of union. Some of the roamers had the intellect to counterstrike The Returned with stylish mental power and forced them by tricky to carry on the assault on the survivors. Other "Wakers" or "Returned had ankles torn off by the roamers. A roamer and a returned going head to head can go either way. The returned had indestructible jaws and long fanged decomposed teeth when they bit down on the roamers or managed to take a chunk of flesh- the roamer **V** which was bit would set in motion an evil subspecies epidemic.

A different strain altogether. The **V** turned into a cross-breed- losing its individual traits and turned neither vampire nor undead. The clash outside was brutal, vicious and lethal nonetheless it was the perfect time for the group to make its way across the street and into: **"UNITED FOREVER FUNERAL HOMES"** "Earl, "we gotta move now said Gigi. "She's right, "now is the time- "the freaks are preoccupied approved Tiffany. "Hey, "Hey what about him? "I think his leg is wrecked said Martin to Tiffany. "Relax it's not broken, "if it was- "I would leave him here."

“He would be no use to anyone” but lucky for him”-“It’s a sprain guaranteed Tiffany. DJ shifted closer to Ray while he leaned on the sidewall of the police stations hub-area. “Don’t think, “I pulled you out because the world is ending and I need allies” said DJ. To a puzzled Ray who held his right leg in suffering. “Then why’d you do it? “I had a clean shot and took it” “that monster was a rapist” said Ray to an irritated DJ. “I’ve seen what I need to see,” Daniel said. “Me Too,” Ray said. Their dispute had just begun and in due course would ultimately pick up in good time. **Colfax**: The Vampire-elder from the transverse was the only candidate with the unmatched power to face the beast.

The Thing atop the roof was an unclean malevolence. A wicked creature from the depths of despair of a million hells- and when both powerful and uncanny monsters faced each other on the roof. The entire sky howled and the clouds screamed in **TERROR**. Colfax began to ascend up in the atmosphere. The view from the roof of the vacant police station was troubling. The Returned (aka: Wakers) and The Roaming V’s were tangled in conflict. A clash of undead titans- two supernatural gangs engaged in evil warfare. The Thing on the roof hid within the shadows. The hissing sound the beast made was horrible although Colfax enjoyed it. “Still a pig, “like the old soul-eater” “How is the filthy worm-snake these days? The monster the Cadillac-Man turned itself into began to pace forward. “Hello, **Nebula** said Colfax.

CHAPTER 14

NO PLACE IS SAFE:

PART- 2

Amanda heard the commotion and not just the citizens prowling the streets. But loud gun-fire and some sort of bomb went off. She had no suspicion- her brother: DJ was fighting the strongest of evil potency to reach her. **Amanda** had a strong, terrible thought: (what if? all that’s happening. was because of this place?) A panic grew within her. She knew Mr. Cross had been bringing in what he called: “**Dream-Drifters**” a team of voluntary soldiers who signed up for the “Omega project” they had built an underground bunker sub-station to conduct the tests. **One** late December night: nine days before: **Christmas**. Amanda had noticed power-outages throughout her shift. It had scrambled the key-cards, and compromised security.

Amanda had received terrorization in the course of night-terrors. This was something with the intention of bringing fear to Amanda. It haunted her dreams, not knowing what really occurred below the building. She flat-out had nightmares of “**Sirius Colfax**.” Before she saw him in the flesh and had the nauseating pleasure of meeting the **blood-king**. Her dreadful dreams of him had started to come back to her all at once, like a flash of light beamed inside her head. Colfax stood on a skyscraper and watched the world burn and a kid was in her dreams too. A young boy who seemed to bring comfort to her night-terrors, except for the kid was young and Amanda could never make out his name. A massive grotesque creature was slithering in the interior of a large chamber and stared at vials finished of glass and steel padding filled with a grey-reddish

liquid. This evil fluid dripped from the bottom of the vials; it seemed like blood, two men who wore long gas masks mixed it with a grey substance.

The capsules were bigger in size and width than any normal vial. Approximately: three feet in height and inside an essence swirled resembling a human face. This was a nightmare **Amanda** wanted out of her brain- so she hooked herself on pain-killers and downers to ease the fear of this nightmare. And when the breach in security occurred- she had told herself one day: "I'm going to find out, "what the fuck is going down in this place" **Colfax** was nowhere in sight. So she sat down on the large brown leather couch inside one of the service rooms and began to ponder that faithful night. When she was scared however desired to know the truth. Flashbacks of the night she finally grew the guts to find out what had been occurring here hit her like a mountain of bricks, caught her by surprise similar to a drunk driver missing the red light completely.

Nevertheless Amanda took advantage of the temporary breach in security and made her way down in the elevator to the sub-station. She felt it tremble and go dim prior to reaching the last floor. The air was chilly the hallway appeared more like a surreptitious chamber. She marched down a narrow dark hallway with steel doors on each side. She could observe a wintry icy air which escaped from underneath the metal doors. Amanda counted: four doors on each wall. Her legs started to cramp up. She felt the floor was unsteady; about to break off and send her down a never-ending hole with an absolute infinite bottom. She pictured being roasted in **hell**.

Amanda walked further and headed for the end of the hallway to the final door. Her boss a man she rarely met: Mr. Grant Hook, Who would only show up on one occasion a month to accumulate the bodies of the dead-soldiers. *Hook* had warned Amanda told her: "Never, ever go down there" That he was in an obligatory contract with: **The US government** and no one except for officials were allowed. She thought about it three times before she swiped her key card. ("What are you doing Amanda?")

She whispered to herself. She saw the metal door begin to unlock upwards. Immediately she felt the temperature drop and a cold draft as she entered the large room. Feelings of despair, and hopelessness filled her thoughts; she saw machinery shaped like circles with beautiful illumination and all type of colorful reflections. The lights bounced off these extraordinary circled orbs. A sphere shaped object hung invisible in the middle. The orbs were connected to ten different pods. These machines linked to the "orbs" a connection ran from the circles hooked on the top of the pods. Attached itself like a harness and sucked blood and brain-fluid from the cranium of the human being.

The pods were shaped like an elevated titanium-box with steel skeletal wings with stuck out joined from the sides. In some sick and twisted way to Amanda it appeared the circled orbs fed whatever was in those pods. She approached cautiously with each step. She wiped the pod with her hand removed the moist and exposed a human face. (It's the soldiers?) She recognized one

in particular his name was Paul. She considered him cute. "He is by far, my best drifter" remarked Mr. Cross. Who now stood behind Amanda? She let out a slight scream. "I'm sorry; "if I scared you" "Now, "what are you doing in here Amanda? Asked Mr. Cross while he tapped his index finger and researched a quantity of data. His eyes gazed away from Amanda. "What is this place? "Amanda asked. "Think about them- "as if they were **brain-vampires** he pointed to the orbs. "Instead of taking blood, they provide it." "Said Mr. Cross" –"So you're feeding these men blood? Why? Mr. Cross grinned at Amanda and said: "not blood- but information".

"These men are fortunate" "they get to see things- "some of us only dream of bearing in mind" "On some day's these men can be capable of discovering a new world- "another day: in the middle of some foreign dimension" **Mr.** Cross continued: "Billions of years away from earth." "A transverse can be accessed with the sphere-"and the orbs which originated from a world only GOD almighty knew the address to"- "until humanity discovered the powerful orbs by means of potholes" Mr. Cross said. Amanda appeared to be shell-shocked in total disillusionment. Potholes she thought: "Yeah Right" "here we go again humans and the lust for power, "the shit never ends" **UNTILL ONE DAY ... THE DAY OF EXODUS**

I don't... Amanda stuttered her retort: "*I don't under...understand*" replied a terrified Amanda. "You're not intended to comprehend, they're going to spike." "Now go! He requested firmly. **A**manda proceeded to leave however Cross reached for her hand, pressed down firm with a tight grip and said: "Speak of what you saw here- "and I will take away your career, "then I'll take your life" He released her. Amanda thought she had placed that horrible day behind her, like if it never existed. Like a moment frozen in time- and although she kept with the struggle of what she saw on that faithful day- and the horrific awful dreams of the man she knew was real. She kept on going- just pushed forward, worked and turned a blind eye. However, tonight everything's come full circle for **AMANDA**.

A **casket** wide open, a walking dead-man appeared in the darkness of the funeral home. Gunshots outside followed by scream. Police sirens and strange growls, **red-lightning** flashed all the way through the windows, **Red-lightning**. Amanda heard another voice: "Go, outside baby" "All is just right" it's her father Richard Mikael except the man's been dead for two years. ("A new vision") Amanda thought to herself. Amanda was emotionally ruined by this point. "No, "I won't dad" "Leave me alone she screamed. She scratched her face in agony. **Sirius Colfax** began to breathe life back into the corpses in the funeral homes backend cemetery-lot. Previous to the violent uproar which left: Quinn Mitchell Carter dead, Ray Patterson injured and the Cadillac-man on the roof-top face to face with **THE BLOOD-KING**. Not to mention the dead had returned although not like zombie films made them out to be.

These dead-people had been raised by the Lord of the undead: **Sirius Colfax** and his soldier of resurrection: **Belmont** to become a small fraction of the army required to combat the sickening monster and enemy of Colfax: **The Soul-King**. Outside the funeral-home: Amanda's brother Daniel Mikael struggled with the rest of the group to retrieve his sister from the building across

from them. Belmont who had used his ability of Locked-Power to bring back the dead was outside in the rear of the funeral-home and began to hum a melody. Strolled the graveyard and enjoyed every second of it. He began to rip at the tombstones. Colfax switched bodies and spilt his essence in two ways. Colfax's primary-soul kept his eyes locked on the creature on the roof-top of the deserted police-station. At the same time as his secondary-essence equipped the body of the dead man who laid shot-up and lifeless even as a frenzy of people ran the streets in mayhem-mode.

And parasitic **Blood-trees** ran amuck. Quinn Mitchell Carter began to sit up while blood ran down each punctured bullet wound in his body. Except **"Death"** lived in Quinn Mitchell Carter and so the essence of the 4th began a spiritual battle with Colfax's secondary-essence and equally spirits erupted in scuffle over the body. Colfax knew his time on the roof-top grew short. Hence: he paced forward although the foul creature remained in the gloomy shadows- accept for **six** long-haired, extended, black and red spider legs- which were capable to be seen from both sides of the creature's position.

"Get Away From Me Colfaxxxx" Hissed the creature. "You, "actually believe you're beyond him?" "Colfax Said." "Powerful than him" "**The Beast** will eat your spider-heart when he discovers your deceitfulness" said Colfax. While **The Blood-King** paced back and forth with steel-boots which pound the roof-top out of irritation and annoyance. "You're not him- face it" "you're not the undying-eternal" "Said Colfax". "This wrath you contain inside you" must come to end Nebula" warned Colfax.

The creature overflowed with fury by Sirius Colfax's words of precision. The beast began to shift his arachnid structure and position it on two human-shaped legs in the midst of the **six** spider-legs still observable. "I 'am- the undying eternal" Lies, lies, liesssss" "hissed the creature. The monstrous mammoth arachnid; released a long gruesome tentacle from the stomach of the swine. Colfax moved at rapid velocity to doge the incoming physical attack. The tentacle blazed by the **blood-king's** head by a measly half an inch. The tentacle's features were sickening: The tentacle was a long-spider with the shape of an earthworm and the facade appearance of a scorpion.

"Leaveeeeeee Nowwwww" "I have longed to taste your blood- "yessssss the massive beast hissed at Colfax one last word: "Skykeeperrrrr" and used it's abilities' to soar into the air and leap from roof-top to roof-top until it disappeared into the blizzard and rain and into the chaos of the night of mass departure. Sirius Colfax knew an angel from the transverse had been combined with the soul of a human boy long ago in a sideways time-line billions of years in the past by result of humanity's discovery of the Xadin orbs and the intrusion of human's exploiting of the orbs for unnecessary research and most of all to acquire extraordinary power. Colfax had a new mission find the boy.

The blood-king merged back with his secondary-essence. The one within the carcass of the dead man: Quinn Mitchell Carter. Turned-out Quinn was a special instrument in this new war. Quinn was the fourth horsemen- Quinn was **DEATH** itself. And his core-essence knocked

Colfax's spirit outward, right out of the cadaver. The Blood-king managed to join his loyal servant Belmont in the cemetery's lot in the back of "**UNITED FOREVER FUNERAL HOMES**" to aid Belmont in the task of restoration and resurrection of the dead.

The Police station was surrounded by **Roamers**: A massive worldwide clan of independent Vampires who formerly belonged to separate houses of the vampire-kingdom of Jeremiah. And currently voyage the streamline connectors' forename: the savage-roads. A breach in dimension occurred. The slash linking time and space liberated: the comet of wraith from the restricted galaxy of neropain attached to the gigantic colossal Comet inside the nucleus the central part composed of rock, dust and frozen fumes rested the "**Chapel of Spears**" a legion of alien spaceships who gathered inside the giant icy dirtball. This army of extraterrestrial killers was commanded by the Nebula after the creature's betrayal of the reaper-king on planet Xadin. At the double entrance of the police department were the hungry: WAKERS a nation of undead labeled: The Returned whose very souls were infected by the **blood-king** and his loyal soldier Belmont to rise from the depths of death and bring humanity to its knees.

The un-dead were stacked against the double-entrance of the police-station when the glass caved in like a wall struck by a bulldozer. **The roaming V's** ascended to the rooftop and began pounding on the rubble and plastered cement to gain access to the survivors along among supplementary **V's** which scanned for the master: **Sirius Colfax** to aid and defend against the threat of the Nebula. The group saw the open opportunity' the undead had swarmed inside. The backdoor was the only option for escape. The faction faced the undead and the roaming **V's** who were still tangled up in quarrel although some were distracted by the group of survivors who made their way out of an impossible dilemma. *DJ* and *Tiffany* advanced to the outer surface and take the lead with rest of the team which trail close behind and the hack and slash became gruesome.

Limbs, heads, torsos all sliced with weapons' Tiffany Elliot held mutually in both hands. Double-bladed **Haladie-daggers**: A very rare **Rajput** weapon: a dagger with two opposite blades on a middle handle. The re-curving blades were 11 inches each and very well forged. The handle was made out of steel with ivory grips. DJ and Ray blasted buckshot's at the undead, some fell from strikes to the head, and others would not plunge even after pierced in the skull by gunfire. A flock of roaming vampires appeared in front of the survivors' Earl Reacted prompt and nailed one of the vamps in the head with an ax. The hideous mosquito vampire laughed it off and attacked Earl. Fortunate for Earl, DR. Douglas Bennet and Beth Cohen from the CDC arrived in the nick of time.

Colfax and Belmont opened casket by casket. Strolled altar by altar bringing back the dead with the method of "**NewLifeNewBlood**" breathing the infection of death into each of the dead bodies' orifice Amanda was revolted. She made a scurry for the front doors, on the outside the wind blew violently similar to a mini-hurricane **passed** from end to end. She dug out her cell phone and noticed the time and saw 2:11am. A pickup truck rushed past Amanda, the

gentleman nearly killed her. She saw the driver, a clean-cut thirty something man with a petrified expression on his face. He glanced right at Amanda more or less wanting to stop and apologize for nearly killing her. Except there was no time- the dark side of pain had arrived. Amanda saw the chaos and citizens in the streets ran, shoved, and pushed frustrated to get anywhere they felt was safe.

Amanda gazed up and that's when she saw it, The Sky was breached by some kind of pathway; It was a circular slash like a black-hole with a shadow of purple around it. She ran with her **I-phone** while she punched in the numbers. Amanda was concerned called her ex-husband: **David Knight** to confirm if Christie was okay, except the phone acted unusual and a loud beep blurred out of it. This made her queasy. She dropped the mobile phone. She ran towards the back of the morgue and to the lot full of graveyard. MR. Hook used his extra acres to help families' in necessitate burying a loved one when the relatives' were short handed or plainly didn't have the means; however it was all a scam to rip underprivileged people off. While Hook made them sign agreements and made the less fortunate pay extra in the long run. Grant Hook was a dirt bag mother fucker.

Amanda scared out of her mind ran towards the back. This was not the greatest idea. Amanda instantaneously spotted Sirius Colfax (**The Blood-King**) now with a lengthy black cloak which dragged the dirt as the elder of all vampires strolled with hands pressed together while the graves began to shift, the dirt splashed. Colfax kept on foot leaving the dead to rise following him like bread crumbs. The headstones caught fire while the dead rose. Amanda saw people she helped prepare for burial. People she knew. Folks she had stolen from. Citizens she had **KILLED**. Amanda had an awfully dreadful fixation and hid a secret of falsehood and murder. Amanda Knight seduced young men and women. To return with her back to Knight's high-rise and consist of hot, intense, crazy-sex and afterward extremely calmly murdered them in their sleep by handgun, by table knife or strangulation.

Whatever Amanda preferred that night- some of those same victims had returned from the grave. Mr. Knight was a young fast paced business man who had no choice but to construct his company's foundation with his best friend and business partner Nick Young in **Miami FL**. A good 50 miles away from Amanda and she utilized this distance to act out her sick twisted fantasies. Amanda loved her husband deeply and her daughter except the Hunger required to be fed. She hid a dark truth from David about her past and regarding abuse which existed in her family. And one faithful night she traded her soul to get rid of the human monster that brought terror to her every time he tucked Amanda in bed and required additional love than a father and daughter would usually have. Amanda rid the human monster from her life by replacing the human wrongdoer with a creature so foul and so wicked in turn she became a monster herself and a servant to: **THE SOUL KING**. Her husband David Young made his way throughout a downpour of rain and light snow flakes and prepared to find his way to Advanced. FL.

Two fifty five in the am and Amanda was back inside the funeral home.

She was freaked out. Neither expressions nor any word could illustrate how she felt. Anxiety and shock maybe were the best words for her horrible sentiment. She saw them throughout the funeral home's Victorian styled window. She muttered in a low tone more like whisper: oh my God! -Colfax's power had raised the dead? Her head was a spinner of confusion. In addition being high off Oxycodone did not lend a helping hand, Amanda's paranoia had become boarded line delusion and her mood of delight was gone, although she knocked down two more pills without anything to wash down with. The dead were roaming in the back lot. She kept a steady panicky pace from window to window. In the back window her examination was that of dead people which tread about leisurely however not **zombie** like. Put in a state of (controlled trances).

"Oh' my"... she whispered "that's LENNY SANDS." She knew him very well. He was the fucker with the intention of ending her married life. Made up a lie so horrible it nearly cost her marriage. Amanda seduced him one night at "BERKS BAR & GRILL" brought Lenny home had sex with him and around 3am (the witching hour they'd call it.) She quietly loaded her 38 caliber. Kneel subsequently to the side of the bed and at point blank range blew his brains out. "He deserved it that bastard" she thought while Amanda cleaned the blood off her face and mouth, pieces of his brains had splattered all over her bedroom wall. She licked her lips and masturbated next to his corpse. This was in the winter of 2012 more than three years ago. Lenny Sands was disgusting alive- except now, he was the king of filth. He was poorly decayed, face purple and ominous green.

The newspaper she stuffed in his head when she primed him for burial stuck out of his half blown cranium and polluted and nasty embalming-fluid oozed out of his mouth. The undead had begun to whisper her name in the sinister shadows' of the cemetery. She almost threw up the pills she had just swallowed. Amanda made her way back to the main front windows where she saw the huge puncture in the sky become larger. The populace acted strange some jumped in their cars and took zilch save for their families. Others presently stared at the shred in the sky. The lights were flickering when the wind blew the way it's blowing now. They'd usually lose power although for the moment the lights remain on.

The dead roamed at the back window glancing in and scratching their filthy decaying fingers on it. (CRACKKKKK)The front doors were kicked open: Amanda released out a deafeningly scream. The entry was busted open by: Earl Raney and the small group of people who traveled with him. Section of glass speckled from the door. The group then rushed inside the funeral home. DJ (Daniel Mikael), alongside with Tiffany Elliot and both Doctors who appear to enclose a secret of their own had joined the detective Ray Patterson, Jesse Hank and the rest of the survivors. DR.Beth Cohen did save Earl Raney's life outside by the vacant police station, so for now- they had earned their keep. The Survivors' were a unique cluster of different cultures and individualism except all shared one common ground. Every one of them one way or another had been positioned together by fate and a legacy of blood and murder. Additional people would join this group in the near future.

Some will die. A few will live and several will turn on each other by the exploit of the whispers among tombstones. For now Daniel Mikael, Tiffany Elliot, Earl Raney, Amanda Knight, Jesse Hank, Austin Dallas, Gigi Blake, Ray Patterson, Doug Bennett, Beth Cohen, Martin Lloyd and Cody Atkins will have no choice other than to face this boulevard of misery alone. - Until a new squadron of allies will merge and henceforth the powerful **seven7** will become the only selection for mankind and the world. **ThESE SUPERherOES will DIE.**

“Stay calm” “Said Earl” “we aint, “gonna hurt ya Ma’am!” Earl Raney was a big gentleman about six feet tall and a good 280 pounds on him. Excluding he looked considerably excellent for a man who pushed roughly 50 years of age. Earl had a **yellow** and **BLACK** Pittsburg stealers Bandana wrapped around his head and held two guns. One of the firearms **Amanda** knew was a revolver in his right hand; however on his left, he had a huge gun. Looked similar to a weapon from a Rambo flick’ or a brand of weapons’ you saw in action-movies and it made a thunderous-blast when it was fired.

Earl held an Rk-95 assault rifle. After him further people rushed in. **Jesse Hank:** a local, small time drug dealer, thug, and white supremacist gang member. Jesse was closing in on 35 his life based in and out of penitentiary stints and filled with violence. A short, clean cut hair- not bald, in the vein of most of these racist fuck ups and misfits at about 5’11 thin build and at 165 pounds Jesse was in shape and held sea green eyes. A fine looking man with an exceptionally terrible attitude however someplace deep down for Jesse a drive to be a better individual existed- unfortunately the world had to suddenly end for Jesse to uncover his true calling.

“Earl, Watch the front” yelled out: Jesse. His weapons consist of one *ak-47* and a hunter’s buck knife. Jesse prior to the end, sought after bores and hunted with his currently dead father who illustrated the boy in a few lessons on hunting humans and this led to a murder/suicide. Inside Jesse’s bag were a variety of drugs and medication such as painkillers, strong uppers, sleeping pills, morphine gel tabs, cocaine, weed, and his preferred vice meth. A bottle of antibiotics and just sufficient enough for a few changes of clothing and silver bullets, Jesse was also an undercover online blogger for a horror website.

He kept the hobby to himself never disclosed this part of his life to his ruthless and appalling **Neo-Nazi** supremacy multitude. Jesse was a firm believer in the supernatural and for years had done research on “**GOMORATH**” the higher-power. “GOMORATH” the soul eater, the creature had countless names on the internet. Jesse Hank’s downtime from armed robbery, to convenient store petty theft was spent consumed by his obsession with this legend.

Lonely, wide-eyed, restless nights with the nothing other than coffee, red bull, and the white dust to keep him company while he dug the deepest he could to find answers’ Jesse Hank’s mother had committed suicide a few months before his father was murdered. Precisely previous to doing so, Debra Hank left a note on the cheap, torn up living room table they’d had in the

trailer. The three page letter described her reasons and of course Jesse's father was the responsible party for her untimely departure from this reality. But she also explained something else, something Jesse could not- and never did let go. Debra Hank left her son details of an event forthcoming to the world. She had done research her shelf. Followed a line of investigation and had initiated a religious group online. The group named: the SIN declared to 'Debra hope existed outside police intervention.

Debra was scared to reach-out for help and law enforcement not do jack-shit about it- until she was found dead from one of her husband's lethal strikes the system was indecorous how it operated. It took years of tests, observation and surveillance for the group to let Debra in. but Debra propelled quickly to a high ranked "Legacy" the unit exceeding the rest of the church members. This cult like Babylon was another example of deception within religion.

The one TRUE GOD will destroy these fake prophets on the day of our father in heaven's unparalleled wrath. The suicide note enclosed information on the Legacy of "GOMORATH" They were called "Travelers" more than a million of these soulless entities have existed throughout the course of mankind's history. Famous people, serial killers whom had never been apprehended, even our own beloved legendry president: John Fitzgerald Kennedy had become a traveler. His entire death had been staged the letter stated.

"This must be a joke; "moms, "went off the fucking edge Jesse thought. However the letter made logic in its own fanatical approach. This legacy of "travelers were seekers of "truth the letter read. The only way to become a voyager was to release your mind and physical body from this reality and offer your very soul to the beast. To the soul king "GOMORATH" by means of a trade for a trade. The creatures granted immortality and power however in return the powerful necromancer from the transverse of GOG. a place so sinister, so evil the one TRUE GOD had no choice but to spiritually chain this black outer-rim of dark space which had been created by the monster's three essence of the undying eternal. Turned out the merciless and wicked soul king had an ally. An extremely ruthless one a Malevolence from a darker place, a beast so horrific and foul and grotesque even the Soul King had respected in the ancient times of the reaper-kings and the battles of Xadin.

Jesse came to learn his mother "Debra Hunt killed herself and became a traveler in the V.O.C realm outside the Valstrick which was considered the most evil of all savage-road realities. Debra had Jesse's dad killed to save her son from the unrelenting abuse he sustained at the hands of a monster who came disguised as a father. Jesse's investigation led him to know the name of the second beast: "THE NEBULA. Furthermore Jesse Hank following years of brutal purist came to discover mutually both these dark forces had a primeval enemy. One who traveled the snowball earths, the transverses, and savage-roads to warn of these monsters? A vampire elder known as the **Blood King**.

"Shut the fuck up Jesse, "and focus damn it, on the back windows and doors" said Earl. "Who, in the hell are you people?" –"And what the hell is going on out there?" Amanda said with a

freaked out pitch. "Shits hit the fan candy crush, "Mother Nature got tired of us scumbags." replied Jesse. "Speak for yourself Hitler, "I'm not a scum said Gigi. "Nah, "you're just a small time stripper" "who gets paid for half ass blow-jobs" Said Jesse." "Mother Fucker, "I'll kill you" Gigi rushed at Jesse. Earl separated the two fools skirmishing at the wrong time. "Bring it on then blackly "remarked Jesse. "Enough damn it, "Life doesn't start and stop at your convenience Jesse". Earl's voice lifted a bit at the same time as he glanced at both of them to stop. "Jesse what's wrong with you? "If we start this shit, "we might as well go outside and let them things eat us" said earl to Jesse and then pointed his pudgy index finger at Gigi. "And, "you back off just a little." Gigi wanted to answer back so awfully bad except she doesn't.

Gigi was a go-getting feisty African-American woman at 19 she lost both her parents. She put herself thru school by occupation of an exotic dancer, within low level pubs, and all kinds of taverns and appalling strip bars. By the time Gigi was 25 she was stuck with unpaid bills college loans, a car, and an apartment on the north side of BLACKSTAR FL. she had also married once, her divorce was caused by her violent out bursts. One night in the spring of 2012 one of Gig's regulars went too far and clutched her breast.

"Ah, come on honey, "don't be like that Mr. Cheney said" "No touching she replied. Except the sick old fucker did it again. The nasty elderly weirdo had always been a dirty spiteful pervert. Came in 4 times a week continue drinking until the early hours of the morning and always left piss drunk. "Sick fuck" she thought. Right before Gigi smashed his head with his own beer bottles. Mr. Cheney had gathered up about 11 Heinekens while he was there, and one by one Gigi began to demolish them on his ugly mug and skull until he bled red. She was of course blocked by security after the third one made a gash with the aim of killing him. Mr. Cheney Squirted blood all over the counter top and on Gig's light tanned smooth pleasant high cheeked boned face. Gigi was attractive.

Gigi was sexy even in a violent frenzy. The bouncers dragged her away kicking and screaming. She let out a finale of a scream which exterminated all the bottles and glasses on the tables. "What the hell?" Gigi had no idea what she did, or what had just occurred.

Did Gigi just smash those bottles with her scream? - And if she did as a result of ability what did this mean. Nevertheless it never happened again and she was fired. Gigi, till this calendar day was still oblivious to her MIND-KILL ability a gift of Locked-Power. "Listen, what's your name? "I'm Earl, this is Jesse, Gigi, Cody, and Tiffany" "the rest of us- well, we just stuck together to get in here for your brother, "I'm sorry that we came in the way we did." "We needed shelter spoke Earl. "Christ Earl, now we gonna play officer and gentlemen screw this" Jesse's voice was razor-sharp when he blurred out the words.

"No! "We kicked the door in man" "this effects all of us, "what's your dilemma man? Earl's face was cherry red you could tell the big man had lost his extended tenure of tolerance. "My Brothers here" Where? "DJ is here asked Amanda with confidence and a look of relief on her

face for the first time tonight. "Yeah, "I mean he was just here a second ago" Earl scanned around the funeral home and spotted DJ at the end of the hallway gazing out a solitary window. "There he goes" said Gigi. Amanda paced tenderly towards her brother and wrapped both arms around him. "Daniel, "I don't even care how you're here", "I'm so happy you are, brother" said Amanda while she wept and held him. "It's snowing Amanda, "in Florida, "it hasn't stopped since" DJ glanced down. "Well, "truth is I don't know when it really started" "I don't think anyone knows" "the news kept the world in the dark in the last 48 hrs –"and I think time expanded out, "the days have crisscrossed with each other and "I believe night and day have become the same thing" "look out there" the rain, mixed in with snow" and it's relentless- "the sun is gone, the moon is filled with blood" and Quinn is dead sis" said DJ while he kept a steady hard gaze outside.

"What, How? Asked Amanda" "the cop who came in with us, "shot him dead- before he noticed what we were really fighting" "Amanda, "something made us come here, "and I don't mean you, -"and knowing the secrets of this place" "but something else. "Whispers of some kind" "Quinn and I both heard it. Whispers which came from tombstones' Amanda delicately moved in front of her brother's view of the window. "What do you mean" she asked.

"The voices kept insisting for me to kill Quinn" 'I know how that sounds except for he said the voice he heard told him the opposite" "told him things in reverse. "I'd have to die for him to become" he said the whispers' told him" "it's like two different state of minds or an unholy energy who desires division –"or more to the fact, for some of us to pick a side" I know it all sounds crazy sis" other than I met a few of them already" said DJ. Amanda stared at her brother "You mean, "the red lightning don't you? Asked Amanda with pillow eyes and a scared hint in her voice "I think, it's some kind of pulse of energy, "a static of some kind caused by the forces at war" Said Amanda.

"Correct, and I don't think it's between the two gods, or the murderous lords these travelers kept referring to" said DJ. "Daniel, "I told you about this place, before you went to prison "and about the things which took place here with government projects" "but there's something else" Amanda shifted her eyes to the ground while tears rolled down and splashed on the floor. "What, the orbs? "I know about them Amanda" "I told you I met these monsters" "it's all very confusing we never knew it, "at least not the normal, everyday people" "they'd panic, "I can understand why, they kept it classified excluding us from the truth" said DJ. He slanted his head and looked at Ray Patterson and said: "The Homicide cop knows something, "it's impossible, "we all knew to come here" "where the evil would be, "where that Cadillac monster was headed to" –"and Amanda I know the rain, the tremors, and the fucking snow is enough to send you hiding, "under a bunker somewhere with that husband of yours" nonetheless I have to tell you something, "it doesn't happen consistent" however somehow, someway "I have an ability to read thoughts –"and it's coming from a dark history in our family besides dads abuse" I think our grandfather by some means managed to contact me when I was 14 via a Midday-Mirror special reflectors of the mind" DJ paced a tiny bit now visibly distraught.

“Hey, hey “come on you know how you get, “when you think about our father” “what happened to him was not your fault D’ you know that” said Amanda “No, it was me” “somehow I forgot or just never faced it” “our grandfather died previous to us being born although he had a secret, “some kind of astonishing evil led his success in Spain’s old country” “he had a treaty with a dreadful entity” “the point is Amanda, “other worlds exist, other galaxies, different universes, - “time and space” “I feel were separated by the true god to keep us away from those who thrived in the darkest of places.- “and I suppose those very same things have broken free, “even, if we find the [SKY-KEEPER](#) and annihilate, “these so called gods. “It’s still over; “its equivalent to the earth” “in a progression of exodus” Daniel gazed at Amanda with vexed eyes. “Amanda” “the world died, “earth was exited- at least, we were” “The world and the human-race are in a mass departure”- “there’s no saving this world” - and “all along in the company of the alien aircrafts floating above us” said DJ.

“They’re gettin ready sis, “for the parade of monsters “I saw it, “in my dreams, “the creatures from every world, -and “every gateway in celebration in our streets” DJ Said. “You said Cadillac monster? “What did you mean by that? Amanda asked. “It’s been, after us; “well it was after Quinn “Why? She asked. “Quinn was never human” “just like the child we need to find” and prior to Amanda reacting to such abnormal news, concerning someone she knew not being human. A loud rumble boomed far above the ground. In the clouds of our planet and a window blew out on the rear side of the funeral home. [The Dead](#) had begun to use their own headstones to smash the windows. “Tiff, “do your thang” encouraged Gigi. Tiffany Elliott advanced in the direction of the smashed window. “Good thing, “it’s only two of them” said Tiffany at the same time as she pulled her double-bladed daggers. Amanda came from behind “I got this one” she said. Amanda felt at ease. At least now, she knew they’d all had died already or perhaps sooner than later. However her brother was here now- and that’s all that mattered.

“That’s Lenny Sands” the creep lied about me” “so I killed him” Amanda said it with such Straightforwardness some of the group curved and gawked eyes at her. “I got no problem, “killing this sack of shit twice Amanda aimed the **44** magnum and blasted “Lenny Sands” striking the decayed undead aggressor in the head with four shots. “*Boom*” “Now that’s what I’m talking about” Yeah, “that’s bad bitch screamed out Martin. DJ laughed alongside with a few others. “Hey, watch it brother that’s my sister” lucky, “I like you kid” DJ Said. “No disrespect D, “but you gotta love a woman who can squeeze a trigger like that am I wrong? Martin glanced around the room and noticed Amanda shivering and about to puke. Martin paced towards her as the rest of the group gathered together. A few in the group, had not yet introduced themselves to one another and so after a few arguments, disagreements, and the casualty of Daniel Mikael’s blood pact brother Quinn. [The squad of survivors](#) had begun to come together.

“**MY** name is Amanda, “Amanda knight. “I work here” DJ’s my brother, “thanks for getting him here “Said Amanda. “He, got himself here, “we all just backed each other up for the moment” “but we have to keep moving, “I have to keep moving” said Tiffany. “Tiff, “you know we can’t go now, shit, “it’s about to come to pass- so we can’t go even if we wanted to” Said Earl. Tiffany Elliot was the leader of a gathering who accurately knew about the “Legacies” the servants to the Soul-king. “He’s about to materialize” Maybe, “an hour or two at most Earl” replied Tiff. Earl

shook his head. "So, you work here? "Morbid place don't you think? Said Martin on the chance to change the tone the conversation had derailed into.

"Yeah, "Well "it's looking like, "this is the night you retire" "anybody else here" asked Austin Dallas? "No, from two-four am" "we are always alone" Said Amanda. "Excluding in an hour or so John will be here". "Who's he? Asked Jess" "John works as some sort of independent contractor for my boss" "he's Military or something" Amanda said.

Amanda's head pounded, and her stomach felt it had grown a giant mouth and ate at her moral fiber. "You, "don't look so good"- and who's we" Austin reached out to her with his right hand. "Amanda is it? "Well you might be running a temperature". "What are you, "a doctor or something? "Amanda asked." "Yeah and a fucking coke head... "Dudes like one of my best customers" "Shut the hell up Jesse said Austin to Jesse with an exasperated reply. "Make me; "Mary-Poppins" the two men began to shout obscenities at each other.

"STOP" the quiet and reserved 23 year old: Cody Atkins who remained hushed laying-low in the background looked akin to Jesse, After all they were cousins. "Can't you guy's see what's going on here? "We won't survive, "whatever is happening by being divided" said Cody. The room fell silent for a few seconds resembling the truth had presently stabbed everyone at one time. A piercing shatter of glass made Gigi let out a scream. "Fuck Earl, "we got them dead folks in the back" said Austin. "I thought, "You said we we're alone asked Jesse with sarcasm in his voice. "We were..."I meant we are" "those things aren't people." Amanda said.

Austin Dallas the registered nurse was not a Doctor. He'd failed the state exam as a result of his drug abuse and became a fulltime coke addict. Dallas stared downward to the flooring with an absent expression away from the back windows. Austin Dallas sparkling blue eyes sob up. His baseball bat fell to the floor made a thump on the ground when it smacked.

Ray Patterson saw a human hand reached in all the way through which appeared like a serving dish of spoiled salad. Green and purple, dead and rotten, lavender and yellow finger nails. "What in the name of god?" Jesse's hand rapidly moved up, and prepared to fire. Amanda fell to the ground and began to rotate on the floor- and vomits abundantly trembling and screamed Amanda spilled blood out of her mouth like a faucet. "Oh, fuck oh shit" "what do we do? You can hear the terror in Cody's question. "She's dying." "DJ yelled.

The roofs above them ruptured pieces of it were sucked up by the immense wind gust of air combustion generated from outside. "Oh my God, "she's fucking dying! "We heard you Gigi" remarked an equally afraid Jesse. A glimmer of hope had begun to shine through the darkness of this horrendous night. And a few good people had found each other and at least would give it their all. Tried until they died to save humanity and already one of them was about to depart this life. "I knew this would happen we have to move earl" Tiffany said. "Before, "it gets stronger" DJ grabbed Tiffany hard and pushed her up stiff against the frigid wall. "Tell me what you know" "My sister is dying" Earl and Jesse individually aimed their weapons' at DJ. "Let her go dude,

“she’s not responsible” said Earl. **DANIEL AND TIFFANY** sheltered eyes together and something besides conflict and friction flashed within them. A shaft of light and a trace of equal attraction combined with the devastation and the loss of people they’d come to love which occurred to both, Tiff and DJ mutually during this blood soaked apocalypse. The days of end had brought two complete strangers collectively in magnetism.

“LET’S move to one of the altars” suggested Earl. “I don’t think we should move anywhere” “We have to get the hell out of here” said Martin scared shitless now. Who wouldn’t be? The coffins were flipped and torn open by Colfax and Belmont two monsters with the powers to return the dead back to existence. Dead people had eaten up folks outside. Vampires or oversized mosquitoes with reptilian features had slumbered enough in the dirt of graveyards and in the dark ditches of earth. **The Soul-king** promised each and every one in the armies of the savage-road and the *VOC*- a new world, overcrowded with enough souls to consume and continue their gruesome ravaging of worlds.

Amanda’s eyes opened however they had turned blank, currently with a stare of vacant, fruitless and pure emptiness in her face. An extent of the roof had blown away and Amanda was experiencing some type of fatal seizure. The heavy rain and snow trickled down and the thunderstorm illumination beamed through the half collapsed roof. “You people are doctors” “help her” “can’t you notice she’s about to die” “I mean, for real what does it take” “you people leave the uninsured to perish right there in the emergency room- “so what can I expect right? Said Martin in such an aggravated manner the veins in his temple blossomed.

“Wake the fuck up Cody” come on man, let’s move”. Earl trembles Cody by means of a punch to the abdomen and Cody began to capture breaths again and snapped out of some peculiar conscious coma condition he was placed in. Amanda stood up unbendable as a stone. She concerned the whole group. All pause. Save for Beth Cohen the doctor from the Atlanta CDC. Beth scrutinized and scanned the area for her partner Douglas Bennett. “Doug, “you think its fluid? She asked. “I don’t know, we don’t know sufficient yet Beth” “not enough to save her” he remarked. “What fluid? DJ asked even as he snapped his fingers in Amanda’s face to obtain a response from his sister and save her life.

“It’s not just the fluid, the thing is... “Well we believe a liquefied parasitic organism somehow manifests’ from the diluted watery solution”-“and takes the shape of some kind of extraterrestrial snake and spider earthworm” Beth Said. “So she’s infected right? It’s what you’re really saying” Said Gigi. “More or less” said Doug. “Other than, similar to contaminated” “I strongly deem possible the idea humanity is transforming”- “envision, “a science flick of alien invaders who come with intensions of **Terraforming** the planet” “well, whatever is taking place- “it appears we, people, the human race are the ones being changed, we are being terraformed and altered” Doug Said. “Altered?” “By whom and for what purpose” “What about the people becoming cannibals, the flying spaceships, the snow, the Cadillac-man and time appears to have contained itself” “somehow overlapped within itself” DJ Said.

"You still don't get it do you? "We lived through the earliest stage of exodus, "the first stages of eradication the second phase is a complete extermination of the humans" said Jesse the fulltime drug dealer and part-time supernatural junkie with some diminutive insight on the soul king and the legend of the legacies. The servant of blood and murder and Jesse was ready. "How do you know so much about this stuff? The pudgy **UFO** researcher Martin asked Jesse the question with a hint of dishonesty. "You're him, "you're counterstrike1702 aren't you? Tiffany said. "You're the only one from our movement who would never meet in person- you never took the extra step or made the effort to become a hunter" Tiffany said. "Wait, what?" you people knew this was coming Ray asked.

"Beth" said DR.Douglas Bennet "We don't have time to waist; we came here for a reason." "This place became the vital point for the dream drifters' project" "I was told to stay clear from here, "and you know we require this funeral home intact the orbs hold the power of reconstruction" "and with the data I retrieved" "plus some speedy work we can safeguard this structure" turn it into a **hub** for us to take shelter" "all of you are welcomed to stay and help us" Doug said. "No way Doc, when you keep moving, you keep breathing" Jesse said.

"He's right, "I hate to admit it, "but Hitler as a point" "this building is already in shambles" the roof is half gone, "fucking dead people and bloodsucking leech vampires are roaming around we will die here" said Gigi despite the fact she paced back and forth in self-denial mode. Gig held a 357 magnum she had stolen from her boss on her last night of exotic dancing. Tiffany and Earl had made their way from New York with a few others to retrieve Gigi. Unfortunately the rest of the gathering was ambushed by 'disciples of the wraith a cult which followed the reaper-king's myth and legacy further than death. They'd die prior to allowing any kind of interference. "I never took the extra step because I'd know I would never be accepted you think I want to be like this? "You can thank my old man for creating such a train wreck" Said Jesse.

"*Tiffany* said Martin "no place is safe, "at least not on this earth although at hand are angels, "I know this might sound crazy and I'm sorry I never told this to DJ" Martin glanced at Daniel to watch his reaction and continued to speak: "I was never investigating little green-men, "Never have, "my brother in-law Charlie Griffin "and his team of methodical disciplined scientific researchers were a special unit of soldiers who participated in project DD" said Martin. "The dream drifters?" was your brother in law chosen to travel? Doug asked. "Yes" replied Martin in a firm and serious style. "Angels, great, "now we are going to blame it on God" "I knew it was coming" "God does not kill people, or take your loved one away these are bullshit phrases to keep yourself from going nuts how about we blame the devil for once "or here's a good one how about ourselves, "shit we are monsters we are no different than the things out there trying to kill us" "we murder one another for wealth, sex, power and all kinds of materiel gain.

" Said Ray Patterson in a moment of outburst and irritated at the reality he should have aimed for **the Cadillac-man** rather than Quinn Mitchell Carter. "It's true Ray, "I met one of them" DJ said. "After I was freed from BlackStar corrections by some sort of split-identity of the force behind that Cadillac monster" "the angel came to me with a beautiful woman and explained my grandfather had traded my soul to get rid of the horror for Amanda and me" which my grandpa's

mistake left me, “without a choice to serve one of these monsters.” In all truth” I ‘am a legacy” DJ said. Tiffany, Earl and Gigi all three encircled Daniel Mikael and surrounded DJ. Tiffany Elliot sought after legacies’ and DJ had just become the prey of the hunters of the seven7Morpheus alliance. “You get only 10 seconds to tell me the angels name, “the existence of these transverse angels is the universes best kept secret” said Tiffany. “they don’t just reveal themselves to anyone” “you must be pure said Tiffany with her double bladed dagger at DJ’s throat in the meantime Earl and Gigi held their weapons’ to DJ’s Head. “Let’s kill this mother fucker Tiff” “he’s a legacy, “he will turn on us you know this” Earl assured. Martin Lloyd detached his firearm from his waist. “What do, I do DJ?

Martin asked while he held the gun tight and to his right side. “Kill Him” Gigi said. “Relax Martin; you don’t have to do anything” DJ Said. “Tiffany, I understand” Said Daniel. “Don’t tell me you understand” “don’t even try that” “you don’t know shit about me or what these monsters did to me” Tiff replied. “I don’t, and maybe I deserve to die” DJ said. “Damn right you do” Said Gigi with her gun barrel at DJ’s temple. “Listen to me, “if I change, “if loose who I ‘am, then do what you have to do” “but right now you need me, my sister needs me I’m not like them- “I don’t feel evil” DJ said. “Not yet you don’t, except you will kid- and eventually kill us all” Earl Said. “D, I’m about to pull this trigger, let him go now screamed Martin. “I turn on the computer intending to check my e-mail or maybe buy shoes on Amazon and end up watching videos for hours,” admits Tiffany. “I need a lot of self-control.”

Tiffany’s grip loosened a bit. “I tried to “cope” turned to alcohol, drugs, and pain killers” Tiffany’s gorgeous lime green eyes wept sympathetically. “The videos, the pictures, all of it confirmed my worst fears” “I was a legacy my fucked up mom killed me, with the belief she would save me” Tiff said. “That was a long time ago Tiff, “plus we destroyed it didn’t we? “How, then, And effectively? Replied Earl concerned with Tiffany Elliot’s words. Tiffany used both hands and shoved Daniel Mikael aka: DJ toward the heated Martin. “What are you doing?” “He needs to die” Gigi said. “No, Not yet and that’s end of it” Tiffany said. “AcidMurda” Said DJ. “That’s the name of the angel who came to me” “AcidMurda? “Sounds like a fucking rappers made up name or handle” “why would an angel carry around a name that means murder? Gigi asked. Cody stood up from the black leather funeral home sofa separated his rifle from his shoulder and opened fire.

“Relax, “and embrace death” “he who brings back death with fire as returned” “praise the **blood-king** yelled out Cody Atkins. Cody blasted off rounds at DJ. The group spread out, all of them took cover in different sections of the funeral home. The downpour outside brought winds over sixty miles per hour and pounded the building’s structure. The freezing rain began to flood the memorial service dwelling. A host of emergency lights began flashing from every direction and every satellite, mobile phone and landing strip control tower flashed red. A sonic boom spilt the air in half. The bombardment of bullets was without mercy. Inside the building the survivors’ tangled with death. Some took cover against walls others ducked and dodged under the large service leather sofas. The tension, the exhilaration was parallel to nearly dying on a rollercoaster.

Cody managed to keep himself alive and switched to a high-powered rifle. The roaming V's swarmed inside by means of the half-blown roof. The vampire roamers scanned the area with a point of view of a spider. The roaming V's all had round, pointy faces and ears, a few with long black and red hairstyles similar to a superstar rock band. Perfect teeth and syringe fanged with a bloodsucking leech on all their hands which survived inside the skin until the long spider serpent worm fed on a victim by the roamer releasing it to consume the blood and bone marrow. These monsters ate at the very core of your soul. Cody Atkins was a servant of **Sirius Colfax** all this time. Cody managed to keep control even after the whispers' from the tombstones began. Except Cody was no more- only a shell remained now and he kept shooting at his own friends and tried to kill them all.

The roaming V's had unnatural power and speed the crew desperately tried to survive. Jesse Hank rummages through his backpack and retrieves the silver bullets. The flooding rain had spread through the flooring and under the floorboards. Jesse knew certain things concerning these monsters he was neither a legacy nor a servant of any blood-king. The claws of the roaming V's were oversized giant reptilian featured hook hands including extended black talons. The undead had awkwardly begun to pursue one another in the streets eating each other's limbs, and tore apart one another. A few of the undead chased some of the populace which still remained outside and cried, and screamed and died by bites to the face and neck. Earl was cornered, back to the wall and three roamers hissed and shrieked about to kill Earl Dead. All three roamers were bombed by bullets which came from Daniel Mikael's gun. DJ had saved Earl's life however the killing machines- all three roamers stood back up and laughed. The regular ammunition did not faze them.

Jesse pre-occupied blasted his silver bullets into one roamer who had Gigi in his clutches. The vampire dropped and bled although did not die. These vampires were immune to silver not entirely. The silver still affected them- extended enough time for someone to escape. "Silver slugs really?" Gigi shook her head and yelled: "Get Down" Jesse had a total of 12 undead returned wakers behind him. **The Dead** had managed to get inside the property by utilizing other decomposed undead bodies which had been **re-killed** by citizens outside and began to lift the corpses and hurl them against the windows. They stumbled in one by one blood dripped from their eyes and mouth. The eye color of each undead diversified depending on the strength, velocity, and category of the returned different types held the capability to reason. This class of undead was labeled: **SUPREMACY-MASTERS**. The cornea swelled up and became drenched in a yellow and red color. The optic nerve connected to the brain of the undead was a sheer lifeless, dead, and decayed nerve except for a few of the same kind of high ranked undead returnees, related to the supremacy masters. Who would understand orders and follow them without hesitation had these nerves active.

The sudden and surging explosion of high-energy and the ultra-spike in temperature confirmed he was coming. The Blood-King made his way inside the funeral home through the bolted shut double-doors which led to the elevator where Amanda proverb the evil mankind had unleashed for the first time on one cold December night. Grant Hook had spent well over fifteen thousand

of hard cash to seal up the section ahead of the elevator that led directly to the bottom level of the interment quarters and reached the dream-drifters. Sirius poised and unruffled smashed precise all the way through the metal double-doors. The relentless bloodbath which occurred inside **“UNITED FOREVER FUNERAL HOMES”** was about to get even worse. The group had gathered in the center of the property nearly all of them teamed up and held their weapons’ placed their backsides against each other and became surrounded, enclosed by the roaming **V’s** and **The Dead** apart from Detective Ray Patterson who was engaged in a violent fire-fight with Cody Atkins.

The two moved quietly and shot at each other using the walls for cover. “He’s here, my master is here” “eulogize him” Cody said. “His power is unmatched” “praise the blood king” Ray blocked out all the noise, the screams, the loud rock music he played in his mind, the gunfire’s racket, and the whispers’. Ray focused only with his eyes and it happened: Cody gave Ray the opportunity, left a view open for mere milliseconds to be able to catch Cody by surprise. Ray nailed Cody twice striking him down with one bullet to the neck and the second one to the head and Cody fell backward smashed against the wall.

Ray exhaled and abrupt began to reload his assault rifle and commenced to fire the weapon directly at Sirius Colfax. **The Blood-King** stood in the middle of the group and the enemies of the night. “Ray, “you disappoint me” “I motioned all which is taking place” “I actually thought we understood each other” “always playing with guns officer” said Colfax to a terrified Ray and the rest of gathering. The roaming V’s were an extreme horde of killers and the Dead did not obey the orders of the blood king the attackers proceed to slaughter the group and whoever stood in the way. Sirius Colfax took to the air, soared and suspended his body in the atmosphere above the group. “Oh My God” Said Martin “What is he?” “I don’t know Martin replied DJ. The rains came to a halt, the blood leaked in sluggish motion down to the ground. Time had come to a pause. And then he landed.

The ground shook violently underneath him; the floor had two observable craters now. **The blood red** cloak Colfax wore appeared to be alive the mantle waived like that of a flag positioned high atop a skyscraper. The tips of the cloak punctured holes on the carpet and pierced all the way through to the cement below. Sirius Colfax awaited for all undead and roaming V’s to gather inside with the craving for blood with the appetite to feast on the survivors and first the blood-king released four silver hooks striking down nearly all the roamers. From the palm of his hand he discharged five stretched and lengthy spider-serpent parasitic worms which attach themselves to the host and empty’s the victim of all blood and bone marrow and last the blood-king unleashed a spin of death, a cyclone of daggers whirled from side to side which came from the organic cape the vampire elder wore. “I will make you suffer, “I will make you endure- “and undergo terrible brutality Said Colfax. “Submit yourself to me or die” The dead and the roaming V’s seem to be disregarding their powerful master as if someone else or something beyond him controlled them now.

The heads flew separate body parts shuffle through and rolled on the ground. Arms, legs, heads became detached from their torsos, necks ripped in half and blood splattered everywhere. The

blood-king had eliminated the threat. He killed them all. Bodies lay scattered far and wide and time was still in suspension. Tiffany Elliott had hunted the blood-king, the legacies, and the soul king GORMMOTH roughly all her life. "Tiff" Said Earl "Catch" a grenade was tossed by Earl to Tiff except Colfax retrieved the minute explosive and crushed the bomb. The pieces of the grenade linger suspended in mid-air. "I'd love to stay and chat but as you can see time as grown diminutive" Said Colfax. "Tiffany, "you have already incubated my heart" "so wonderfully beautiful you are my child" Colfax paused time and movement.

"The ghost planet which buried the sunlight and saturated the moon with galactic blood is a mere spiritual and physical essence of the foul being I must destroy however the soul monarch as a new adversary one filled with endless treachery and forever power" said Colfax the blood king's eye's flashed red and black. The group remained motionless at a standstill all they could do was listen to the dark existence which loomed before them. "The [sky-keeper](#) is the key" said Colfax and vanished. Time appeared to recommence the blood punched the ground. The pieces of the grenade the blood-king smashed also smacked the floor and turned into small spider centipedes with long and slimy legs and an extended tail curled up like a scorpion. The entire group felt queasiness, woozy, and without strength. "That mother fucker drained us" Said Austin Dallas "Where's Amanda?" Daniel felt feeble and lightheaded he managed to pick up his weapon and paced forward in the direction of his sister Amanda knight.

"**W**e had him" Tiffany said. "We will never have a chance like that again" reassured Tiffany. "Tiff" Earl Said with a light tone "We could do with more firepower, "an effective weapon to kill that thing" "You guys are something else" Ray said. "That THING just saved our asses" and we want to kill it? Ray Patterson encountered the [Blood-king](#) in his home just a few hours ago alongside Ray's long dead brother the "Gasper Alan and the ruthless servant Belmont. "What did he mean about you two having an understanding? Tiff Asked. "Absolutely nothing and mind your fucking business, "you recognize, "your one seriously fucked up case right lady? "I mean chasing after monsters" Ray Patterson's words cut deep and part of it was factual.

"**G**uys, "I think we need some help over here requested Martin Lloyd. The group made its way within reach of Amanda. "I think she's dead" said Austin. "I'm getting a pulse, but the heartbeat is so irregular close to someone dying from a V-tach said Austin Dallas. "English, "Austin please brother said DJ. "Ok, "it's got a medical term: "ventricular tachycardia" the heart-rate becomes unstable, fast and quickly the organ begins to burn up"- "pumping blood like running full speed on a treadmill until ultimately the heart just gives out. "So she's gone, let's take the time and move" Gigi said. "Hey, "listen I don't know, and don't care what you people are or what you do" "that's my sister- "and we won't treat her, like some kind of infectious disease" DJ Said with a gloomy and annoyed tone of voice. However [Amanda Knight](#) was dead perhaps not entirely although she stood in an upright position and never moved, did not bat an eyelid not once even after Cody opened fire and praised the blood king. Turned out: Cody was a "blood-servant of the [Blood-king](#) and heard the whispers'. The whisper among tombstones was still one of the big mysteries of this entire ordeal and ultimately will come to be the downfall of the survivors. Amanda Knight stood with a blank expression her heartbeat rapidly increased bullet holes were

detectable all over her pale and feverish face. Amanda's entire body had been struck with semi-automatic rounds. Other than the bullet holes leaked no blood, she felt no pain. And the holes the bullets fashioned were capable of being detected all the way through Amanda knight's body. "Did you see this?" Beth asked. "She's been shot, "most of her body was struck in the mayhem" "Amanda can you hear me"? Doug snapped his fingers and moved her face but established no response. Amanda Knight was in the progression phase of the **3:15** event and the night of exodus.

If anyone could zone in on the interior of Amanda's physical body with some kind of x-ray machine that can detect organs, skeleton and blood it would compose images of her insides being replaced. Her liver, stomach, kidneys and heart all turned into ash and reconstructed in reverse and black with reddish and green liquid surrounding the organs. A second smaller heart began to assemble itself below the original one. It began to gradually thump it was her new black-heart her blood currently black inside. Amanda's eyes turned entirely colorless. She vomits standing up. Arms in the air and growling like a wild dog. She vomits all her original blood it fell to the floor like splashed burgundy water. "Kill Her Damn it" yelled out Gigi.

"Why kill me? *When you can fuck me bitch*" an echo followed Amanda's pitch. Amanda's tone of voice was deeper similar to a piece of metal wedged in her mouth. "Let me show all of you, "the way of the other side" Amanda said. "So perfect, "so beautiful" Amanda's eyes lit up orange and she began to move again. "Fuck this..."kill that bitch said Jesse. "Wait, "we don't know if she's just sick" "maybe we can help her? DJ Said. "Glance at her, "Does it look like she has the flu to you? Jesse replied to a distraught DJ. "What about those people in the coffins" asked Martin? "In fact, "you said it yourself doc, it's a contamination" "maybe that vampire thing spread it" Said Martin.

Daniel Mikael better known to his close friends by the nickname: **DJ**. Had begun to understand his sister was about to die or had died prior the shootout with Cody Atkins. "Daniel is it? "Asked DR.Douglas Bennett while he unzipped his backpack and began rummaging around through it. "I don't have all the answers" he said. "But I do know Beth and I were hunted down- "almost killed because of this and waived a small disc drive in his hand Doug tried to warn them all except most of the officials' were corrupted. "What's in that drive? "Or is it top-secret shit like anybody cares" "look around doc, the secrets out" said Jesse Hank.

"Not entirely" Said Doug. "The colossal aircraft you see suspended above us is not a craft at all" "but a spiritual embodiment a representation of the creature of alien origin" "How do you explain the smaller one's arriving by the hour" Asked Ray. "Simple, "they are not together" Said Doug. "Whatever that creature is, "he or it" is a weapon all on his own" "in this disc my team and I found in Serbia a **bloodstream** which seemed to connect to a massive icy river around the earth's core" "I don't think the monster hovering over us is an ally of the rest of the rapture invaders" "Rapture? Asked Earl his hand shook and Earl's stomach felt nauseous. Tiff noticed "You ok? "Yeah, Earl replied although it wasn't true.

“Keep going doc” Said Ray. “We believe something reminiscent of an Armageddon type event occurred and the world faced an exodus” “therefore everything’s out of order.” “Time, space, “and this created the opportunity for other unknown foreign travelers to enter our timeline and our world to put it simple we are facing a massive amount of enemies that will leave this planet destroyed the world is over whether we like it or not said DR.Bennet. Amanda fell downward on the ground awfully stiff and coughed black blood.

Outside: the roar, the booming sound of F-22 fighter jets from the U.S armed forces were heard slashing the clouds. Amanda Knight transformed. Her entire body rattled like an earthquake. The rains severe downpour stopped. Yet again came to a halt. The snow communicated a virus to the globe. The group had retrieved weapons, wintry-weather law enforcement jackets, and bulletproof body armor plus additional gear and ammunition. Amanda began to change and turned entirely **red** from head to feet. Her body experienced a tremendous mutated metamorphosis. “He’s coming” said a blood drenched Amanda except for the substance which mimicked the color and thickness of human-blood was not blood at all. It was the fluid of resurrection: the liquefied material and identical sub-units infected different humans in various ways. “Death will be here with us, “delight him —“and create room for the Quantum” said Amanda “Daniel, “our lost friend, the one murdered by this cop who stands before us as returned to spread the end” “Your friend, was trying to kill me” Replied Ray in his defense to justify Quinn’s demise.

The darkness crept in slowly and wickedness filled the establishment. The shadow moved with such overwhelming alacrity the entire crew of survivors only witnessed the presence in a black smoke illustration. “Daniel” Said Quinn Mitchell Carter who by now was devoured by the essence of **THE 4TH HORSEMEN** Quinn’s destiny had been pre-arranged prior to his life on earth by the Reaper-king and the Nebula to betray the soul king. “Quinn, fight it” Said DJ. “Remember are struggles- “not only now but the struggle we managed to overcome in our lives” “I know, we have done some terrible things some we are both regretful of but we can come back we can stop that thing inside you from getting stronger and fight this war together DJ said this to a black smoke shadowy shape which swirled all around him.

“Stop, Quinn is dead” Said the black smoke. “Dead and Gone” “nothing remains of him- and the master **soul eater** will have his moment of glory” “welcome to the apocalypse” Amanda had previously poured gasoline all around the funeral home service rooms without notice. Except Austin Dallas did witness Amanda’s act of tainted hate against the group by means of burning the entire place down and Austin rejoiced in silence. The black-smoke erupted and a large red cloud began to fling down small amounts of black ash and when the ground was struck by the drops of orange rain this made contact with Amanda’s action of poured gasoline. Her intent was to burn alive the collection of survivors and the voice of death were heard again: “Let this fire, by length, width and height “decay this sanctuary bow to **the soul king**” with these final words from the firstborn grim reaper of the planet DEATH the funeral home began to flare with the flamed fire the cloudburst hurled downwards and **“UNITED FOREVER FUNERAL HOMES”** burned and the flames reached the roof and the structure began to collapse.

Jonathan Case the independent freelancer which Amanda mentioned was on his way to the funeral home when all hell broke loose. Vehicles slammed onto his *SUV*, people pounded on the doors and scratched and scraped their fingers on John's car window. The faces of these citizens were covered in designs. Black and red puffed out veins on their face. Jonathan ran over a few of them with his sports truck and continued. In the distance: John saw the funeral home: the place burned.

The flames high and scorching and the black smoke swirled. A young woman was being attacked- John could not help to notice she was very attractive and if it was some other moment in time he would ask the pretty girl on a date. Three of the vein shaped faced lunatics consisting of two men and one woman had the girl surrounded and one of them proceeded to suffocate her. John pulled out his standard military issued *Gluck 40* and pumped round after round at the crazy fucks who tried to execute the girl. After Jonathan Case emptied his clip of sixteen bullets- the lunatics with veins which crisscrossed from side to side finally went down. "Come on, let's get out of here get in the car" Jonathan grabbed the young women by the arm and aided her into the vehicle. "My name is Jonathan" "got a name?" "What the fuck were those things?" Said the girl with a terrible shudder and she wept and reeked of importance.

"Thank You and the name is Violet." The Girl said. "Well, Girl-Hero" replied John case. "It sure does look pretty crazy out here where you headed to?" asked John. "I just got here, made it from Chicago before the airports closed" "I'm trying to get to my father" said Violet. Somewhat strange miniature creatures made their way across the streets of the city, weird worms and something repulsive left disgusting trails of slime imprints on the road. And unexpected John Case fell into a trance and the steering wheel began to tilt to the right and off *the road*.

CHAPTER 15: GODS AND GENERALS

As the lord of lords stared at one of the nine red-moons whom orbit his celestial throne in the deepest, nameless sectors of the transverse and protected his sovereignty in the mysterious V.O.C a *savage-road* region in the meta-universe. *Aeschylus the faller* gazed down upon the Earth with a stare of sorrow in his profound black eyes. Aeschylus knew tragedy all too well as he was deemed the *Father of Tragedy*. Make no mistake he felt no sympathy for the humans, he abandoned his faith on mankind a century ago after a battle with a sinister angel turned wicked and became the poisonous enemy of our father in the great heavens. Aeschylus was an angel of war, an arc and battled alongside the great warriors of heaven. The conflict which occurred beyond the skies of the universe led to the ominous angel's fall from grace and this set off a chain of events on prime-earth1.

A second world war demolished the lands of earth. And a new hell was created in the depths of the earth. The clash did not come without heartbreak and misfortune. Darkness fell upon Aeschylus who became trapped in the new sideways hell the forsaken menacing dark angel had created for him and his followers to dwell in the confines of such a dreadful place. Although our true lord did not allow for any human soul to travel to this wicked place therefore no man, nor woman, nether child nor any kind of life burned in any class of torment. Another lie from the perverts and lovers of gold from wicked **Babylon** and all its deception from counterfeit prophets and disloyal men whom have used religion for greed lust and power the day of reckoning would eventually arrive.

In the new sideways hell fashioned by the dark angel underneath the bowels of this awful dwelling rested the chamber of GOG. A structure made from the construction of the council of tombs a powerful army of celestial entities. Created for the purpose to contain the council's own master after Aeschylus fell into the hell of prime-earth1, the Nebula an extreme supremacy of revulsion the darkest of all creatures from the chapel of spears a transverse military which traveled the transverse and the streamline without end to find and retrieve the orbs of Xadin tricked Lord Aeschylus by traveling the savage roads and possessed the essence of the last reaper-king who had died billions of years in the past on a sideways timeline.

All they know is dying” “acquainted with self exterminate” “the entire human race self destructs” Said the Faller. “Brothers, ‘feel no sympathy Thomas” said the faller to a faithful servant. The imperials have protected Lord Aeschylus second essence for millions of years. “I don't. “I am unmerciful did I not resurrect you “and formulate you as my slave Thomas? Asked Aeschylus the faller while he beamed his eyes at his servant and placed his hand on the sword of the sky-keeper **AcidMurda** whom the faller ordered to be executed “Acid is on earth” Said the faller. “His habitual disobedience” “will lead for me to slay him one day with his very own blade”. **(Pound pound)** Thomas glanced down in disgrace and whispered to the hefty door of the quarters. “Enter” Said Thomas. “My lord” said one of the imperial sentinels. “The Council awaits you they prepared a decision.” “The portal was deemed successfully opened” Said the Guard.

Tell them, “I have no interest, “the Council unclothed me of my authority over Earth- “and now they seek my assistance? “It is baffling to me such request was made to an out casted God. Aeschylus turned approximately and faced the imperials. “Go, back “and tell your council that opening up a portal to attempt to save a doomed planet and a rotting universe is an insult to me.

“I will respectfully watch without interfering, “now run before I skin you,-“and fill my well with your blood. The Faller gripped his blade.

YOU HAVE EARNED WHAT IS COMING FOR YOU

CHAPTER 16: *They Call Us Weapons*

THE Farmhouse stretches into '1,500 acres of a beautiful-isolated-lonely landscape. From a far view, from the distance - it looked empty, deserted, and uninhabited. Dead trees shedding their leaves, wept under the October night sky, a pickup truck' fairly new rushed down the road trying to reach the farmhouse, the unpopulated half a mile stretch, seemed like forever for the driver "Come on, Come on" he shouts while he pushed the pickup to the brink of blowing the engine. The gawk on his face, was exactly the same feeling, he felt when the trucks radio turned to the station (**THE HEARTBEAT**) when he was driving north, to regroup with two old friends. The radio sent a bomb of unreadable messages' in text form, one in specific made him turn the truck around, and make back to his family like a bat out of the pits of hell, the letters came in one at a time after a series of scribbled lettering the last text spelled it out: **FEAR**. all day' red lightning strikes, two earthquakes in' central, and north Florida, reports of snow in some areas, millions have flocked to churches' all around the world, the reports of the U.F.O's coming out of the sun was a bit too much for Charlie's willingness to keep an open mind. Deep down, inside Charlie's heart, he knew- this was the night of the "**SOUL KING**" a wicked lord of death.

THE porch was in desperate need of fresh new paint, the front doors had to be replaced, and the walls needed massive repairs, however "Charles Griffin" was a dream-drifter, at least he was, and the farmhouse was under attack by forces who require the information-he holds deep inside his mind, It's been Charlie's hiding place with his wife, and *Son* for many years after the experiments'.-The creepy looking farmhouse belonged to Charlie's late father' who left him a stack of unpaid "**HOSPICE BILLS**, and the farm. Griffin can feel trouble, he can feel an attack' taking place in his home, one of the many abilities he carried inside him like "**LOCKED-POWER**" Charlie's "Sense-mode" was acting up, he knew the trouble was bad, felt his brain throbbing, paranoid' that his family might be dead, His feelings were not far off, indeed, inside the house-the trouble was already taking shape.

AWARENESS is a strong ability for Charlie, his son: *Brandon* also shared this ability including many others. Charlie's wife "*Emma*" and her gifted son Brandon were being attacked, racing from room, to room, avoiding the three intruders that managed to get in with brute force.-They wore masks; Black hoods covered their heads, well-shaped men in black thick rubber outfits with strange maniacal tubes attached to the back of their puffy heads. They're here for Charlie, and most importantly their here for what he knew. One of the mask strangers traps "Emma" up against the wall: 'while she yelled to Brandon' "*RUN!*"

Emma was blocked from all sides; one of the men stood next to her, currently staring at “Emma” with sexual eyes, the 2nd man was already popping off her buttons one at a time with his jagged knife. The masked ghoulish intruders had Emma’ right where they wanted her, The leader of the group wore a mask of a *FANG-FACE Halloween pink skinned skeleton with rolling red eyes and scary yellow fangs hanging from the mouth, a tribute to the blood king they serve*. The rest had on regular ski masks, spray painted in red. Fang-face leaned towards ‘Emma and whispers in her ear unsympathetically: “First, “I’m going to cleave out your heart, “but not before- “I locate your husband,-“and carve up his insides real nice”. The other two mask men mangled the living area, overturning furniture, slicing holes in the couch; one even took a sledge hammer, and pounded on the wooden floors. “What do you want?” Emma’s gaze on the shotgun atop of the fireplace, the one thing they’d paid no intelligence to. “What we want, “you can’t give- “but maybe “we can come to some type of deal laughed fang-face. “Find the fucking kid, commands the leader. The ghoulish intruders were searching for the young lad, when motion sensors triggered spotlights from a far...”It’s got to be him”, said one of the Intruders. “Let’s get ready; “He’s not going down easy” SAID FANG-FACE.

By the time Charlie arrived- lifting up the dirt in the air, all around the truck: the wheels of his pickup speckled soil in every direction subsequent to hitting the breaks’ right in front of the farmhouse. Charlie jumped out of the pickup, the red lightning proceeds to generate loud thunderous screams from the heavens. The dwelling has gone dark, and eerily silent. Front door wide open, house ransacked, and traces of blood flow lead to the back porch. Taking gentle steps- Charles Griffin made his way to the back of the house, a terrifying site Charlie’s wife Emma was tied, bound, and gagged to the lemon tree “Emma, and “Charlie had planted last summer. Her blouse slashed open, her face was bruising by now, and blood specs covered most of Emma’s pupils.-The Men inside Charlie’s house belong to the “**SIN**” A mysterious group’ who serve only the 9th Theory of GOG.

She’s in pain; however Emma can’t do anything about it. Her son’s missing, and Charlie began to hear the whispers coming from above, from below, from all sides’ nonetheless he needed to save his wife. (Can’t get distracted he thinks to himself) “Emma? He screamed for her. “I won’t let these sick fucks beat us babe”, “I promise” he tried to reassure her; formulate to Emma understand, she will not die, not tonight, not ever if Charlie could help it. He loved his wife almost as much as the love he held for his son. But the fucking whispers they seem to be coming from everywhere- saying the similar things; “Charlie, “We found you? “Charlie you’re going to die right in front of your wife, “we are going to gut her, take out her stomach, “and feed it to your son. “Charlie we yearn for your head, “and what’s inside of it, “we want to play in the interior of your brain like little tiny men digging through your thoughts” said fang-face. Charlie gets ready to put together his move to rescue Emma, before he reached the last step off the back terrace. One of the men grabbed Charlie from behind- except for Charlie was ready after a brief struggle Charlie ripped into one of the men with his hunting knife stabbing him three times, viciously killing him.

“Don’t fuck with a man’s family” said Charlie now with a yellow mist floating above the wooden floors. “Where, “Where is it” “where is that monster? “Did he cross over” is he the one taking over our skies?” Charlie asked. “I know he’s here, answering me, “talking to me in my head”, screamed an enraged Charlie. However the gentleman was dead. Charlie removed the **red spray painted ski-mask** to reveal a face, Charlie’s not surprised he exposed the creature under the mask, a servant for **the SOUL KING**, a Traveler, loyal soldiers, the armies of “GOMORATH” had begun to rise. The SIN were a network of supernatural hit-men sent by the “Legacies” The peace treaty was over- thousands of years- of secrets will be spilling out of the evil archives they were locked away in. the yellow mist was a locked-power, one of many Charles held.

The ability lets Charlie confuse his enemies with visions of their true deaths in this reality. In terror, from the horror their eyes were manifesting the intruders remain still, mesmerized by the images. This allowed “Charlie” to shift into the living space, and grab the shotgun from the fireplace. He popped the scatter open, and made damn sure it's loaded- and turned around...”I wouldn't do that- “if I was you” said one of the mask intruders looking down at his blood soaked buffalo hide black snow boots.

“**I'LL** let her go, “except tell me Charlie” “what do you need- to be chosen? **SAID FANG-FACE**, licking Emma’s cheeks, **in his mind**: he had fucked her in all ways. “I don’t know, states Charlie. The environment had the smell of death in its gentle wind. The nervousness was building; the odor of fresh blood was in the breeze that kept blowing inside from the wide-open front doors. “Come on now, - “you don't want me to cut your pretty little wife in a thousand pieces do you? “**TELL ME**” screamed fang-face.-The agent of **SIN**, the servant of the soul eater, placed his jagged blade right on Emma’s throat, a small amount of blood ran down Emma’s chest, “She’s all yours Charlie, “dead or alive- “it’s your choice said the leader of the evil invaders.

A paralyzing memoire strikes Charlie’s thoughts, like a blast from a rocket launcher- At that very moment, standing face to face with Fang-Face, visions of a past Charlie would like to forget flash before his very eyes: **A** Monster, Not just a monster, but the lord of the monsters. The visions hit him like cement blocks, falling on his head one at a time. The visualization was vivid, vibrant, and clear as day. An old women painting “**Kill us now**” With her own blood, a man chopping off his own head, The Cadillac riding through the streamline connectors, generations of servants to the monster lining up in celebration, the one with snake, and frog skin. A craft of some type soaring clearly in deep space, a loud **BOOM** banged inside the walls of Charlie’s mind, a crack in the streamline, a thunder strike rattles Charlie back to reality, he speedily resumes his gaze at the dark-hooded-masked-fang-man with the knife on Emma.

—“These motherfuckers, “think they can come in here, and kill my family? Charlie’s thoughts began to race where is Brandon? -Where is Charlie’s son? Did they get him, is he even alive? The third intruder sneaks behind Charlie, “drop the gun or “I'm going to rip into your flesh. “Enough, said the one holding Emma. The leader of the gang of psychotic freaks, the one

Charlie thinks of as the fang-face fuck."Drop the gun, and come closer." *In a split second decision* Charlie reaches back, and fired striking the masked killer by Emma. The wife watched while Griffin struggled with the last one, a knife is pulled, and she can't scream all she can do is watch, while her husband awaits death by this masked intruder, the blade slashed into Charlie, deep in the shoulder, the pain was sharp, and intense, Charlie's quick reaction is a neck snapping head-butt to the villain inside his home. Charlie struggles for the shotgun, both wrestled for the weapon like two WWE SUPERSTARS battling in the ring. The last trespasser was proving to be the most resilient one. Quick to recover from the head-butt, the masked man flips up and stands, kicking into Charlie's face with extreme power. "This is what should have been done, "in the first place- I told them.

"You were no good alive. "Who cares what you know?"We are all, meeting the end right Charlie? **First:** a kick to the fucking balls, **Second:** a knee to the face, and **LAST:** a sweep of the feet fast and Charlie held the upper hand and a quick grab of the neck and **snap!** He cracked the neck. *Finally*, at last, Charlie defeated these masked men. Those horrible madmen and released a scream when he plunged the knife into **Fang-man** to be convinced the fucker was dead. He proceeded to bring down his wife from the lemon-tree Charlie had planted last summer. Or was it three summers ago?

Time had seemed to perplex and confuse itself. Flashbacks punch Charlie's brain again like some acid trip gone wrong. Images of a long round POD and a chamber with a creature connected to organic veins made of long wires and skin, and "orbs" injected his thoughts. Charlie saw himself connected to a **POD** and images, a face of a male with lengthy sharp teeth, and a black walking stick these images terrified Charlie. The flashbacks had been occurring constantly since the dream drifters' project. The visions, nightmares, flashbacks, -and flash-forward's of visions from sideways timelines flowed in and flow out on a daily bases for Charles Griffin. "Oh my god, "I love you, "I'm so sorry baby- "I'm sorry said Charlie bringing down his wife. Emma sighs and wept for her son and said: "Oh Charlie, Brandon? Charlie scanned the woods in close proximity of the farmhouse and immediately saw the bushes and trees moved and spots Brandon. The kid ran towards him- the adolescent hid in the woods secure from the evil men. Brandon watched the entire tribulation.

Get to the basement now, Charlie screamed. The three ran in the direction to an underground basement refuge Charlie Griffin had custom build which led from the outside to the inside of the home. Into this old basement kind of similar to the ones used when an awfully bad storm was imminent. Charlie locked the hatched doors above his family and for a brief moment Charlie intercepts a long-range thought: (*"We have to find the kid. If he is a sky-keeper he's our only way out of this mess"*) the thought came from a **legacy** Charlie knew this much- however had no idea who the powerful legacy was- and why he wanted to stop the madness instead of taking part in the parade of monsters: a celebration of the vilest kind. Charlie let the screech subside inside his brain and felt a sinister wicked force which approached from the north and the merciless inhuman rode on a **red** stallion. "It can't be" said Charlie to himself. "The 4th is on earth?"Charlie

ran to an aged television set. “Charles? Emma said in a yielding weak voice “What’s happening? “Is this what we feared” “are they coming for him? Emma asked while she wept.

Charlie gazed at his son and told the youngster: “Everything’s going to be ok baby boy” “I won’t let anyone or anything pull us apart” “I love you Brandon” “Dad” Said Brandon. “I know you and moms want to protect me” “but I think I’m not going to be around much longer” Charlie’s eyes rolled down and placed his hand on his beloved son’s chest. “Listen to me, “nothing will take you away from your mother and me” Charlie replied.

Charlie fixed his wound and stood up after he reassured his son of no imminent danger. “Emma sit please baby” “We got food, “water in here to last us six months, “medical supplies too” “I will fix you up babe, and everything will be all right” Said Charlie.

(Deep down Charlie knew this wasn’t true and hated lying to his dearly loved wife and son.)

The TV SET blasted back into a picture. Charlie had it set to CNN the TV reporter on the station REPORTED: “The Iraq boarders’ are under attack by US armed forces” “Red flashes of lightning are still being reported around the globe- and strange crimson streaks in the skies”. “Various citizens and politicians are claiming the terrorist group who gained uncontrollable power ISIS back in 2013 has created a technology never seen before. “And folk’s communities have seen a quantity of flying dark objects above our skies” “something out of a ghost story it appears.” (Fighter Jets flew over the family in the basement) THE FIELD REPORTERS the station cut to say: “You can see air-force jets Dave, “these jet aircrafts are flying directly above us”. The TV went blank. (CLICK) The channel presently went dead.

Charlie smacked the side of the TV and said: “Always lying to us, “Same thing when Ebola struck American soil” “the Iraq war was a lie” -and “I’m so sick of the government’s bullshit” “they’d lie and kill millions to cover the whole thing up” Said Charlie. “Instead of accommodating us for survival- for the fucking truth” Emma had a confused stare and said: “we are just like them” said Emma. “Lying to each other Charles?” “Lying to our son” “avoiding what’s coming” “are we just like them? said Emma “A band of Hippocrates” Charles paced and back and forth and replied with a stern and harsh suggestion: “Maybe we are, “Fuck it Emma” “let’s just give up —and give our son to the monsters you know are coming for him” “better yet lets go outside, “and kill him ourselves let’s give this soul-king monster the most valuable instrument in this war” “Is that what he is Charles an instrument?” Emma shook her head. “Guys” said Brandon “I’m right here “I can hear you” please stop fighting he cried. “All I know Emma I, we, “did not come this far just to give up or die without fighting that’s not in my blood” “I’ll fight until I die” I have nothing without my family” said an angered Charles Griffin.

“Where are your people now huh? Emma asked. “Why call that boy and not tell him your real name” “Why is frank not contacting us? “they’d rather save their own skin —and the secret Wade has I’m gonna expose it” said Emma “Expose it” said Charlie “I trusted you, “confided in you to help Wade” “damn it you’re a shrink Emma- “You think Frank doesn’t want to lock up his

own son? “He does.” “Frank knows wades a murderer” “it’s eating him by the in the interior knowing your own kid is responsible and capable of such horrible things” and murdering young girls” **Emma sighs:** “To much regret Charles, “to many secrets” “I feel like we failed, “We failed Charlie -and I can’t take it” “I’m sorry for snapping it’s just the day finally came and we lost” “**Emma**” said Charlie. “Baby, “if you go down that road” “we already lost except we haven’t yet- “let me try to reach the network” “allow me to find them and try to stop this without the world needing what we treasure the most” Charlie marched to the basement doors and feared the time has come: the numbers **315** appeared on the wooden walls of the custom build basement. “Charles” Said Emma. “Where is it? You’re not carrying it around in your pocket, are you?” “No. its outside, in the concealed compartment of the earth cruiser, “I don’t think we need it yet.” **THE PAIN** in Charles Griffin’s head quadrupled. “Emma doesn’t this remind you of **the ripper** don’t be afraid” they’d communicated in the course of messages before” “Said Charles”. “You don’t think, you ought to go retrieve it -and set off the beacon” Emma replied. “Maybe, although Frank and the rest might not be alive- “and if they are, the network will not be the only ones who see it” “When I activate it” triggering it right now, “might fetch out more legacies or something worse.”

The Beacon a device Charles Griffin along with Frank Hawkins constructed together before the assessment was made to separate and merely keep contact via military IP addresses and custom manufactured GPS systems in case the day ever came where both men had no choice other than to reunite after concluding it was not secure to maintain contact. **Frank H. Hawkins** an African American **US** marine rose to commanding officer of his own platoon fairly quick. Frank like many others volunteered for the dream drifter’s project and formed a friendship with Charles Griffin who was also an extremely well educated US naval marine. Together high-up at the very peak of the **farmhouse** in a time when Brandon had barely begun to toddle much less be the target of ravagers from other worlds.

The two men in conjunction with the secret assistance of **Trinity** the gorgeous lady in red from the warrior clan “**Dramacide**” a covert defense force of feared assassins whom have existed in the **Forward-Past** and present **savage-road** meta-universe since the first day of the world’s dawn. Still previous to the dinosaurs which ruled and roamed **planet-earth1**-and before the crash landing of the soul king’s chamber of **GOG** and The Nebula’s arrival on the planet. Charles Griffin till this day was and still is the only dream-drifter who gained admission and established an entry point to the Valstrick territory. A region of the streamline deemed so evil and malicious unknown spiritual galactic units chained the streamline and casted out the **VALSTRICK REALM** outside the savage-roads and thrown into the depths of the **V.O.C** an unknown district of mysteries, iniquitous creatures, and surrounded by **the necromancer of wrath** and the chapel of spears alien army.

The Beacon was a symbol of hope a guiding light to all those who went systematically searching for the authentic existence of the Resistance. Trinity several years ago came to aid of the human men with a transverse angel named: **AcidMurda** in this world the given name

would sound destructive, callous and made no logic in authentic realism for the human race. However this was no seraph from this world this was a protector of galaxies a guardian of many worlds and a champion chosen by the immortals to be a warden of the countless unsightly, grotesque territories' the cosmos of the **dARK-HEAVENS OF voynich** unleashed after the celestial kingdom was corrupted and dismantled by the very own arc-angel: the **GOD eternal** -our true father in heaven had placed in charge of the heavens of voynich. After the arc-God's unfaithfulness and betrayal the creature transformed and henceforth became **THE NECROMANCER-GOD** of the realm of the outer-rim. imprisoned for eons' the captive monster ceased the opportunity to break free from the outer-rim of the ambiguous dark winds of space after the quintessence spirit from another former arc-angel became aware of the existence of the creature and sent an army of transverse **VOA** military soldiers accompanied by gigantic leviathans and additional horrifying life forms to destroy the Necromancer God who by now had developed a multitude of souls from the disciples of wraith within his own core essence. With no way to destroy the unclean monster in the Past-Sideways-TimeLine **Aeschylus the faller** had no alternative- so instead he pursued the beast thought-out the never ending streamline- and trapped the dammed and cursed creature in his very own chamber. Beneath, the cold and deep waters of prime-earth1 millions of years in a future Front-Forward-TimeLine.

So deep-rooted in the core of the soil of the world the chamber rested below the Hell of prime-earth1. The transverse angel **AcidMurda** (M.U.R.D.A: *Meta- universe- rebel- defense- alliance*) was the leader of the transverse Resistance jointly with Trinity the beacon was constructed at the top of the farmhouse. An eternal red light that emanates from the roof of the property the illumination of a single perpendicular machine the vertical sliver metal object was bulletproof, rain, snow, wind, and even bomb-proof. The beacon was prepared of unidentified technology utilizing DNA and atoms from the savage-roads. And now years following its completion Charlie Griffin must activate and trigger the beacon. Charlie's journey within the streamline and his descent into the Valstrick by means of the **Xadin Orbs** had given Charlie and his son extraordinary power. On the other hand the price Charles Griffin and his family will pay will cost them everything and not a soul will survive. **Goblins and coffins, the day of mass departure, the parade of monsters we celebrate.*

CHAPTER 17:

3:15 EXODUS

A **BLOODCURDLING HOWL** screamed within the winds. A mysterious shape approached the farmhouse. In life he was a serial killer never apprehended. In death he became a legend a part of American folklore. He was **the bogeyman** of the transverse one of the most feared travelers aside from Alexis Cane and Azra the water-snake lady. Scotland Yard law enforcement tried everything nonetheless it was a time of vague and unfocused police work numerous investigators from **18th** London were not primed nor prepared for the kind of evil this menacing gentleman would unleash on the district of white-chapel. By the time the blood-king

interfered at “**UNITED FOREVER FUNERAL HOMES**” and rescued the group of survivors led by legacy hunter Tiffany Elliot her trustworthy partner Earl Raney and Daniel Mikael who was a legacy not by choice but by design.

DJ's grandfather sought after Daniel he'd be the one to stop the 4th therefore in 1936 old country Spain by exploit of the **midday-mirror 9th day-theory of GOG** Daniel's grandfather sent a communication to a young boy and in turn a murder would take place to free the Mikael family of a father who abused his children both sexually and physically without counting the scores of times he would shatter them with disgusting verbal abuse. Daniel was now fighting his tainted past by the side of a young woman who hunted what he was- and with a crew of misfits and problem-soaked individuals. After the **blood-king** eliminated the threat of the roaming vampires and the undead returned at the very moment the group was surrounded by the both races of deadly monsters the snow came to a stop.

The strong winds discontinued and the tremors which shook the towns of BlackStar and Advanced Florida came to a halt. Until now: the dark-figure approached and with him came the **BLACK RAIN**. Purgatory was breached when the caddie-man embarked on a journey passing through the streamline connectors. The monster was sent on an assignment by one of many dominant physical structures his master **the undying eternal** morphed into and would obtain shape of. The Cadillac-man's duties were clear find a man with the name Grant Hook and assassinate him. The man knew too much and numerous individuals had begun to seek him out, after all he made a deal with an evil spirit from a different unknown and malevolent universe a vampire from the streamline. An elder vampiric celestial being from the **sliver-empire** of: **THE KINGDOM OF JEREMIAH** the vampire was a mortal enemy of the necromancer god from the dark-heavens of voynich. The Soul-king and the Blood-lord Sirius Colfax were dancing the dance of war and control over the human race.

The insubordination and defiance the Cadillac-Man had towards the orders of the **undying-eternal** set in motion a massive meltdown in the sleepy wintry town of Sun-Snow. Minnesota and when the star quarterbacks dead body fell lifeless and stiff to the icy ground after a bloody and atrocious suicide. The town became an entryway all the way through the portals of **the bloodstream** an arachnid monarchy river of blood and reached the land of those chosen by the Nebula to rule. The territory was **purgatory** the Nebula had murdered the last reaper-king to gain control of the world beneath the world.

The sinister revenant made his way to the frontage of the farmhouse. Dressed in his traditional time-honored attire the traveler **Jack the Ripper** wore a double breasted black vest with dark red trim and ornate silver buttons, a dickens style cloak with shoulder drape and a standing collar including a large black top hat and deep crimson jabot with printed pattern and he marched resembling a soldier of death. The gothic-slayer made his way from purgatory by use of a Midday-Mirror attached to the long and unbreakable amulet of the king of purgatory. The pointed master of the land: The Basilisk creature the king of the serpents a massive gigantic snake like being with a crown-like crest on his head. The basilisk named: **Abaddon** was the designated president of purgatory's mystical regime.

However, in addition assigned by **The Nebula** was another horrible and ghastly monster **The SCYLLA** whom had been captured by the Chapel of Spears the Nebula's massive platoon of transverse killers whose solitary assignment was to obtain the black 'orb of **Xadin**. The Scylla was a gargantuan sea-monster who in the ancient times of 96 B.N 1st century Xadin when the reaper-kings ruled with an iron fist and still held control of the world of the orbs. This sea-creature was the black orb protector.

The Scylla whom had become capable of speech and converse in many languages was tricked by the Nebula and allowed the polluted extraterrestrial spider-god to obtain not only the black orb instead with the promise of becoming master of all masters in the black seas of Xadin. The Nebula appointed the Scylla known by the name **Vritra the Unholy** to watch over the leadership methods of the Basilisk Abaddon.

Purgatory in truth- had two kings and the travelers who roamed the realm held fear and loathed both the Scylla and The Basilisk and many searched for a way to overthrow the supernatural government and remove from power the two massive evil giants of purgatory although that's a tale for a different time. Jack the ripper was not the same *Jack the ripper* who killed and slaughters the young ladies of the night in 18th century London. Strangely In some mixture of perverse sinfulness he still was. Other than now he was a traveler who joined the high-ranked administration of The Nebula and was sent to observe over **Purgatory**. After entering our timeline from the beginning of his human birth until the end of his life by means of suicide- the ripper never died he now traveled. Furthermore the scary haunted house which appeared on the street block of a neighborhood in Sun Snow. Minnesota.

The two-story house resembling a dwelling Dracula's relatives would reside in was the ripper's entry point. On occasion the gothic-slasher would return to the district of white-chapel and reenact the massacres and turned into an executioner of both men and females and recreated his reign of terror. Each and every one of the so-called copy-cat killers which appeared throughout the course of time were never copy-cats. The original **JACK THE RIPPER** had become an immortal serial killer. Charles Griffin had encounter him once before and survived by the skin of his teeth and the faith he held deeply for GOD. The black rain was now a full-blown downpour of dark murky rainfall water which fell from the alien infested skies.

The Ripper paused at the very front of the farmhouse. He held his black medical bag with his right hand. In the interior of the handbag where not typical surgical instruments and the amulet around the neck of this supernatural serial-killer shone throughout the black-rains of the night of exodus and the ripper was at this point in time sent to retrieve the boy or kill him. The ripper stood under the **black-rains** with his eyes beaming yellowed specs of colors. He did not blink, he did not move, he did not speak, he now waited. The bogeyman of the transverse was back and this time Jack brought reinforcement.

“Charles” said Emma “Is it him?” “Last time you almost died” “The key is the amulet” Replied Charlie. “He’s nothing without it, just another sick mother fucker” “Charles, “the talisman can’t be destroyed” we distinguished that the first time” said Emma with her eyes fixed on her son. *Emma Lloyd Griffin* had sheltered her son *Brandon Griffin* from the horrors of the **dream-drifters** project the top secret assignment of unique extraterrestrial Orbs the government conducted with a special unit of top of the line marines. Emma’s husband Charlie was a drifter and considered a powerful one. Still till this day Mr. Cross hunted Charlie Griffin however Charlie together with Frank Hawkins disappeared to protect their families and loved ones. Except Frank Hawkins could not break away from the horrors his own son had committed when he became the villainous **shadow-killer**. “Dad” Said Brandon.

“Are we going to die? “I feel strange” Brandon had scratched his neck as a result of an irritation and an itchiness which suddenly appeared on the child’s skin. “It’s nothing son, “just hives possibly” I’ll get up to the house –“and get you something to place on it” said Charlie. Emma and Charlie paced back a few feet from Brandon in the custom basement. “Charlie, it’s starting” said Emma with a quiver in her voice. “It’s just one Emma” “remember to remain strong we can pull through this” Replied Charlie. Brandon Griffin had the first mark appear on his neckline the first of many cryptograms and symbols’ which contain within the cipher: **A CODE OF SECRET LANGUAGE**.

DJ and **Tiffany** managed to assist the rest of the faction out of the inferno of the funeral home. With the exception of: DR.Beth Cohen and DR.Douglas Bennet who made the choice to stay behind and have the group lock those in the interior of the dream-drifters confine the hidden level of the property. Douglas Bennet knew the **ORBS** had the power of restore but needed someone to connect to the POD system and travel via the streamline and into the V.O.C the most treacherous and dangerous sector of the **savage-roads**. Doug knew they’d be able to re-establish power through generators if somehow he could repair the construction of the building for that he needed to reach Bob Rogers a sergeant in the US. Army who ran a military base by the space coast of Florida and hoped Bob had received Doug’s distress call.

The group had one obligation: stay alive until the boy was found and the evil which loomed over our new earth was vanquished forever. John Case and his new wickedly sexy female friend **Violet** was on a collision course with the band of survivors when something hideous fell from the skies and landed on the hood of Jonathans sports truck. “What the fuck is that thing? Violet Screamed. “I don’t know” replied John while he cocked-back the firearm lacking no hesitation and shot at the revolting creature that pounded his hood and ripped it clean off. The Insect had spider features mixed with a horsefly and a set of colossal teeth. “Let me Innnnnn” the insect hissed when it spoke.

The flying bug rammed his spider like legs into the front window of the *SUV*. “Oh God, we are gonna die” Said a terrified Violet. John slammed the breaks on the truck and the wings of the insect monster dug itself deep and profound -hooked on the engine of the *SUV* not to fall from the sudden stop the truck made, completely shredding the engine. At a speed nearing close to

80 mph the truck overturned and equally John and Violet lay in the middle of the road now. The huge monster insect crawled on eight legs and dripped a yellow drool on Violet's face. "Get the fuck off me you fucking germ" get this diseased bug off me" Violet struck the creature in the jaws the thing made a loud shriek and proceeded to rip a chunk off Violet's leg.

(BANG) The shots strike the creature numerous times, round after round of machinegun bullets until the winged beast flew perpendicular at a 90 degree angle and vanished inside the vacant police station. John extended his hand to help violet back on her feet. It was a miracle both had survived the crash. "Somebody's watching over us" Said Jonathan Case "We should both be dead"- "the impact alone was enough to kill us" and that thing almost took your leg" "Your right, "both of you should be dead" Said the female voice behind John and Violet. Tiffany Elliot, Daniel Mikael, Earl Raney and the rest of the collection of survivors stood behind Violet and Jonathan "Come on, "we found ditched pick-ups- "and Daniel's got a hummer" Said Earl. "Damn it Earl" Said Tiffany "We don't know who the hell these people are" "we can't just let them in like that" "this is bullshit" replied an angered Ray Patterson "these people are on our side- "and we could do with all the help we can get" "besides I'm not leaving anyone behind I'm still a cop" "Your nothing anymore" replied Tiffany "And Ray" Said Tiffany surrounded by mistrust in her voice. "How did you manage to firefight Cody with that leg" "I mean it was badly sprained" "and now you're walking around like nothing ever happened" Said Tiffany.

The suspicion grew with Ray Patterson and his associations with the blood-king made the group deem Ray untrustworthy-and not to be relied on. The black-rain began with a sprinkle from the clouds in the red skies. The moon orbited encircling the earth saturated with blood. Amanda Knight and Quinn Mitchell Carter both stood under a dead-street light. The 4th horsemen of the apocalypse and the dearly dead sister of DJ (Daniel Mikael) each one released a loud howl and a strong punch delivered by the departed Quinn Mitchell Carter who had returned from the dead. His fist slammed on the road in front of the group. Initiated a strong wind which began to overturn all the cars in the area and a flock of humans dressed in all black insurgence gear with porcelain faced attire moved together in sequence and fired automatic artillery at the band of survivors.

A runaway swat-team armored-van with a dead driver slumped over came rushing at the gang of masked porcelain men who made their way across the devastation and blood-soaked infested streets and THUMP, THUMP was all you heard. The runaway swat-truck ran over the men and dragged them all the way through the street trajectory of blood trails were left behind. "Ok, that was easy" Said Gigi with a trivial smirk. (BANG BANG, BANG) further shots rang-out. The direction of the gunshots came from high ground. On a roof somewhere, someone blasted an intense barrage of bullets at the crew. "Snipers" Yelled out Austin. Martin and DJ began firing assault rifles aimed at the men dressed in all black with masquerades made of porcelain. The group all coupled together in rhythm and bombed the rooftop of: NORTH FLORIDA BANK in a ruthless manner with a spectacle of bullets. "I think, we got'em" Said Martin.

Utter silence consumed the vicinity. Quinn and the evil Amanda Knight disappeared without a trace. The streets calmed down in favor of a mere second before tragedy struck. The men on the rooftop had been shot- except for one. The masked slaughterer of the porcelain-gang fired: Ray ducked and dodged bullets and took cover behind an abandon ford focus, Tiff and Earl returned fire although it was not sufficient the sniper pierced through GIGI at first the shock kept Gigi on her feet the initial projectile entered her shoulder and made a clean exit wound. “No” Screamed Tiffany. “Gigi, talk to me” “I’m Ok, “it passed right through me” “I think its noth... before Gigi concluded her statement another five-bullets struck her swiftly and brutal. She was hit all over the place: two shots to the torso, one shot to the neck, one shot to the stomach and the final death shot entered Gigi Blake’s head and killed her. “Gigi” “Mother fucker” yelled a furious Tiffany at the same time as she shot roller blind at the man with the mask. Tiffany injected the sniper with bullets and annihilated him.

A **Blood-Tree** alien rodent crawled through the road and left a yellowed gunk behind while the creature searched for a host. The parasite attached itself to Austin Dallas and created an incision on Austin’s cranium and dug itself in the interior of Dallas’s brain without manufacturing the gash evident and the group distracted with Gigi’s unfortunate demise paid no mind to the tremble and abrupt tremors Austin was experiencing. “I let her die, she trusted me and I fucking failed her” Said a distraught Tiffany. “We got to go Tiff, we gotta go” Earl Replied. “A casualty of war” remarked Austin who felt weird and wonderful as well as cruelty developed in his heart now. “Fuck you” “Said Tiffany.” with her middle finger in the air. The streets overflowed with suffering and misery. The observation was horrifying: a group of **undead** had some poor victim laid-out on the road while they ate his abdomen and his legs. The populace ran with guns and fired at one another -and now the **ROAMING V’S** flew above the assemblage.

The dominant graveyard soil vampires had regrouped with seven ravenous vampires gathering around the faction and were about to attack. When Gigi began to move her right hand, and then she stood up with a bullet lodged in her skull. “She’s infected right? “Or whatever the fuck is going on brought her back” Said Martin. But Gigi was not infected with anything. She had one last gift for her new friends and when the vampires closed in for the butchery. Gigi used her very last little bit of strength to discharge her skill of **LOCKED-POWER: A MIND-KILL**.

The winds and rains came to a stop again the entire boulevard underneath the group rattled and all seven vampires melted like sunlight had immediately rocked them out of the coffins. In addition the undead who had feasted on a human meal exploded first they puffed up and their eyes banged out of the sockets. Gigi Blake had saved the team of survivors with one final act of loyalty and Gigi fell backward one last time in this reality and bled from her eyes. “She’s dead Tiff, Come on” Said Earl. “I can’t leave her here like a dog” Replied Tiff with steamy eyes. “What is this, “a movie? “I hear that shit all the time” “we can’t leave him here or my wife is dead” “we have to bury her, man fuck this” Said an altered and eerie Austin Dallas. “Shut the hell up, what’s wrong with you” said DJ. “Nothing’s wrong just sick of the bullshit” “What bullshit? “Gigi was my friend you’re not” Tiff aimed her handgun at Austin. “I’m not scared bitch pull the trigger”

requested Austin. A ghost or some type of phantom brushed by at tremendous velocity and lavender smog whirled around Austin and Tiffany.

THE CADILLAC-MAN returned and the monster Quinn had become contaminated and devoured by **DEATH'S** essence came back for Daniel. The group was face to face with the King of the Grim-reapers. "Come on, where are you?" whispered Tiffany Elliot in search of the single guiding light she knew they had: **The Beacon**. Daniel captured a thought this time from two different minds at the same time. the young boy again transmitted to DJ (Look for a farmhouse, I know your with my uncle he knows this place. please find us, my dad can't do this alone) the additional thought radiated from DJ's blood-pact brother who was now dead and some kind of monster had replaced his human-soul (Daniel, run I'll hold the spider down for as long as I can and DJ I'm sorry)- (*"Daniel,*) now **DEATH** beamed a thought:(*Don't listen to Quinn, he's a lost mind trapped within the walls of my essence stay awhile and let's chat*) "Martin" Said DJ.

"Where's your brother in-law's farmhouse? "I can get us there, hopefully" replied Martin. A colossal spacecraft entered the earth's atmosphere "You better not hope Martin and get us there" answered back DJ. Daniel Mikael (Leader of the band of survivors and a legacy), Tiffany Elliot (Leader and Hunter of legacies), Earl Raney (Tiffany's 2nd in command a hunter of legacies), Amanda Knight (was now an undead ally of evil). Jesse Hank(Drug dealer, Neo Nazi - alive), Austin Dallas (possessed by a blood-tree a parasitic brain sucking extraterrestrial), Gigi Blake (*deceased*), Ray Patterson (a Blood-King servant), Doug Bennett (united with Beth to reconstruct the funeral-home), Beth Cohen (The CDC Doctor with a secret), Martin Lloyd(DJ's new partner in the battle for survival and legacy investigator) Jonathan Case(US Army- alive), Violet (Girl-Hero... alive) and Cody Atkins(Blood-King Servant: *deceased*) - *Wherever the wind takes us we will find the graveyard and lay to rest the dark heaven-*

CHAPTER 18

THE TURNING

3:15 PART II

Charlie unlocked the doors and took one look outside. The mysterious figure remained perfectly still under the downpour of the black rain.

"It's happening" Charlie said with alarm in his voice." "What do you mean Charles? Emma Asked." "What's happening" "The Breach or the change?" Emma asked. "Both" Replied Charles Griffin who knew deep down inside his gut. The fight for his son had begun and the most awful of all foul creatures would be coming for him.

The Basement doors began to move up and down, the doors started to shake, something pulled and tugged on the hatch doors of the subterranean vault. The cellar was starting to smell

of rotten fish and dead rats in the company of a red mist which made its way from underneath the basement's locked doors. "We just need to be quiet" "real calm and stay very still" advised Charles Griffin. "This is so fucking stupid" Emma flared up and smashed the piece of mirror Charlie had given her hours ahead of the chaos- it was a weapon of sorts. "Listen to me, I know you're angry" "You don't know shit Charles" "but that piece of mirror was from midday" "we need to stick together Emma" Said Charlie. "We could have used the midday to correspond with Frank or replicate back the pain of my locked-power against the ripper" "You're insane you know that? "Fucking mirrors that reach into the future, locked-powers" "what the fuck is a locked power anyways? Emma sounded confused and irritated.

"This is your entire fault, "you put your son at risk, me at risk "and for what? "To get fucked in the ass in the end anyways" Emma was not herself and clearly Charlie knew it right away. "Emma" Said Griffin. "Don't let it in, fight it, the more we become divided bigger chance they have in overcoming us" "Fuck You" Emma Replied. "Your nothing but a coward and you're not a man I should kill you myself" "Emma, "it wants' you to change with the rest" "your embracing the turning *FIGHT IT DAMN IT*" screamed Charlie. **BRANDON GRIFFIN** son to Emma and Charles Griffin began to stand from the dim and shadowy corner he cuddled into. "Mom" Said the young boy. And proceeded to touch Emma's hand Brandon held his mothers hands until she fell downward and began to sob. "I'm sorry, 'Oh God Charlie it almost had me" "they nearly took me away from you guys" Emma Cried uncontrollably with her knees on the wooden floors of the custom-made cellar.

(CRACKKKKKKKK CLACKKKK BANGGGGG) The basement doors began to vibrate in an extreme violent fashion. "*They're here*" whispered Brandon. A red mist flowed inside the basement. Emma gazed at the tool-box with the **SPIDER-MAN** sticker Charlie had located above the TV set. Emma rushed at Brandon with a flathead screwdriver and Emma was not Emma anymore. She looked pastel and the woman's teeth became stained with an oily lime decayed color. She had three hands at the moment and a set of horns which curled up at the very tip- trimmed in copper. Emma stabbed Brandon at full speed and she screamed- and hissed and laughed while she plunged the screwdriver deeper. "Emma, what the fuck are you doing?" Charlie Yelled.

"Releasing our son Charles, giving the master what rightfully belongs to him, he was never your son Charles-NEVER" She screamed. Brandon can't speak: **Red** flowed outward from the child's mouth like a canal of blood. "What have you done? Charlie Cried. Charles held his son in his arms and Emma danced around and hummed a harmony. Charlie stood up, positioned Brandon's head against the wooden walls in an affectionate and tender manner. "He's dead, Emma" Said Charlie at a confused and hysterical Emma Griffin who had just murdered her own son and possibly the last hope humanity had to survive the incoming catastrophe. "No, No, My Baby, Wake up, "oh please wake up" Emma supplicates God to bring back her son. "Please Lord, it wasn't me Oh god, Oh No, my baby" Charlie stood behind Emma with a: 357 magnum 4 inch barrel Smith & Wesson stainless steel glass-bead.

The pistol was capable and prepared to pierce all the way through body armor. Charlie aimed the weapon and fired: **The bullet** slashed the air at the speed of sound tearing right through the invisible particles and unseen elements of atoms not detectable to the unclothed human-eye.

Emma's upper-body exploded with suffering and unexpected shocking pain. "Charles?" She whispered and began to fall in a descending sliding position and banged her skull on the cabin's floors. "No, No, No, "Why God, Why? My family it's all I had" Charlie reached for the top self of the side-rows he had custom manufactured in the interior of the shelter to accurately stack and accommodate the supplies.

Charlie clashed with addiction the majority of his life despite the fact that he constantly managed to stay in control and provide for his family. On the other hand every now and then he would go on a hardcore binge and overindulged his pain polluted heart and his bitter and depressed frozen soul with painkillers and liquor. Charlie managed to clutch the bottles after four failed attempts and knocked down a row of: SUPER- ENCHANTMENT PEANUT BUTTER jars which Charles had organized in a perfect methodical order. The jam jars came harshly sloping downwards and a lone container smacked Charlie's face and banged his eyes which were guzzled by tears of self-regret. Charlie Griffin leaned against the wall and began to slide downward in a slow fashion descending into madness. The Bottles Read: HYDROCODONE 10-325, PREDISONE 20 MG AND TRAMADOL 50MG TABLETS. Charlie gazed at the dead, bloody body of his wife and when he switched his observation from Emma to Brandon his son was gone- simply the bloodstain remnants remain.

A WAR BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL... A LEGACY OF MURDER

On the upstate city of Rocky Fields Georgia: A couple who a moment ago celebrated a quiet 2nd anniversary of marriage by means of some red wine and sizzling love making were now fast asleep **THE BED: (3:15AM)**. The room was pitch-black the married couple slept: When the clock struck **3:15AM**. The women had been awoken by a scream within her head she sat upright on the bed. A Transformation began: vein shaped designs took form across her face in a black and red crisscrossing outline. Her eyes began to turn black. Her mouth opened wide vomiting an oval shaped blood-clot and followed by another one. The husband wakes up to notice his wife sitting upright on the bed and has she vomited black blood. "Honey" Are u ok? However no answer only a terrifying growl,-and an evil hissing wicked echo.

The husband grabbed her face "Vicky what's wrong? "Vicky please, I'm calling 911 "Vic speak to me" Said Michael Vicky's husband of two wonderful years. Vicky vomits one final time all over the bed and turned to gag all over her husband's face except it was only blood as if her old blood had been replaced leaving her body and a new type had taken its place. In the dead of night- within that dark and cold room **THE TURNING** had begun. The whispers' among tombstones were inside the minds of all those chosen on the night of **EXODUS**. The world would become one giant casket.

Vic whispered: "Look at me Michael" I said Look at me" "I'm death! "I dance in the dark with blood as my wine" Vicky's words came accompanied by deep evil and an endless echo

Michael Jumped out of bed and stood up. Vicky attacked him violently Scratched Mike's face biting down rigid on his open neck and slammed Michael's head on the floor.

She bit his face ripped a chunk of fleshy tissue. Grabbed his handgun from under the queen sized bed while Michael continued to bleed heavily and then: **BANG!** One shot and Michael was dead! "There is only time on my side now" whispered Vicky. The rose pedals still remain on the floor of the bedroom from the passionate love making and celebration of a marriage the two had a moment ago the couple shared a magnificent night. Tonight everything changed and the pair once a happily married couple was now in shambles. And death had come to pay visit Vicky currently covered in Michael's blood licked her upper-lip and stood up. She blew him one final kiss and one concluding word was vocal from Vicky: "**GAMMORAH**" Vicky spit out on Michael's dead body and emptied the firearm on her husband's face with four additional shots. Vicky began to dance all around the room while a profound thick red mist breezed in and swirled all around her and she just laughed. Daniel Mikael intercepted a thought: (Hurry, "The monsters are coming for me" please hurry DJ) the reflection of thought was captured by The Cadillac-Man at the same time the transmission was sent out by the human-boy whose destiny was pre-arranged several million years ago by our true father in heaven to combat the forces of the streamline and the god who betrayed his own heaven in the transverse outer-rim.

The holy being became deranged and unhinged drunk with power the celestial spirit-being-destroyed his own heaven and reconstructed the spiritual kingdom into the **dARK-HEAVENS OF voynich** the manuscript of this dark-heaven was brought to earth by a traveler in early 15th century Spain and was purchased by DJ's grandfather in 1921 in old country Spain. "MR. Robert Marie De Juan was a legacy and became: in secret the only individual in the entire universe of this timeline who broke the cipher and decoded the manuscript. The secrets concealed in the hidden language of the puzzling manuscript revealed a future where multiple Armageddon's would take place on diverse timelines and a breach would destroy the first earth. "MR. Robert Marie De Juan furthermore found evidence of a creature so malicious and spiteful the one true god devoid of no other alternative apart from to banish the wickedness from the beings own outer-rim heaven.

And casted the monster into the **chamber of GOG** and within this sealed compartment the necromancer of wraith grew stronger. However hope still existed by means of the transverse: a multi-universe which consisted of billions of worlds and a multitude of earths. A streamline connection via the savage-roads and a human boy who would grow to become the protector of this world: **A SKY-KEEPER: TRANSVERSE ANGEL.**

Back at the farmhouse: Charlie's thoughts raced at high-speed. Emma had curled up into a corner and wept. Brandon kept his mind clear and focused. He stirred his eyes at rapid speed.

Just moments ago an alternating of time occurred. A Flash-Forward-Future breached and overlapped time. *Daniel Mikael* had confided in his sister Amanda He'd become concerned with

the configuration of time and mentioned the day seemed to be ensnared within itself. The timeline was now simply another adversary the group must face and endure the hardest element of reality- the division of time. The representation of the bloodbath was brutal and authentic. The scene of carnage was a depiction, an illustration of an alternate timeline. Where Emma Griffin had murdered her only son in cold-blood and Charlie returned the favor by acquiring revenge.

“What did we just go through Charles? Emma asked with tears in her eyes and dreadfulness in her voice. “Some kind of drug-induced visions and paranoid delusions could be from the distress or the ripper’s crossover to this existence” “I killed him didn’t I?” “Yes” Replied Charlie. “Emma, it wasn’t you, and time restarted yet again- “thankfully for us, that fucking monster doesn’t want this night to end” Emma cried she had lived throughout the ordeal and still felt the pain of the bullet entering her body and she remembered dying. Brandon kept his eyes shifted at rushed movement the kid’s emotions reflected from his expression. He no longer trusted his own mother. He felt his own death. The dying part was easy the reality of his mother killing him was not. Brandon knew the quarrel between him and the foul **SOUL-KING** had brought the red-lightning it was some kind of electromagnetic disturbance a static of some type the hatred both rivals held for each other replicated in the skies an interference caused by the two most powerful life-forms currently on PRIME-EARTH.

Brandon was the one who kept the gothic-slayer outside at a standstill. Brandon had reached deep into his interior essence and relieved the skies from the tormenting weather and reassured DJ’ and Tiffany’s group survived the attacks which had been occurring all day or the entire week. Time was dead and absent with no way to tell anymore what the difference was between authenticities, altered realities, and factual events. Brandon made the Cadillac-Man act disobedient towards the specific instructions of the Undying Eternal. The monster behind the vintage classic cars was a terrible force of evil and planned betraying The Undying-One sooner rather than later. The Cadillac-Man was **THE NEBULA**.

The genuine epitome of evil- the Nebula was a SPIDER-GOD an arachnid-goblin necromancer who was given the name: **The Harbinger of doom**. The Nebula’s exact genesis was a mystery to all creatures and all life-forms living or dead in the infinite vast streamline of realism. The former God of the DARK-HEAVENS: The creature that held many spiritual essences within him- the lying and disgusting swine: **GOMORATH** contained within his enormous physical-material outer manifestation: the disciples of wraith, the undying eternal, the soul king, and the necromancer from the dark-heavens. The Soul-King battled Sirius Colfax and his Kingdom of Jeremiah before- In the premature years of **THE OLD EARTH** and the Nebula appeared from the shadows of dark-space with the *Chapel of Spears* after the conquest over the Blood-King- the Nebula creature let the elder-vampire live and permitted a peace treaty without the approval of the Soul-King **GOMORATH**.

The Soul-Eater wanted Colfax destroyed and yearned to burn down the silver empire he ruled. except the Nebula knew he would require the Blood-King to eliminate GOMORATH when the

suitable time came to pass- the Nebula began to position his plan of eradication into relentless action and unleash a sorrowful destiny for all which rivaled The Nebula's plan to rule over all transverses and savage-roads. The only hope for the world was: a young boy lacking any knowledge of his true origins. And even if the **SKY-KEEPER** managed by some means to succeed and triumphs over the **3** supreme beings at war and if the earth was fortunate enough to endure the assault of the **V.O.C**- civilization was dead. The breach had taken place, and the darkness of exodus released the ravagers of the world.

"I have to find a way to contact: **THE NETWORK** I'd be leaving them to die if indeed they were attacked" whispered Charlie to himself. "What are you doing Charlie? "Please answer me" Asked Emma. "Need to verify if we still have net" "have to make contact with the others". Charlie struggled with his **I-phone 9** although no connection could be established. "Damn it I'll be back" Said Charlie. "No Dad" whimpered Brandon. "You know how this plays out" "The moment you go out there- "all of us will get ripped open by some lunatics come on?" "How can you say that" Replied his father. "It's like a horror movie outside it never turns out ok." **Brandon Griffin** had started to feel a mild terror in his bones when the youngster became aware of a new symbol. The new symbol was more in the tune of an emblem. Brandon lifted his **POLO BABY-BLUE DRESS SHIRT** by the collar and touched the spot where the new cipher had engraved itself on Brandon's tummy.

The secret message shined neon golden and burgundy specks of color outlined the edges. "Brandon" Said Charlie. "Who's DJ?" Brandon stared extremely flabbergasted at his father "Nobody Dad, a random name that keeps popping in and out" Replied Brandon. Charlie marched over to his son from end to end through the narrow pathway with custom-made metal-shelves on each side to hoard the food, medicines, and first aid kits. Charlie had prepared, made sure they'd survive down here for at least **6-9** months before having to rummage the dead new world for provisions. And Charlie had weapons not simply heavier firepower then a good number of the populace but *Hunter-armory*. An arsenal of ammunition completed to execute travelers, witches, vampires, werewolves, ghouls, the undead, and legacies. The human servants of the massive creature who dwelled on earth and supplied souls to the mammoth monster by means of a trade for trade immortality was granted or the threat to your existence or your family's life would be removed.

"Son" Said Charlie. "This is not a movie and besides, "I got guns ok –"and I know these things Brandon, I know we don't stand a chance without the team". Brandon's eyes gazed toward the direction of his mother who was still in evident distress over the demise of her son. For Emma the changed timeline kept playing like a rerun of a bad episode of **TRUE BLOOD** over and over again. Charlie rammed his stare into Brandon's eyes and they sheltered eyeballs with one another. The yellow mist returned it always did. The yellow mist was a part of Charlie's locked-power and both he and his son held abilities. "Just tell me who he is, I been catching bits and pieces myself" "Really?"

Brandon asked with exhilaration in his voice. "Yeah, your much stronger Brandon we both know that, and I know what you are but I refuse to let you save these kind of people, "The world is filled with evil envious eyes son" "most of these people would kill you in a second without a moment's thought, your mom and me" Said Charlie. "Mom is already one of them dad- "and what I 'am- is not human, I know your protecting me because you love me" Brandon's eyes sobbed when he talked with his father. "Having you risk your life for a world filled with cruel and cold hearted people makes me not a hundred percent convinced it's your world to save" "we can win Brandon- we can get away from all this, and leave it all behind" "He's a legacy" Said Brandon. Charlie for an instant or maybe a few seconds stayed speechless. "Listen, "I know what you're going to say dad, but I can handle myself he's not like the others" he's different his heart is pure, "if not DJ would not be able to communicate with me the barricade reveals infected thoughts you know this dad" Charlie placed his hand on Brandon's shoulder and hugged him. "Alright, I have to try and make it to the house" Said Charlie.

"Stay here and protect your mom. "she's not a monster, she will come back from this" "now I know your worried, weird and strange things are happening but the good guys always win haven't you seen all them superhero movies you made me take you to." "And you know how that plays out the champion constantly wins and the lights came back on that's a good sign Brandon" Charlie placed the assault rifle over his shoulder, tucked the 357 magnum hooked it on his black sports jeans and with a few deep gasps proceeds toward the doors of the subversive cellar. The lights flickered on and off for a good while until completely coming back on.

CHAPTER 19: ORIGINAL SINS 3:15 PART III

The Red Hummer had the lead with a navy-blue F150 Ford Pickup and a black GMC van which trailed behind. The three cars travel collectively in a perfect straight configuration. The alliance was born. Inside the hummer rode DJ still dressed in his original clothes before the day became misplaced and lost to exodus. *DJ* drove the big, bulky sports-truck with Martin Lloyd riding shotgun. A few feet away pursued: The Ford F150 with Tiffany Elliot who drove the pick-up and Earl Raney kept her company alongside with Jesse hank in the back. He wouldn't shut up- Jesse had dropped an ecstasy-pill along with a few painkillers and was blabbing away. The MDMA the happy-pill contained was off the charts and of course: Jesse made the batch himself. The last vehicle was the black GMC van Rich Patterson drove the black unmarked van along with Austin Dallas who by now felt aggressive and Austin's face had turned clammy and black circles began to enclose around his eyes.

Austin Dallas heard the voice of the parasite which had ceased the opportunity and abducted Austin's body for the creatures own domain. The road was a dark and isolated stretch interstate. A backside road highway frequently used by drug traffickers and massive amounts of RV's were

always observable on this limited-access highway and rumors ran untamed of a vampire lord on earth orchestrated **blood-drives** with mobile RV's to recover a great deal of blood-loads as possible. Rich Patterson kept being distracted by the voice of the departed neighborhood lawn Gardner who was murdered by Ray's superior. Sidetracked by the tone of voice of the dead-Gardner who evolved into a deep grisly and fearsome frequency with traces of iniquity and evil mega-volts of immoral energy and of course everything the ghost of Mr. Lopez said was spiteful and deranged *although it was all true*. Rich and Austin kept to themselves held in reverse what both men in actuality felt like doing to each other and this was to lose absolute control and kill each other in the most violent and disturbed way.

The skies appeared calm. The snow and the black-rain complete with the alien spaceships disappeared. The tremors had settled down, still entirely observable and larger than ever was the **full-blood-moon**. The divided highway the alliance traveled on was more or less empty the line of vacant and abandon automobiles could be distinguished on the other side of the highway's median. The strip median separated opposing lanes of traffic. "Damn, look at that shit" Said Martin Lloyd. Martin noticed the community was trying to escape the mayhem of whatever came from the identical direction the group was headed and he was riding shotgun with a man he had just met- however felt a bond with. The previous downpour of snowfall left **3-** inches of the icy rain on the ground. And the black-rains had flooded the streets nevertheless something further terrorizing roamed the roads at the moment. DJ slipped in a CD into the Hummer's radio.

The United-States president issued a statement via N.S.A satellites in case the world had turned to AM radio or an underground bandwidth after standard FM stations and TV station satellites were comprised by the severe weather and earthquakes' which had struck **Florida** for the first time in the history of our earth. After using words such as: perseverance- fortitude- and one nation under god DJ shut off the radio right before the president signed an executive order. "It's like the Ebola outbreak, lying to everybody, until the disease was on top of us like a hurricane" Martin Said. And DJ nodded. "I'd be real concerned Martin something or someone is influencing the governments resolution to restrain a nightmare-world from breaking loose" -The Two-men kept to themselves for a while and witnessed a horrific analysis of a planet mangled.

A collection of **wild-dogs** pursue after a small number of citizens who had clustered together in hope of survival. In a landscape filled with the horrors of a wrecked peace treaty, celestial godly organisms at war. One wants blood, another after the souls of humanity and a terrible change took place- a transformation of the human anatomy. **The wicked ones**: the inhabitants who changed at **3:15am** weren't people any longer. The clusters of citizens in the process of being attacked were not chased by large weird wild-dogs. Unless dog's by some means, established the way to shriek loud and situate on two-legs and howl at the blood-moon.

The internal government became corrupted by a spiritually of reincarnated evil the traveler: **AZRA** had returned from the darkest corners of the torment Alexis Cane had sent her off to. The VEX-PYRAMID creatures released Azra among one condition: they'd be freed to wander the earth and the savage-roads once the **new WAR's** conclusion. Azra the water-snake-lady

abducted the body of the Madam Vice President: Silvia Richards. The Executive order the United States president signed awarded **THE SIN**: a network of hit-men contracted by the legacies: the loyal servants of the **Soul-King** full power. And authorized police to quarantine each person seen in the streets at anytime for no justifiable motive- in lamer-terms: Florida and shortly the world would witness a massive increase of police-states.

The SIN in covert organized **the blood-drives** for the followers of the **Blood-King**. They'd been playing both sides to the convenience which best fit the group's agendas. As a result, it was incredibly easy for Azra to persuade the SIN to aid her in Azra's conquest and furthermore her pending retribution with Alexis Cane. The CD Daniel Mikael injected inside the hummer's radio played: Ben Nichols "Last Pale Light in the West" a song which connected DJ to memoirs associated with a point in time when his blood-pact brother Quinn Mitchell Carter was not a monster although the two were criminals previous to the world's sudden end. The two men shared a bond never thought to be broken. The song played while **the undead** roamed the side of **interstate-79** an isolated highway used to reach the Florida and Alabama Stateline. "What do you prefer? Martin asked. "DJ or Daniel" The skies above and beyond the vehicles lit up with **red-lightning** and huge bug like creatures that flew throughout the clouds. "DJ is fine, you know, you not telling me about your real connection to all this bothers me" DJ Said. He lowered the music and gazed at Martin with mistrust.

"I'm sorry, I'd keep it from myself you know? "It's hard to know the truth, that maybe people you love might be dead or worse" Replied Martin. "From here on out no more secrets, "if we are to survive this thing we need to be honest and full-fledged partners, "people are counting on us we can't let them down" "What about you DJ, "did you know you were a legacy all this time? Martin asked. "Yes and No" "Do you know where you're going Martin? "Seems everyone coming from the direction of the farmhouse tried to run away from something terrible" DJ responded with an uncertain undertone in his voice. And martin said: "The church- "once we notice the church we are close to the farm" "I remember going to that church with Emma" "I was always scared of the fucking preacher, that dude was weird man"- but Emma took a liking to him" Said Martin Lloyd. (It's more like a cathedral of evil) DJ captured Tiffany Elliot's thought at the precise moment it did not strike any rational meaning to Daniel.

DJ was more inclined to capture any thoughts that revolved around him personally. Since he did enclose some feelings of affection for the hard-hitting, sexy and resilient huntress of legacies- Tiffany Elliot had also injected a song into the **F150** which in some way reflected the devastation and disorder mixed with chaos that embraced the roads of the world now. Tiff and Earl Rode in total silence while **Bleeding Out** by: Imagine Dragons blasted through the speakers. The Wind began to pick up and an earsplitting rumble tremors the highway. (BOOM)

A LOUD scream banged, surrounded by voices within Daniel Mikael's skull an equivalent scream boomed throughout Brandon Griffin's head and then came the images: A bathroom gloomy and moist.

A Mirror hung on the chipped walls finished of inexpensive fortification. A Young woman cried passionate tears of sorrow and hysterically screamed at the voices inside her head. The whispers among tombstones were inducing evil thoughts. The whispers commanded her to commit horrible acts of murder in eulogize of the Soul-King and praise to the lord of the skies. Tiffany Elliot knew she was a legacy. A CULT of the most awful kind and brought into it by a choice her priest made when she was only 9 years old. The place of worship she accompanied her father in attendance every Sunday was a tainted place. The minister simply identified by **Reverend Valstrick** was malevolence on two legs. The cathedral of worship had the entire township of Lavender Hill FL. Fooled except for: Tiffany who knew the menacing preacher was a werewolf. Only, he was not just a werewolf but a hobgoblin wizard. A superior in the ranks of the V.O.C- the armies of Gravend” were commanded by this wicked, and eternal wizard-god “The Coffin Reverend” who was the first in his blood line, and the solitary

“Lycanthrope Elder” to blemish himself with the ominous evil pleasures of the ancient feminine witch, and wizard tribe led by the venomous cannibals of the “WHITE WITCHES” Tiff had it all planned. Her suicide would release her from the curse the priest had placed over her after Tiffany’s father made a deal to better his daughter’s life. Tiffany wept tears of pain and heartbreaking gloom. Tiff had the scalpel laid on the sink’s edge. The stiletto shone. Tiff cried and punched the bathroom mirror creating a crisscross of broken glass with a large scratch where she smacked the mirror in its center. Behind her smeared in what appeared to be blood were the numbers: **3:15** and the word: **legacy** written down hundred times on the toilet, on the wall, on the door.

Tiffany was about to cut out her second heart. The black-heart- all legacies grow when they reach the climax of the change and turn into loyal servants of a ferocious monster. The silver-plated scalpel initiates the black-blood to trickle downward when she began to outline the incision and started to slash. “I failed and I’m sorry” Tiffany spoke to the busted mirror. “Dad, you really fucked up this time” “No matter, how hard Earl and I tried they won” A knock on the door interrupted Tiffany Elliot’s resolution to end her **curse** and only deepened the mystery.

The day appeared to be reinstating itself, in some kind of state of unnatural time restore. Time had repaired itself. The deluge of snow which fell in Florida and created icy and slippery roads made it difficult for travel. The black-rain flooded the streets. And all the news stations chatting in relation to Florida’s day of reckoning made matters worse. The accidents skyrocketed. The general public was in frenzy total and utter panic mode. Earl Raney was returning with Gigi Blake back from Kingsville, NY. The skies kept banging with loud supernatural thunder strikes and radiance of crimson lightning struck the clouds above the navy-blue Lincoln-navigator. Earl and Gigi were a big and important element of a collection of people Tiffany Elliot had recruited to assist her in the hunt for the legacies: the human army of the **Soul-King**.

“Maybe we’re the last people on earth, Earl. “Did you ever think of that? Earl slanted his head just a bit and looked at Gigi. Earl with no choice other than to keep his eyes on the road, plenty of empty cars and vacant gas stations and grocery markets although no people, only snow, and rain and roamers and now the radio was out too, only static -and the downpour of snowfall had

Earl and Gigi freezing within the Lincoln. “Not the last people, nonetheless maybe the last good people, it’s been a long drive, He said. “And the last text I received from Tiffany was to make certain we gather supplies” -and meet with Jesse “Tiff will have answers Gig trust me” shit man, and we gotta trust her” Said Earl. “Mind if I vape?” asked Gigi. “Nope, those things really work asked Earl while he searched for his cigarettes.

“Yes, and No you ought to admit they are pretty cool” smirked Gigi. Earl slipped a Newport in his mouth and rode with Gigi equally both watched in horror how the world changed instantaneously in one day. **Keep your eyes open** by **Need2Breathe** played on Gigi’s I-pad. Earl enjoyed the song blasting from Gigi Blake’s headphones. Together they’d felt strong and prepared. Earl knew Tiffany Elliot’s modus operandi (MO) Tiff was efficient, organized, and fearless. he also knew she’d doubted herself recently and hurried to get back to her Earl felt Tiff needed him and Earl was right someone was at her door and he had a awful sentiment the visitation wasn’t a friendly one.

THe man knocked and knocked and then pounded on the front door of the undersized navy-blue painted residence. Jeremiah could not help to detect what a cheap looking place this was and windows with boards on them? His mind swirled with confusion he kept pounding at the front door his heart raced all the way to his throat he kept thinking what in GOD’s name was going to answer the door? Various freaks with long dirty disgusting and decaying fingers a goblin? Perhaps a witch after all **the Cadillac-Man** was so eerie and bizarre that Jeremiah thought for a brief moment he might be regretting knocking on this stranger’s door momentarily. The day was a day within itself. Reports of earthquakes, tremors rocked the Stateline, and the sun was blocked by an enormous ghost planet accompanied by extraterrestrial-spacecrafts. Frank Hawkins and the transverse archangel AcidMurda gathered up a team and headed towards the turmoil.

The grouping had a solitary stop to make first. Before the procedure began to find Charles Griffin and the boy- the lady in red: **TRINITY** knew the human alliance of Tiffany and DJ would come under assault and possibly die however there were no more choices to make just courses of action and after the loss of his older son Tim Frank seemed poised and clam the truth was Frank was dying inside and wanted revenge bad. *The Cadillac-Man* had found them at the cabin in **BLUE-MOON LAKE** while Acid customized the Cadillac-escalade with extreme weaponry aided by Jason a powerful servant and combatant of The Soul-King. In the companionship of Trinity and Jason- AcidMurda trimmed the Gatling gun in gold brass. The seraph from a sideways timeline and a Past-Forward-Future positioned the machinegun on the crown of the sports utility truck. A secret compartment manufactured by Trinity on the roof of the escalade held the weapon in covert. A crafty subversive war-gun finished out of pure steel and unidentified molecules of iron and foreign metal. Trinity put the finishing touch on the battle-ready *SUV* by means of a locked-power of protection.

The gorgeous and mysterious lady in red saturated the vehicle with her own blood from the **DRAMACIDE** territories making it possible for the car to mend and repair. Jason smirked at the intimidating figure: the Angel AcidMurda when he completed the customization on the truck.

“Seriously speaking MR. Acid or Murda or whatever the fuck” Said the arrogant Jason. “With all the worlds and streamlines why even waste your time? I mean people gotta die you do know that? AcidMurda kept quiet and continued his work on the car. The archangel implanted two smaller Gatling guns on each side of the truck with additional AR-14 assault rifles attached beneath the petite ~~Gatling-guns~~ Acid beamed a heat energy injection prepared out of dark-plasma from the palm of his hand greater than *750 degrees Fahrenheit*. “Look at this guy he’s trying to impress you T” Said Jason. “Don’t call me that” Trinity never flinched kept her gaze up on the secluded road which leads to the cabin. “I’m for real” Jason laughed.

“He’s got a superman complex, using heat and shit to melt together weapons, fucking guy. “He’d be great for one of them summer flicks he’s straight out of a comic book” Trinity shook her head at the idea of Jason being such a prick except it didn’t trouble her to a great extent Trinity knew eventually she would kill Jason. “I’m more concerned for Frank and his two boys at the moment I don’t think that talk is going well” Said Trinity. “Fuck no it aint, I had to bring back some dead chick the younger kid had laid the fuck out before we got here.” Trinity Nodded. “I know, and you could’ve simply re-opened a savage road outlet like Cane did, to disappear back into the Voc and left Quinn and DJ in reverse time- instead your rebellious and plain reckless- “and I don’t like the way you operate and I simply don’t like you” Jason laughed and sighed.

“When are we going to tell these people there’s no hope for the place they call home even if GOMMARTH was taken down, the Nebula and the Blood-king won’t let this world ever go back to what it was” “When the time is right Jason, besides it’s not about saving this earth anymore the world already died it’s about rebuilding what is lost” Responded Trinity. *The* GAU Avenger customized: 10 barrel Gatling-type cannon with a **40** mm caliber and a rate of fire up to 5.000 rpm (rounds per minute) a war machinegun. The weapon was complete and exactly on time. Trinity switched into one of the many outer-forms she was equipped with and set-out to end the bickering between the families within the subterranean cellar of the cabin. The beautiful assassin from the Dramacide clan was capable of such achievement.

Trinity morphed into a red mist with lightning strikes flickering inside the red storm. Jason spotted the vehicles as they approached. The smog and the light snow made it difficult for Jason to capture a clear display of the cars headed directly for the cabin. Acid took to the air the archangel’s identification scan blasted from within his breastplate and shone a dark indigo color and transmitted the results all the way through his celestial nerve organism and scrutinized into the angel’s otherworldly vision. “He’s here” Said AcidMurda his tone was harsh and extremely deep AcidMurda’s quality of voice was demonic.

However, Acid was an angel of light- a transverse **SKY-KEEPER** hell-bent on avenging the evil ~~reaper-king’s~~ essence which forced him to become an unwanted ally of the ~~faller~~. Jason gazed at Acid and balled up his fist which one? He asked while his hand began to glow blue, yellow and settled with the color purple. “The Nebula and the idiot brought the tomb with him” Said an enraged AcidMurda. Three cars rapidly advanced. In the lead: was a black *unmarked* four-door Cadillac with solid black window tinting and a mini-machinegun attached to the hood of the

vehicle. Two additional dark blue unmarked Chrysler-300 sedans pursue behind the black unmarked Cadillac vehicle.

The Council of Tombs had been disturbed from an evil slumber and escorted the Nebula to slaughter each person – man, woman, child, and anyone who stood in the way of the date of mass departure, Jason and AcidMurda stood side by side and the discharge of bullets began. “They’re firing on us” Jason Said. He and Acid swooped around, shifting direction to evade the gunfire.

Trinity had displayed for Frank Hawkins and his two young sons what occurred in Tim’s life prior to reaching the cabin and a noticeably distraught Frank H. Hawkins could not allow himself to accept what Tim had done. He killed his wife, executed his client and blew up a house. The firing of guns was super-intense all three unmarked vehicles come to a full stop at a sheer five-six feet away from the customized **SUV** and the occupants stride out of the cars with Tremendous weapons composed and geared up with automatic artillery quietly stepped-out of their designated automobiles and bombed the cottage with a fury of rounds after rounds of high-power ammunition. The machine gun stamped into the lead car’s front hood lifted up and drenched the cabin on **BLUE-MOON LAKE** with a violent flow of bullets. The Cadillac-Man controlled the machinegun resting on the front-hood from the interior of the unmarked black Cadillac sedan.

“Pay attention, the 3:15 event is entrancing the world” Said Trinity at the same time as she fired back at the council of tombs and the Nebula. Trinity was struck a small number of times herself in the course of the shootout. “I know what you are, but your destiny will overcome the hunger, in time you will be of great importance trust yourself Wade” Trinity recovered Frank from the floorboards of the cabin- Tim was hit and laid dying on the floor. Acid stood at the doorway of the lodge and used his celestial body-armor as a shield to protect the rest of the gathering. Jason’s detonation of force winds swept the area and discharged a blue-fire locked-power ability of electromagnetism from his fist. Jason set the adversaries on fire and the strong winds slammed nearly all of the enemy opponents in reverse and it did absolutely nothing to the antagonists.

The four man team who accompanied the lord of darkness the spider-god Nebula was engulfed in flames however these men were not men. They belong to the almighty supernatural militia of the Council of Tombs all four executioners stood up from the winds of Jason’s locked-power unscathed while the Nebula who took over the body of a desperate man in the 17th century never even flinched. The Tomb’s slaughterers were all on fire from Jason’s detonation although kept back standing a few feet and kept firing. **The Cadillac-man switched** his outward human structure and turned into the nefarious creature Nebula.

A gruesome monster the nebula crawled rapidly on eight legs and two additional arachnid legs extracted from the creature’s thick and bulky membrane red veins filled with foreign toxin supply the creature a method of feeding and venomous tentacles from the mouth of the beast provide a

classification of physical assault. "This is getting ugly" Said Jason. "Trinity" "Acid needs to unbolt the passage or where're dead" The Tomb's assassins wore a sheltered gear dished in scarlet color with oversized and petrifying gas-mask facades among elongated black tubes attached.

THE Nebula crashed through the front windowpane of the cabin and struck Trinity by means of the deadly tentacles that transmit thoughts and contain an intellect of their own and compose judgment. The customized Cadillac Escalade began a rampage of bullets the strength of the weapon was unmatched and the velocity of the rounds of ammunition tore the limbs right off the evil employees of the Tombs committee and the bodies of the gas-mask killers began to fall and continue burning even as one by one smacked the ground. The **SUV** was fully operational and AcidMurda was in control of the war crafted truck. "Now, Now" Screamed Wade Hawkins "Come on Pops" Wade kept his watch on the spider scorpion creature and riddled the swine with bullets the rest of the grouping paced in a backward stride and furthermore kept firing until one by one leaped into the motor vehicle. "Come on Wade" Yelled out Jason "I'm not saving your ass get in the fucking car" except Wade was fuming Tim was dead and even though the two brothers never got along in life.

Wade felt necessitate to avenge his brother in death. The spider-god rushed at **Trinity** the creature knew they'd be a great deal weaker without the **Dramacide** warrior assassin on the side of the new unification resistance. The Nebula hissed and squeals with the incoming attack about to rip Trinity in pieces Wade Hawkins positioned his body between the inhuman unearthly cold-blooded and merciless monster. And effectively made the foul Nebula pause the spider-god hissed, roared, -and positioned itself upward on two humanlike legs which bear a resemblance to clown-stilts. "Holy Shit man, did you know this thing had wings? Jason asked. "No" replied AcidMurda.

The Nebula spread-out two immense black wings with outlines of red streaks. The Nebula stood on two legs along with leeches slithered from its pitch black hollowed eyes and prior to the creature's Ascension into the rain and snow consumed clouds. the mammoth **spider-god** hissed out final words: "*Wadeeee, The shadow protects youuuu, (screeeeech)* "Does your father know you're a killerrrr, yessssss I will eat your heart out killerrrr the shadows will dieeeee, your evil, you're like meeee join meeee join ussss, or dieeeee yessssss the Nebula was blazed-up by high-powered rounds from the truck's Gatling Gun and vanished within the turmoil of a sky attacked by unnatural storms.

The Bodies of the Gas-mask eradicators of the council of tombs burned in the rearview. The mayhem was over for now. Not without casualty. Tim Hawkins died after he reached out to a man his own father sent him to look into. Bodies lay torn apart in front of the cabin. Acid knew the deceased bodies of the members of the tomb would be disappeared soon. AcidMurda detected supplementary unmarked vehicles riding down in the opposite direction of the narrow and remote road leading to the cottage on blue-moon Lake They'd roared passed the escalade at sweltering velocity.

(“Your father heard the creature’s words, not entirely sure) Trinity spoke with Wade via the mind-connection (“Are we talking with our minds? I’m so fucking upset, nothing is like it seems to be, everything’s been a lie, we have no government to protect us from this) (“let go of the pain Wade, and the shadows will protect you the spider knew this) (“this is why he never attacked me right?) (“That thing whatever it is scared of what I’ am) (“Yes, it’s scared because evil is afraid of evil Wade) (“Where are we going do you even have a plan?) (“We have one stop to make before we enter the mouth of the dragon) (“Where’s that?) (“An important person needs our help) and with the concluding mind link deliberation being transmitted Acid unsealed the threshold of **Dark-Fire** and the car evaporated. The event of 3:15 had begun and **time restarted again.** 8:33pm – 9:15pm

8:33pm-1:08pm- 2:22pm- 3:15am

After he heard a series of strange noises,-and padlocks being removed the door leisurely began to open: releasing a squeaking jingle. A jittery feeling came over him Jeremiah thought for sure some-type of uncanny monster was about to come out soaring at him. Possibly bite his head off, maybe even slash and tunnel into his heart. His encounter with the mayor left him paranoid and apprehensive after he shook the mayor’s hand he detected what the mayor really was. An infected monster that’d pretended to be a man.

Jeremiah heard one final combination lock go: **click** the top chain lock remained hinged to the door. “Hello, can I help you? The sexy tone came from behind the entry of the small home. Jeremiah flinched for a second then proceeded to say: “Yes, “I mean no- Shit, can you please give me a glass of water? “I feel like I been running and running for hours” Said Jeremiah. “I’m sorry but who the fuck is you again? Asked the voice from the shadows Tiffany’s tone seemed to soothe Jeremiah. His eyes flashed yellow and she noticed. After all by now it was apparent the voice behind the entrance was a female.

Tiff found it exceptionally odd for someone to be at her door with all that was occurring in the world. Rumors concerning walking dead people and vampires, a moon overflowing with a red substance and the state of Florida faced a crisis. Including hearsay of points in time restoring and all emergency response units were deployed to the state after earthquakes, tremors, snowstorms, in addition to unidentified objects were observed and hovering the skies of the sunshine state. A neighborhood in BlackStar, FL was totally destroyed by an earthquake taking down entire law enforcement units with it. Catastrophe had struck the world and this peculiar man was currently at the front door of Tiffany Elliot.

“You gotta be, by far the biggest weirdo I have encountered in this shit hole of a town you don’t even know me, my water could have poison in it, and I, could be a serial killer of men? “Do yourself a favor go quince the thirst somewhere else buddy I’m busy” said Tiffany. Tiff went to shut the door when Jeremiah delicately counteracted her preference to keep him out and held the door. “Listen, “I don’t know who you are- other than if you don’t let go of this door everybody in the neighborhood will- “after I’m done fucking stabbing you till you bleed to fucking death” He

shook his head holding the mask in his right hand. "Listen to me, "everyone in this town is a monster or something worse,

"I know this will sound crazy however it's the truth" "my nephew is some kind of protector and I just inherited a small place down the block- and a make-up dresser came with it" Jeremiah gazed down in disappointment "I know you don't believe me" "why, even try my god I sound so fucking nuts" he threw his hands down and said: I'm sorry , sorry to inconvenience you" "your most likely studying in favor of some big college test and I'm here fucking things up" Jeremiah was apologetic for the interruption. "Why do you have a mask? Tiffany Asked. Jeremiah Griffin cringed "You can see it? "The mask, you can see it? Jeremiah flaps the mask up and down in Tiffany's face. "Brandon told me nobody outside the **V.O.C** could see it and only legacies had the visualization engraved in them to notice it" Tiffany glanced down for a split second. "Wait, Your one of them isn't you? Jeremiah asked. "Yes I 'am" Tiffany Said. "But not for much longer I'm gonna end it now so fuck off" "End it? Jeremiah asked. "No, you can't this mask allows me to see shit, feel things a normal person can't, the make-up dresser's mirror somehow connected me to Brandon my brother's son, "call the cops do what you want but don't kill yourself" my nephew insisted: "Go find the one person here in this town, preferably an individual that doesn't reflect back, "this person will be familiar with a man named Earl something and will be the leader of a band of people or heroes or some shit and will strike at the heart of the **soul-eater**" Jeremiah Laughed.

"I sound so insane right now, I fucking need a Percocet" Tiffany's eyes flashed open and gawked at Jeremiah. "What did you say? The soul-eater how do you know about his existence? Tiffany by now had her '38 caliber revolver with the hammer pressed back and her handle on the trigger. "Why should I trust you? Jeremiah rolled his eyes and answered: "Because, for the looks of it, "you and I are the only ones who aren't trying to hide something or kill each other" "but I can't stand here all day lady" said Jeremiah "Besides, the abandon church in this rural town is only vacant to human eyes -and Brandon mentioned some kind of evil priest" which I have no fucking clue what to do with if I find him- the little fucker forgot to mention that part" Jeremiah sighed. "The Kid, told you about an evil preacher? "Funny, "I burned down that miserable corrupt place a year ago" answered Tiffany Elliot.

She removed the crown chained-lock promptly and proceeded to release the door. Tiffany Elliott had been waiting for somebody like Jeremiah to come along. In fact: Tiffany had waited so extensive she nearly lost hope. She stood at the entrance similar to a soldier. "Up, against the wall and spread your arms *do it now*" Said Tiffany. Jeremiah marched to the wall by the door and situated his arms to the side. "You don't trust anyone, I just told you everything I know" Tiffany held the 38 caliber with both hands. "Uh-huh" She wanted to trust him. Tiffany needed to trust him. "You expect me to believe your brother's son talks to you by the use of a mirror? "Yeah" Jeremiah says he doesn't.

"Turn around slowly and place both hands behind your back" Tiffany throws a pair of steel handcuffs at Jeremiah. "Put those on, and don't make me kill you" Jeremiah caught the pair of steel police handcuffs and said: "Damn, this is fucked up I come to you for help, with the truth and this is what I get" Tiffany kept the handgun on him. "Do it now, then I'll check you for

weapons- if your clean, we can talk” Jeremiah began to handcuff himself the mask had fallen right beside him on the tiled floor. “Ok, all done can we talk now” Tiffany nodded and began to search Jeremiah for weapons. “You know, it must be hard” Said Jeremiah. Tiffany kept padding down Jeremiah and responded: “What is? What’s hard?”

“To be poor and alone” Said Jeremiah. “I mean that’s the reason your deprived poor excuse for a father made the deal with the reverend right? “For you, to have a chance at a real life- maybe go to college become something in the real world and discontinue living off **EBT** and government help” Jeremiah grinned and when he did **the false Jeremiah** uncovered a row of large chelicerae teeth and the fangs: an organic functional which penetrates the skin or the exoskeleton of the spiders target. Tiff took a few steps in reverse “What are you?” She felt overwhelming fear and the whispers initiated again at the same time as the fake Jeremiah tore the handcuffs right off his hands. Jeremiah’s face began to unpeel. He started to shed. “I ‘am supremacy” I ‘am evil beyond the shadowy dark clouds of space above an infinite heaven my kingdom rules the stars” Jeremiah’s tone of voice changed the monster inside the human body was now in full control of the host and a distorted frequency started to explode within Tiffany Elliot’s skull.

“Stop, I won’t bow to such insanity and get the fuck out of my head.” Jeremiah transformed. Changed into a hideous tall-man with a **PURPLE TOP-HAT** sheltered around his head wrapped in spider web wool complete with a purple tailored dinner suit with a mauve and red satin Bow Tie and now hissed when he uttered out words this was Tiffany Elliot’s point in time to die. **“I admire you, your bravery is unnatural for your kind however yessssss your future must never come to pass yessssss now I will eat both your heartsssss** the creature shrieked and extracted a single large black long-haired giant arachnid leg from the man-creatures backside. **“Dinnerrrrr”** hissed the repulsive beast. A double-bladed dagger punctures all the way through the tall-man’s backside a very extraordinary **Rajput weapon:** a dagger with two reverse blades on a core handle.

The re-curving blades held salt and coagulated blood from ancient hellhounds at the edges of the blades. A weapon prepared to kill: Goblins, Witches, Travelers and Undead. The Dagger can’t destroy the powerful lord of the chapel of spears The Nebula. Nevertheless it will and it does injure the monster. Wounded the creature turned to allow witnessing his attackers. **“I’d Knew you’d come YESSSSSS and you brought the shadow how delightful he will be an excellent meal when the time is right yessssss** hissed the malevolence. **THE CADILLAC-MAN** dug his long talons into the cemented walls of the little navy blue-house and crawled on all fours like an animal with long and massive arms and legs. Tiffany kept her revolver on blast-mode. Tiff emptied the six-shooter while she aimed up and followed his path of trajectory across her roof she kept shooting and shooting until he smashed the living area window and vanished the creature was gone nowhere to be found. “He would’ve killed you, tore you to shreds” The voice was hoarse and profound Tiffany found it sexy.

The two men stood a foot away from the black puddle the spider-creature left behind. Frank H. Hawkins and his son Wade Hawkins arrived in the nick of time. “Son, Make sure that thing didn’t

spill any *read-death* last thing we need is a crowd of people who metamorphosed coming this way” Said Frank Hawkins. Wade Hawkins son to human resistance leader and **US MARINE** Frank Hawkins began to examine the vicinity. “Nothing Pops, looks like we’re clear” Wade sighed and placed his assault rifle downward next to the mask the creature left behind. “Who- in the fuck are you people? Tiffany’s demeanor changed- she became distressed and angry. “We are the fucks, who just saved your ass sweetheart, how about you show some respect” Answered Wade. “Put the gun down Tiffany’ it’s not even loaded, you drained it on that thing” Said Frank. Tiff positioned herself against the wall and held her head. It still ached from the transmissions of whispers from the spider-creature who shape-shifted and pretended to be ~~Jeremiah Griffin~~. “Wade, when that wretched monster said I brought the shadow with me what did he mean son?”

Frank Hawkins gawked at Wade. “Is it the diary son? You cling on to that journal like your life depended on it” Wade’s eyes shifted to Tiffany. “Wade look at me son, I asked you a question was that monster talking about *the serial killer* we been searching for? “What the fuck would make you think that? Wade Responded. Frank nearly slapped his son clear-cut in the center of his face. “What did you say, what the hell came out your mouth boy? Frank snatched the diary from Wade’s grip. The kid had retrieved it from his black trench-coat in the interior pocket after his father’s request to scan the area nearby, for any contaminated inhabitants. “Look guys, I appreciate what y’all did saving my life and all, other than y’all should’ve let me die it’s what I want anyways- but seriously fuck off, don’t need any arguments had enough of that shit when my dad was alive” Said Tiff. Wade confronted his father “Give it back, it’s not your business dad nothing was ever good enough for you and Tim I’m fucking sick of it, let me be it’s not yours to read Frank” Wade’s eyes reflected anger and apprehension and he called his Father by his first Christian name something he’s never done prior to today.

The disconnect Frank and his son had was increasing and became elevated. “What’s **S.K.** son? “The initials, do you know what they stand for? “Don’t talk about your brother, he’s dead he’s paid for his sins” Frank grabbed his son by the collar of the trench-coat and hard-pressed himself to be nose to nose with Wade. Frank H. Hawkins was and still is: on the trail of a rapist and murderer. a crazed lunatic who stalks the streets of Advanced, FL and the crimes reached its horrible pinnacle in Vines, GA. identified by the epithet the media branded the slayer: The Shadow Killer one of the most terrible serial killers the state of **Florida** ever faced and if the psycho wasn’t caught quickly and arrested Frank-and the detective he’d partnered up with through emails and anonymous telephone calls might have another *Alexis Cane* on their hands.

“You’re crazy, worried about a damn serial killer, we just got ambushed and Tim’s dead, your favorite son, “the one you picked over me remember? Wade continued his unrelenting verbal beating on his father. “Men in gasmasks dad, gasmasks with fucking tubes plugged to the back of the heads came to the cabin- a fucking spider talked to me –“and stood on two legs almost killed all of us, and no offense: Wade pointed his index finger at Tiffany “and now where’re here protecting a schoolgirl who looks like she’s fresh out of high school” Tiff laughed. “I’m **23** and what about you? “You’re a kid have you, even reached puberty yet? Tiffany responded. “Got a mouth on you I see” Said Wade. Frank Hawkins soaked in sorrow over Tim’s downfall glimpsed away from Wade with his eyes moist. Wade paced back and forth across the living area.

“Tiffany” Said Frank. “We know who you are” Frank kept his stare on Tiff “Really? So who am I? She Said. Frank shook his head and says:

“The leader of the seven, a resistance group. “You been tracking the activity of a cult, attacking the issue aggressively by means of the internet, seeking out others to join your cause and you know about the monsters” Wade picked up the mask and went to put it on the voices swirled around him. *(Put it on wade, become more, the shadows will always remain, kill your father, hurt the girl, and murder the world wade.)* Frank knocked the mask absent from Wade’s hand and kicked it from corner to corner in the living room and the two men went to confront each other again.

Tiffany Elliot had enough. Tiff separated both men equally and pulled them apart. “Can I get back to my suicide? It’s been waiting long enough” Frank and Wade stared at each other for a small amount of added seconds until Frank tossed the chronicle at Wade. “It’s gonna come out and when it does I hope I’m dead” *“Don’t say that shit dad”* Replied Wade with a cheerless cushioned voice. Frank shifted his stare to the beautiful and stunning young female whom he had come to speak with about the young ladies destiny. In the dim shadows of dusk stood a massive vagueness figure an overcast of scarlet rain clustered clouds made the mysterious stranger a bit more intimidating. Intrigued by the shape outside her home and the red whirlwind which shone neon when the mist spins around and over the mystifying tall and well-shaped muscular authority figure and abruptly the steam became an attractive women and she located herself next to AcidMurda.

“Who are they”? Tiff asked with a small trace of concern. Frank and Wade placed aside the issues between them for now to enlighten Tiff what the assembly had really come for. AcidMurda and Trinity remained on patrol outside Tiffany Elliot’s home. AcidMurda the streamline savage-roads transverse archangel and the Dramacide assassin Trinity equally knew the traveler Alexis Cane had turned-out to be disloyal to his master: The Blood-King Sirius Colfax. And executed a high ranked official of the vampire-elder her name was Azra and she had been hurled down to the depths of despair of suffering in the interior of the terrible dwellings of the Vex-Pyramid.

On high alert: Jason the strange, but extraordinary powerful ally of the group kept his protected body shield on and his yellow deadlocked eyes scanned the district. Tiffany, Wade and Frank all sat down on Tiff’s black leather couch you can tell the sofa had its years on it with several miniature cracked outlines. “Don’t have anything to offer you at the moment, “I haven’t gone shopping yet” Frank and Wade glanced at each other and knew Tiffany was embarrassed of her house and more so of the fact she had nothing to offer the people who just saved her life. “I have tap water” Said Tiffany. “Tiffany” Frank Hawkins stared at her “Forget the water, - and please sit-down, “things you need to know” My name is Frank H. Hawkins Said the Marine. “This is my son, Wade, Wade Hawkins” Wade Nodded.

“We’re here for two reasons, **ONE**: We know you’re a legacy, we also know you pursue them” Wade gaped at his father. “Listen, we know you’re a hunter, “we know about Earl Raney and Gigi Blake, a local stripper from Kingsville, NY both of them on their way back to you now” Wade Said. Interfering in his father’s discussion with Tiff and grinned at his Dad. “Reason

number **TWO**: Said Frank. "After he let Wade to finishes his words and the premature explanation. "There's a group, not far from ya." "They have the sense of hearing the whispers too Tiffany" Frank stared Tiffany for a split second before he said: "A Man, travels with this particular group with the same gift you have" Frank Said. "What gift is that? Tiffany Responded. "He controls the 2nd heart, it doesn't control him and you're the same am I right Tiffany? Frank tenderly grabs a hold of the young ladies sweaty hands. "He's the one you been looking for all these years since your dad's deal with the preacher.

"Both of you can help us find Charles Griffin and his son- "we are going there now to a farmhouse he isolated his family in after the dream-drifters project went bad." "First, it's essential to head towards **United Forever** the place where most of it started, "the gentleman will be there and so will a new set of people you must work with." "a church Charles and I burned down a few years back when the creature first started to manifest itself in the appearance of a minister after the coffin reverend unsealed a gateway" This place of worship will be your checkpoint, when you distinguish the church you will be close to Charles and hopefully we will be too" Said Frank H. Hawkins. Tiffany Laughed. Tiffany shook her head and laughed again.

Wade furnished his father with a momentary look of disappointment. "I told you, this chick would not believe us, what will it take damn it, you remember a giant fucking spider crawled on your roof right? Wade said in an angry pitch. "How do you know all these things? Enlighten me first before I trust you, "I know, I owe you both, "there's always a catch you come in here, save my ass from whatever the hell that thing was except for- you did it because you need me" "nothing comes for free- "how can you possibly know about Earl ,or Gig and who the fuck is out there? Frank and Wade Hawkins jointly stood up at the same time and gathered the rifles and the AK-47 Frank came with. "Don't tell anyone we were here, and if you do head-out, "which I'm counting on- leave out our talk and regarding our business with you at least not yet" you need to know who's on whose side" Said Frank. AcidMurda and Trinity had located themselves within the *customized SUV* alongside Jason.

Tiffany Elliot stood at the door and watched them lunge inside the truck and prepared to leave. "What, am I supposed to do with this black stain on my floor and a smashed window it's snowing? For gods shake" Frank responded ahead of him slamming the truck's door. "I suggest bleach that thing's blood is infected and Tiffany, don't trust anyone until the occurrence of **3:15** plays out, even those you love will change at the appointed hour -and one last thing don't trust time." Frank nodded to Acid and the engine fired up "Tiff" Said Frank "AcidMurda" "That's how we know about you and your destiny"

Tiffany had made her mind-up when the freaky spider dude attacked her and these two strangers rushed in and saved her life. The mention of **AcidMurda** was the icing on the cake. Tiffany knew about **Sky-Keepers** and **Arcs** from outside our reality- protectors of the streamline, guardians of the infinite savage-roads. Tiffany Elliot was a legacy hunter and now she'd been tasked with a new mission an assignment she lengthly waited for. To obtain vengeance on the pastor and avenge what the priest had done to her family various years ago and annihilate the **WICKED SOUL-KING**.

The Cadillac Escalade sped off into the blizzard. The colorless downpour of snow unexpectedly became a super-storm of winds and heavy snowfall. Tiffany paced back in and dropped her pistol on the floor when she noticed the glass situated back together like it never got smashed in the first place. The roof was patched up, so the miniature leak she'd had buckets to capture the watercourse in was gone. Trinity used her ability of object restore to repair and patch up Tiffany's house- and added a few additional goodies. A quantity of fresh furnishings and a brand new immaculate finished floor and roof and the glass was bulletproof she tapped on it delicately. "What the Hell? Tiffany Elliot smiled and Tiff's lips curled up. A very light gesture of happiness something she hadn't felt in a long while.

DJ and Martin kept watch and took turns driving the hummer. Tiffany Elliot, Earl Raney and Jesse Hank trail behind the **red** bullet riddled sports truck. They'd exchange the task of driving every few hours when it was secure to stop. Jesse Hank on no account drove. Hank was high the whole trip. The afternoon had restarted again. Somehow time infused time replaced itself and began all over for a second time. Although the skies never altered it was shaded and gloomy and it rained the blackest of murky rain. The third car: a **GMC** van had Ray Patterson at the helm; he declined to let Austin Dallas drive in view of the fact that he had been trash talking Tiffany the entire trip. The journey from the funeral home district to the farmhouse was supposed to be a simple two hours at the majority. Other than something abnormal happened the group felt drugged in a haze of some sort they'd been on the road for at least six and half hours except that was physically impossible unless the regulation of reality changed and time was no more. *The Ford F-150* Tiffany drove kept shaking underneath her and the passenger's both: Earl and Jesse fell unconscious.

Matter of fact the whole highway held in reserve time and tremors boomed subversive. Particles, specks of blood, people tousled in argument outside their cars even bullets could be seen perched in the atmosphere like a slow-motion visual presentation of life dying. *The mind-link* between Tiffany Elliot and DJ along with Brandon who kept his gaze on his mother Emma was not over. *All three*: were capable of broadcasting thoughts, feelings and trust and share the information in sequence like satellites hooked and keen to each other. Between them: a linkage existed. DJ (Daniel Mikael), Tiffany Elliot, and Brandon Griffin had a solitary diminutive concern and unease. A fourth person kept transmitting thoughts from a distant interference. A remote, inaccessible connection bounced through the mind-link. The intrusion came from someone called: **Paintent49**. DJ practically lost control of the automobile when the rumble began again and bits and pieces of Tiffany Elliot's hours previous to the day of exodus flashed, and banged and roared in the interior craniums of: Brandon – Tiffany – and Daniel. Without detection an estimated half a mile behind the three vehicles: five unmarked sedans approached. And reinforcements in addition were deployed.

Jonathan Case and **Violet** the two new affiliates of Tiffany and DJ's entourage decided to travel west on **I-95** as far away from Florida as they could get. Anywhere was better than the sunshine state at the very moment. If the two would simply agree on gathering supplies at any of the twenty or more abandon and ransacked supermarkets they'd seen while the dual drove maybe

the external strife between them would cease and the disagreements would stop. Nonetheless John Case was a military man and still upheld the law. Ultimately John gave in to Violet's pressure for Newport's and wrap paper she furthermore needed protection from the discharge-wrong time to be attacked by the curse of eve.

John made a dash across the street to: **Lou's Gunshot Palace** and retrieved automatic artillery, a few shotguns, several winter camouflaged jackets and ammunition. Violet marched out with a plastic bag of junk food, rolling paper for her weed and a chainsaw. An assembled flock of automobiles raced out of nowhere Violet and John both hid underneath a ditched 2005 white Chevy cavalier. "It smells like shit under here Said Violet. She glanced around and became aware of an undead Returned scattered only a few feet away from them on the parking lot's blood and mud-spattered covered ground. "Damn those are big trucks" Violet detected huge army like hummers and *all red police type squad cars* unmarked with steel cages pasted on the windows and machineguns attached to the sides of the vehicles. "I'd say whoever those people are appears they are heading towards the group we left behind" Said John with a worrisome tone.

"Great, "we have no way of warning them John and they saved us" Violet shook her head and rolled from under the car after the threat passed. "Maybe we do" replied John as he shoved a combat knife in the returned undead that had been cut in half by someone or something and just laid growling foaming blood and moaned on the floor. "Really... How? Asked Violet with an iffy and doubtful tone in the girl-hero's tone and looked at John. He stood up from placing the famished undead out of its misery and pointed to the north the direction both John and Violet had chosen to evade. And there it was: shinning like a neon bullet the dazzling glow shone despite the fact the sun was absent and the moon had become drunk with blood. A ray of hope, an illumination of **red** the **BEACON** had been activated.

The gas faced death mask killers were back the *Council of Tombs* contains an endless platoon of *savage-roads* Territorial Transverse military combatants and servants along with the Nebula who was not faraway following. Alexis Cane dispatched by GORRMATH had in addition caught up with the survivors on the road leading to where the original sins initiated. It was at this point, the day died. There's no turning back the occurrence of *3:15* was in complete motion and shortly the earth will tremble and fear the rise of *the wicked ones*.

TIMETimetimetimetickTOCKtimetockTim EtimeTimetimetimetimeeticktockticktockTIME
7:16PM- 8:33AM- 6:59PM- 7:99PM-4:76PM-8:83PM-4:01AM-3:14PM- 3:15AM

CHAPTER 20:

THE NIGHT THE DAY DIED

Those Who Thrive in the Dark Part II

Tiffany's bathroom mirror remains busted the cracked outlines shot across the reflector and connected to the center where Tiff had punched the fucking thing. Tiff looked prepared and determined. She stared into her bathroom's wrecked reflector and understood why the timeline was jumping from one point in reality to another. "Why do I have these restraints?" The figure that appeared on the reverse end of the mirror was handcuffed and restricted from movement. "I never wanted to accept it you'd know? Tiff responded to the shape in the contrary side of the mirror. "I always wondered" Tiffany Elliot kept her exchange of verbalized transmission with the young man on the reverse region of her crushed mirror. The youthful male was restrained to a single infirmary bed in some sort of sanatorium or mental institute contained by an all white room where Tiff observed numerous strange and anomalous items including various vials and glass containers with alien larva organisms and strange earthworm type creatures with twin heads.

The *Youngman* was covered in cryptogram, symbols engraved and imprinted to his skin like a branded racehorse. Tiffany Elliot spread out the weapons on the bathroom floor. she was pumped and in a mechanized state of significant reprisal. Silver knives with black and chrome absorbed handles, AK-47's, and powerfully finished chrome-grenades with sodium liquid acidic blended with hellhound blood which initially beam-out: an explosion, a detonation of UV Ray's ahead of releasing a spear-shaped type projectile. The weapons worked on travelers and legacies and the majority of the undead the roaming V's were afraid of the UV lights save for the weapons did not destroy them in this realism. Vampires were immortal beings and the Elder master of all masters lived in a kingdom prepared of untainted silvery and had faith in a creator. The rules did not apply here, in this reality, in the authentic world when true horror illustrated its ugly face it was nothing like the movies.

Tiffany crammed up all the weapons in two huge black duffel bags and placed one of the assault rifles over her neck by means of a collar strap. "You thought GOMORATH would kill me... Or turn me into a monster he knew I'd catch him sooner rather than later." Said Tiffany to the broken-down reflector at the same instant she spotted the double-bladed weapon Frank Hawkins used to jolt off the wicked, nasty spider monster from Killing and digesting Tiffany. "No way, Thank You Frank" Tiff whispered to herself. Tiff picked up the twin bladed daggers- a weapon extra potent then the few she already had ownership of. "I know why it feels like; this point in time is conflicting with factual and current moments which are taking place right now, "you'd be surprised what that monster can do" Said Tiff.

The Mirror repaired itself and became a larger, more gothic-styled an object of manifestation and altered its own shape and design. the mirror stood close to six feet in height and the superiority of the mirror which had self manufactured and assembled itself in Tiff's living room was mind-boggling. The self-illustration device was produced. The demonstration display instrument was: 51 inches in measurement. *Style:* Art Nouveau. *Material:* Mahogany Gold. *Age:* incalculable: *The Midday-Mirror* materialized becoming a strong and influential threshold between dimension portals, mind-links, Future-Past-Front-Sideways and reversed Timelines. This single one in particular was a gift from THE SKY-KEEPERS LEGION SQUADRON of the dARK-HEAVENS OF voynich. A rival collection of ARCS that had refused to obey and act upon the orders of a

fallen and forsaken God, who turned into a sinister dark-wind necromancer of the wraith corrupted and tarnished. Infected by the black Orb's influence and the last REAPER-KING of Xadin evil essence and the iniquitous creature was the eradicator of time.

Tiffany Elliot strolled over to her living room area. The paint on the walls appeared discolored chipped pieces of cement would dribble downwards on occasion and her kitchen was filled with broken appliances. The microwave broke ages ago, and the stove was on the brink of machinery death. However Trinity the beatified lady in red knew Tiff's curse occurred when her father begged and pleaded with an evil preacher for his only daughter to obtain riches and go on to have an accomplishment carefree and cheerful life something Tiff's father felt he deprived her of because of his failed existence. Tiff's dad had become disabled from a terrible birth defect of the spinal cord and money was absent from the Elliot family. Christmas would come and go, birthdays too, the entire time between 4th- 7th grades Tiffany had ownership of merely six outfits to rotate with between school and social gatherings.

The bullying became heartbreaking and vindictive until Tiff selected to reside at home and maintain to her-self. Then her Father found Reverend Valstick and from that moment on: everything changed. Earl Raney and Gigi Blake were about sixteen minutes away from The Elliot residence- at least that's what the **GPS** exhibited on display. They'd been ambushed after picking up the others. A light wind swept through the house and she stood in front of the Midday-Mirror. Hair picked up, with several curls which streaked downward on her appealing face, assault rifle with a bulky strap hung over her neckline. "My friends will be here any minute, although I know time was murdered by GOMORATH to confuse us, it appears you want; DJ and I, plus the boy to know who you are" Tiffany Sighed.

The Mirror began to vibrate and strange pulsates began: a heartbeat made the mirror throb. "This thing is alive?" No fucking way, for real? That is so cool" Tiffany cracked a smirk it was a tiny one other than she semi-smiled for the second time today and a first since she turned **19** "I'd be called crazy by earl and gig if they'd see me chatting to someone covered in tattoos, in the interior of a big-ass mirror that magically appeared, "shit they'd think I went to the Ferguson thrift superstore." Tiffany shuffled through her checklist and the names Austin Dallas and Jesse Hank remained scraped. She'd crossed them out ahead of today's extremely out of the ordinary and aberrant events. "They will have to do everyone else is either dead or fucking sold-out" Tiff glanced up at the mirror and says: "Posers" and the mirror returned words to Tiffany in the form of: a thunderous expulsion of dynamism frequency.

The imagery of the bed, the white-room and the handcuffed Youngman whose body was carved with ciphers of a clandestine language was gone. Currently blackness covered the mirror's interior and a face appeared. -The pulse of the mirror had rotated; the rhythm palpitated on four corners instead of simply the center- pulsating at the moment the complete reflector throbbed. "Wow, you're getting stronger huh? Tiff Said. The appearance had emerged from the savage-roads connector the Midday-Mirror's endless streamline- shortly after Tiffany verbalized the name GOMORATH. "Do you know why, "Father and son may comprise hatred for each other? Perhaps not hold the capability to express kind words to one another- when they arrived to

receive the Nebula? The Mirror asked. Tiffany felt rather creepy. A spine-chilling figure stood in front of her bedroom door where the poster of *3 doors down* first album hung from- a sentinel or protector of some kind.

AN eerie airstream breezed inside her home. The window was busted again and the spanking new futon and love seat had vanished – a light wind kept blowing from all directions. A strong gust of air shot transversely from the mirror and the mysterious unfathomable massive façade of the apparition within the mirror spoke to Tiffany Elliot. “The sons of the dream-drifters embrace great supremacy” Said the appearance in the mirror. “The shadows of all natural beings are the dark side of the soul, “each human man or woman contains the unseen-ones within them” “all shadows are internal spirits trapped and contained by the essence of human love, *shadows my dear* are in truth, dead transverse travelers waiting for the human to stumble in this reality and commit the act of suicide or deliver a soul to the V.O.C. lands of darkness” imprisoned by life they are released in death” The Mirror spoke these words while the entire living room vicinity wobbled Tiffany kept still someone stood clothed in all black with a red ski-mask in front of her bedroom entry and the connection with **PATIENT49** had been interrupted. The link was broken after Tiff said *its* name.

Devoid of knowing Tiffany called upon the soul-eater creature instead. “Why are you here? Asked Tiffany with an awfully dread induced pitch, her voice trembled. “Do you not distinguish me everywhere, far and wide, in the morgue, in the famine; I eat at the world’s heart. “I’ am its starvation” Said GOMORATH. The mirror screamed and shrieks and tentacles began to unravel from the internal core of the reflectors edges and **red-lightning** flashed from within it. “Why are you telling me this, I have sworn an oath to kill you” Tiffany Replied. The creature exploded with laughter. “You can’t kill me; I roam the lands of death and I dance with the queens of despair” “I tell you such things despite the fact you think you’ll be able to stop my armies with a human born sky keeper, and hopeless archangel yes we are enemies Tiffany Marie Elliot nonetheless we are one in the same”- you witnessed the Nebula, the beast who pretends to be a nauseating human being” Said GOMORATH.

Tiffany kept her stare on the stranger in her residence the anonymous shape that stood by Tiff’s bedroom. “Do not fear my servant he will not harm you- “at least not yet Tiffany Marie Elliot” The creature contained by the Midday-Mirror produced an echo of rumble after it spoke, and the monster’s voice would adjust from a man’s voice, to a woman’s- to a young child- to family members you’ve lost and the beast hissed and roared within the mirror and tentacles appeared from the mirror and ridiculed Tiffany with reference to the fact she was poor and would never amount to anything GOMORATH’s parasitic tentacles had the competence to reason and express opinion.

John and Violet changed course and flamed down the highway where the Beacon flashed ahead of them. They’d switched cars soon after the two saw military-swat trucks and unmarked red police cruisers heading en route for the beacon and the direction of the group that saved both their lives. The assemblies of survivors’ which voyage the exact identical isolated interstate

were on the way to the Beacon's destination. DJ and Tiffany together with Brandon Griffin were in sync collectively as a group all three shared the MIND-LINK.

DJ drove and Martin Lloyd presently stared into the night the day died. Points in time had resumed yet again and all the watches and clocks were deceased- wedged at 3:15am. Brandon Griffin was still held up within the self-made barricaded subterranean vault. The inside basement was Charles Griffin whom kept water flowing down Emma's throat. Emma was dehydrated and felt a respiratory tract infection had located in her lungs she coughed up blood more than once. The hatched doors ferociously bounced up and down and aggressively trembled the wicked ones had raised. The majority of the human race experienced an alteration. The populace from beginning to end went all the way through a procedure of paranormal modification. Brandon's eyes shifted rapidly as he sat in an angle by a gloomy corner the kid kept back- away from his mother.

Brandon was *back in*, the kid was physically powerful and mentality: he was superior to all humanity as a result he managed to connect again with *DJ* and *Tiff* along with the fourth unidentified individual only recognized by the name **PATIENT49**. The images Tiffany received visibly illustrated: the broadcast of the sanatorium's ~~white room~~ and were they'd been keeping this **PATIENT49** handcuffed and restricted. The extraordinary youngster had a traditional hospital wristlet Tiff became aware of it one of the times he appeared throughout the Midday-Mirrors distorted connections. DJ received the detonation echo within his skull and subsequently so did Tiffany. DJ and Tiff both drove on the empty interstate back-road except the driving came automatic. The mind-link relapsed time and Daniel Mikael *aka: DJ*, Brandon Griffin, and the mysterious Patient49 were all in the interior heart of the Midday-Mirror's nucleus essence with Tiffany Elliot- who was at the present trapped in a past-sideways-timeline with DJ and Brandon.

Tiff drove the F-150 however Tiff was at the same time as well in a past reality. An altered and infected timeline reversed by the mind-link at her home with DJ and the kid ensnared in the reflector. Brandon stood on the vast mountain of the planet *Xadin* at the very peak of the enormous rock. DJ stood opposite to Brandon on top of a massive skyscraper in total ruin on the roof of the partially devastated structure on planet earth. Tiffany lingered in her living room area in front of the colossal gothic vintage mirror. Brandon Griffin was not an adolescent schoolboy anymore but a young man with a powerfully build body tall and muscular- equipped with a pair of neon scarlet eyes.

The Brandon Griffin currently within the walls of the extraordinary Midday-Mirror was not same scared young boy who was back at the sheltered basement. The Symbols shone from side to side and the shaft of light the cryptograms radiance caused lit up the black seas of Xadin. Beyond the two men, far above the ground and perched over the atmosphere was the evil sickness: hovering in the black skies which shine only as a result of the energy-static connecting these two rivals **The red-lighting** boomed and banged and rumbled. The Midday-Mirror positioned The Human **Sky-Keeper** and The wicked Soul King: **GOMORATH** to encounter each other in the place of the ancient wars were those who thrive in the dark were reborn in the reflection of the savage-roads.

7:22AM- 3:33PM- 1:94AM- 3:15PM- 6:67PM- 2:10PM

A WAR IS COMING; A BATTLE OF EVIL AGAINST EVIL NO MATTER WHO WINS, EARTH DIES...

“I’ll keep coming back.” – The Soul King

CHAPTER 21:

STRANDED IN

HELL

Quinn Mitchell Carter was now entirely transformed and consumed by the essence of: The 4th horsemen of the apocalypse. The harvester within Quinn was the king of kings on planet *DEATH* an extremely dark world where no sun ever shined and no moon ever existed. And this king of kings respected and loved the vampire elder: Sirius Colfax. *The 4th* horsemen owed his exceptionally damned soul to Colfax and deeply cared for him- an association was born and scores of years ago a male was preferred to develop into the king of kings of bereavement on earth. Amanda Knight in addition to Quinn’s modification and alteration from the human man he once was to the deadly and sinister master of demise also changed.

Amanda Knight no longer cared for her brother Daniel Mikael nor did she love her daughter any longer. Quinn and Amanda equally agreed to be of assistance to the dishonest, deceitful, Twofaced: Alexis Cane after the traveler convinced Quinn with the craziest reason (*Death* was to conniving and devious to believe any of it) of *Azra* the water-snake lady was about to betray the *blood-king Colfax*. Entirely ignorant to the actuality *Azra* had returned from the suffering of the Vex. *Death*, *Alexis* and *Amanda* sped off in a hunt for the Sky-keeper. Alexis drove one of them unmarked red-blooded patrol cars. All three vehicles kept on the move and were guided by the red star of hope: *the beacon*. Violet and John Case approached. Beth and Doug: the two doctors established contact with Bob Rogers and were in the development phase of reconstruction. After DR.Bennett spent countless hours to build the titian a mechanism primed for the vampires.

THE TOWER began to rise from the earth’s soil. DJ and Tiff remain driving the designated automobiles at the same time: DJ was connected to Tiff’s Midday-Mirror the eerie and extraordinary materialization within her home. Brandon the future transverse human born *SKY-KEEPER* machined the connection with his locked-power. Kept the mind-link operation running like a high-powered ISP server of consciousness? John and Violet caught up to the unusual swarm of army trucks and unmarked red police cars with machinegun artillery plastered on the sides of the motor vehicles they’d had a look at a few of the drivers and the gasmask killers were at the controls. The downpour of snow and rain which fell from our skies had started up and then departed- left the roads, snowed under and the day: cold and dark or was it night? None of the group members knew anymore.

The daylight reserved on flip-mode for: a few hours of grey skies- when it was day and then darkness would arrive. The Council of Tombs, The Cadillac-Man, Quinn and the dead serial killer Alexis Cane as well as the evil reincarnated sister of DJ- Amanda Knight were by the side of the traveler of inferno Alexis Cane and were all in a collision course with the survivors in a path that will be filled with bloodshed and carnage. "DJ... Yo D" Said Martin. DJ glanced at Martin. DJ could control the mind-link and the essence of himself inside the vehicle; it was a locked-power scarcely a few legacies held. "What" DJ stared at Martin with a harsh look? "Man, fuck, I don't even know how to say this, but I'm withdrawing, "dude, I hit meth like a mother fucker I know, I should've have told you, thought you'd kick me the hell out or something" Confessed Martin. Gunfire exploded ahead of the group's vehicles that traveled in perfect arrangement following each other with DJ's **red bullet blemished** Hummer at the lead. "Oh shit, are those cops?" blurred out Martin. First: DJ extinguished the hummer's headlights and pulled over to the side of the interstate the rest of the cars followed DJ's lead one by one. The hummer then the F-150 and last the GMC van with Ray Patterson and the psychotic Austin Dallas inside.

The three cars turned-off all the lights front, rear and in the interior. Second: All three cars lined up exactly as they'd traveled back to back. The district they'd reached was Harmony FL a small town with many big secrets. The actuality you can conceal transgression, greediness, treachery, and even murder was a common practice in small-town life. The community and its residents can and will bury any category of iniquity to safeguard and defend their method of life and would obliterate any outsider whom tried to interfere and obstruct with the towns agendas. It was the universal law for small towns.

Third: Daniel made certain he spot-checked the weapons and with a serious stare says: "Martin" Stay sharp I'm not sure what's going down" Martin tried to reply except he felt agitated, annoyed and sick. Martin sat there gnashing his own teeth. In the interior of the F-150 Tiffany Elliott still connected to the Mind-Link with DJ and Brandon could in addition control her physical body and still be in motion without disturbing her legacy essence within the Midday-Mirror this was contributed by Tiff's ability of locked-power Tiffany and DJ were stronger and were a great deal more powerful than either of them initially thought.

Tiff and **E**arl checked the weaponry and made definite sure all guns were loaded and equipped to fire and assured Jesse Hank if he moved, talked or acted intoxicated in anyway They'd put a bullet in his head themselves. In legitimacy not a soul told Jesse to down ecstasy pills and sniff cocaine in the middle of a wintry weather apocalypse. Ray Patterson was the very last automobile at the rear of the F-150 and the red hummer. Ray had his **45** automatic latent on the dashboard of the van. "We've got to strike first." Austin Said, "and let this whole thing unravel already, fuck these mother fuckers" Austin Dallas went to open the passenger door and exist the car. Ray Patterson pulled him back in and said:

"You want to die? "Huh" What happened to you? Ray Asked. Austin Dallas kept a stare of hatred locked on Ray with filthy eyes. Austin Dallas was under the influence like Jesse Hank except Austin Dallas was not Austin anymore but a life form of supreme intelligence a **blood-tree** had abducted his mind. This unique blood-tree parasite was expelled and evicted from the

creature's initial dwelling Quinn Mitchell Carters psyche at the exact moment Quinn was killed by the Advanced FL detective Ray Patterson. The quintessence spirit of DEATH threw up the malicious organism when Quinn resurrected and entirely turned into the 4th horsemen. "Stay silent, don't fucking move." Ray Said. Austin Shrugged.

A dark blue 2014 Chrysler Jeep Cherokee pulled over behind Ray's GMC van. The interstate which the group journeyed on had connected to highway99 an additional barely used and limited-access highway. A lonely expressway utilized by government officials. Unlike interstate79 were the group originally began their road trip to hell this highway contained no dividing wall on each side only a lengthy and stretched out wooded area on equal sides. "Somebody just parked in back of Ray's van." Martin Said. DJ flinched. "I see it and they cut off the lights, keep your hand on that gun." Martin grabbed a second pistol from his duffle bag. "DJ we really need binoculars and maybe someone who can sharp shoot snipe people from a far" Said Martin. "I can take someone out from 50 yards we fire one shot and we're dead as them cops, right now Martin I'd need you extra focused." Martin Nodded.

Five all white Florida homeland security state-police cars were in a crisscrossed position in the middle of the highway. A total of nine **gasmask killers** stood behind the individual who appeared to be in charge. With two of the five state-police cars on fire the insides of the pallid squad cars blazed-out flames. The gasmask killers stood in a perfect arrangement and subsequently to each other in a straight-line. The Leader wore an equivalent outfit of clothing as the rest- head to feet in red identical uniforms. Giant gasmask facade attire with black and silver plugs which ran downward from the face protector and attached to the rear side of these evil men if they were even men to begin with and all nine red executioners held automatics over their chest plates.

The bodies of the police officers laid slaughtered and scattered from side to side on the road. A sum of seven cops had been massacred, blasted by heavy gunfire, excluding four additional state cops whom had been forced to smack the pavement with their knees and were gagged at the mouth both hands and feet tied by steel chains. The Leader stood taller than the rest of his death-unit an eight feet monster of a male humanoid. The Leader marched up and down the road with his habitual weapon in hand. DJ detected the leader held a chrome-plated 45 and paced in an aggressive manner. "You said you could activate that midday-thing and teleport us wherever the fuck we needed to go. And Tiff we need to go the fuck away from here." Earl Said. Tiffany exhaled noisily.

"No Earl" Shrugged Tiff. "It doesn't work that way besides even if I could the portal would only open inside our car" "So" Earl slanted his head and looked at Jesse. "Am I wrong come on Jesse help me out here you're a local what is this place? This town is a part of this isn't it" Jesse Hank Grinned and Said: "Praise the Soul King and pulled the trigger "Oh Fuck" He said. When the gun jammed- Tiffany without a moment of deliberation snapped his neck. The blood splashed from his mouth and ran downwards to the car's floor rug which read: BIG TOYS FOR BAD BOYS. Jesse Hank was dead and not the way he wanted to die. Jesse had it all planed out: he would murder Tiff and Earl then hit reverse and smash into Ray's Van while he bombed DJ's hummer with slugs from an AK-47 and last blow himself up with a grenade he retrieved

after Tiffany smashed into Ray's Charger outside the funeral home were DJ and Quinn had raced to save Amanda from the Cadillac-man.

A shootout occurred when the detective arrived at the scene subsequent to the blood-king and Belmont paying him a nocturnal visitation. **Allen the GASPER**: the brother Ray lost to suicide appeared inside the GMC van and begins to warn Ray on Austin Dallas and the condition Austin was in. "Soon, My brother you'll have no other choice bring pain and make yourself a vital essential tool all the way in this war." Allen Said. Ray shouted at his departed brother "Stop, get the fuck outta here" Austin shrieked. "I see him too, no need to conceal your ghost detective" Ray grabbed the pistol from his dash. "*Who are you?*" Austin kept a dead watch on the gasmask killers. "Let's enjoy the fun before we get ugly in here you don't fancy those men to notice us do you cop." Ray Patterson aimed the gun downwards and knew Austin was right. "I'm gonna kill you" Ray Said. Austin shook his head in agreement. "In due time detective or you might end up with a pitchfork down your throat?"

The Two kept to themselves and watched the tribulation unfold at least for now. Jesse Hank the fulltime drug dealer and part-time internet investigator was not a researcher on the legend and fairy tales of the **Soul-King** and the legacies, he was the assembly's recruiter like any army you call for soldiers first. Like every military you need a defense force. These were the hours of darkness of the day of **EXODUS** a hidden history had shown itself in the mist of the calamity. The world passed an evil rapture, time died and an ancient evil emerged from the pits of hell.

The Leader marched similar to a soldier educated in lethal warfare. The Gasmask killers stood in utter silence situated in a straight line with automatic weapons strapped to each of their muscular bodies and hung over them like a decoration of carnage. The five Florida state-police cars were dripping fresh blood from the half-way unlocked doors a few cops who never made it out ahead of the death squad opening fire died in the vein of pigs sent to the slaughterhouse. The flames burned from each side door of two law enforcement squadron cars. Four cops remain gagged and tied up with knees to the ground and in the company of killers.

The Leader paced, back and forth he'd kept a hard stare at the unoccupied automobiles ditched on the side area of the limited-access highway. Underneath the gasmask were the horrific faces of the monsters that wore all red and belong to the council of tombs. Ray Patterson struggled with the contemplation of having a poltergeist forewarning him concerning the man sitting next to Ray. Austin Dallas kept fidgeting with an empty revolver Ray's judgment was foggy however he did remove Austin's handgun and backpack although the GMC was filled with weapons. Ray's feelings raced out of control he felt he was in danger of being killed by Dallas. Ray's thought process was: *(should I kill him? (I'm still a cop (what if? he goes berserk like Cody did, or Amanda).* "He will Ray, much sooner than you imagine brother." Allen Said. "Listen to your brother" Ray Nodded. "I will" *the two men gave each other the: I will kill you over and over again stare.*

Back within the confines of the *F-150* shit just hit the fan a moment ago and in a critical kind of way. Jesse Hank was slumped over lifeless he foamed blood from within his mouth. "His gun jammed Tiff" Said Earl. "We could've pounded him and then put his ass in restraints" Tiff shook her head at the nonsense. "Earl" Tiff Said with annoyance. "No way in hell we could've held him back, he would've pulled that trigger and killed one of us or made them lunatics notice us we did what we had to do, what we were put on this earth to do- "live with it Earl" Said Tiff. "Live with it? "We just killed a man, someone I knew, yeah he was an addict and a dealer but we don't know if we can bring these folks back you'd said it yourself the whispers make them change."

Tiff Shrugged. "Get upset all you want Earl, "you'd be dead or I would- we had to do it quietly and after Cody I can't believe you still assume we can save these people" Tiffany Elliot was more concerned about the vehicle which parked in the rear of Ray's GMC van. The Gasmask executioners were a good *30-35* yards away and with additional deserted cars and all kinds of automobiles vacant and ditched on the sides of the interstate's wooded area it was difficult for the gasmask death squad to distinguish and tell apart if something breathing was hidden within the stranded motor vehicles. The Leader of the unit in charge of the gasmask assassins was a supreme life form. A monster from the *V.O.C* the vilest section of the streamline the monarchy of darkness and the breach was complete. Purgatory, unshielded by the *Nebula* left the gateway unbolted and the wickedness broke free from the celestial spirit planet.

THE VOC, Planet DEATH, purgatory and nearly all if not each and every one of the travelers and creatures from the *savage-roads* had been liberated to walk among us on earth. *The Leader* stood at *8* feet and appeared stronger and extremely well-built from the rest of his entourage. The gloomy daylight hours had curved into night all over again. In an estimated time span of two hours DJ was calculating the time-lapse. All four law enforcement officers still remained on the concrete roadway knees banged to the floor and a few began to resist and struggle with the restraints. The Leader put the boot in the first cop's skull in the lineup of four. The Leader delivered a ferocious kick to the backside of the head of the first cop tied up and gagged. The monster commander-in-chief of the gasmask killers was an unholy Asanbosam: a human-like vampire when fully transformed the wings of this creature were massive and with teeth made of iron and hooks at the ends of their legs these malicious monsters were: the high ranked and elected ruling body of the *Council of Tombs*.

The Leader was given a surname after his death and rebirth within the **VOC's GRAVEYARD OF REQUIEM** a sinister burial ground were the Asanbosam clan resurrect travelers whom have died in the transverse and bring them back to life with the *NEW evil* and construct the fresh deceased transverse travelers remarkably dominant those who raise from the dead become selected to take part in the ceremony of wraith. The Leader of the *council of tombs* the deadly and demented manic: **Excalibur Dryson:** the vengeful one. Discontinued his march of death up and down the road and aimed his weapon directly to the rear of the cranium of the primary officer in the lineup. The chrome-plated firearm pressed so severe against the officer's skull left an imprint of the barrel and for the first time the Leader Excalibur Pryson spoke words on this earth. "They say: "death is the end, how dishonest that statement is" without a moment of conscious reason with no hesitation Pryson clutched and pulled the trigger. The brain fluid

splashed, the head cracked in the center from the impact of the hollow point projectile blood flew like a bird on the run from a winter storm.

The police officer lost both his eyes to the devastating bullet when it entered the reverse side of the neck and the exit wound demolished his forehead he fell floppy, limp and lifeless on the roadside and Pryson moved on to the second officer in the lineup hard-pressed the gun to the back of his collar and boom an additional discharge from the 45caliber handgun by the overlord Excalibur Pryson sends the second cop flying forward. The second police officer was still alive and breathing subsequent to the initial gunshot Pryson drained the weapon on the cops face and reloaded again leavening the empty magazine clip to strike the ground.

DJ and Martin equally cringed. "Martin" Said DJ. "Don't make a sound; if you do we're dead." Martin Nodded and kept his fingers on both triggers with his handguns pointed downwards. "Yo we are gonna fucking die aren't we? I'm so sorry lord; I'll leave it I won't touch those drugs again." Martin Cried. "Shut up, I see something." DJ Said. "Are those people" Martin saw it too men and women even children dressed in long black priest robes.

"DJ, they'd gotta be insane walking up to them psychos like that and what the fuck? Are they doing with torches?" "I don't know" Daniel Mikael and Tiffany Elliot together felt Brandon terminate the mind-link. The boy was too frightened of the leader and his excessive brutality. The gunshots banged and sent shockwaves into the central element of the young **SKY-KEEPERS** head and dissolved the connection. "We have to do something we can't let them die Tiff, that's not who we are." Earl Said. Tiffany tucked two handguns in her waistline sandwiched between her ribcage and hips. "Give me a fucking moment to think" She Said. "Earl, look... those people, they must be a part of the church." Earl noticed the flock of citizens clothed in elongated ceremonial robes and held flamed torches. "You'd never believe it, but there are people worshipping these atrocities." Earl balled up his fist in fury. "Jesus Tiff, I dropped out of the police force to join your team."

I thought I dealt with the scum bags of the earth- you see shit you know? When you're a cop especially when you're a homicide cop **18** years in the force and I never seen such cruelty then again, these scum bags aren't from this earth." Tiffany glanced at Earl. "Never knew you were a cop." "I never told you" Earl sought after to maintain optimistic except for the truth was painful. Instead the latest and new intense increased developments had destroyed Earl's hopes for any range of triumph. "Look...I know this has been scary." But Earl, have some faith in our mission. Most of all in God" Tiff Said. Earl shook his head and said: "In God, What God? I stopped believing when my family died. "my daughters were both killed by that serial murderer the shadow-killer fucking bastard, "besides Tiff what kind of God let's children die, leaves women to be raped and slaughtered- allows a government to hide everything from the general public, sickness , hunger should I go on? Earl's eyes rolled down hardly any tears he became cold to the touch and his faith was misplaced over and done.

"Don't even start that shit with me Earl." Tiffany Said. She kept her stare deadlocked on the gasmask killers interacting with the creepy individuals fully clad in ancient priest apparel. "God- isn't to be held responsible for any of it." Tiff sounds irate. "Everyone's forever and a day

blaming God for their mistakes- and for their own freefalls- "Such a misconception on **GOD**- that's a talent the devil gave the human race." Tiff Said. "The power to stare at a box with images in it or people clustered together in huge buildings dancing doing drugs and fucking then somebody *OD's* or you crash and die driving drunk and it's god's fault." Earl rolled his eyes. "We have actors and all these fucking celebrities who make millions after millions making movies we have doctor's superrich and won't see a dying human-being lacking issuance and that's God's fault? "No Earl, it's our entire fault: we are a race of power drunks, we construct self-destruction and if he deserted us we asked for it." Earl glanced at Tiff.

"You made your point." He Said. Earl Raney had devotion. **The shadow killer** destroyed it. Turned a good-man into a bitter and angry individual the kind of personality Tiffany required essential in her team.

Tiff nods and placed her hand on his face sympathetically. "Let's go halves on this pack of: **LAY'S Classic** we need something in our bellies" Tiff recommended. "Tiff" a bag of chips? "And -who the hell can be able to eat after brains lay sprinkled on the road." Earl Said. **The Leader** paced onward briefly passing the **NINE TOMBS** situated in a straight-line. The 9 gasmask killers turned around and marched to the front of the straight row the police officers were positioned in. two cops were dead and three thrashed-about and cried and a solitary one even tried to get up and was smashed in the jawbone by one of the nine gasmask assassins.

Leader Excalibur Pryson completed a gesture for the rest to halt and nodded to his commanding officer. *The Cadillac-Man* arrived and was being encircled by the creepy church members. However on this instance no Cadillac was in site the Nebula was here and he appeared more evil than ever. Pryson instructed one of **the Tombs** to remove the muffle from the third law enforcement official. Pryson stood in front of the third police officer and commanded him to open his mouth Pryson had to pistol-whip the police officer on the right side of his temple. "Open your orifice slave" The Leader Excalibur Pryson Said. The cop bled and says: "Fuck you, **FUCK ALL OF YOU**" Said the Third Cop while he spat-out blood. "We gotta do something" Said Earl.

"Hold on" Tiff had her hand on the trucks door lever geared-up to leap out and commence blasting. Pryson located the chrome-plated *45* within the third cop's mouth even as the rest watched in horror waiting for their turn to depart this life. The trigger was pulled and the bullet detonation exploded in the oral cavity of the police officer and ejected from the rear side of his skull blowing his brains and smashing all his teeth. The cop was knocked down unresponsive almost immediately. It was a gruesome and grisly scene.

A macabre and exaggerated violent spectacle and the group had enough of it. "Sick bastards, very impressive show to attract the attention of that tall ugly mother fucker" Earl was equipped to dive-out and attempt to salvage the last two remaining police officers. "Wait your right Earl, I'd cut off that big fuckers head myself other than your correct, this is a show" Said Tiff. "For who?" asked Earl. "I'd say for us" Earl's eyes flashed wide-open. "You don't think..." Earl had no doubt these monsters knew the grouping hid in the interior of the discarded automobiles.

“Yeah, I do. “I think the elevated male in the hideous lavender dinner suit was the creature who skinned Brandon’s Uncle Jeremiah alive and replicated him. I let that fucker in my house- a man named Frank and his son Wade came to my aide- sorry Earl I should’ve told ya.” Earl glanced at her and says: “So what is he? Tiffany beamed her eyes at Earl “Some kind of arachnid life form.” “A spider, you’re telling me, wearer up against monsters who wear the skin of human beings Tiffany you do know we can’t win no matter what we do.” Earl Said. “Maybe Earl, but we have to try and let’s start by helping those men.” Tiff Said.

A Red, unmarked 2004 ford police interceptor squad-car identical to the ones the Council of tombs utilizes with no standard sirens or any identification stamped on the vehicle pulled in and disembarked by the *Tall-man* with the purple suit aka: *The spider-god Nebula*.

The automobile circled around the house of worship which abruptly appeared out of nowhere. A result of the gateway breach in *purgatory* caused by the Nebula’s disturbance back in Sun Snow, Minnesota the horrific and a venomous monstrosity’s from the hidden world of purgatory were released upon the earth: the invasion had begun. “Don’t fucking move” DJ warned Martin Lloyd. “Hold on D’ that’s it man, that’s the church, the one in close proximity to the farmhouse. “It changed locations dude, after we burned it the place still kept standing and I recognize that fucking building and it was not there before what the fuck man... I’m starting to get confused myself I fucking need a hit so damn bad I’m gonna flip , holy shit man- I’m gonna flip I feel super hot bro” Martin was in the process of a sickening and harsh meth withdrawal and depression was setting in. “Quiet” DJ commands Martin to maintain tranquil.

DJ watched the wickedness of the social order: a clan of individuals whom welcomed the coming of the beast. The cathedral members each and every one kneeled downwards in worship and formed a circle around the **CADILLAC-MAN**. From the interior of the most recent automobile to arrive three people slithered out from inside the red-blooded patrol car. “We got big problems Martin” Said DJ with a slim frightened pitch. “Bigger then a ghost church or aliens above the clouds, fucking undead monsters we are in deep shit Daniel” DJ knew the initial man who stepped out of the patrol car and then he recognized the second man *and last*: the women whom used to be his sister. “D is that you’re... Martin gazed down he felt terrible for Daniel. Tiffany noticed Amanda, and so did Earl. “Holy Jesus, Tiff isn’t that? Tiffany glanced at Earl with humid eyes. *The F-150’s* driver side door swung open and Tiffany was bear-hugged from behind and viciously dragged out. *The Gasmask Killers* were in front of the group’s vehicles. *Pryson: the vengeful* one put the snow boot in Tiffany’s abdomen vigorously. The rest of the death-unit broaden out and opened fire.

Sadistically laughing while they’d blasted the automatic weapons and a sinful echo of repeat followed the laughter. “Get down” Screamed DJ. Martin and Daniel equally hit the carpet of the hummer and shifted little by little to the rear vicinity of the car and returned fire. The Hummers frontage piece- window glass previously half-way blasted and split into pieces as a result of the Cadillac-man’s furious gun battle at the funeral-home was now entirely smashed and shattered. The hummer’s front lid flew off from the onslaught of ammunition. The Council of Tombs

covered the surrounding area. Pryson stood over Tiffany and says: "*Greetings from Hell*" Pryson punched Tiffany over and over again. Pryson shattered her chin. Tiffany was soaked to the skin in blood. Her mouth bled profusely and Tiff's eyes began to plump. Tiffany's face had become swollen following the nearly fatal blows delivered by the mammoth monster-man: Excalibur Pryson. The leader of the ruling body of the VOC savage-lands Pryson led the tomb council.

Earl Raney was yanked from the *F-150's* passenger side seat by one of the Gasmask Tomb members and slammed to the street. Two of the Council of Tomb gasmask slaughterers banged Earl's head against the concrete roadside Earl's skull, split open and surged out blood. Austin captured the opportunity and pulled the trigger on a *40* caliber firearm he had hidden underneath his ball-sack. Austin thought Ray hadn't noticed except he did. Ray knew this was imminent and enfolded his switchblade slipped in the sleeve of a UM hooded-football jacket. Austin missed and cracked the GMC's driver-side glass with the slug from the bullet he went to shoot for a second time save for Ray was by now on top of him. Ray moved backward and forward and punched Austin solid in the nose breaking it, well-timed reactions by the detective saved his life. Ray stabbed Austin repetitively again and again.

Ray dug profound against Austin's stomach, tunneled into his waistline and sliced up and down- one single deep and fatal final stab-wound entered Austin's bare neck followed by Ray Patterson shoved and wedged the knife blade stuck between Austin's eyes. The GMC van's driver-side door dangled open and Jonathan Case stood in front of the van's entry and witnessed Ray's excessive overkill. "What the fuck? John Said. Ray draws back at the initial site of John however aimed his *45* at him and nearly pulled the trigger. "He attempted to kill me" Said the detective swamped in Austin's blood. Martin and DJ kept the deliverance of automatic machine armaments flowing at a steady swiftness from the rear-side of the hummer truck *striking four* of the Tomb members and barely killed a solitary one out of the four as a result of seven headshots from *DJ's AK-47* assault artillery.

The Tomb was almost impossible to bring down- almost. Martin was the initial one to catch a frightening and head rattling smack by the red-blooded uniformed Gasmask slayers from the Council of Tombs. The strike inflected by a heavy and large completely loaded Beretta SC-70/90 knocked Martin out cold and Martin was yanked outwards from the hummer. DJ was snatched from behind by Pryson and hurled Daniel outside the truck through the front window and body slammed DJ against the soil. John curved downwards and moves in and out flanked by the vacant cars and hopped back within his jeep. "What the fuck is going on out there? Violet Screamed. John noticed a lone gasmask killer paced towards the Chrysler jeep. "We've gotta get the hell out of here violet or we will fucking die" John Said with dread in his voice. "Stranded in hell, with no way out" Violet responds. "Best believe- I'm not dying here tonight no way, no fucking how." John Said.

The lone tomb member began bombing John and Violets jeep "Go, Go, Go" Violet commands. John struggled for a mouthful of air in the confusion however managed to control and maneuvers the steering wheel with military movement his muscle memory kicked-in on over-drive mode. John hit reverse and ran over a single Tomb member which had completed his way to the flipside part of the jeep [*THUMP, THUMP*] Violet Kept an earsplitting scream going. John

smashed against two empty sedans and Violet composed herself and gripped the top of the jeep and set in motion a firefight Violet released shots from an *AR-14* assault rifle Violet kept poised and unflustered she fired from side to side and struck Pryson the Vengeful one- in the neck. The giant humanoid monster-man and leader of the gasmask killers otherwise known as the **Council of tombs** skewed his head back and laughed.

The impact of the projectile wasn't nearly as much as required to wound or damage this otherworldly creature. The cathedral affiliates remain encircled around the Nebula whom was enjoying the blood-spattered gory spectacle. Tiffany Elliot, Earl Raney, Martin Lloyd and Daniel Mikael were captured and taken into custody by **THE NEW EVIL** by the new armies of the Soul-King. Quinn Mitchell Carter stood in front view of Daniel at the side of his sister Amanda Knight and the bringer of fire the traveler: Alexis Cane the ST Nick slasher. Ray Patterson raced between motor-vehicles after he'd shoved Austin's corpse absent the passenger side door and his body spanked the street. **The blood-tree** parasite hid underneath the van and attached itself to the bottom base of the chassis of the *GMC* and disappeared inside the muffler. Ray stayed motionless for a minute. Ray watched and moved bit by bit without detection he found an abandon '18-wheeler lacking the trailer. Ray crept inside the truck and found the keys still punctured in the ignition. The detective situated the *AR-15 Sporter SP1 Carbine* one of his favored and personal weapons from his once private arsenal collection. Ray Patterson had a lucid observation and was in range to fire his weapon and do the best he could to save the powerless group.

One by one: they'd been gagged and tied: steel chained ropes wrapped around their legs and pressed each of their hands together. Tiffany, Earl, Martin and Daniel were all lined up in the identical sequence of the deceased police officers excluding the very last two remaining cops who were still alive at the conclusion of the lineup. Pryson: the vengeful one began to march up and down in complete view of the alliance whose destiny seemed to reach its closing stages. The chrome-machete Pryson held twinkled under **the blood-moon**. Amanda Knight stood with her back to the patrol car and her legs stretched-wide receiving enchanting pleasure from one of the *Gasmask killers*. Quinn and Alexis Nod to Pryson who will commence momentarily to slice the throats of each person in the chain-link lineup and Pryson took total enjoyment and satisfaction in his death mission.

The Nebula crawled on ten legs in a hideous new shape the creature moved in the direction of the Council of Tombs and the men and women who awaited execution in the sickest fashion. The Leader Excalibur Pryson broke the neck of the second to last police officer (***SNAP***) and sliced his throat. "I 'am bloodthirsty" Said Quinn Mitchell Carter the male who transformed and was reborn to become the master grim-reaper and began to carve the very last cop's neck and severed the head. Tiffany Wept. DJ struggled. And Earl on no account moved. Pryson sang and Martin slumped over and fainted. DJ thrashed about with passion and struggled with the steel chains. Martin was next to die. Ray previously in position within the semi truck aimed the *AR-15 Sporter SP1* Ray had the departed and evil sister of DJ: Amanda Knight in a perfectly-clear, detectable and clean shot line of sight view- she'd be dead if her ass wasn't dead already Ray thought. Quinn distributes a burst of a punch and split open DJ's forehead.

DJ squirts a good quantity of blood flow and his gash was licked up and downward by his own sister Amanda Knight. "Yum, Yum' brother, you flavor quite exceptional" shrieked and giggled Amanda. "Daniel you're so fucking stupid we could've done this together, taken over this polluted decomposed planet the both of us." Said Quinn and laughed. **(CRACKKKK)** boom- Quinn provided an added succeeding and vindictive blow to DJ's right side of the face. Quinn Carter was above all a ruthless king of kings from the world: **"DEATH"** an extremely physically powerful life form. Quinn was: the 4th horsemen. Quinn was: *Death* itself in all its evil glory and trapped within a human body primed and structured for a future confrontation on a sideways timeline on the original earth: primeEarth1. Alexis Cain was green with envy. Swallowed up by an endless gluttony with jagged feelings of resentment, jealousy, and a desire to be in charge and command the **VOC**. The two kings of Purgatory the SCYLLA and the Basilisk set aside their noxious quarrel and broke-free with the rest of the corrupt and evil begins as soon as the gateway to the territory of torment disintegrated and fell to pieces. Alexis knew- it was a matter of time before the **Blood-King** confronted the **Nebula** and the Chapel of spears before Colfax turned his attention to the dark-wind necromancer: **GOMORATH** the fallen god from the dark-heavens of voynich. Alexis stumbled upon the *Hecate* the powerful witch whom first warned Sirius Colfax regarding his new adversary on earth and with the promise he'd be the one to restore to life and resurrect the ancient **DUST WITCH** from her slumber. The Hecate influenced the Purgatory masters to aide Alexis Cane when the time was precise. Alexi's deceit and fabrication of lies concerning Azra's death was about to come back and bite the sick fuck right in the ass.

Alexis Cane had lied to Amanda Knight who was an ingredient of **THE TURNING**. Amanda Knight was not a legacy she'd died and returned at the appointed time of the night of exodus at 3:15am along with millions of other humans chosen by the Soul-King the event of 3:15 was a crucial and necessary act of war toward the Blood-King and the world. This was now the domain of the **WICKED-ONES** an evil union of selected sinners transformed to devour and guzzle the planet. And of course Alexis lied to the spirit essence of DEATH which haunted and possessed the comatose carcass of Daniel Mikael's blood-pact brother: Quinn Mitchell Carter. "Remove that shit from his mouth" Said Quinn. DJ glanced up at Quinn's rotten and decomposed fleshly body and tried to convince Quinn to fight the essence who controlled his soul. "I know, we are too far gone, we did things when we were alive that I'm ashamed of- and now after all this, after we kill all these fucking things and take back our world I'm sure I will have to live with worse." DJ Said. Quinn shrugged and was handed a pickaxe from a gasmask tomb member.

"Quinn we can try and make a difference now- we took lives, so many innocent people even children *"Stop"* "I know you couldn't live with that. I know you let that cop kill you." "I said *STOP!*" Quinn struck DJ with a particularly large pickaxe fortune for Daniel it was the reverse component of the pickaxe. The impact was all but fatal. Blood exploded from DJ's mouth and Amanda began to crush Earl's cranium with an aluminum sliver baseball bat. An uncanny and mysterious howl followed by an ice-cold wind breezed throughout the surrounding area. The Church Members clothed in lengthy and unusual cleric robes felt the winds of a death-army forthcoming. **The blood-moon** went dim the torches winded out and puffed *no flames*. The

temperature spiked. The heat flared up: the hotness was overwhelming and the noise was ear-piercing and thunderous. The buzz of some sort of emergency disaster drill boomed loud over the entire region. All lights went out like candles. A pitch-black gap of obscurity had made its way within our atmosphere.

The Gasmask killers were nowhere to be found in the darkness, the crazed fanatical church community ran desperately inside the phantom building of worship and The **Nebula** stood on three human-insect legs with black and red covered veins and grotesque long-haired talons. Without words of warning an enormous and vast wide-ranged twin spotlight shone through the darkness of Harmony Hills FL from side to side and from beginning to end. The red glow illumination lit up the whole bloodbath. Bodies lay scattered and spread out all the way through the road of the isolated and lonesome interstate. Shell casings flooded the ground. The two spotlights beamed a strong and influential radiance. *Other than, these were not spotlights at all-* they were the eyes of a **death-emperor**. The eyes of a ruler who's had enough with the dark-wind necromancer: **Soul-King** these were the eyes of: the **Blood-King Sirius Colfax**. And the Vampire elder brought the armies of the **KINGDOM OF JEREMIAH** in conjunction with Belmont for the carnage. A clash of biblical forces combined with an unstoppable malice. A confrontation of **Evil Vs Evil** and this was simply the opening act. Ray Patterson had Colfax dead-center in his sight to supply the blood-lord with a hollow point surprise the detective never intended to become a part of this supernatural all-out war and somehow he became entangled in it and plunged his soul right to damnation's front door.

A **red-static** initiated: in each and every one of the mirrors of the vacant and ditched vehicles scattered across the highway. The flash of **red lightning** consumed the deserted night sky. The U.S. president shut down all airports; setup border-barricades, law enforcement dismantled, the road and rail networks obstructed and the entire military authority was turned over to the **S.I.N** an evil terror-syndicate in combination with **GOMORATH** and allied with the necropolis of requiem committee the destructive force of the **VOC**: the Council of tombs.

The mirrors of each automobile exploded. And fragments of glass squirted up in the air and integrated with the clouds and compressed together created a cyclone of mirrors. Ray's hand began to shudder and stirred his aim to a diverse target. Half-crouched behind the protection of the semi-truck's bulky driver side entrance "I should stop this, I need to stop it" Mumbled Ray. And fired the shot (**BANG**) the projectile flew in a perfect straight horizontal alignment. Ray understood with implicit comparison there was no scope for error. He made the assessment ahead of him squeezing the trigger on the rifle.

A miscalculation would cost Daniel Mikael and perhaps the entire resistance group's lives. *The bullet never curved-* inaccuracy was not an option and when the high-capacity shot from the AR-15 Sporter SP1 sliced the air in half at great velocity the floor seemed to explode upward in a vivid shimmer of light and the padlock which held jointly Daniel Mikael's legs with the steel-chain fractured in the center and DJ's chains unshackled. The succeeding shot: knocked the lineup down and liberated the cluster of individuals from being locked and coupled together in a row

waiting to be put to death by a horrific and gruesome execution method. The Nebula released a spine-tingling and merciless squeal.

The Red-lightning boomed dynamic thunder strikes which rumbled the surface. In between the clouds and flanked by the obscurity of the skies amongst a murky glow- a huge beast illuminated the heavens in *its* factual grisly and atrocious outward material manifestation was the creature of legend the horror had come to participate and contribute to the bloodshed.

-THE PLAGUE OF MONSTERS... THE parade... The Celebration of an ancient malevolence...

TIME Resurrected 0:00am 3:10am 3:13am 3:15am 0:00am who will inherit the earth

CHAPTER 22:

SURVIVE

ThE definition of a psychopath is someone with an absolute lack of conscience. Someone with the inability for love, sympathy or remorse someone with a heart made of dead maggots'. The battle lines had been drawn. The rivalry reached the pinnacle. Two lethal armies at odds and the earth became a place for the baleful malevolence to plant its evil roots and spread the sickening seeds of misery and corrupt anarchism akin to a disease. The infection of the savage-roads was unleashed and only the chosen few will survive. The psychopath in question was the **Blood-king Sirius Colfax** whose side was this vampire elder truly on? And why was here now: in the small-town of *Harmony Hill FL* his sudden emergence seemed premature and precisely at the nick of time. The survivors were gagged and coupled up collectively in a group prepared to be exterminated, tormented and executed in stomach-turning coldblooded manner by the unearthly and murderous: *Council of Tombs*.

ThE Nebula neutralized the effect of the blood-king's supremacy and the intense radiance which the vampire's eyes reflected. All was dark- even the continuous blood-moon had washed out. Colfax's eyes lit up five miles of a ravaged globe. Sirius Colfax pupils burned from the insidious vampire's mechanism components. The vampiric elder's optic nerve was connected to and fed by his massive steel and macrobiotic silver blackheart protected by fortitude of spirits from the elders whom had come before him. Colfax's eyeballs shone resembling two enormous **RED** spotlights. *On one side:* a shaft of red light made all the blood-kings enemies come to a halt and brought them to a standstill. *However* the beast was not idle. The Nebula counteracted with a vivid and colorless explosion of light which came shooting out from the creature's immoral and

treacherous eight pair of eyes. The two callous rivals smashed against each other's radiance luminosity.

The detonation of energy from the Nebula creature that shifted into the superficial shape and outer shell of a moth-scorpion- stretched its reptilian wings and kept the evil white beam of light at a relentless and ruthless solid overflow. The impact was monstrous and would have crushed and pulverized any earthly man. With the exception of the **blood-king** whose powerful red-light of **new blood** produced the equivalent electromagnetic potency? The most dangerous and dominant technology on earth and the interstellar enemies proved to be of equivalent supremacy. The **red** VS **white** confrontation of mysterious *dark-plasma* exploded dead center in the central point of the two radiating beams of light which smashed against each other. The nuclear energy source boomed and cracked the timeline and sent a ripple effect all the way through the vicinity- a sonic-boom, a sudden increase of winds and an echoed blast of thermobaric frequency force set the air on fire and murdered time on earth for a few minutes- this was enough to sustain the multitude of opponents at a standstill however Ray Patterson was the only thing breathing besides the two authoritative rivals still capable of movement.

The **Blood-king** had an army behind him. Belmont the Rakshasa stood with Azra the water-snake lady who's returned from the vex-pyramid deadlier then before. The vex creatures intergraded the power of invisibility with Azra's fundamental essence. Allen the gasper the specter of Ray's late brother, at last materialized and henceforth became branded as the traveler: Gacy The shtriga. A revived *John Wayne Gacy* the crazed sociopath serial-murderer was brought to life in the lament dwelling of the celestial requiem of the **VOC** graveyard. An evil and deathly incarnation of Allen, John Gacy, and the immoral and sick-twisted clown Gacy manifested into while he took part in a quantity of ghoulish killings.

An embodiment combination of three cosmological horrors in one physical human body transformed in the transverse and transported from inauguration commencement to end through the infinite and unbounded streamline connection. Allen was currently a shtriga for better classification and identification the male Shtriga was known as a Shtrigan. Allen struggled and exchanged *mind-link* blows with the essence of the serial killer John Gacy and his alter ego: **Pogo the clown** who was a traveler which had abducted Gacy's human cadaver shortly after he committed suicide in the early 1970's Allen had a single rule the butchery of the innocent was prohibited.

On the other hand absolutely no restrictions on providing constant bloodshed to all rapists, child molesters, corrupted and dishonest politicians, abusive parents, and of course any and all enemies of **the blood-king**. Whichever antagonist of Colfax would dance in the dark with Polo the clown and meet their demise. Allen turned an unnatural killing machine: the sick and twisted *John Wayne Gacy* and fashioned a new kind of evil the kind which will swallow, consume and destroy all those wicked and vicious legacies that flourish in the hidden darkness. The wallop from Quinn never affected DJ on the other hand Daniel Mikael was getting stronger each passing second.

Gavis the supreme authoritative official of the Night-stalkers: a clan of vampire masters who lost the capability to transform from their powerfully bat-like vampiric exterior shape illustrations after the tribe discarded the orders of *Aeschylus the faller* and abandons the V.O.A order of Jeremiah. The commanding officer of the night-stalkers Gavis stood by Belmont and Azra grinding his fangs and Gavis brought all six elite night-stalkers from the fearsome vampire squadron. Alice a beautiful and peculiar female in addition stood with the armies of the blood-king and seemed to be the solitary individual from the assemblage aside from Sirius Colfax whom can communicate with the vampire-monster Gavis and his unit of night-stalkers. Azra had begun to float over the soil in a vintage gothic 17th century silk dress composed and prepared from organic metal.

Azra had extended talons and large needles carved and imprinted all over her flesh flamboyant skin and these razor-sharp and poisonous needles had hellhound blood on the tips of the edges to put to death rival travelers. *Azra* along amid the rest of the blood-kings defensive militia were suspended in time. The *dark-plasma* energy surge from both the Nebula creature and the Master Vampire elder produced a blast of thermobaric frequency and sent radioactive waves through the atmosphere and bent and curved reality. *The Blood-King* came with added firepower to this supernatural conflict. The *roaming V's* (roaming vampires) and a massive herd of the undead wakers known as: *The Returned*. Sirius Colfax slow burned the asphalt as he paced forward and left craters of scarlet flames in his wake. The Nebula creature stood on three legs while the beast hissed and moaned at the vampire elder.

Colfax knew only a few more minutes and this massive collection of rivals would be at each other's throats soon enough. "Good move, Nebula," Colfax said, as he kept his sturdy march onward and reached the GMC van which was drenched and flooded in blood. "Bringing all of us together, how sweet even for a swine like you." The *Nebula* growled at Colfax's choice of words. Colfax spots Austin Dallas on the flat surface side of the road next to the GMC van. "Look, at what we have here." Colfax's physical strength was unparalleled. Colfax managed to lift up Austin's unresponsive dead body with one solitary hand and dangled it and swung it around like a piece of nothing. Waving Austin's dead body in midair, the blood-king Sirius Colfax was a *psychopath* in the truest sense.

"Poor Mr. Dallas, wouldn't you agree? Those *blood-trees* sometimes they'd upset my stomach when I ripped them apart while they'd scream like fading insects, a dying breed it's a shame really, becoming extinct." Austin Dallas dangled in the air held by one hand by way of his head, Dallas's corpse hung upside down. "You have to go nebula, this was never your fight to begin with, your just a third wheel, I, and the creature looming over us have somber business to resolve and you're in the fucking way." The Nebula retracted in reverse to the gentleman in the purple gothic dinner suit. Daniel Mikael began to feel his face although motionless without the stroke to move he'd made up his mind when Ray shot the padlock.

This was not his night to die. *The Nebula* was now the *Cadillac-Man* again. The spooky looking older chap with a lavender top hat and viscous plum gunk and greenish slime dripping from the black holes this creature called eyes. "Beloved Sirius" Said the Cadillac-Man. "You fight for this

frail and feeble race why? “They call us monsters, yet they’d kill each other for any amount of power the Cadillac-Man reached inside The Ford F150 where Tiffany and Earl had been captured from by the tombs and rendered ineffective tied up and primed for a savage massacre.

The Cadillac-Man retrieved the stiff and ice-cold dead carcass of Jesse Hank and yanked the deceased body out with brute force banging the dead man’s skull against the passenger side door of the pickup. “These are your heroes? And what will they do to you, when they discover your real intentions.” Said the Cadillac-Man with a hiss in his dialogue and split Jesse Hank’s corpse in half and tossed the head to Colfax. Daniel Mikael felt his face a moment ago and currently body movement was returning to him at snail’s pace. DJ noticed the timeline at a pause; the world seemed to have come to a complete standstill and the widespread release of *dark-plasma* energy had kept the conflict from exploding into an all-out war. *Sirius Colfax* and the Cadillac-Man stood no less than five feet apart from each other in front of the bullet bombed **red hummer**.

Face to Face both equally matched rivals taunted each other. A crimson glow radiated from the blood-king while a strange and unscented purple gas released from the Cadillac-Man’s upper body and swirled roughly around the monster pretending to be a man. The skies quaked with fear. The creature of legend slammed into the clouds and faded in and out flanked between the dark haze and the red-lightning. Colfax glanced upward and said, “The dark beast is starting to converge, what the foul creature will do to you, when it learns about the deceit and treachery you’ve committed with my formerly dependable associate will be disturbing.” The Cadillac-Man extracted his otherworldly talons and his eyes limed in blood. “Time is running out, oh sweet Sirius.” Colfax shrugged. “Alexis the defector, grinned the Nebula. “The traveler on no account betrayed my chapel, he was foolish to eliminate Azra and praise that wretched miserable swine but never mind that now- you and I have many scores to settle blood-king.”

The attack came with many warnings Colfax knew the tension between them was at the tipping point and the Nebula was sick and forthrightly exhausted from taking orders. The Nebula eons in the past took part and assisted the beast of the dark-winds with the arrival of the Chapel of Spears in overcoming the blood-king’s armies on an ancient prime-earth1. Except the spider-god’s lust and voracity had no boundaries and the Nebula’s envy poisoned the extraterrestrial arachnids bloodstream with hatred and a venomous strain of murderous desires loathing the ancient dark-wind necromancer to the point of complete and absolute betrayal. A large worm-like chain with multiple blades at the tips and organic fabric came shooting at the blood-king with remarkable rapid momentum and the driving force of the worm-hook missed the vampire elder by a quarter of an inch.

The blood king propelled and dived upward and promptly dodged the inward bound assault by leaping in excess of the Cadillac-Man and landed behind the spider-god. Daniel Mikael was now in full control of his body he’d never thought once why he was capable to be in motion even as the rest of the group had remained paused by the discharge of the dark-plasma. No matter what the reason was for DJ’s speedy recovery from the timeline rip. Nonetheless DJ seized the opportunity and yanked the two double sliver-bladed knives with gold trimmed-brass handles from the first Council of Tomb murderer in his front view. DJ with all his capacity and strength

cracked the Tomb member's gasmask with a violent stab to the eyes of the monster-man. And pulled and yanked off the connecting plugs. The gasmask killer shrieked. And DJ stabbed the monster-man yet again this time; underneath the Tomb Members barley exposed neckline Daniel punctured the cricoids.

The gasmask killer's jugular exploded with a greenish and dark almost black blood solution. The weapons **DJ** yanked away from the death mask killer he'd just murdered was a lament blade from the graveyards of the requiem used by the Tombs to execute rogue travelers. The gasmask slayer had them holstered, flanked on both sides of the gasmask killer's **red-blooded** garments. The emerald and dark-red slime splattered in all directions bursting from the thick lizard layered skin of the gasmask murderer.

Ray Patterson hugged his assault rifle double checked the Glock 42 and began to stagger across from vacant car to vacant car and hid between them. Ray and DJ were simply the only two people with inclusive access to move about the area besides the two deadly enemies. Ray was never stunned by the energy ignition from the unearthly combatants; this could be a direct result of his involvement with the vampire master. DJ swung the chain rope in a co-terminal angle and used the extensive steel shackles as a weapon with the dead body of the lifeless state-police officer at the end of the chain sequence Daniel tugged the chain-link with vast strength and slung it in a *360* degree angle and then in a *60* degree slanted curve ahead of doing so DJ shredded the padlocks on: Tiffany, Earl and Martin's rope chain and cut all the cords.

DJ made the most of the two double-bladed knives he had acquired from the Council of Tomb Gasmask assassin he'd presently killed. Ray Patterson glanced upward and noticed the clouds began to gash open the sky appeared splintered and the giant beast floating beyond our earthly skies beamed a smolder of crimson accompanied by a darkened smoke and the red-lightning flashed and time restarted. The elongated chain shackles whipped **Pryson** and smacked the Leader of the tombs transversely and slashed open the sadistic monsters gasmask. When **DJ** swung the steel the departed cop's cadaver knocked Pryson off his monstrous feet. The strength and force Daniel occupied came from within a locked-power Daniel had yet to discover. Excalibur Pryson shook off the impact from Daniel's sudden retribution.

Pryson grunted and tore his partially ripped face protector off and crept backup to stand-revealing a reptilian facade blended with rudimentary fleshy tissue and earthworm skin. The Soul-King creature reinstated the timeline. **⚔ war broke-out**. Azra's immediately vanished and reappeared behind her targets. And without delay instantaneously sliced Alexis Cane and Amanda Knight equally and evenly with her razor-sharp and poisonous needles on each of their faces, in milliseconds the hellhound-blood dropped mutually Amanda and Alexis to the soil on their knees. The toxin was by now, within the traveler's bloodstream. Alexis began to yelp and begged Azra for mercy.

Azra showed no love, no indication of sympathy for her killer. Quinn Carter pulled out an assault rifle and began after DJ. Amanda Knight was down and Amanda felt frail however she'd

never passed through the streamline. Amanda was a WICKED-ONE. A conception of the malevolence of the 3:15 event of exodus set in motion by the creature of legend. Daniel Mikael knew his sister was gone and at present turned into something else- some kind of mystical poltergeist in human appearance. Nevertheless he blasted anyways, striking Azra five times with an *Ak-47* it was chaos in the street now, everyone spread all over. Alice distracted Quinn (DEATH) with a combination of lethal punches the two exchanged blows. The powerfully majestic queen of the water-Snake underworld Azra grinned at Daniel.

“Well Hello Daniel, did you know, I died because this bitter piece of shit, and she located her thigh boot in Alexis skull whom by now was consumed by the venomous pollutant. “Sought after you, and your little friend- his gluttonous ass wanted the dream-drifter-king and his soul mate MR. death all for himself- “fucking rat bastard or I ought to say all for the filthy pig **GOMORATH** whose very name is an acute infection of irritation.” Azra Said. DJ was side-winded by Quinn Mitchell Carter the collision was brutal to Daniel’s abdomen. The essence of DEATH kept control and comprise power over Quinn’s ailing and decomposing body other than the human side of Quinn was skirmishing back. Alice lurched at Quinn and they’d initiated a violent tremor when Alice plunged Quinn to the ground.

The Council of Tombs with Pryson in the lead marched with an *M16* firing into the massive army the blood-king had assembled. Scores of undead fell downward with torn limbs and broken body parts, arms sliced in five ways, half ripped heads, eyes evicted from the sockets, cranium blown to shreds. The undead were being deserted by the more advanced and highly developed Wakers. The Blood-Tree parasite ran amok in search of a host to munch through and attach its jaws to an organ of the human anatomy and the Blood-Tree unfastened in the middle of this atrocious, violent and aggressive quarrel was the **DAMAGED-THING** the lone alien parasite which had once called Quinn Mitchell Carters body home prior to Ray Patterson the cop who gun-downed Quinn outside the funeral-home.

The roaming V’s went to attack with an excessive show of aggression however **GOMORATH** hurled down a pair of crimson lightning strikes and split, cracked and devastated the section of road the belligerent vampires stood on top of. The street was flattened and broke off all the vampires to one side and followed by the road chopped downward and a potent gleam of red-light obliterates the roaming V’s with one solitary stoke of the creatures supremacy each and every one of them corrupt vampires fell screaming and hissing and clutched the side portion of the hole in the street Gomorath had wrecked the terrain from under them. The Tower rumbled while it rose. Purgatory’s sheltered doorway was unhinged and the king of the tormented land broke-free with each and every one of Purgatories deadly swam of monsters crossing over to our timeline.

The Nebula and The Blood-King simultaneously stood aloft the ghostly church. A fight on the roof of the phantom cathedral had brought a light torrent of blood rain with it. Each of the combatants delivered vicious blows to each other. The adversaries clashed. The Cadillac-Man twirled, glared at Colfax with a defiant stare the blood-king was not intimidated and beamed back at the spider-god with vivid red radiant eyes. The blood-king rose up in the air and

smacked the Cadillac-Man with a roundhouse thrust in the center of the spider-god's human faced camouflage. The Nebula spanked the pavement on the road below. And laughed while he stood back-up and struck Colfax with a huge tentacle from the Cadillac-Man's chest plate and the Blood-King jolted toward the edge of the roof and whipped The Nebula with a stretched out red fleshly and blood-spattered organic rope sponge from the palm of the vampires decayed hand the attack scratched the Cadillac-Man's counterfeit face and the creature became enraged. Alice and Quinn shuffled through the ground in an atrocious struggle of combat.

Pryson and *Belmont* marched onward to a one on one death match with the chaos all around them in every direction and the beacon from the highest point of the farmhouse flashed in the gloomy nighttime sky. The two supernatural otherworldly monsters began a brawl to the death. *Pryson* held two chrome machetes in each hand while *Belmont* held one lone gold ax and swung it around from side to side and over his head. *Pryson* and *Belmont* met in the middle and when *Pryson* took the primary swing at *Belmont* the two machetes crashed against *Belmont*'s hatchet blocking the inward bound assault from *Pryson* and sparks of a whitish and gold vibrant shine blasted and spiked upward in the air when the two weapons walloped and produced a loud thunderous thud thriving in the atmosphere. *Belmont* took a swing and swept *Pryson* off his feet with the hatchet. *Azra* captured *Alexis Cane* and imprisoned the traveler within a casket finished of organic flesh and iron and the water-snake lady vanished. With the wicked purgatory monarch: the SCYLLA (*Vritra the Unholy*) observed the brawl from the shadows and the winged-beast took off following *Azra*.

Tiffany Elliot hid underneath an empty discarded LEXUS SUV. Her mind raced with adrenalin. *Tiff* noticed *Earl Raney* staggering towards the ghost church he appeared hurt but he was alive. *Tiffany*'s face had started to bruise from the solid blows dispensed by *Excalibur Pryson* and her mouth was busted- lips bled heavy and she felt no sensation in her right arm. *Tiff* had her Glock with her except *Tiff*'s clip was practically empty The Lexus SUV flipped over and *Gavis* the NIGHT STALKER stood over *Tiff*. The truck went airborne soaring through the air and hit a new flock of undead approaching from the phantom church. *Tiffany* took a deep breath and *Gavis* growled with his wings expanded. *Tiff* became aware of *Jesse Hank*'s backpack laid-out untouched in the center of the isolated highway street.

Martin distracted *Gavis* with rounds from a 44' magnum which by no means made any kind of dent on the savage vampire monster. *Gavis* grabbed *Martin Lloyd* and slashed the young man with the creatures extremely large talons across *Martin*'s chest *Tiffany* screamed the word "No" and fired her handgun at *Gavis* who tossed *Martin* all the way through the large gothic windows of the church. *DJ and Ray* jointly met behind the semi-truck where *Ray*'s initial hiding place was. Collectively they'd decided to head for the eerie building of worship. *Tiff* retrieved an AR-15 from the ground and a gasmask from a dead Tomb member while *Gavis* shot-up in the air and dived in for the kill before the gruesome night-stalker ruler can sweep up *Tiff* off the ground a new beast emerged from the church.

This one in particular *Tiff* had recognition of she'd been hunting this monstrous animal for a long time. The massive werewolf leaped through the dark sky and the light rains of blood and crashed against *Gavis* in a mid air collision. The lycanthrope in opposition to the monster

vampire slammed Gavis unsympathetic onto an unoccupied automobile and the two creatures battled for superiority and domination.

Tiff pulled down the visor she'd collected from the fallen gasmask killer, grabbed the backpack at her feet and she crouched and ran roughly seventeen feet, then hid behind the identical truck Ray and DJ had been picking off The Returned Undead Wakers with headshots side by side with M60 Sniper rifles. Ray kept a steady aim and continued shooting as if Tiff never arrived. Daniel Mikael otherwise known as: DJ stared at Tiffany Elliot with astonishment. He couldn't believe she'd made it. "Tiff" DJ said with a cheerful pitch in his tone of voice. "I'm glad you're here I thought we've lost you and then he said "where's Earl and Jesse I lost sight of everyone in the confusion."

Tiffany fumbled through Jesse Hank's backpack and released a sigh of relief when she found the bullets dished in dried up coagulated **hellhound blood** and finished in sliver. "*Fuck Yeah*" Tiff Said. "I know these vampires or whatever the hell they are can't die but these bullets will hurt them and if we get good, clean shots to the heart maybe even kill them."

Ray Patterson's dead brother now a servant and specter of the *Blood-King* Allen the Gasper appeared beside the advanced Florida detective. "Don't distract me." Ray Said. Tiff and DJ both glanced at each other and shook their heads at Ray's commentary. "Tiffany." DJ stared at her with a harsh look "Where are Earl and Jesse? Are they dead"? Tiff ignored Daniel and kept rummaging in the interior of the backpack. Allen vanished from Ray's side view and reappeared in front of the sniper rifle. "Brother, something is coming." Allen warned his brother and departed the area of divergence. "Shut the fuck up." the detective responded.

DJ grabbed Tiff's hands and made her pause and she gazed upward at him. In an awkward moment between the two powerful legacies whose sexual attraction between them seemed to be a distraction. Tiff appeared tongue-tied. "I saw Earl running for the church; I lost sight of Jesse in the chaos of this shit." DJ knew this was not accurate at least not the whole truth and so he hard-pressed Tiffany again. "Why would Hank leave his bag behind Tiff? Come on talk to me." She had no words for Daniel. Ray tilted his head back and says: "*Maybe* she killed him, Dallas went nuts inside the van, and I did what I had to do- what anybody would do." He Said. "Look" Tiff said with somber eyes. "Earl and Martin are both in that church I don't' even know if their still alive." DJ hoped they'd survive at least long enough for some type of guns drawn, bullet blasting rescue. Daniel curved to Ray and after giving it a subsequent thought and with a serious hellish demeanor asked the detective to drop his weapon. "What, you're fucking crazy I'm not dropping shit."

DJ aimed the rifle at Ray Patterson. "You gonna kill me Daniel? DJ gripped the trigger with violence in his eyes. "I'll be returning the favor cop." Ray positioned the sniper rifle downward. "*You blasted Quinn*;" DJ continued: "Never gave it a moment's thought did you? And now look what he's become, all because of you, I pulled you out of that car wreck so I could finish you off myself you're not with us." Ray shook his head at DJ comments: "Says the man with twin hearts inside him, let me ask you Daniel? Do you feel the sickness beating and throbbing- the hate and rage flourishing." Tiffany squeezes in herself between the disputes. "Stop it" She Said. "Can't

you hear that? It's coming from below." DJ located the weapon downward. "No it's coming from every direction." Daniel was absolutely accurate. The sound was impending from all sides, the light drizzle of **blood rain** turned into a downpour of crimson red. "Its laughter, someone is getting a kick out of this seeing us die." Ray Patterson was partially right someone was enjoying the show and watched from the blackened skies as the human race washed-out and died one by one like cattle sent to the butcher. The creature of myth laughed.

The Soul-Eater: GOMORATH permitted this quarrel to transpire and watched with a sick sense of humor as the Blood-King battled the Nebula in an even scuffle- the fight between the Nebula and The Blood-King sent waves and waves of dark-plasma shooting across the atmosphere and constructed cosmic black holes whom enclosed and entered our galaxy and ingested stars, space debris, fragments of asteroid and commenced to gulp down the planet Neptune. **The rains of blood** inundation had begun and the tower of the new **VOA** order splintered and cracked the center of the city in two. The conflict had ended and the fires began to spread from the vacant cars and into the wooded field neighboring to the countryside interstate. Alien aircrafts loomed over the survivors and the church was gone, vanished currently like it had appeared- into skeletal air or inverted back to hell- and Earl Raney was swept absent with the phantom church.

"*They'll* come for us; they can't die every last one of them." The voice came from the rear of truck. "Martin" Screamed Tiff. "You're alive." Martin was indeed alive and breathing although in a state of shock maybe panic or perhaps the slash from Gavis the master vampire of the night stalkers turned poor Martin into a monster. Martin was bleeding profound from his face and torso his ears bled as well. "I saw you die Martin." Tiff Said. "How did you survive? That thing must have tossed you at least thirty feet Martin- you went through a window at full speed." Ray, Tiffany and DJ stared at Martin in anticipation of his response to Tiffany's questions.

However the grouping was soaked to the hide in blood rain and urgently considered necessary to find shelter. Pryson and the Council of Tombs marched in a straight-line and positioned themselves to be evacuated. Gavis and the Coffin Reverend were still slugging it out and exchanged hard blows which made the limited-access freeway underneath the group erupt in violent tremors.

The sadistic and evil Nebula who occupied the body of the Cadillac-Man converted reversely to the spider-god's superficial outward appearance and leapt from the muddy blooded road and disappeared. The Blood-King Sirius Colfax regrouped with his lethal and mystical military and once Belmont unscrewed the streamline a new-fangled **SIDE-ROAD** appeared over the interstate. A circular tunnel connected our reality with the savage-roads and the Blood-King crossed realities alongside with the rest of his supernatural platoon. The threshold connector's tectonic imagery spilled illumination from it like a gleaming liquefied headlight and sliver glassed **PODS** appeared above the new road- **Colfax** spun his cloak and blasted a vivid sparkle of ruby radiance and unbolted the streamline.

And a sequence of locked iron and bone composed toll roads and exoskeleton interstellar highways came into view with the time-lapse sequences. The wind gust was tremendous and

then came the sound. Martin was the first to hear it. "They'll come for us." He said. DJ glanced at Tiffany and she nodded the go-ahead. Daniel grabbed Martin by his torn up polo shirt and splashed himself with Martins blood by jolting him so rigid. "You're fucking bleeding from every gap in your body Martin. Tiff is right there's no way you could've survived a toss that hard and a vampire slash? Come' on tell us the truth." DJ pleaded with Martin as the sound initiated to get nearer the rest of the group heard it and DJ let go of Martin's blood soaked shirt. The sound was a **chopper**.

The hum of the twin propellers echoed. The helicopter flew in the direction of the survivors and the 'copters blades cut the clouds. The chopper was entirely colored black with a painted decal on the frontage of the flying mechanism and a symbol smeared on the side of the airborne transportation.

"I know that sound." Said DJ with a harmless drift in the legacies tone of voice and he says: "That's a Blackhawk I'm sure of it." Ray nodded in agreement. Martin filled with his own blood and the rainstorm of crimson tears which fell from our bleeding skies had turned the chopper from its original black paint to a **red-blooded airborne machine**. Martin Lloyd stood in front of Tiffany Elliot and picked up Jesse's backpack from the ground. "Tiffany" Said Martin. "The church natives saved my life, if you want to know so badly, despite the fact I'm associating myself with a killer they'd never keep anything from me." Tiffany shrugged. "What is he talking about Tiff?" Ray and Daniel glanced at one another with bafflement. "Shut the fuck up." She Said. Martin looped a smirk.

"Don't you know...? She killed Jesse, snapped his neck." Tiffany had numerous secrets and several of those hidden mysteries had turned her into a cold soul. A young beautiful lady with two twin hearts which pumped and spread iniquity throughout the artery of her poignant blackheart and the truth behind her father's demise ate up Tiff's insides.

A cluster of random survivors ran through the burning fields with a flurry of strange humanoid insects giving chase and pursued the bunch together with a bizarre and aggressive set of humans whom seemed to be in combination with the **human-like bugs** who stood on two thin and transparent legs some of the insects were slithering on the ground shooting-out tentacles from the anomalous bug's oral hole. And wrapping around the ankles of the defenseless crowd of individuals- the fires had spread from the deserted automobiles and raged on burning down the tall grass on the sides of the isolated interstate and the **blood-rain** had drenched Tiff to the extend the attractive young huntress removed her clothing and exposed a sexy red plus size bra Tiff was perfectly shaped and *DJ, Martin and Ray* had a close-up full view of her gorgeous and stunning body.

All three were sheltering themselves within the big tractors interior from the sudden and abrupt second emergence of the perfectly aligned flying spacecrafts balanced over the crimson bloody skies. "Look at us." Tiff Said. "Bet your ass we'll Lookin'." Ray remarked. DJ shook his head not in dispute of Ray's comment but in agreement. "*Whatever*, you guys never saw tits before ... god, "do me an act of kindness Ray and go fuck yourself." She said with a harsh and sturdy tone. Back when the group originally found themselves at the vacant police station Martin, Gedy

and Gigi made certain to scavenge everything that was left behind in the precinct. This included body armor, ammunition, flashlights, flares, Ak-47's, a dozen handguns and a few shotguns. Mainly imperative snow jackets and wintry weather environment boots- the screams from the burning wooded area next to the freeway had our heroes on alert. Tiffany handed Ray and DJ winter law enforcement coats and windbreakers so they'd at least throw something over the blood-soaked apparel they each wore. Martin kept an empty expression on his face and said nothing and took nothing. The 'Chopper was by now soaring unswervingly in the atmosphere above and on top of the grouping. "We gotta flag that thing down."

Ray went to open the big rig's driver door. "No, we don't have the pleasure of trusting anyone right now." Tiff said while she slammed the door. DJ Nodded. "She's right, the president himself declared military law and the shit that just went down was like something out of a movie we can't risk it Ray." Ray disagreed with DJ and Tiffany's opinion however he did believe both of them were correct despite the fact he was a control freak and sought out to lay down his commandment. Jonathan Case and Violet made it out of the infected zone. The pair had escaped and headed onward towards the beacon of hope. John had rammed the sports truck into reverse and blasted on the accelerator the car shot backwards, and slammed into a Gasmask killer which had made his way to the rear of the *SUV* and John Case killed him, John felt the wheels of the truck crush the bone structure of the Tomb member and squashed the nasty fucker like a roach. Violet composed herself for the duration of the shoot-out and returned fire and after ramming the *SUV* into the unfilled empty ditched cars and a few of the Council of Tombs whom had barricaded the road with the burned, bloody and bullet bombed state police squad cars. Equally John and Violet escaped the **TIME-RIP** and it was daytime again nevertheless the darkness followed close behind. "You see that? Case pointed at the beacon beaming a red potent glow.

"That's where we are going somebody knows something and I'm gonna fucking find out what." Violet glanced at John Case and Says: "Anywhere is better than what I saw backing out of there, what we saw? Was it monsters she asked with much concern? "I have no idea but whoever activated that gadget ought to have a few ideas to share with us." He looked at Violet and they'd both nodded to each other in concord. The Chryslers tires started to shake and the road began to snap in the heart of the street dodging and swerving from long and lengthy huge red earthworms falling from the grayish and discolored sudden burst of amethyst and noxious clouds. The fog was spreading and the day turned to night in approximately seven minutes the dashboard timepiece began to acquire a mind of its own and the time went from *3:14pm* to *3:16am* until the timer just produced a ghoulish echo and then static and then a voice came from beyond the dashboard of the *SUV*. A signal of some kind made its way through our timeline reality.

~ "Hello, Oh God, they are coming, is anyone getting this? Please! reply hello? Please reply this is Gork is anyone reaching me? [The static was increasing and the signal was fading.](#) "If anyone is out there my sleeper name is Gork I'm a student at the Valstrick institution, all of us our under quarantine they call it a school but it's a prison, please anybody if you're capable of perceiving sound please listen to me, we need the sky-keeper things have gone worse there'll are

*only 433 of us left and only **they** remain all the kids are forced to live in one school and provide for the monsters- again my name is Gork it's October 47th 2026 I'm a dream drifter we are all scattered around the globe and we need help the world is sick, dying it looks like and the few survivors are all hiding , waiting for a chance to strike back HELLOOOOO ~*

The static blasted from side to side thought-out the car and the voice vanished astray and the transmission was terminated. "Did he say October 47th? Violet glanced at John with worrisome eyes. "Yeah, yeah he did the fucking wormholes, the orbs, it's our damn fault." John banged the steering wheel with brute force. "What do you mean, come' on John talk to me?" Violet pleaded and requested a few answers. "Way back, I'm talking in the early 17th century we found celestial orbs whose energy of unidentified dark-plasma turned the theory of relativity into a factual scientific component." Violet sparked up a cigarette and tilted her head toward John. "English please John." John grinded his teeth and said: "You won't understand, there's multiple dimensions Violet during the eclipse of 1919 the orbs were discovered and the black 'orb activated after a hundred years without making a single sound or moving a twitch, the one I'm sure let loose all these things or whatever they'll do to our planet is my fault I should of stopped it." Jonathan Case and Violet kept to themselves the entire expedition and the battery on Violets I-pad had sufficient life for one more song and hence she'd begun to play the song **Culprit** by young blood hawk and John stayed with his eyes on the highway and mutually Violet and John were starving- no food for either of them since the supermarket raid and it was no more than junk food and Newport's.

The Helicopter flew over the truck's top and shone its giant spotlight through the windows of the Semi truck. Tiffany Elliot changed to a police outfit complete with a winter jacket which read: ADVANCED FLORIDA POLICE and equipped herself with a duffel bag containing Jesse's silver bullets and the creep's hardcore porn magazines Tiff found out early on the she'd had an attraction to big breasted women. She'd hate to even think about going down on a female and how it would taste maybe she'd like it but Tiff preferred the comfort and protection of a man and she was first and foremost a lady with class not the run-of-the-mile variety slut. Ray, DJ, and Martin whose demeanor remained the strangest and unchanged kept hearing whispers from the church people and felt a close association with the freaks whom saved his life except at what cost.

All three discarded the **blood-soaked** clothing and changed into police officers attire. They might as well identify themselves as the new cops of fucking Florida in view of the fact that the state was not a state anymore however a wrecked and forsaken place. The blooded rains died down. The wormholes created by the streamline connection had the monsters absentee from the area. "We need to get to one of them vacant cars; one of them must be working." Tiff Said.

"**S**he's right; I bet several of them have the keys still stabbed in the ignition." DJ responded. The group was ready and geared up they'd battled the monsters and won they felt stronger here in harmony hill, fl. One by one they made the move for a sliver and blue BMW X6 2015 SUV for some odd motive Martin pointed to that specific car. First Tiffany began to fidget and adjust her body armor she struggled for a quick minute to fit it perfectly under her clothing, Tiff slung her

AR-15 rifle over her shoulders and she hooked the duffle bag onto her backside like a university undergraduate- and bend downwards and crept unhurriedly to the BMW. The second one to hurdle out was Martin Lloyd with no more than a handgun Tiff was nervous with Martin but she kept it to herself.

Ray Patterson spotted movement a little cluster of those repulsive and horrific undead returned were still slumped downwards and gobbling on a dead state police officer's cadaver. The freaks had their sickening mouths filled of blood, teeth stained with human flesh, eyes empty of expression, faces peeling rotten and decayed skin. Tiff handed the grenade she'd found in Jesse Hank's bag and gave it to Daniel. "Clear a path for us." She Said. At this instant a few of the monstrous slaughterer's from the confrontation crept out from the dim shadows a few adversaries of the assemblage emerged.

The dead Quinn Mitchell Carter consumed and controlled by the spiritual essence of *DEATH* held an M16 full automatic in both of the creature's hands. Alice the eccentric and gorgeous female stood by the side of Quinn and last DJ's resurrected sister Amanda knight split a smirk when she became aware of Daniel's attendance. "You could be so kind and hand me the weapon please my lord." Quinn glanced at Amanda and stared at the small undead cluster. "Here, use it well." He said and passed her the *M16*. The copters passengers noticed the survivors beneath the airborne transportation and unfastened the iron metal side hatched entrance and originated to open fire. The Gatling gun sprayed a hurricane of ammunition.

The rounds from the helicopter smashed windows, blew off car hoods, struck the corpses on the ground, and shot directly at Tiffany whose extreme efforts completed her arrival to reach the **BMW** in one piece- *TILL NOW* Tiff was struck with a heavy slug from the Gatling gun. Tiffany fell downwards and Ray kept blasting at the propellers of the chopper. Daniel hurled himself over to Tiff however Quinn was awaiting him and the two former friends confronted each other. Alice grabbed Martin from behind and down casted her teeth in his torso and proceeded to smash together Martin's skull on the pavement. The Gatling-gun's onslaught of ammunition was too powerful and Ray hid underneath a broken down Honda Accord with blood seeping out from the top of the car. A strong flash of headlight beamed from the wooded area of the interstate.

The modified **CADILLAC ESCALADE** hauling customized well-built weaponry was heading for Tiffany- the bulky tires lumbering the countryside scattered dirt, rock, and mud high up in the air and cut the tall fields of meadow resembling a deranged lawnmower. *Wade Hawkins* steered the modified and tailored Gatling gun which rested aloft the Cadillac SUV. And the angry outburst of bullets accelerated Wade Hawkins heart-rate. Wade's pulsate ran at a tempo which would make any pacemaker blow the fuck up. Ray leapt onto the truck's intimidating fender- in truth, it looked like a fucking barricaded piece of car armor and kept a fixed aim and fired at **Alice** until she accede to let Martin go. Alice flipped back and landed on her feet.

The Archangel from the side-ways-timeline AcidMurda flew in excess of the dead Quinn Mitchell Carter and with one single-handed strike he sent the essence of **DEATH** soaring onward. And Quinn smashed against the windshield of the semi-truck. Quinn struggled, still taken aback by

the unbelievable might of AcidMurda and Quinn Mitchell Carter spun his body in a prompt 360 degrees slant and twisted around the angel of the transverse. The spirit of DEATH knew when *it* was outmatched and outgunned. A blackened smoke by the side of a red blooded smog streamed in, Quinn pulled his own hood over his face and gripped a portion of his elongated cleric clothing and spun in mid-air and then slammed into the ground and vanished disappearing within the obscurity of the road below.

Wade Hawkins had the shadow contained. He had learned to maintain the killer controlled. The once- up and coming pre-med undergraduate with a taste for murder and the appetite for death had become a very important instrument in the war for survival and the continued existence of the human race which Wade was never in actuality an enthusiast of. Stupid political principles, the constant lies from the media, police... *let's not start that one*: rather stop an old lady and put the elderly hag to suck on a breathalyzer then to set-out into urban neighborhoods and bring to an end the drug dealings and illicit unlawful activities. The Gatling-gun blasted like Scarface in his last moments. Wade even thought of saying it except he'd knew it would come out corny and flat instead of heroic and sexy. (*"Say hello to my little friend."*) Hey! At least Wade could fake he screamed it when he was thrashing on the Gatling gun trigger. Wade kept a butchered look on his face and RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-BANG was all you heard.

The Helicopter by now had grown fainter, cloaked between the nighttime sky and the macabre haze of red cloudiness formed by the torrent of crimson rainfall. The chopper controlled by the ruthless and organized squadron of the SIN a unit of assassins and hellish homicidal contract murderers suspended its flying and perched itself soundless high up flanked amid the billows. The pilot at the helm was struck twice two folds by Wade's relentless battering of devouring automatic rounds. Wade's importunate spew of bullets had the SIN and its airborne machine of death and wretchedness passengers on the fucking run. "That's right, motha' fuckas "I know it got hit, shit, now if it just fell down." –other than there was no explosion- the flying vehicle disappeared. Alice arched her perfect body upward and shot-up in a straight line. The shell casings on the ground was proof enough for anyone to accept as true whomever survived and made it out of this conflict was ready to die for what they stood for.

Ready to die for their planet and the destiny of a world gone dark perhaps might contain a spark of daylight at the end of the darkest tunnel after all. Of course there was one small and diminutive problem one of our best was down. She'd been hit by a projectile from an extremely commanding and fatal weapon and the bleeding flowed outward and the heartbeat became dim. Tiffany had the heavens all to herself. She'd tried to survive. Did her best however not everyone acquires the pleasure to retain life in a world whose very core was drenched in lies, fabrication, bloodshed and murder and of course now the MONSTERS.

FIGHTBACK, BRING WAR, SURVIVE ...

CHAPTER 23:

ENEMIES AND ALLIES

The ancient Greeks whispered the legend among the tombstones with total devotion. the Greeks believed that everyone had an attendant entity dwelling within each person. A self produced spirit whom he or she might turn for guidance and direction. And shadows' weren't shadows at all but a dark embodiment from the realm of abyss and Wade Hawkins believed the hunger was an infection of darkness from the evil shadows. An eclipse of evil and the hunger continuously won.

THE BLOOD poured from the open wound in her leg, and it was evident that she was not going to live to tell the tale. The Cadillac Escalade came to a screeching stop. Wade Hawkins leapt descending from the top of the truck and his Jordan's hit the asphalt road splashing tiny rocks and fragments of shell casings upward. Ray and DJ were at Tiffany's side, she'd been hit and in undesirable pain. Martin Lloyd toddled right passed the [SUV](#) in direction for the church which wasn't there anymore. Lloyd's shoes left a trajectory of blood on the street of the isolated and bloody highway- kicking and stomping over bullets shells. Ray stood upward and mean-mugged the new allies gave them a gape of unrest. DJ strives to perform his most excellent and tried to discontinue Tiff's bleeding. However the situation was not good... at all.

"Who the hell are you? We don't need any help from a pack of freaks." Said Ray, "especially and above all from you." Wade and Ray hooked eyeballs amongst each other. Ray was enlightened by the whispers that the shadow killer's accurate identification was a man named, [Wade Hawkins](#) an African American male and a pre-med college pretty boy. "Who are we? We just saved your goddamn life asshole, show respect." Wade Said. Ray Patterson gripped his 44 magnum and pointed the firearm at Wade. "Bullshit, I was tracking you." Ray responded with a

rasping annoyance “You’re a serial killer and a sick one too, you’re the modern day jack the ripper and I’m a cop.” Trinity smirked from indoors of the SUV.

“You don’t know shit about me, if it weren’t for the shadows she would have died the day that fucking thing came for her- we saved her.” Ray had a stare of disbelief and Daniel had wrapped his belt and a piece of fabric from one of the deceased tomb members clothing “Guys, this isn’t enough she’s gonna die.” DJ Said. “What the hell are you’ll gonna do MR. Cop? Tiffany’s dying; we need to let Jason heal her. Fuck me right now.” Ray glanced at the SUV and every single one of the vehicles doors swung open. Jason the tall and well-built young man was a powerful legacy gone rouge and nowadays belonged to the **S.K.** alliance.

TIFFANY tried to elevate her head and instead the weakness in her body made her immobile. Tiff mustered the strength to speak some words, her lips curled up and her teeth had specks of blood. “It’s true.” She Said. “They saved me... the monster with the Cadillac came to kill me and Wade and his father... again she was extremely weak from the blood loss and fainted. The alliance stood in full force, side by side, coupled together and unified. *Trinity* the striking and dazzling leader of the Dramacide- a clan of assassins from the savage-roads was the second one besides Wade to come within reach of the group and the injured Tiffany Elliot. Trinity was sympathetically towards the group and she tenderly stirred aside DJ and Ray. “You’re a legacy, although not like the rest,” Trinity said, and got down on her knees beside Tiff. “Let yourself go and I promise you will heal.” Ray glanced at DJ. “She can’t even hear you aside from these crazy fucked up visions I have I also know things don’t ask me how but I do.” Jason and Frank stood in the rear of DJ they’d detected resentment and wrath in his tone.

THE headlights of the customized sports utility truck beamed across the interstate and AcidMurda began to drop red flares onto the concrete road. The Sky-Keeper from the transverse was never to interfere or meddle in primeearth-1. AcidMurda was forbidden from saving any world or any earth for that matter. However in the Sideway-Past-Forward Timeline AcidMurda was placed on trial and outlawed by the courtship of the Ascension on Earth-13 and received a verdict of unbounded punishment. The Ascension’s decision confined the seraph of the streamline within the torment of the vex-pyramid an uncanny and mysterious penitentiary for disobedient and rebellious travelers.

It was in the pyramid where **GOMORATH** the creature of legend tricked Aeschylus the faller and AcidMurda by the divine ministry’s method of ancient possession and the soul-eater took the dead essence of the last reaper-king and forced the two archangels to unify and brought collectively these superior beings together. AcidMurda was promised the throne if he’d help the faller in the destruction of the soul-king.

“She’s not healing, Said DJ. Frank Hawkins the human leader of the resistance tilted his head back and gawked at Jason and Said: “Do your thing; the blood loss may possibly be impacting her recovery.” Jason removed his extended black trench-coat and uncovered both his arms to be transparent and crystal clear in the interior of the skin these arms ran wires and colorful veins which connected to two large blood vessels. Jason positioned both his arms on Tiff’s right leg

the gap was gigantic and the slug had pierced an artery. "Wait the fuck is you doing to her? Ray went to impede Jason and was yanked eight feet in the atmosphere by Amanda Knight and thrown onto the hood lid of a burning vehicle one of many ditched and abandon cars on the desolate highway.

DJ began capping off rounds at his deceased sister or if she'd been transformed into one of those wicked humans it was still all the same thing Amanda was gone forever. Wade Hawkins staggered across silently to a red patrol car with no sirens; no label and bullet riddled. However the machinegun armaments equipped on the side of these red-blooded cop cars still had function in them and Wade begins an onslaught of severe armor piercing rounds intended to wipeout the **WICKED-ONE Amanda Knight** the evil bitch flipped backwards and swept DJ off his feet and placed a reddish-purple sword to her brother's throat. "I suggest you stop firing that fucking gun or I will slash him from ear to ear and then suck on his blood while all of you watch in delight."

Amanda Knight's descend into madness tumbled the once benevolent, compassionate and generous young women down the pathway of the vilest boulevard of mystery. DJ twisted her arm and smashed it against her own face. The uncanny strength DJ possessed by the legacy's influence and power scared the shit out of the resistance leader Frank Hawkins whose insight and immediate intuition bestowed Frank with an ominous ill-omened vigilance forewarning Frank of Daniel Mikael and the unequaled strength DJ contained. Amanda growled and swung the sword over her head and leapt above ground. Amanda bled dark blood from her busted lip and drove in route for the detective Ray Patterson whom had banged his head robustly on the lid of the flamed automobile.

And Wade Hawkins observed the opening Wade Hawkins took full advantage of her critical mistake Amanda knight was showered with machinegun rounds when she'd overestimated her abilities and soared in the air gripping the lengthy and drawn-out sword with equal hands. Amanda was hard to kill. The bullets struck her torso, abdomen, shoulders, and one lone slug penetrated her left eye and she knockdown slapping the blood-soaked asphalt with the back of her skull. "She's still moving." Said Martin who watched from the shadowed and damp corner of the semi truck and Martin was changing he felt worse and sick more under the weather than a withdraw from his meth addiction. Amanda Knight kept twitching and frustrating herself in the attempt to stand. "I'm going to get ya your dead and she laughed and pointed her index finger at Wade. By now a circle had enclosed around Amanda the new team had the wicked one surrounded.

Wade Hawkins smirked at her words. Trinity shook her head at the comments made by and from the dying Amanda knight. Frank Hawkins never said a word. Ray Patterson and Daniel Mikael stood over Amanda's body and Ray bled from the gash in his head when the detective was tossed onto the hood of the burning car. Jason threw his trench coat over him and adjusted the jacket. The puddle of dark-blood had made its way to DJ's boots. "I'm sorry sis, first dad and now this some of us were born to suffer." DJ aimed the AK-47 assault rifle and shot Amanda nine more times on her upper body. Amanda stood up and laughed.

“Let me finish this.” the voice was vaguely familiar her tone had changed she’d sounded a bit more dark and demonic. “There’s no escape Amanda.” Amanda Knight hissed at Tiffany Elliot the huntress of legacies was back on her feet she looked extra flushed and a red glow shone from her baby blue eyes. “It’s over.” She said and stabbed Amanda by the twin blades with hellhound blood on the edges finished of sliver that DJ had tugged from the sides of a paused Tomb member when the timeline rip occurred. Tiff stabbed Amanda so rigid and stiff in the mug the single eye she had left came bursting outward from her socket. Amanda’s neck was snapped from behind by Trinity. It was over. At last DJ could lay to rest his sister in the wooded meadow next to the interstate.

Tiffany Elliot felt stronger and in addition she felt more in control. “Thank you.” She said. While strapping an AR-15 over her shoulder Tiffany Elliot nodded at Wade and the two smiled.

“Thanks.” She said and went to shake Jason’s hand. “Wouldn’t want to touch me right now the plasmas still feeding the heart other than that pretty lady your most welcomed.” He said.

The Beacon kept flashing in the distanced night sky. “You see that? Frank asked the group. “We need to get there and in one piece.” Ray shrugged and jumped in a sliver 2012 Acura TL. “Forget that.” He said with anger steaming from his ears. “I’m going back to the funeral-home, I need to find answers and we left those doctors back there they’d claimed the building for themselves talking about reconstructing the damn thing I’m sorry I was never a part of this I don’t belong here with any of you and my brother ... Ray stopped the conversation and roared the engine to life and sped off on the opposite side of the interstate dragging bodies and torn limbs with him. And the Acura was on **E**.

Tiffany, DJ and Martin crept inside the BMW sports truck. The one Tiffany went for and got shot in the process. Frank, Wade, Trinity and Jason slammed the doors on the Escalade and pulled next to the BMW with DJ at the wheel of the BMW and Frank at the helm of the Big Cadillac. “You ready for this, it won’t be easy.” Frank Hawkins said, “I know, except nothing in my life as ever been easy let’s end this.” Tiffany placed her hand on Daniel’s “at least we got each other.”

“Acid knows a better course less people in the streets less monsters or deadheads to deal with.” Said Frank and sped off first then DJ. “Hardly, any cars just hay and cornfields.” Jason remarked. Route 17 a lonesome and empty back road and the farmhouse was the set destination. The new team was created and Tiffany had been reborn for the second time.

CHAPTER 24:

A PLACE BEYOND HELL

Tiffany Elliot was a slender, youthful attractive woman. Nonetheless the huntress of legacies committed herself to a six day, five hour work-out preparation to maintain her body and uphold physical strength and endurance with the monsters she’d been fighting off in her dreams. Tiff

was in extraordinary shape. She had to be, the line of work Tiff was in- required her to stay fit. *Well-developed arms*, brawny calf muscles, and a nearly perfect physique and Tiff was a voluptuous young woman: lean and tall with ideal face features to go with her astonishing body which she maintained by working out, strict diets, and of course her occupation.

Tiffany Elliot was: a bounty hunter for the local sheriff of "*SCARLET HILLS*" merely a few in the police department knew about her relationship with Sheriff: "ANDREW POWELL" and both Andy and Tiff mutually preferred to keep it that way. Tiffany Elliott's assignments were not your typical probation-violation cases. Tiff and Andy's association was even kept covert from the mayor of the rural community: *Jake Grant* who seemed to be opposed to each decision the sheriff made. And detested Tiffany, *better said-* the mayor hated the young girl. Just two years previous to the mayor's brother in-law and deputy mayor: Simon Phelps was charged with four counts of rape and suspicion of kidnapping and murder. Tiff's father completed a transaction with an unholy beast. After the Mayor pulled rank and paid an undisclosed sum of monies to the judge whom was afterward found guilty of receiving bribes. *Mayor Jake Grant* made certain to cover-up his tracks so immaculate- nothing, zilch, not a remark ever came out in relation to him personally. On the other hand when Tiffany Elliott apprehended MR. Phelps in a cabin outside of Georgia's countryside subsequent to him jumping bail and on the run for an additional seven weeks his chronicle of murder, treachery, and immorality shook Tiffany to the foundation of her soul. Deputy Major: Simon Phelps committed suicide precisely after telling Tiffany the town itself was a *threshold* to the authentic existence of civilization. Tiff and Simon went head to head within the cabin before she managed to subdue Simon.

Tiffany was born to hunt- it was in her blood. Tiff was a natural and she'd know how to track the evading suspect. Tiff entered the log cabin pistol drawn and observed red candles lit up in every element of the cottage. Wrecked pieces of mirrors were smashed and sprinkled around the living-room space and blood on the doorway which made a pattern or a pictogram of some kind. Simon sat on a wooden chair with his 357 magnum in one hand and the bible on the other. "I never intended for anyone to get hurt" He said. Simon rocked back and forth on the wobbly and unstable chair which smelled of aged and scorched firewood. Tiff aimed her weapon and enthused closer to Simon. "Too late for that now Phelps, some lines you just don't ever cross." She Said. "If you, in fact mean those words then come quietly."

Tiff took soft steps until he turned around with the gun and faced her. "Put it down Simon I swear to god I will kill you." Simon held the gun downwards and never aimed at Tiffany. He laughed and wept. "Kill me? I'm already dead don't you see I fucked up I thought I would keep the preacher away by offering the beast what it wanted." Simon shrugged. "I was wrong." Tiff searched Simon for any extra firepower and placed his hands behind his back with a pair of handcuffs and detained him to the elderly wooden chair. Tiffany paced backwards a small number of steps. "What preacher? Tiff scanned the area for a second time. "Why the blood and the red candles listen- you can trust me, I know that church is not what it seems if you're innocent I need to know." Tiff Said. "Innocent." Simon shrugged again. "Nobody's innocent, one and all comprise of buried secrets for example Ms. Elliot why ask me these questions- when you already know the answers to them." He Said. Tiffany Elliot splintered a smirk.

"I beg your pardon? Tiff Said. Simon wept and sang an eerie tune: "*New Blood, New Life, I die, you die, New blood, New Life.*" Simon Phelps hums the jingle. "You know exactly what I was referring to Ms. Elliot your father made a deal with the animal." He laughed. Tiffany took aim with her weapon and pointed the gun directly at Simon Phelps cranium. "I'm done talking Phelps when I remove those cuffs if you fucking move I will send you to hell." Tiff kept the firearm positioned firmly and she gripped the handgun with both hands. Simon gazed aloft to the roof over him. "You're a legacy are you not? This town breeds them you don't seem surprised." Tiff continued at a standstill. "There's no way, in god's green earth you would know that unless your one too Simon." Phelps shuddered.

The Cabin was approximately 90 miles away from any source of help or aide for Tiffany Elliot. The broken mirrors began to vibrate and started to locate themselves back together. The barking set in motion an uncanny and awful howl from within the walls. The blood sprinkled from the roof and dripped on Simon's lengthy black wintry coat. "The preacher, he's just beginning sort of an introduction to the true commencement." He Said. Tiffany kept her eyes on Simon and her abilities which she acquired after her turning took place- gave Tiff a sensor. Tiff can shift her eyes to rotate all around her- from side to side and front to back this locked-power came with a splitting headache although at this moment: inside the cabin with Simon Phelps the ability kept Tiff alive. Tiffany knew she'd become something else- something not human but she still struggled with exactly what that something else was. The mirror had assembled itself exactly in the focal point of the small living area it was now: a tall and bulky enormous mirror with a black long cloth which covered the entire mirrored object and the spine-chilling reflector trembled. Tiffany aimed the gun downward and stepped onward to the mirror. "Leave that corrupted object alone." Phelps Said.

"Why is it moving? Simon you do understand- there's no way out of this you killed people if you traded bodies with the killers even worse." Tiff Said. Tiffany nearly removed the black tablecloth from the shivering mirror. "Don't" Pleaded Simon. Tiffany turned to Phelps and said: "Then tell me, Simon, tell me everything you know about me, about the reverend about the legacies and about the soul-king who is he? She asked the questions with the gun pressed against his cheek. Simon Phelps smirked and shook his head. "It's not human- the creature you hunt for was never a man, I, on no account wanted to be a slave to this madness except Jake promised me back my wife. Tiff's eyes amplify. "He said I could be with her you know? Live a life of immortality she was everything to me- my wife, my best friend I'm a shadow of a man without her." Said Phelps while he kept crying and Tiffany detached the cuffs.

Tiff was caught off guard with Simon Phelps profound feelings of remorse and guilt Simon's expression of grief convinced Tiff he was not a threat. She'd removed his 357 and tucked the gun in her waistline ahead of handcuffing him to the wooden chair. "Thank You" He Said. "Don't thank me yet." Tiff dragged the petite old and tobacco stained worktable removed all the crazy sketches and vocation sheets and situated it to sit in a front view position and lock eyes with Simon. "If you try something I won't hesitate."The mirror quaked. The candles puffed out. "Tell me about the blood." Tiff knew it was some kind of protection method to keep something out. Nonetheless Tiffany needed to know why? *Simon* desperately considered necessary: to sprinkle blood throughout the entry of the cabin.

The mirrored manifestation began to wobble chaotically. The black tablecloth which covered the unusual object waived in the cabin's damp and nicotine crammed air within the ripened cottage. Surrounded by flameless candles and dark-blood and non-stop barking and an eerie howl. Tiff punched Simon stiff in his the mug. "Who's with you? I'm sick of your lies the mirror-Simon who's controlling it? Tiff detected something stirred in the dim shadows of the cabin's corners she'd also come to recognize dogs sense things, unnatural things, and when dogs barked the way they were barking now: noisy, almost like a roar.

It was parallel to a radar detector. The mirror unclothed itself furthermore: a voice came from in the internal component of the object and then a face appeared only It was Tiffany's face- weeping and taking truckloads of painkillers to discontinue the twinge in her secluded soul. "It's the blood of: **Oden de law.**" He said. "Don't you hear the barking? Those aren't dogs Ms. Elliot." Tiffany mislaid her temper. Tiff's anger demonstrated displeasure and re-cuffed Simon durable and steadfastly onto the wooden chair. "Simon, you're going talk to me and for fucks sakes you will tell me everything." Tiffany's snout flared up. "I know, what I am, I know something very wrong is spreading throughout this town." Simon looked at Tiffany and expressed amusement. "Ms. Elliot nothing is spreading, this town, and these people are already contaminated. This theory of yours, dual serial killers trading dead bodies for sick enjoyment is entirely erroneous." Tiffany kept her eyes in sensor mode. "You'd think I would've stopped trying to find my father if that wasn't true." Tiff Said. "I know he's gone and I won't ever find him something inhuman swept my dad away to wherever it dwells- I know my body changed I can feel and hear two heartbeats- inside me I read about the killer in BlackStar and the things he worshiped." Tiff continued. "I fucking goggled Alexis Cane and the legacies, I'm trying to wrap my head around all this fucked up shit." Tiff sounded worried.

"The preacher belongs to a cult that's what we are right? Some fucked-up element of this legacy cult- people in desperate situations make contact with someone or something that removes the peril or the threat from their lives." it's what my father did it's what you did right Simon? Tiff was convinced she was closer to the truth now more then she'd ever been. An altered and vague whirlwind shone intense and an orange and black speck of glow swamped and beamed all over the lodge. Simon kept his gape downwards as he observed a cockroach crawling in a hurried rhythm. "Answer me, damn it." Tiff Screamed. "What is that Simon? Why is a fucking tornado? Swirling around this cabin and the mirror why is it shimmering images of me if the **Soul-king** is not a man then tell me what it is and how to kill it, tell me why all this blood all your murders who were they for? Damn you."

Tiff towed the hammer back on the ³⁵⁷(CLICK) "Open your fucking mouth, open it." Simon hesitated. "The town it's cursed." He Said. It's always been the town it's a gateway. I had to take those girls I had to, there was no other way the world will die and celebration a parade will take place to be evidence for the new earth... I." -The whirlwind clouded and misted up the cabin and before Simon can say or reveal anything further the twister took the shape of a dark figure unclothed. The outline of the shape was that of a feminine build.

The shadow of the bare-naked female did not hesitate and empties the pistol on Simon Phelps face all six shots entered Simons façade handcuffed to the chair Phelps bled and bled some

more. Simon's face resembled a puddle of dried up vomit- blood and tissue scrambled up his features along with some type of sea-green brain solution which leaked onto Tiffany's black buckskin boots. Tiffany fell backward the lumber floor spanked her ass when she dropped from the loud bang which split her ears in half and the surprise of Simon committing suicide. Tiff's mind state swirled with uncertainty, vagueness and bewilderment. Tiff waited for her head to clear up ahead of her standing she used her hands for support in some way she felt exhausted and fatigued. She'd lost all her recollection.

She'd forgotten about the small tornado. In her consciousness: Tiffany tracked her suspect down and tried to take the bastard into custody. Except Tiff gazed downward and noticed her hands inundated in blood and then out of nowhere –**BANG:** flashes of the whirlwind spinning hammered within in her cranium. The outline of the womanly figure stood at the entrance way. Tiff immediately drew her weapon: a 9nine millimeter handgun entirely loaded furthermore equipped to gun down anyone in her pathway with hollow-pointed killer slugs and gazed in a **360** degrees turn approximately while she scanned the surrounding area. "I know your fucking in here; I can spot your fucking tits for god's sake." Tiff kept looking around the cabin. She stared at the roof and the blood all over Simon's face and business suit. She gazed at the puffed-out candles and images kept exploding her head with Simon's death from the indoors of her mind and panic settled in, sweat ran down her forehead and trickled to her firearm. The undressed female figure never moved, by no means flinched, and when the shadow spoke it had a ruffled, windswept and echoed tone of voice.

"My Name is **Alice.**" The female shadow said. Tiffany tried not to fall- the images kept banging her thoughts, invading her brain. A slide show of Simon's death, the agreement with the preacher and what the reverend truly was, a future lost, an earth ravaged by the ancient creatures of the night. The shape dripped water from her empty eyes. Tiffany fired eight rounds into the formed outline of the female shadowy figure. "Tiffany, let me show you, the truth is not far away now." Said the shadowy figure who called herself Alice "Beyond the mirror, ahead of this realism- you will finally gain knowledge of the truth and bring to a close blaming your father for your personal mistakes." Tiffany found herself entirely mesmerized. Captivated by the mirrors quiver, the mirrored object quaked and the walls began to whisper.

The shadow of the naked young female stood behind Tiffany and the cabin's fortifications began to heave the air like a magnet. The walls sucked the atmosphere in reverse and faced diagrams appeared on the walls. First: one face illustration materialized on the surface wooden wall. Then a second emerged and came into view. These were the anomalous faces of the Sleepers (the ones who inhabit in the walls) Tiffany Elliot dropped her gun. The mirror reflected back to Tiffany in domination. Alice wrapped her vague and dim hands around Tiffany's waistline. "Let us show you." Alice Said. "Right at this instant, a battle waits to initiate between great powers not from your earth and you're in the dark with only another just like you, other than he's too pathetic to do what must be done to survive however not you right Tiffany? Your father, on no account made that deal did he? You lied to yourself so much it became reality, your reality."

Alice let the walls cave in and then she let the whispers wander without restraint throughout the cabin the walls collapsed and together they'd crossed-over onto **the dream-world of the sleepers**

in the V.O.C- the faces remain. The cherry glow was intense, authoritative and concentrated within the cottage which was currently at the present time simply a piece of hard rock in the center where the two women stood on and the vintage gothic mirror hung suspend above ground floating over oblivion the **RED-LIGHTNING** flashed underneath it. Tiffany was engulfed by the mystery. Absorbed and captivated by the *mind-link*. Tiff asked with a trace of sob in her voice "Where are we going? Alice gripped Tiffany's waist a tiny bit harder and collectively they'd travel beyond the momentarily timeline. "Consent to letting it all go, we're on the way to a **place beyond hell.**" Alice Said.

– Gun to the head and brains blown out: splattering all over the cabins walls with a newspaper clipping of "ALEXIS CANE THE SAINT NICK SLASHER" right behind his lifeless body "Tiffany Elliot" radioed the call in: suspect 9 is dead the radio transmissions' were only between herself and the sheriff. -

Quinn Mitchell Carter found himself in the eerie township of Scarlet Hills, FL. Quinn does not remember much about his weird journey to the rural community. Last thing he retained of information was shifting in and out of timelines while he rode within a **red-hummer** with his old school best friend driving the sports truck and some hitchhiker DJ scooped up after a 4-way dimension plunge by the voyager of the streamline Alexis Cane.

The portal of **dark-fire** the traveler succeeded to unlock- managed to dream-drift DJ and Quinn away from the house which had been surrounded and bordered by local law enforcement. Quinn's core essence was inside the *mind-link* of the extraordinary and remarkable **Midday-Mirror** connection. Entirely capable of speaking and moving while Quinn's nucleus fortitude was in the interior of the **SUV** Quinn divided and hooked onto three separate spirit-structures. Quinn was born a human with the soul of the king of kings from the spiritually confined planet: **DEATH**. An iniquitous world the one true GOD safeguarded from the streamlines of the savage-roads.

The place of worship was at the end of the moldy, decomposed passageway witch reeked and a stench of death aroma crammed up the murky extended hallway. Quinn found himself in possession of the mask of **Malics**. No- Quinn found himself in control. Quinn had ownership of the superior paranormal-magical masquerade. Quinn's pulsation accelerated and paced onto the single observable door in the dark, mirrored-walls, of the sickening and nauseating pathway at the end of the hallway. *The door READ: **Welcome to Salvation reverend Valstrick was here*** Quinn twisted the doorknob expectant to plummet down right in front of a cluster of good church-going people. Instead Quinn was in the middle of a main street in some sort of out of the blue community and the mask had placed itself on Quinn's face and attached resting on Quinn's face like an invisible organism.

School buses filled to the brim with children were not children at all. Quinn perceived furthermore the drivers of the school buses were ghouls and the mayor of the town a man named: **Jake grant** was the true master of these ghoulish entities' an additional door flashed and beamed in the vein of super headlights from a cement truck impending at full speed. The entry quickened to a large evil doorway from an ancient civilization. Individually alone although simultaneously and equally linked to the same place and the same timeline Alice and Tiffany were connected as a result of the *mind-link* In the cabin with the mirrored object which quaked

and trembled. Quinn was with Martin and DJ riding downward an evil infected interstate with a downpour of snow which fell from the bleeding skies.

The door was finished of pure prehistoric granite and ripened marble with ideograms engraved in the stone of the Reverse-Front-Timeline Egyptian doorway Quinn thought: “*how odd a door in the middle of a main street.*” except given all the strange and irregular occurrences happening recently Quinn marched towards the malevolent ingress. The mirror in the cabin trembled and quaked like a 12.12 earthquake on the rector scale. The road underneath the Hummer sports-truck rumbled and DJ caught the transmissions between the linking of the midday-mirrors and Quinn’s subconscious thought-pattern other than when he observed *Alice*. DJ’s skull began to ache and the shadowed sketch of the naked otherworldly female expelled Daniel Mikael (DJ) from the unification link. An immoral and impious voice came shooting from the reversed-front-timeline entry. An Egyptian doorway to the netherworld and the voice said: “*Welcome Death, to the place beyond all hells.*” 5:15pm 2:14am 3:16pm 2:16am 3:14pm 6:11am

~Whispered through the graveyards of mirrors and fields of nightmares...

CHAPTER 25:

AZRA WHISPER OF FEARS

A place beyond hell part II

A COLD WIND FROM HELL

THE seismic activity was intense and exceedingly forceful Quinn’s mind flashed images of Azra and Alexis Cane struggling for the recruitment of Daniel and him. *Then came the fall* and Quinn plunged descending straightforward and a further door appeared prepared of frozen glass. The citizens of main-street went about their daily activities completely ignorant an intruder completed his way into the sleepy town. Work trucks rushed throughout the Main Avenue and school buses with kids spilling out of them like concentrated milk. And a blizzard began to descend. The automobiles gone, the asphalt curved into a street of mirrors. Everything vanished with the exception of Quinn and the primeval succeeding doorway completed of frost and stone.

Quinn nervously turned the handle on the frozen front door in the middle of a ice-covered main-street extremely gradually only to make out a remarkable view once the door opened completely the outside steps which use to be just a mere small exterior three steps completed of not expensive wood with holes and pieces chipped away twisted into an extended, broad and never ending stair case. Quinn’s eyes seemed haunted by some type of unnatural energy; his

vision flashed the colors: *black, yellow*, and a dazzling nearly blinding effect of the shade red. It was terrifying, breathtaking and fascinating to watch broken down porch steps turn into a full-blown exaggeration of reality.

“God In heaven, this place is getting worse.” Quinn thought: “An hour earlier, I would’ve of almost certainly have considered it bad ass, cool, even awesome. Except now Quinn could perceive what it really was- a warning. Quinn began to lift his head slowly and commenced to observe not only did his exterior steps changed and turned into a massive flight of steps beneath him. But the entire block was a diverse landscape all together. His vision flashed all types of colors like a Christmas tree exploded in his head until it settled on a black and white with several strokes of red and green. Quinn can spot parking meters where there was none; strange and bizarre occupants’ arrive and depart using some sort of magic. the meters need to be reserved and paid for previous to arriving at the town the form of payment?: *Coins* prepared out of human flesh, bleeding veins wrapped around the copper coins. Quinn saw a tall, lean body exit outward of a black 1972 dark blue *Cadillac Eldorado*. The gentleman was dressed in an exceptionally pleasant custom fitted expensive suit the strange tall-man placed the coin softly in the center of the parking meter and *Quinn* could perceive sound: *a gasp* coming and approaching from the mounted device like the parking meter actually swallowed and digested the currency.

The alderman whose lengthy black slimy hair waived in the rural town’s light breeze which flowed by every now and then and the elder man remained absolutely stationary even consequent to non-stop wind gusts kept drafting throughout the town. The chap stood completely still and twisted his head to gaze at Quinn he smiled liberating a purple gas from his mouth. He strolls exactly over to the distressed *Quinn Mitchell Carter*. “You’re a friend of Tiffany Elliot” are you not? Asked the *CADILLAC-MAN* with a potent tone while he kept his lilac and rosy eyeballs on Quinn “You Must be new a one.” The caddie-man’s inhuman face continuously morphed and altered from human to monster to ghost to gnome and spider.

QuiNN’s thoughts begin to race at a million miles per hour. What did this all mean? The timeline had died on the night of exodus, three different *mind-links* were established in three diverse realisms and at the moment, Quinn had discovered a town where the ancient entry of the netherworlds had been a gateway for interstellar cosmic travelers from an infinite streamline. A vivid vision flashed before Quinn like some type of reverse *flashback*: a table, documents, pictures of someone with no detectable face and two men dressed in suits in the rear while he sat on the cold reinforced chair inside a room which looks akin to the category of location private anonymous undisclosed meetings from government agencies would take place at. “Well are you? The Cadillac-Man’s stern tone snapped Quinn thoughts back into frequency “Yes.” he answered.

The word *YES* came out of his mouth like water, like a normal flow of composed words Quinn did not remember anyone by the name of Tiffany Elliot yet it seemed like he did know her, his answer was not entirely true, but it was not a lie. The Cadillac-man momentary looked at Quinn with an uneasy gawk he reached inside his outfit pocket and held out a sealed envelope “Here take this, consider it a loan besides the letter enclosed is from Tiffany she would of have

delivered it herself if not for the treachery that eventually brought her to the point of oblivion.” The monster in front of Quinn was [THE NEBULA](#) and the town was a portal to parallel universes. “Oh, and tell Daniel to easy off, that little bitch deserved to fucking die.” Of course the monster referred to the five year old adolescent girl Quinn struck as a result of a blunder in a shootout among G.A state law enforcement. The essence of death kept struggling to break-free from the mind-link.

The Cadillac Man’s words stun Quinn and astonished him. How did this strange man know about Rosemary the little dead girl and how did he know about DJ? More important what was Quinn actually seeing was all this in his head? The walls talking, the mask, the transformation of the town, the male traveler and the water-snake woman in his residence and of course the eerie [Cadillac-Man](#) who looked like an ancient vampire what was the strange thing pretending to be a man and driving a Cadillac. Deep down in his gut Quinn knew something awfully horrific was alive and conscious in this rural population or the town itself was the source of the evil. At this point it did not matter Quinn felt too dire to even think. Quinn needed his dosage of painkillers. Quinn heard a voice inside his head the tone of the person was gentle and seemed to comprise good quality advice for an incredibly freaked out and confused Quinn. “Learn to control it, don’t permit the power of wraith consume you, make it your weapon by choice, not by command the voice faded away after a discharge of a loud **thump** in Quinn’s head “DJ? Was that you? DJ’s father had passed away when [Quinn Mitchell Carter](#) was just a toddler although DJ never forgot him and Quinn knew Daniel missed his dad deeply even after DJ’s grandfather murdered Daniels father because of the constant abuse and cruelty he ditched out.

Perhaps DJ’s father was trying to reach out to Quinn and clarify his side of the accounts from some place in the afterlife *after all* the dead kid *Davie McAlester* said: “all life is transformed after death into different beings or given a chance to live again in the V.O.C. “control the weapon” those words echoed in Quinn’s mind reminiscent of a kickball bouncing from thought to thought. He relaxed himself, he let his heart control the weapon by choice, once Quinn accepted the actuality all this might not be in his head and convinced himself maybe he was chosen to wear this mask that appears to be invisible to others except the *“Travelers”* like the [Cadillac-Man](#) – one new gigantic red flash beamed and hooked onto his eyes, and an added piercing **BOOMING SOUND** came with the intense **flash of red**.

Quinn’s vision was reversed to normal the colors had faded away his eyesight was still getting use to the new innovative transitions. Quinn found himself standing in the middle of the street after opening his eyes and coming back to the reality of the town. With drivers beeping at him in a rude craze and even screaming explicit words at him Quinn felt sluggish and feverish. The withdrawal was getting worse. Quinn proceeds to try and meet up with his dealer. Quinn was confused his deliberation in his mind came to the conclusion the nightmare was over. a bad withdrawal that brought him to the point of shock and a blackout. Quinn begins to gradually catch his breath and initiated to stroll down the town heading to:

[SCARLET HILLS MAIN STREET CAFÉ](#) where Quinn knew the prick likes to sell to underage girls. Quinn begins to walk out of his home and strolls down “HTAED LANE” momentary passing the

elderly ladies comfy private house that was knocking earlier on his front door. - In fact: Mrs. Cooper was on foot slowly in the rear of Quinn. Quinn began to notice this was not his town and his mind kept splashing imagery of his mother who was turned to ashes by Alexis Cane and When Quinn reached the corner of the block. The yellow bus full of school kids arrives, when the doors dangle open the children begin spilling out like ants on an ice cream sundae. The flashes were set in motion again the flickering of lights within his eyes and inside his mind, the spectrum of colors was enough to bestow Quinn a high so intense and made him feel so good it eased off the withdraw.

Quinn kept his gaze on the school bus. One child lights up *yellow*- Quinn immediately had a sparkle of illustration of an old and ugly man hitting this child with a harden buckle from his belt and then balled-up his fist and punched the kid right in the middle of his face. A different teenager bigger than the rest heavier and taller passes by Quinn his book bag scraped Quinn's right arm and immediately a flash of *BLUE* and -a school bath room: Two kids and a handgun placed inside the book handbag the bigger kid tells the other: "You wanted him dead right? Well here is your chance don't mess up" the voices of the kids seemed muffled and stumpy except the words were clear enough to formulate and compose them out. And when the bus driver begins to pull away the driver glanced at Quinn and Smiled. Three flashes of *red* back to back accompanied with a deep gloomy *orange* penetrated Quinn's vision, revealing the drivers accurate nature: drawn out greenish finger nails, decomposing arms, if Quinn didn't know better he would think it was a fucking goblin.

"Hey you don't look too much said the bus driver, "You can make folks feel uncomfortable round' here and the goblin driver horded away. *Alice* tried to fracture and sever the associated mind-link source but to no avail. She'd been after Tiffany Elliot for some time now and desired to convert Tiff and fetch the huntress of legacies for the overlord of the wraith an unknown, mysterious and frightening deity from The RED GRAVEYARDS trapped within the dungeon and an EVIL never-ending rapture beneath the cold dark waters of Valstrick church.

Quinn looked upward and saw roofers functioning on a home: one in particular, a very large man working single-handedly separated from the rest of his crew flashed **BLACK** Quinn had a vision: of the identical gentleman inside a *basement*, *cages*, women and blood. "Can I help you sir? Says a voice behind Quinn it's the mayor of Scarlet Hills Jake Grant. At the initial glance he looked human until they'd go to exchange handshakes. Quinn perceived a vision: flashes **black**, *red* and a deep *orange* Quinn sees the equivalent man: the mayor, and his wife with a teenager girl sitting on the chaise longue at home, *Giant Fangs*, a bite, and the young women begins to hemorrhage from her neckline while the man's face turned right to Quinn's tunnel vision and remarked: "No snooping" the mayor's spouse allowed out a growl staggering Quinn with fear with her vampiric face.

Quinn Knew with complete certainly he can see beyond this existence. He was capable of observing the past, times of yore, the earlier period of the cursed town and the future with a quantity of contact with the present timeline. Quinn was having a breakdown; he begins to retain information about his death as a result of the cop Ray Patterson. The state of Florida under a

climate assault and Quinn's escape from the travelers Azra and Alexis furthermore Quinn remembered the Cadillac-Man. Quinn knew the mind-link was real and the **SKY-KEEPER** kept the streamline connection at full capacity despite Alice's efforts to disengage the union-link. The Red Hummer kept spanking the asphalt with the trucks bulky tires. Quinn was sucked into his dying mothers double bed alongside with DJ and Alexis and were vomited out like moldy putrid eggs this was how DJ and Quinn ended up in Vines, GA a mere 14 miles from the Alabama and Florida Stateline. Quinn was not in his city.

Quinn was somewhere sandwiched and stuck between oblivion and madness. Quinn was trapped in a place beyond hell. Quinn began to run and run until he finds a residence and started to thud on the first door he spots, more akin to a steady pounding he had no idea who was going to answer the front entrance other than he didn't care; he needed to get away from the psychosis just for a moment. The door dangled and the flash of color was *beautiful* and Quinn blacked-out and fell.

Quinn was slowly regaining his thought pattern back. Quinn can make out the ceiling fan spinning, and spinning at a lofty speed on top of him, his vision a blur, his head was throbbing from the withdrawal. He was wide-awake although Quinn remained completely motionless. He tried not to alert the young women. Hours ought to have hurried by, outside: the windows it's become dark when Quinn originally knocked on the door of the stranger he did remember the school bus occupied with kids, and the roofers working on the home, Quinn knew hours of daylight must have blazed by while he slept in the stranger's house. When *Mayor Jake Grant* introduced himself to Quinn the sun beamed other than currently it was pitch-black outside with a stroke of the half-moon's light gleaming and piercing the bedroom windows. The only windows in the house not sealed up by hefty plywood.

A few candles flamed-on while the young women sat nearby at a desk working on something to Quinn it looked like a weapon of some class. Quinn Michel Carter initiated to examine the room and suddenly Quinn's eyes moved at rapid swiftness he distinguished and locked his eyes at every single one of *the cut-out pictures' and the newspaper clippings of homicides going back to the seventeen century*. On the night table next to him were silver bullets, knives, and two handguns. Quinn stirred his eyes to inspect the police reports which read: **"SCARLET HILLS POLICE DEPT RECORD 22 TOP SECRET"** a set of hacked out articles from the unusual case of "Alexis Cane" *-the one that got away-* was the headline for the BlackStar FL tabloid.

This made Quinn uncomfortable. Why would this pretty, young lady be obsessed with murder and mayhem? When Quinn began to ascend from the black leather inexpensive daybed devoid of turning around Tiffany questioned Quinn. "Why so petrified? You're in a state of panic." Tiff Said. "Let me ask you." She said with a strapping tone. "Are you capable of seeing things that perhaps you think are not actually there?" "I don't know how to respond to that replied Quinn. "What's your deal? Asked Tiffany ahead of him answering Tiff's question Quinn's new judgment weapon: **the mask** undetectable and invisible to others began to flare-up and underneath his foot a deep although distorted shade of green bombed his vision when Quinn x-rayed tiffany's flooring. Quinn could make out what's hidden and buried beneath the living room floor Tiffany Elliot's set of weaponry.

An Arsenal not of this earth: *Sliver Daggers with Spikes*, An oversized machinegun far more sophisticated and superior to anything being utilized by law enforcement, and remains of what appear to be monsters from a nightmare along with human dead bodies lying out on metal tables. Quinn threw up all over Tiffanies dream catcher rug and ran out of the residence without hesitation. Quinn ran and ran and ran until he reached the closing stages of the side road and gazed up at the structure in front of him an old abandoned church with crows which gawked and flew directly above it and vultures fighting for the last piece of the corpse from a deceased stray dog. Tiffany stood at her front door holding a pistol, she placed Quinn's **FBI** baseball cap he left behind on her head and truthfully Quinn was on no account occupying a hat. Nonetheless Quinn was nowhere in sight.

At the same instant as Quinn approached the ghostly church- night had become day with grey, and black clouds suspended over the building. The entire sky had become a reflection of Quinn's terror. The V.O.C. in addition fed off humans who can't control "**the weapon**" only two have come before Quinn and both were dead or existing in a different life in another side-road of reality. It became apparent to Quinn that something had changed the parking meters had returned, and even a reserved parking space was showing the spray painted name of: **Coffin Reverend** on an empty and creepy parking lot in front of the entrance. Everything flashed **black** then a spectrum of colors rushed into Quinn's visualization it was adequate enough to drop him to one solitary knee and placed his face between his hands.

An indication of pain or perhaps confusion and total despair Quinn reached the place beyond hell. His cerebral depiction settled on **black and white**. Similar to the vision he had when he first stepped out of the ancient evil frozen doorway and saw the *Cadillac-Man* whom gave Quinn an envelope with Tiffany Elliot's letter enclosed. Quinn moreover remembered the remark "Consider it a loan" what did he mean by that? Quinn reached into his dirty and piteous jeans and pulled out the envelope, it was to some extent thick and felt like a quarter or some type of immense coin was as well within the correspondence which was addressed to Quinn. He placed it back into his pocket and situated both hands on the two large doors of the vacant and decaying cathedral and pulled back hard; he used his body weight to release the doors from the rusted hinges. Crows flew out, and a tall, *Beautiful African American* woman came slowly out following behind the crows. She was fully clad in black and strolled by Quinn like if he was never even there, swiftly the woman in black turned to Quinn and speaks with an echo in her voice and her face had changed to the face of **the decaying undead**. The fire within

"I'm a returned, "once of this life and now reborn, many names have been given to us since the first strain of **the "REQUIEM Virus"** a gathering for the souls of the dead". Quinn could smell her she'd been dead and gone for a long time. However by some means resurrected and was at this time a living breathing undead haunting the town of Scarlet Hills, FL. "You're saying at one point you died and came back a zombie? Quinn felt like his cranium was becoming a time bomb ready to tick away and explode. The once pretty female that walked out of the church at the present was a horribly nasty reflection to look at. She echoes in amusement "Zombie? "Maybe at one point, all we craved was death and the taste of unsullied flesh."

A strong wind roared behind Quinn it's approaching from the interior of the devastated ruins of the church. *The* peak was far above the ground with a crimson crucifix that stood stabbing the clouds. The women in black disappeared and Quinn began to walk inside. The rows of seats were massive except they were not empty Quinn counted more than nine "**RETURNED**" or "**WAKERS**" on the benches of the abandon church. His vision flashing *purple* and then a glowing radiance struck Quinn's eyes like a spotlight being implanted in the sockets of his eyes.

"These are my children." a spheroid of various colors projecting a white beam upwards came from a throne precise in the center of the church. "They are under my observation." the identical voice spoke for a second time from behind the white light. "Who are you? "And why is it I never saw this church till now asked Quinn. "My name was Victor Owns many life times ago." Said the shadow on the throne however Thomas Elliot tracked me down and observed my masters true form in a battle that raged on for months." Quinn kept his eyes deadlocked on the hooded man. "**The V.O.C.** saved me replied the Coffin Reverend- whose voice echoed and traveled all around the church. "As for where you are, well, that my son is questions for yourself have you accepted the weapon? Asked the Reverend with his eyes flashing neon red and released a howl. A man who was extremely elevated Quinn considered at slightest *8ft* in height with a well built body and eyes that glowed *yellow and red* his ears pointy and his mouth had a row of straight teeth which shined resembling diamonds completed of snow. "Let me show you what I truly am, the moon is not full tonight, but countless travelers have been by with exquisite meals and I am at full capacity."The preacher said.

"What weapon do I need to control? Asked Quinn "The weapon which allows you to be here, in this timeline, the one thing which allows you to communicate with us and of course- The weapon of the essence of death will allow you to see my true self, and what a site it is my young friend replied **the reverend**. The tone of voice of the preacher shifted even deeper more evil and corrupt. "Tiffany Elliot is a lying bitch I ate her father for dinner in the feast of the wraith she made the deal it was never him." Quinn quaked.

Profound tremors began to rattle the church; you can perceive the sound of the "Returnees" muffled voices speaking to one another in a language that was not human which Quinn cannot make out. Beneath Quinn's feet he became aware of the floorboards rumbling through the large gothic Victorian cathedral's windows which various were broken in diminutive pieces others remained in perfect condition. The moon was gradually shifting colors it was becoming a:

BLOOD MOON.

The transformation had begun Rev. Coffin had seemed weird to Quinn from the very beginning the pointy ears, the straight row of teeth, other than this was different. After releasing a thunderous howl- the terrifying lamentation noise penetrated Quinn's ears like a set of beestings. The transformation was settling in. pieces of The REV. skin started to fall off, his tail began to develop from behind, and his fingernails became large discolored and dead. The werewolf stood way over eight feet on two lizard legs with jagged and lengthy fangs and his fur was decaying. "You're the chosen one by the blood-king and the vampire thinks a boy can stop what is coming." The werewolf laughed. "I can look inside the walls of this worlds future and even ten years from now this earth will still be ravaged the sky-keeper will and has failed."

“Quinn” The Preacher said. “I regret to notify you of such appalling news- it seems you will not live to spread your wings in this world.” The Reverend’s voice had turned more or less demonic traces of his spongy evil echo tone had been replaced with a profound and dark husky voice turning into a shrill tone unpleasant to listen to his skin peeled off like a snake shedding its old self his face pulled back, his cheeks just ripped away from each other, like if the creature was underneath his very own skin his complete outside human flesh vessel fell on the ground like a pile of fresh meat cut exactly from your local supermarket. *The Preacher’s* arms cut down separately resembling a portion of chicken rotting away. *His human structure was no more.*

The transformation was roughly complete the priest’s face was no longer and now he wore the camouflaged mask of a **“WEREWOLF”** contrasting Quinn Mitchell Carters imperceptible face this was no mask, maybe the human face was some type of masquerade to cover up a werewolf pretending to be a man. The Reverend’s ears had grown pointy and large; he was standing close to *10ft* on two legs, his body had developed larger, his mouth was hefty in width with a set of teeth that can be effortlessly used to destroy steel with one clamp. His eyes had a bottomless pitched *red* tone to them and had grown huge and with the transformation. Hair had grown all over “Victor Owns” body, the man who was now acknowledged by the uncanny and unholy name: **“THE COFFIN REVEREND”** was a monster.

The alteration was done, it was a process of evil becoming authentic; the transformation was grotesque at the same time the lycanthrope’s turning was fascinating to Quinn. “Dissimilar to most werewolves once they’d completely turned or transformed they’d lose the ability to talk or develop speech patterns. The werewolf stood breathing heavy with a grave stare at Quinn. Tiffany pleaded with *Alice* to terminate the mind-link. Tiffany knew the truth was about to come squirting out like a blood transfusion gone wrong.

CHAPTER 26:

Shattered Dreams, Cold Nightmares

A PLACE BEYOND HELL PART III

The WAKERS or the *re*turned kept whispering exceptionally low to one another as if a master or a lord had arrived. The entire nine of the: RETURNED UNDEAD Fell to the floor in worship. The Werewolf began to speak in a husky echoing voice in a language so ancient and antique it resembled the *“Sumerian Language”* the resonance of it seemed a great deal older and unfamiliar to Quinn. Since he could not remember *how* or when in his life he took such a class in high school or any vocational school for that matter- Quinn Carter was a major fuck up all through school but somehow he was absolutely certain, it wasn’t the *Sumerian Language*.

“Malic Tohn Briggez” spoke the elder Werewolf. -*At first*: the language sounded like clap talk, gibberish to Quinn or to any human being for that matter. other than slowly Quinn was letting the

mask of “*MALICS*” unite with his physical and psychological human counterparts meaning the primary organs- *the brain* and *the heart* were becoming one with the masquerade of malics. Quinn Carter felt the walls cracked. Fortifications of the church hard-pressed forward and wraithlike faces originated from within the walls of the cathedral.

The sleepers were an important piece of the puzzle and extremely sought after and hunted by the armies of: **GOMORATH** this incredibly unique set of individuals located around the globe all had one thing in common: *the Midday-mirrors*. Young college grads and high school kids with a spectacular gift to travel between multi-verses by the use of the mysterious mirrors passing all the way through the savage-roads A small number of sleepers were deceased travelers whom declined the **NewEvil** and did not agree to the burial in the graveyard of requiem to be reborn within the darkened lands of the V.O.C these dead travelers roam the protected realms of dreamscapes and were forever trapped in the walls of the human mind when the person slept. The specters awoken.

Refusal to take part in the ceremony of wraith meant an everlastingly imprisonment within the walls of earth’s reality and for scores of others the cruel sentence would be the vex-pyramid were the **UNSEEN-ONES** dwell in forever torment and fire. The grouping of human sleepers with the great and magnificent talent to dream-drift without the Xadin orbs to transport them would prove to be a vital defense resistance for Brandon Griffin the human born **SKY-KEEPER** and his potential squad of allies since the world did *in truth* die and the future of earth will be that of a gloomy and ominous planet.

A dark overcast of red and grey gloom will brim over the skies and each and every unthinkable horror will overflow our terrain and unleash unspeakable insanity on all four corners of the globe with only the future Sky-keeper and handful of enemies turned allies to protect the lingering survivors’ of a forsaken and eradicated earth. this will be the future of *prime-earth1* a future where the undead will devour the living, where ancient creatures from purgatory will perch themselves on the obliterated peaks of our once vast skyscrapers and werewolves, witches, vampires and colossal leviathans will bathe in our dead and bloody iced seas.

•/1 Sleeper by the name of Gork has created a dreamscape connection in the year *2026* through a Midday-Mirror transmission and sent a global broadcast of the mind-link- Alice, Tiffany and Quinn were directly wired into. Gork premeditated his actions and dream drifted by means of the mirrored objects with extraordinary and enormous power. Gork sent a warning to the earth’s past timeline without disclosing his real name the sleeper contacted the sky-keeper Brandon Griffin in the present and pleaded with the young boy to comprehend the battle between the blood-king and the dark winded necromancer will not destroy the world but in fact murder the human race and the last remaining survivors were now being hunted down by the supernatural forces which wander the planet freely.

The transmissions came from Chad Millar the teenager’s voice banged within Brandon’s skull. Chad’s UNDERCOVER secret online handle was: Gork. -THE TRANSMISSION WAS HEARD BY ALL WITH THE GIFT OF MINDLINK-

~“Hello, can anyone hear me? Somebody, anybody please we need the sky-keeper, hello, if anyone can read me please respond.” We lost the war, we lost it all even the world, some of us have the gift of the midday mind-link we are spread-out, scattered and frankly dying out around the planet, those of us left are in hiding, we have a resistance forming, its October 59th 2026 god! This month never seems to end; the world is under police and government hostile law. they keep us all coupled together in one school but it’s a top-security prison and the individual in charge is a monster his name is Pryson and he takes us to a dungeon below the frozen oceans and feeds us to his god’s the leviathans’ Oh my god they found me they must have tracked my feed please if anyone can read me please respond. The world is in terrible sorrowfulness nothing left but shattered dreams and cold nightmares please I can’t... ~

-THE TRANSMISSION WAS TERMINATED- nothing, only static -

CHAPTER 27:

Inoculation OF PAIN

The broadcast transmitted from ten years hooked into the future reached all those with the gift and talent of the Mind-link. a teenager by the name of Chad Millar by means of the streamline’s association and an underground bandwidth of ISP and Sub-6 connections used the midday-mirror and brought a terrible news broadcast to the young boy who will one day become the transverse seraph sky-keeper from prime-earth1 and the transmissions were aided by the mysterious dream-drifter-king and his flock of dream drifters whom have become the hunters of the future. A human band of survivors and legacy servants created an unnatural alliance to combat the monsters loose and eradicating what’s left of the human race.

The Signal punched through the past-timeline and was heard inside the church where Quinn’s mind essence was currently clipped into alongside and presently linked with Alice and Tiffany in the cabin where Simon Phelps was murdered in coldblooded agony by the anomalous female Alice. Chad Millar had a chance to warn Quinn before the Council of Tombs arrived at his district in Jersey Dark, NY. Time, mass and space are connected. The Sleeper’s words of warning to Quinn stabbed his thoughts and enraged the werewolf elder Coffin Reverend.

The **W**olf man stood on two giant animal legs and growled ferociously at the undead returned whose simple act of worship curved into a **bloodbath** when the werewolf attacked the deadheads with vicious aggression hacked off heads and limbs with violent antagonism. “Who dares to desiccate? My church, I will devour your heart from the inside out intruder.” Said the werewolf preacher with an echoed traced of vibration. The voice of the sleeper bounced off the ramparts and sprung back ricocheting all the way from end to end and side to side.

SLEEPER GORK and the whispers amongst the tombstones begin to educate and advise Quinn. “**Control the weapon**” Quinn remembered: The Damaged-Thing and Quinn’s recollection of the alien parasite came rushing back at him with excessive swiftness the foreign scrounger had

spoken the equivalent words in a nightmare within a dream to Quinn although the pitch was louder and added depth and static than the initial moment the Damaged-Thing said it.

~ *“IT TAKES A SPECK OF TIME- FOR IT TO CONSUME YOUR ARTERIES AND CONNECT WITH YOUR SYNOPSIS YOUR EYES HAS BEEN RELEASED FROM A SINGLE REALITY AND THEY ARE NOW YOUR ULTIMATE WEAPON. THE SINS, THE LUST, THE GREED OF HUMANITY WILL REFLECT FROM EACH INDIVIDUAL AND THE CREATURES THAT DWELL YOUR WORLD WILL BE REVEALED BY YOUR SITE”* ~

The voice of Gork the wall sleeper kept repeating in Quinn’s head. And he finally understood what the WOLF-MAN was saying: “Malic Tohn Briggez” Quinn was now capable of translating any language or hearing and detecting everything that would be typically unvoiced and soundless to human ears. In truth Quinn had the ability and contained the sense of hearing the roaches speaking to one another while on the ground scattering from the terror of the man-wolf.

“He Wears the disguise of malics and sees us, yes! He saw us run get away” was the translation Quinn was now capable of understanding and comprehending. The Cockroaches on the grubby floor were advising one another to flee the premises. Simultaneously Tiffany Elliot was frantically searching Scarlet Hill’s community’s church center in the equivalent timeline other than Tiff was at opposite ends of the spectrum. Indeed Quinn was with Coffin reverend and the returnees in a structured strong reality further superior more intellectual than the other side of reality. Tiff desperately tried to conceal the truth from Quinn however Alice would not permit a break on the mind-link.

The Organic fleshy tissue of the church bled and cried tears of pain on its very own. This was reality and the external world was the fantasy. On the similar timeline except at opposite ends Scarlet Hills community Church center was filled with homeless people gathering and collecting their daily lunches free of charge, apart from Tiffany Elliott who worried thus so severe her face was pale, pallid and wishy-washy. a number of shady looking characters in the corner slant by the confessional booth of the church noticed the young woman’s despair, -and immediately the stockier bald, and self-appointed chief of this mysterious collection of misfits threw out the cigarette and whispered *“I think we might have a situation let’s go”* -One of the men from the group was tugged by the shirt subsequent to tranquilly following the hairless weighty gentleman who turned off the cigarette by a plump although especially pretty fair-haired girl who can’t help it and whispered *“Thank God, can’t believe he lit up a cigarette in church.”*

On the other side of the CROSS WORLDS Existence within the church of Valstrick and in the sideway-timeline-mind-link the goblins whom previously had completed holes in the church stockade in the interior of the cathedral of preacher coffin’s evil domain on the contradictory and paradoxical reversed region of the realism of Tiffany’s world, the goblins were laughing and amused by Quinn they’d had drawn closer out to feast on the roaches that were scattering and thinning-out on the surface of the floor.

Quinn captured fragments of speech and the translations of mysterious Goblin lost language controlled in the early years by the ministry prior to the original MASTERS OF THE MACABRE LEGION WAR the goblins were slaves to the **Divine Ministries** a ruthless division of Witches guarded by the: HELL SPAWN KNOWN BY MANY NAMES A powerful Necromancer who was said to be from Plagues. The place beyond hell, the darkest of all realms. In these times the witch queens granted the goblin species alongside with the Dark Orcs a way to communicate by enhancing **dark-magic** and filling up equally the races of monsters with the black fluid of divine. The goblin misplaced unfamiliar language was created. Quinn could the perceive sound of the goblins whispers: "Oh, Grand Holiness' please spare us, luxurious lord of lords 'we die for you to rise, please, please, go away disease. The elder master werewolf spoke in a dreadful echoed evillest manner. "Luxurious little swine's come... sit with me and let's receive our visitor."

THE beast howled, and hissed at Quinn and the returnees and the flies that swirled around him the undead, or the (back from the dead) returnees: an assembly of nine ghastly talking flesh eaters communicated to one another. The flies swirled and transmitted a strange pulsation exposed in the unfasten air with undetected electromagnetic waves. Quinn heard them utter to each other "*We only halves few hours to dieeeee.*"*Yesssss but wee resurrects.* "*Hurryyyyy eat fleshhhh*" Quinn was stunned at the actuality he could in genuine fact listen to flies and roaches in verbal communication.

The werewolf enthused two of the returnees absent of his path by ripping at them with his ferocious strength severing their limbs and heads just to reach Quinn. The Werewolf opened his jaws to demonstrate his large and frightening fangs. Quinn was face-to-face with the monster: "Do you fear me?"Yes you fear me, I smell it on you." Quinn completely comprehended and understood the werewolf's language. In actuality to him the translation was entirety in English. "Do tell human, how did you come about that mask?" The beast took a sniff of Quinn Mitchell Carter and smelled the soul of the death king within him "Never mind, I rather just rip your face off and Feast on it."

Quinn remembered the envelope in his pocket, he reached for it. The wolf stared at Quinn with mystification. Quinn tore up the envelope; the wolf began to hiss and ridicule Quinn. "Tiffany Elliott that cunt appears to be seeking you out on the other side of my world." "You were killed before she reached your blood brother yes? The bitch finished a deal with me in addition, then she lies and had her father come and attempt to kill me well that didn't work and now my dear Quinn you know the truth, these humans are no better than us right Quinn ? Howling and heckling prepared to assault Quinn when the portion of the envelope dropped from Quinn's hands lying on the floor in a slow-motion type projection observation for both Quinn and The **Wolf-Beast**.

Quinn exposed a silver coin; he flashed the currency at the **WOLF**. Immediately the monstrous wolf-beast stood in reverse consumed by aggravation, abhorrence and annoyance and speaks in his horrifying nature "How did you come about this? Whose gave you such coin?" Quinn heard the flies mumbling to each other in a condition of incoherency. "*Oh Noooooo- I thinks he'ee issssszzz under hissszz control.*" A second much larger horsefly said: "*Noooooo, nobody controlszzz the masterssss*" The

fucking flies were in conversation and exchanged dialogue Quinn was directly tapped into and hooked within the channels of communication not only for simply a few stallion-flies but the evil channels of communication in the entire *V.O.C* aberrant and malevolent territory of the savage. Quinn received the Vaccination from the mask of malics and Quinn Carter began to conspire and plot the payback- his inoculation of pain against the reaper-king whose very soul was engraved into Quinn's unborn fetus by Sirius Colfax *the Blood-King* eons in the ancient times on a Past-Forward-Timeline. .

Alice and Tiffany remain coupled together at the cabin and within the vintage gothic midday-mirror. The shimmering reflector hung over an eradicated log cabin and the infinite passageway of the vacuums of oblivion. Quinn Mitchell Carter had not met his untimely demise yet by the hands of the same cop who trashed Daniel Mikael's life. Quinn Mitchell Carter had acquired the masquerade of malics furthermore Quinn will try to avoid dying and go toe to toe with the king of kings from the *world DEATH*. The Red Hummer drove past the scarlet hills district and Tiffany detected the automobile until the SUV disappeared from her view. Tiffany pleaded and begged for Alice to release her. She felt trapped in the incorrect time perimeter and she was precise not only was Alice after Tiffany to convert into a full blown legacy in addition the soul-king solider and loyal servant needed Daniel gone and deceased like Quinn was. Alice had seen the future in a nightmare delirium she'd discovered the identification of the dream-drifter-king in twisted twirl of events the sadistic and malicious Alice became conscious of an astonishing revelation in truth – at hand were two not one dream-drifter-kings.

CHAPTER 28:

THE BEAUTIFUL LIE

One day you awoke to the rattling buzz of the alarm clock from a deep and bottomless sleep someplace in the brain where your mind was trapped inside an area of the brains neurons surrounded by dream doors and an endless abyss. The psyche of the mind is the very most powerful tool *well; let's call it a weapon*. That human beings hold without really comprehending its precise influence. However on this particular perturb day you have gone from being a sleepwalker to a fully conscious individual. The populace or the general population has been broken-down in two very specific and unequivocal categories. We have the folks who don't give it a moment's thought and proceed with action without thinking the reactions all the way through. These folks are alive yet they sleep.

Unconscious comatose people who wander by their short little days in a dream world and drag themselves through life without ever becoming aware of the lies and the fraudulent deceptive world they essentially live in. Fooled by the misconception and filled with mistaken belief.

Everything was a lie. From the News reporter you sit in front of the tube to watch and observe concealing real information from the public- to the government's claim which insists we live in a

free country except if this were true to any sense why would someone have to pay for their own burial like it was your fault you died. Do these things make sense to you?

Corrupted Police seek out the drug dealers to merely strike a deal and protect them from other real, good cops whose lives they risk. The banks overdraft comes smack in the middle when there's hardly any money in your account and calls it a "Service Fee" -Even the TV commercials enclose infected images with the sickness of capitalism intergraded. On the other hand a small number of us know the truth behind the strategy. A chosen group with untainted faith and righteousness with the belief of a true GOD guarding the heavens was selected to combat the immoral and sinful world the earth had become.

Tiffany Eliot continued to struggle in the Scarlet Hills community church center. She could've sworn -*no fuck that*, she was certain Quinn left in a hurry this way. Something was wrong, definitely bad not good at all... she felt it in her bones. The bald stocky plumped man came up to Tiffany wearing a dirty old biker jacket with a Harley Davidson insignia patch on the back "Something wrong Tiff? You okay? Are' you looking for something? "Quite do you hear that? Tiffany kept still catching the noise. "Yeah what do you hear "The homeless people? Asked the chubby man "You ask me these motherfuckers need a job replied Earl Raney Tiffany's second in command who was nomadic with the group of outlandish misfits. "What is it Tiff? You look scared." is it a traveler again what did you see? Gigi Blake replied.

"No, did you see a guy come by here? Possibly ran in and frantically dashed out Earl? No I haven't replied Earl Raney. -On the opposite side of this connection Quinn kept the ruthless werewolf at bay. With the silver coin which was actually an ancient relic prepared of pure and untainted melted down silver intended to tame and cultivated the beast. "*Balm balm*" a gun fight erupted outside the church two travelers gunned each other down over a parking meter. They're blood flowed in the atmosphere resembling suspended liquid. **The blood-moon** outside reflected all the way through the gothic windows of the church.

"Tell me you filthy beast how is it that I can see you, where am I?" The monster released a vociferous hiss. "**You want answers?** The wolf-man laughed wickedly. "**No answers for you, Just death.** The beast plunged at a Returned ripping at him, slicing him, biting the undead returned profound and tearing into his flesh with his claws digging into his purple and bluish decomposed stomach and ate the insides. Showing his powers off to a firm and unshaken Quinn, "**Drop that coin now and I promise I won't keep you alive for more than a month.**"**Tell me did you really think the mask was for you Quinn you're already dead and so are the people who seek you out in the crossover?** The werewolf hurled himself at Quinn. And He dropped the coin, distracted by the **LEGION GRAVEYARD** soldiers whom paced and marched down Htaed lane. Imperial guards dressed in a gold trimmed and metallic black uniform.

They're expecting someone from Plagues to arrive soon they march with menacing weapons. Swords made of Iron, and frozen pearls weapons which resemble War swords of the medieval armies of The Council of Tombs before the events of the *MASTERS OF THE MACABRE* *LEGION WAR* Both empires co-existed and thrived with the Blood-Lords the ones called

“ELDERS” at each side until something or someone from “Plagues” The 2nd hell, or the “PLACE BEYOND HELL” brought mutually both armies to their knees and sides were chosen. Quinn knew the mask allowed him to journey beyond this timeline and the camouflaged face apparel was permitting Quinn Mitchell Carter to break through the rope of the present and obtain a glimpse into the future of a doomed and depleted world.

With the werewolf about to munch down on his face and digest Quinn’s cranium within his repulsive belly. **The celebration** outside was getting louder and the crowd was massive “Travelers” fighting over parking meters, and for better spots in line. It was like a parade for the evil and insane. The inhabitants or the things pretending to be people were fully clad in black priest garments, the soldiers wore helmets dished in a dark red tone, and the travelers had different attire on from custom suits. And monsters- who wore nothing except they’re otherworldly skin there’re hair colors vibrant, dazzling, overflowing with neon highlights. The women wore black lipstick and when they’d grinned flashed a row of hefty teeth and bottom fangs with one separate long tooth precise in the middle of the mouth shooting out from on top of the gums. The single fang appeared similar to a medical syringe. The church doors swung open and gentleman walked inside He immediately addressed the lycanthrope. “It is I, Your master be still my precious said the man. “Your bloodlust has always intrigued me.”

Quinn began to place the pieces together like an evil jigsaw. He knew he was dead and understood the mind-link connection brought Quinn into the future to witness the parade of monsters. The great and evil celebration of victory over the earth, Quinn had gone deeper then Alice intended him to go. Quinn broke the barriers of the mind-link and knew who Tiffany was and what she would become after Jason healed her when she’d been wounded in a passionate conflict with the armies of the Soul-King and the Master Vampire. Quinn could caution Tiff now. In relation to Earl and wherever he was trapped contained by the church of **GOG**. And Gigi’s death- and inform Daniel concerning his beloved sister. Amanda was going to die or worse change into a creature of the wicked nations of GOMORTH.

Riding in the hummer with DJ and Martin- Alice sought after Quinn to distinguish the accuracy about Tiffany’s deception except this went sideways and currently Quinn felt the core embodiment of the reaper from the world **DEATH** swirling within him like a cyclone. Quinn fell through the gateway of the ancient ancestors of the *HELL-SPAWN* and gazed upon the dark-art scriptures- a manuscript far older and from the primitive society of the **Maters of macabre** and the **blood of Saturn** lords. Underneath death, below the cold, black waters of the departed gods the barrier of the red abyss was filled with the bloodstreams of voynich. Quinn had to find a method and fracture the spell of the death-reaper from the world **DEATH** and somehow get past the **GOG** creature from the ancient lords of Saturn.

And summon the hell spawn therefore the bloodstream of the arachnid god’s would become breached by the Saturn lords. All of it perplexed Quinn he’d barley understood the assignment it was composed of interstellar travelers, spider-gods, Saturn lords, and the V.O.C an evil dark place hidden under our universe. Quinn had no time to investigate the scriptures of dark-art he

knew the world was already dead and gone. The night of mass departure and the creature of legend unleashed the beast's dark heavens of voynich onto [prime-earth1](#). The bible of the dark-heavens contained the cryptogrammic page of dark Exodus.

CHAPTER 29:

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE

BRANDON Griffin allowed for the [mind-link](#) to fracture and released Quinn from the reality of prime-earth1. Alice never wanted Carter to see beyond the tower of the **VOA** she never anticipated the **SKY-KEEPER** would consent to such a break in the human mind but the kid did. Brandon took advantage of Quinn's second spirit essence whose power gave Quinn an endless control of the streamline connection and the capability to crossover and enter the secret heaven gateway and the Sky-Keeper Brandon allowed for the hidden door to materialize in the middle of downtown Main Street in Scarlet Hills, fl.

The door which led further and much deeper than the streamline and the [savage-roads](#) and plunged into the ancient civilization of the Saturn lords. The night of dark exodus had begun. A legacy of humans whom have traded their very souls to remove threats from their lives. A creature whose very existence had been concealed over centuries and a master vampire from the transverse whose monarchy of sliver stood aloft the moons of the 3rd Mars in the streamline and the vampiric militia for the kingdom of Jeremiah had grown restless without their leader and emperor. The world of DEATH broke loose and reapers had been liberated from the celestial planet. The horrors of an unchained purgatory roamed freely throughout our world and to imagine such madness awaited us after so much suffering.

"Charlie, do you really have to go out now? Please at least pass the time with us and wait for morning." Said Emma. Charles Griffin was determined to switch off the beacon it was a mistake to turn the fucking thing on in the first place with all these enemies attacking his son all at once.

"I took a sneak, just a quick gaze from a crack on the wood why are the heavens opening? And please wait till tomorrow." "I can't babe, I have to try and make contact with Frank I'd think they'd be dead if it weren't for the [GPS](#) it's still ticking."

"Really, where was that **SOB** when you were going through your pill problem? Nowhere had he left you hanging." Said Emma, "maybe we both would've have died before this." "No he left us alone, left you alone to deal with these demons."

“Whatever drove you crazy, whatever you saw- this is it right? This is what you’ve been afraid of all this time.” Emma was infuriated “Fucking bullshit only concealing your fear with these damn pills, almost taking me down with you.” Emma tossed a bottle at him and she turned her face and asked one very last time, “if not for me, for your son stay here please.” Brandon shook his head at his own mother’s comments giving Charles the guilt trip. Brandon had resumed the timeline a few seconds after his own mother killed him. “I can’t Emma.” Charlie Said. “There might not be anything left by then Emma.” “What? What are you talking about Charles? Charles began to unchain the basement doors. “Charles!! Emma Screamed. What Emma? He asked. “Can you be extra careful whispered Emma?”

The doors flew unfastened. The wind kept blowing at a violent velocity and Charlie took a swift gaze outside and approaching fast and frantically was Charlie and Emma’s neighbor Peter. The man’s face had turned deathlike with darkened pitch-black arteries and red crisscrossed vein layered shaped designs shooting down his neck and further downward to his torso. Peter’s Eyes were black, fingernails extended and dirty and he swung an axe while Peter yelled unambiguous comments about the [Sky-Keeper](#). “We know that little fucker is in there.” Charlie slammed the basements doors. “I told you dad.” said Brandon. “Son, it’s not the time to tell me- I told you so.” said Charlie. The door began to rock, swing and move up and down. “I’m going to get you. I know you’re in there with your nice little family. I want you to see me spill their blood.” Peter was a *WICKED-ONE* and his words echoed throughout the wind and within the cellar. “GO away, you crazy fucking hick.” Emma yelled. Subsequently particularly soft and sympathetically Emma heard. “Peter what’s wrong? How did you get here? It was Peter’s Mother Sandy Wilson. She’d left her car door dangling wide, keys still in the ignition. And engine running.

“Peter, please come home... pleaded Sandy with her son. “No Mother.” whispered Peter while he begins a violent and sadistic attack on his own mother. Peter was murdering Sandy cleaved at her, tore her apart with the axe. “There! “Much better now, right Mother?” “Sandy.” Emma Yelled “Please for god sake talk to me Sandy please.” although no reply. Charlie covered up Emma’s mouth: “Shh” “They could be more of them.” Emma’s book club companion and friend was butchered and murdered by her own son precisely outside their basement. “Knock knock.” Peter Said. “I’ll get you now, I’ll get you later it’s all the same to me more blood; more flesh for Me.” screamed the lunatic Peter. “Dad, do something.” Brandon Said. Charlie opened the basement doors. Charles Griffin held a shotgun.

This time prepared to exterminate Peter; Peter turned and skewed his wobbly body around and embarks on to charge at Charlie. Charles aimed at Peter and struck Peter with buckshot’s from the shotgun and Peter fell limp and shambled to the ground. Blood poured and oozed out of Peter’s neckline and upper body. “STAY HERE” Warned Charlie to a terrified and confused Emma. Charlie gave Brandon a solid stare and said: “and Brandon lock the doors don’t open them. Don’t let anyone in, unless it’s my voice you hear you got that?”

Charlie unlocked the basement's hatched doors and began to depart and initiate back to the house previous to him returning back to the home. Charlie turned and says: "Emma" "Yes Baby? She replied. "Be careful ok and lock the doors." Charlie never thought he would make it back the red-lightning flashed and thunder bombed the clouds' the alien spacecrafts of the **CHAPEL OF SPEARS** had begun to quake and send vibrations all the way through the heavens. Military law was in place.

The consequence for refusal to go along with the **NEW EVIL** was everlasting bereavement. If provoked by any citizen the entire family would pay the price for the individual's actions. The SIN was granted power over the nation and soon the world. The creature of legend flanked between the clouds and the perched invaders sent a thunderous strike of dark-plasma and obliterated the symbol of hope. **The beacon** was destroyed.

Emma and Brandon embarked on locking the doors behind them. "Mom, Brandon Said. "He'll be ok I think he knows what's going on." The Human born sky-keeper never told his mother about how she'd murdered him and how he had no alternative other than to restart the timeline. "GOD I hope so baby, Whispered Emma to her son. Charlie made his way into a space he had custom built a small number of years back and grabbed a container of buckshot and reloaded the shotgun. It was Charlie's special vault. A hefty room equipped with laptops, desktops, routers and **WI-FI** devices and mainly significant military central processing units that were capable of a connection via undetectable IP'S and they're operational.

"*Come on, come on.*" The lights were still operational perhaps just maybe Charlie might obtain a signal and connect with his trustworthy and dependable acquaintance and the son to one of his best friends and ex co-worker: Wade Hawkins was the son of Frank Hawkins one of the men who was with Charlie in project: **dream drift**. "40% charged up, fuck it that's got to do." The lights flickered once and then twice and a final time –**CLICK** the electricity was terminated. "Fuck." Charlie attempted to connect to Frank; however, no dice the connection had gone astray right away. He couldn't help to speculate if Frank or Wade were still alive and breathing. Charlie's heartbeat raced. Peter and his mother were deceased outside in the cabin. The monsters had escaped they're celestial prisons and Emma was hiding something. Perhaps the murder of Brandon was not induced by the whispers or the soul-king except premeditated, calculated and deliberate.

Charlie heard an insignificant clatter at first and then a strident violent bang. "Shit, I think someone is in the house." He stood up and began to precede upstairs. The steps creaked while Charlie gradually moved forward to one of the darkened rooms. His flashlight roughly giving out, he heard the steps and the entrance initiated to splinter open when Charlie spotted an indistinguishable illustration. *It* appeared to him, Stared at Charlie and produced a horrific lamentation brand of humming and an eerie howl came from the shadows. Charlie was without a doubt significant scared shitless; he can't move. Stiff and pale. Charlie's psyche raced with

dread on no account has Charles Griffin ever seen this category of creature. A chilly, frozen coldness released from the creature's orifice. The facade was fillet and the outline was pale skeleton however the creatures had no legs only a maggot like structure below the monsters upper body which on the other hand did retain arms and a cranium.

The Monster completed a dissimilar terrifying clatter, and then suddenly the dark-figure stirred away and disappeared. Charlie glanced out the window glass and made out the cadaver of Peter just laid there motionless, next to his mother's body. Both mutually bloody and surely dead and the dark-figure acquired Peters body and disappeared. *"What the fuck?"* Charlie whispered quietly to himself. While an additional creature appeared, roamed around the basement access and the creature tried the subterranean vault's doors and yanked and tugged at the lumbered entrance. The monsters comprehend the basement doors were locked nevertheless *IT* yanks on them anyways. *"Please God."* whispered Charlie when the shadowy shape turned and faced Peter's departed mother and evaporated with her body. *"These creatures must be **the collectors**, I keep dreaming about."* Charlie thought to himself. A different vision infringed Charlie's mind. *The PODS* again the orbs connected to these PODS a strange enormous eye stared at him. "I'm fucking going crazy." He sighed. "What, did I just see some type of soul collector? His cranium was crammed with overpowering perplexity.

What the hell is going on? Charlie seemed baffled at the moment. He stared vacant at the murky hours of darkness from the window. The ruby streaks in the skies could be seen and a row of red flares of lightning lit up the nighttime with the intuition that something in fact unspeakable was in the atmosphere. Charlie snapped flipside hooked on the task to make contact with Frank and attempt to piece this all together. *In the basement* **THE TV** spontaneously snapped back into action. Emma and Brandon were in **THE Basement**. "Mom, I'm hungry." Brandon Said. Emma placed her gentle hands on her son's head and ruffled his hair "Ok baby, let's look around, your dad did say there was food." said Emma.

The generator was on; Emma could take notice of it in operation as she walked deeper within the basement. Shelves resting on top of each side filled with cans of beans and fruits, water, even peanut butter. *The TV* in the background snapped back on other than merely static and fuzzy imagery reflected from it. Followed by suddenly an earsplitting squeal which came blasting from the outside and it was a wicked one once a normal person turned into a hell bent slaughterer all in the name of **the soul-king**. *"EMMA!!* Yelled Suzie Bates a different neighbor of Charlie and Emma and she wasn't alone. "Help us Emma." Suzie Said. In an echoed, supernatural tone of voice "Come on Emma let us in." "Oh my god, it's Suzie what the fuck do I do."

Emma turned en route for the doors. "Mom, no said Brandon "Remember what dad said? "What if she needs our help we just can't let people die Emma replied. Brandon glanced down and tried to grasp why his own mother would place him in such danger. A flock of the neighborhood populace began to congregate and gather together. The wind blazed and swept throughout the

vicinity of the farmhouse. All of hell as broken loose and it was time to fight or depart this life with only two options available and dying seemed the most plausible one. Emma Griffin had numerous secrets and an ancient heritage which would prove devastating for THE SKY-KEEPER. FOR NOW Charlie and Brandon had to stay alive.

CHAPTER 30: The RAVAGERS

The stories have been exploited, misrepresented and altered with the exception of the legacy of the Maya civilization which as stood fearsomely against the biggest test of all The test of time and survived, not only did the legend continue to exist way beyond the modern area. A legion of divine beings from the Maya underworld furthermore referred as the “PLACE OF FEAR” or Xibalba. A multitude of deities led by Kukulkan an evil, monstrous snake master deity retreated into the Vex-Pyramids a place beyond the sideways hell created by the fallen angel when out-casted by **the one true god**. In the shadows of the Vex, a chamber of torment and bloodlust, The Saturn-Lords came down from the subterranean burial cathedral below the secret universe and merged with the deities to bring back the long departed Mayans and the immortal kings of the V.O.C. Maya travelers. However the Kukulkan serpent deity was betrayed by the mysterious and unknown deity of the spider realm known only as: The Nebula an arachnid god from the lost and forsaken realms of the streamline.

The sister of the snake deity whom had raised the creature since its rebirth and conception on prime-earth1 deserted her serpent brother and the creature with its colossal wings and massive supernatural reptile structure fled to the oceans of an aged earth and would warn his untrustworthy sister with mammoth earthquakes beneath the seas every few years a message of significance that he was still alive. The Kukulkan used the streamline to journey through the savage-roads and reach the darkest and vilest place the **V.O.C.** here, in the graveyard requiem of the malevolence transverse. The Kukulkan began to resurrect and restore to life the Mayan tribe of Valstick. The covert army the serpent deity had taken with him when he traveled to the wicked graveyards of the VOC. Centuries afterward the sister of Kukulkan the serpent was reborn by the Valstrick Mayan tribe and their nameless king. Unfortunately the undead Mayans were still under the control and influence of the Nebula

THE tribal torches could be seen throughout the surrounding area of the farmhouse the flamed sticks lit up the countryside. Men held these primordial fires with one hand and seized weapons prepared of human and animal bone on the other. Covered from cranium to feet in ancestral cryptogram and warfare tattoos this dreadfully old and primeval tribe of Mayan ravagers were here for a new conquest other than first they'd had to annihilate various challengers. other than

this was not the mortal ethnic faction any longer these were the unholy and mystifying Mayans from the dark and wickedness graveyards of the streamline voc. and the Spanish conquest of Yucatan was yet to be avenged and currently the Valstrick tribe had the opportunity to avenge and conquer and of course retaliate and even the score with the entire human race. Eyes encircled by red dragon tattoos' and physically powerful muscular men branded by deathly symbols and reborn as a result of the forces of the **NEW EVIL**. The wheels of this darkness began ages ago, set in motion as a consequence of creatures by no means predestined to pierce our world, never meant to cross over our threshold of the authenticity and reality **the true god** setup and created for humanity. And thus far with hell looming over us and the sinister winds blowing at our doorsteps a small number of have chosen and elected to fight, to carry on strong with faith and believe where there is darkness nearby - ought to be light somewhere as well- they'd just need to find it. The corrupt and sinful reverend Valstrick transmitted a thought from his dungeon near the phantom church which appeared in Harmony Hills. The church where Earl Raney had been captured or placed in a trance by its overwhelming evil it boomed in Tiffany Elliot's head. A sturdy flashback smacked Tiff's central processing unit her powerful brain. It was walloped by a disgusting *Memory*.

The Animal sorcerer shoved and would thrust with extreme force inside the womb of a young and beautiful female. Their naked bodies banged against each other's nude flesh. The shape-shifter slid the beast's lengthy and bulky male sexual characteristics deep within the young woman's remarkable smooth and oily and slippery ass. **The werewolf** fucked Emma Griffin hard, durable, and vicious from behind and Emma moaned in total enjoyment and wonderful pleasure. It was a brilliant and sun-drenched gorgeous day and all the members of the congregation came out by the dozens to take part in the Valstick church day of healing.

Citizens attending worship at the Valstrick church all heard the rumors and whispers of the power of the preacher. It was said all you had to accomplish was to depart your earthly body behind and all your troubles would cease to exist and come to a close. Tiffany was only nine years old when her father Thomas Elliot struck the deal with the reverend however this is what Tiffany tried so hard to forget and she did forget- she'd put it out of your mind. However the truth always came to fruition and it was her the entire time that had completed the pact with the sinister, wicked and ill-omened pastor.

A young nine year old girl was intrigued by the moans coming from the rear of the church. And a young Tiffany Elliot began to leisurely walk in the direction of the cathedral's tall fields of grazing land behind the dwelling of worship. Her pink and baby blue sneakers completed tiny tracks while she marched onward and bared witness to a grisly and repugnant visual. Tiffany peeked from the rear of the wall corners edging. She saw the man having passionate and hard sex with a pretty lady whose extended wavy black curls kept a wave in the air and the attractive female would sling it back and consented to the sex and the man pulled and tugged on it.

However Tiffany observed something very odd every time the man would penetrate the pretty lady from behind the man would turn into a monster. Tiffany rubbed her eyes and closed them and counted to five save for when she'd reopened them it was far worse. The gentleman was the preacher from the Valstrick church and Emma Griffin was her father's brain doctor at least this was what a nine year old child labeled a shrink or a psychiatric specialist. Emma swung her hair backward again and removed the tresses from her face and when Emma noticed Tiffany watching them she flashed a grin and smirked at the young Tiffany Elliot.

Emma Griffin watched the ravagers with their tribal torches' and set fire to the wooded areas in the region of the farmhouse. Emma gazed at them from the crack in the timber within the basement and smiled. She'd been having haunting and recurring dreams of the resurrected Mayans. Brandon marched onward to his mother he already knew the ancient tribe of streamline travelers had arrived through the savage-roads. Nevertheless they were still a small number of yards away and were occupied burning down trees, stray dogs and even a few WICKED-ONES who drifted away from the farmhouse.

The Sky-Keeper's concern and attention was on the neighborhood folks who had gathered outside the basement and began to surround and enclose around the farm. And Emma Griffin thought about unlocking the doors and letting Suzie Bates and the rest of the changed and transformed neighbors inside the cellar to assassinate Brandon and she'd thought about her brother: the serpent and his master the Coffin reverend. Charlie Griffin's task had curved into a battle he'd never anticipated. The father of the human born transverse seraph knew deep down he would have to make the ultimate sacrifice to save his remarkable son from the malicious powers and the evil transgression they'd face together. Something was deeply wrong with Emma.

John and Violet neither took notice of the beacon being absolutely destroyed. They didn't have to - the farmhouse been precisely in front of them both and the SUV raced at full speed onward. While the Chapel of Spears alien platoon of spacecrafts kept vanishing and reappearing and that's when they saw it: the missiles- shooting up into the heavens. The military hardware crashed against the extraterrestrial crafts hostile to the weaponry of the US ARMY the Chapel sent a mammoth thunderous discharge of dark-plasma and set fire to the atmosphere.

2:22AM- 3:15AM- 3:14PM- 8:33AM- 4:44PM- 3:15PM- 3:33AM

CHA

CHAPTER 31:

A Black widow In the Woods of NightmareS

“How could I, let the evil flame become a fire?”

The Year **was** 1798 and life in the vast and prominent city of old scarlet hills had flourished beyond the populace expected the romance epoch was in full swing. William Wordsworth and Samuel Coleridge released: the lyrical ballads a combination of both writers’ best artistic work compelled together and crafted perfectly and enlightening the world to truly begin the enjoyment of live theater and musical performing arts. This was an era of the idealistic and optimistic. The romantic aurora had crept throughout the winds of the fading light in the night skies and had brought hope to those whom had lost buoyancy, trust, and love. The times were changing the women had begun to clad themselves in more sensual classical ideals, and tightly laced corsets. *While* the men wrote timeless poetry and fitted themselves in custom tailored waist coats and it was a moment in time were the murder of innocents could be concealed and hidden away with the influence of political riches and relentless evil.

An old scarlet hill was soaked in secrecy and anonymity-and SR. Ellis Cuthbert had become entangled with certain aspects of the peasant’s war which speared throughout the deprived and underprivileged. Elis Cuthbert hid his private work from his dearly loved wife Stephanie and two young sons Lucas and Lawrence. However once forty two men were sentence to death subsequent to the insurgency’s rise. It was dismantled quickly by the France after on no account receiving public or political reinforcement from the middle class nation. On the night of October 31st 1798 Elis Cuthbert sat by a darkened bonfire with his old friend Richard Elliot. Elis held a picture of his wife and two delightful and blissful children.

The tears would sprinkle downward and smear the distorted photo with a menacing black stain of incurable and permanent pain. “Your tears, they say SIR Elis, when a man cries tears of blackened sorrow he calls for his soul to be swept by the gods of ache.” Said Richard Elliot concerned with the tears which ran pitch-black from Cuthbert’s swelled eyes. “And what do they say of a god who lets a child die in such shame where his eyes have been ripped from his head and his private parts fed to swine’s.” Richard had no response although not once did he believe god had anything to do with Elis Cuthbert family’s horrendous massacre. The woods nearby would at times, during their painful discussion by the flamed carrotty firewood shiver and shudder with an occasional shriek and a slithering hiss.

“They say the queen of nightmares resides in these woods.” “Who said? Elis replied. “The citizens of course, who else would come up with such horror to tell their children before bed, the black widow haunts these woods in search of a luxurious banquet- they say she seeks souls to obtain for her master.” Elis stared at Richard and shook his head and hurled the photograph into the bonfire. The forest seemed alive and at times you could perceive the odd resonance of something breathing. Something evil and perhaps not from this world, the stars on this particular October night sky had been vanquished by an ominous murkiness of a crimson fog.

The Hiss became a growl and the growl grew to a scream. The woods hid an evil fortitude. “If there is one thing I could have back, I would ask for my soul at least that way I could be with my

beloved Stephanie again for I am damned my old friend.” Said Elis with a cheerless and painful trace of doubtfulness in his tone of voice the two men sat by the fire waiting for whatever was dwelling within the tall plains of pasture to emerge from its buried hidden corner in the shadowed gloom. “I call upon you queen of nightmares if you do seek a meal then please indulge yourself in my flesh, for I wish to be no more.” Elis said.

And Richard Elliot began to pray out loud. “I’m confused by your faith.” how could you pray or plead old friend when my wife lays butchered in the castles of Valstrick.” Elis stood up and observed the forested landscape cloaked a nameless terror. “I can witness the pasture and the leaves stir about, who is here with us? Illustrate physically queen of nightmares; if you are existent I dare you to address me ogre come, come black widow.” Richard gave Elis an irritated stare. “Elis, you invite on behalf of death however this is not death this is damnation.” Elis removed his lengthy hoarfrost black coat and marched forward to the trees. The segment of grassland was dying, sick, contaminated amid an unspecified disease. Giant spider web wool wrapped around the tallest of all plants and the vegetation was consumed by illness.

The leaves began to quiver with a shriek of something which slithered. “I say again to you, queen of nightmares, I challenge for you to speak, as I am not afraid of the web you ensnare your meals in, speak to me I dare you.” Elis curved around swiftly and told Richard he was full of total horse shit. “Nothing, not one single mosquito on the lookout for our blood the fire makes all the night creatures hides from the views and sight of men Richard we’re alone.” However the trees shook and something did speak, something accepted the dare. An extended and terrible disturbing representation came to sight a boding evil looking red-haired insect limb prop with deep-rooted scales reached out from within the forest surrounded by less significant however vicious spiders.

The tibia of a grisly and revolting arachnid displayed. The length of the chilling appendage was enormously lofty and soared upwards to retrieve a meal the creature had saved for a cavernous hours of obscurity snack. “I am at this juncture yessssss, you call and I draw closer, yessssss your wish of bereavement brings me quicker your lost faith leaves you without protection.” The creature strutted and hissed these expressions while the men filled their under slacks with urine.

THE Spider Queen enthused from side to side and front to rear creating a current of blustery weather in the wooded vicinity. The fire sparked far above the ground and shot upward in the air reminiscent of a flamed torch being hurled to the clouds on a stormy winter night by innocent and naive adolescents. Richard Elliot with tears of a plagued fear in his eyes marched onward to the creature and said: “You, creature of nightmare, I stand before you in the midst of much faith and command you to go missing wretched beast of the woods, in the name of GOD in the far and great heavens you’ll not welcomed here.” The arachnid hissed and exposed its grotesque and bizarre *bloodstained* piercing fang while it slithered back from Richard.

“Move away from I man of faith I keen to bring the master flesh your words come strong although your will is weaker then the stallion I will dine on yessssss it is him we seek out.” Richard Elliot stood firm and did not move away. “If you’re not troubled grisly insect by my devotion why do you back

away?" Elis kept a stare on the monster before him and wept. The iniquitous creature went on to say: "Again, back away from us, your future will be enough to murder your present your son's unborn child will have another son in your bloodline and from this offspring will come a daughter and all of them including you man of faith will taste the sins of murder or should I Yessss ussss make my way to your house of rest and eat your wife's stomach and end your bloodline now MOVE AWAY YESSSSS." Richard Elliot dropped to his knees and wept and prayed.

Elis Cuthbert instantaneously regretted the call he'd completed to such malevolence and said: "how could I let, the evil flame become a fire oh dear god in heaven not like this." but this was it and there was no going back Elis had called for death and something far worse came. The Queen of nightmares was real and her master awaited his black widow in the castles of Valstrick. The supreme ruler the arachnid unholy deity dwelled within the castles subterranean catacombs overflowing with human organs, bones and bodies of men, women and children. The dungeon belonged to the spider-god: *The Nebula*.

All the mirrored objects quaked within the stronghold of Valstrick and countless unclothed and nude females stood before them indulging themselves with great sexual gratification and the mirrors reflected the authentic illustration of these mystifying women. *All of them*, each and every one of them were divine beings of massive power and in true form they'd entangled each other in web lattice knotted, intertwined from blood and human brain solution. Elis Cuthbert awoke to strident screams from women and men. Trapped in the catacombs he frantically searched for a method of escape- however the dungeon was entirely dark and Elis would pay attention to the eerie sound every footstep he would make within the gloomy underground crypt would create the crunched echo of human bones being strolled upon.

A pallid shaft of light barley lit up the obscurity in that secretive cavern. Elis at initial glance thought it was a door or any form of egress on the other hand the shaft of light was not a door or a passageway it was eight pair of impious and immoral eyes scanning the catacombs. "Who, walks with me in the dark at this juncture, in this place, show yourself to me." Elis hands shook-shivering and quaked uncontrollably. Elis had readied his choice and death was by no means an option. Hysterically crying and shuddering Elis Cuthbert began down the pathway to madness and commenced to shout and laughed. Elis laughed while he cried and this enraged the master.

The slithering ricochet accompanied by the jingle of a million minuscule insects crawling all over the surface of the ground made Elis cringe in the company of total horror. A gasmask assassin from the old chapel of spears previous to the new Chapel and the Council of Tombs regrouped and recuperated with the future reincarnation of *Excalibur Pryson* and *Nilus* following their deaths in the original soul's war. Hurling an especially light flamed torch at Cuthbert and marched onward to Elis. The plugged wires and tubes connected to the rear of the death mask fed this inhuman supernatural man with blood and organs. "Take this, He's waiting for you." The gasmask killer exhaled profoundly and handed Elis a jagged knife blade crafted from obsidian.

“The master would like you to have this, open your veins it will be quicker not many can face the king of spiders.” And the gasmask killer stepped aside and let Elis march onward to his evil destiny.

A bare-naked female plays an aged guitar with strings finished of spider silk. “Who are you? Elis asked while he rolled up his sleeves and located the torch to the nude females face and Elis nearly fainted from what he saw the undressed female in performance playing the attractive yet eerie song composition had the face of cockroach it was disgusting , disturbing and Elis dropped to his knees and gave up. The gigantic black appendage from a spider came into view and demonstrated its power by ripping and sliced the unclothed female to shreds.

“Elissssss, so excellent to gracefully have you in my home I was awaiting you.” Hissed the spider-god the creature squeaked and moaned. “What are you? The black blood of the nude guitar playing female spilled onto Elis and he smeared it all over his shirt while he laughed. The temperature had dropped dramatically *“Elissssss, you called for an escape well here I ‘am, your savior I wish to clarify for my part in view of the actuality that we will bond and form a union of sorts for endless everlasting life, I do not belong to this world, thus far it is a world of fraud many yearsssss ago my fundamental existence was under threat by the one true god whom divided reality within 6 different dimensions.”* The Nebula said. Elis kept an unmovable gawk at the monstrosity before him.

“A transverse of realms was shaped to maintain us absent from his true children, out-casted and deemed unworthy weeeeeee accepted and so therefore sent to the savage-roads nonetheless the planet of Xadin a dark world a land of mystery was found by my chapel this world contained the orbs the only method of connecting our separated dimensions yessssss but the fuckingggg blood-king and the necromancer had arrived ahead of us the lords of Xadin the ancient reaper kings allowed the creature to swim in its bloody seas and a war for the dawn of the dark-wind necromancer broke out and the savage roads fractured this the inhabitants of this world your world found orbs which had been thrown within the streamlines and in the future when these orbs are found will open up the portals inside the mind of men and they’d travel to locations unfit for them to enter a vampire master seeks out the necromancer and when the time is right I will strike this is where you come in Sir Elis I need your flesh and part of your mind together we will triumph over all and you will never die and your family I will bury In the requiem of the voc and they to shall be reborn yessssss.”

The Nebula marched onward on fourteen organic plump limbs. Elis held in reserve, still and frozen at the same time as he laughed lacking understanding or comprehending anything this abomination had said Elis was on his knees when the spider-god liberated an horrendous squeal.

Unsympathetic the black hearted creature exposed a tentacle with the skin texture and appearance of an otherworldly snake the tentacle could reason and was gifted with speech vocalizations. The Tentacle enlarged its gruesome oral opening and let go of a red slime first which drenched Elis and the stench was so foul and unpleasant Elis began to vomit and when

his mouth was unfasten to heave out whatever him and Richard had ate by that bonfire, the snake entered and exited from his abdomen. Contained and controlled by the serpent's wickedness Elis Cuthbert laid downward on the ground despite the fact that the spider-god turned its repulsive enormous insect body entirely around akin to a curved over roach struggling to get flipside on its legs. "Take me, if your power, is truthfully that immense where're my children will return to me then I am yours." Elis Said.

The creature peeled off Elis's flesh and consumed the skin while Cuthbert screamed in agony. **The Spider-god** twisted and revealed a limb with a stinger attached and penetrated in the interior of the skull. Elis vociferously and loudly screamed and sobbed. The portals unbolt within the mind of the human when stimulated. The orbs directly increase the capacity of the human mind and institute the wormholes of the *six-dimensions* in the brain and allowed the human to voyage beyond his world.

Elis screamed in terrible pain and an appalling hopelessness had settled in his skinless eyes. The creature hissed and squeaked and when the monster spoke an echoed lower inhuman frequency rebounded off the walls of the catacombs resembling a stray bullet. The monster's form was not that of spider any longer. The beast took the shape of a long black tentacle and oozed what appeared to be black blood from this giant half tentacle half maggot's countless macrobiotic limbs and the tentacle-maggots tongue was divided in three ways. At the identical moment in time the Cadillac-Man was being born on planet earth, the planet Saturn's numerous moons began to quiver in the celestial cosmic heavens. The moons of Saturn were abundant. As a result incalculable in actuality till this date many of these moons don't hold names. If technology were at the level of progression and advancement it is in the present day, the folks at NASA would have unquestionably gone bat fucking crazy with exhilaration and become enthralled, captivated and petrified.

Can you imagine? Picture it for a quick minuscule minute. The individuals at **NASA** running and charging against each other, going telescope crazy, and all satellites pointed and aimed intended to catch a glimpse of a celestial abnormality. The Moons performed with bizarre idiosyncrasy. The employees at **NASA** would be spilling their morning coffee mugs on each other and contacting the administration to report not only did the moons of Saturn all trembled at the equal time nevertheless they'd been activated somehow.

Titan the largest moon orbiting Saturn and the sixth ellipsoidal moon was a mammoth globe. The moon planet's atmosphere pulled the gravity with an aggressive violent astrophysical of great brutal magnitude. And from the midpoint of Titan's dense atmosphere an enormous and colossal eye became observable. **THE EYE** shifted from side to side and rotated all around Titan. The Eye was vibrant in color with specks of an intense emerald and indigo shade and the huge eyeball appeared aggressive in nature and it was bleeding a thick liquefied otherworldly and wraithlike burgundy solution. **The Titan** moon communicated with several other moons and planets via an unidentified force field of tectonics and strange solar winds. Ganymede the vast

and gigantic orb which orbited in the region of the planet Jupiter came alive and quaked in deep space. This gargantuan moon had twin eyes which materialized from the ice mantel.

A spotted pair of eyes quaked and released frozen glass shooting out from the eyes of this unnatural cosmic terror. The year was 1798 unfortunately there was no NASA to worry the hell out of us, or any television to over hype the strange occurrence if you could over hype such a thing- after all it was an eye and a supernatural one at that- what else would it be. Absent was the panic and hysteria. The bizarre unpleasant incident took place and the earth spun on its axles like any other night other than it wasn't like any other night. [The Saturn Lords](#) awoke from their heavenly slumber and rejoiced except presently fury and hate consumed these moons and planets which in legitimacy were celestial divine beings enraged by the trespasser of universes.

The birth of **the Nebula** by human organism construction exasperated the madden planets to the point where a gash was created in the cosmos and a Star manifested into a long-drawn-out and bottomless wormhole the orbs of the transverse were positioned deep in the heart of a world on a [sideways-past-forward-timeline](#) and the mask of malice was thrust with extreme force within the streamline. And the vampire elder from the kingdom of Jeremiah now knew where to find his enemy.

The Spider had consumed Elis Cuthbert and when Elis stepped out of the catacombs it was not Elis anymore. The man was gone and the king of spiders was currently using the flesh of a man. Elis knocked on the door of his long time acquaintance [Richard Elliot](#) who had spent all night in the local church collecting holy water and stacking bibles on top of bibles in front of his entrance door. Richard was surprised to observe Elis unhurt yet Richard noticed him pale and feverish maybe. Elis swung an ax and chopped down Richard in a few pieces and retrieved Elliot's manual script from the coffee table and shook off the dust and for incalculable years the emperor of spiders dwelled within **the old scarlet hills** community.

And in the year 1903 When Richard Elliot's grandson Arrson wedded and impregnated his dearly cherished companion it was time for the Nebula to end the ancestry and previous to his departure from scarlet hills murdered one and all in Richard Elliot's family unit and recovered the keys to a *model A Cadillac* and placed the fresh decapitated heads of Richards relatives in a circled pattern in front of the township's cathedral except the evil [Cadillac-Man](#) was unfamiliar with Jacob Elliot an infant at the time being cared for by means of a bewildering and magical witch whose protection came in the appearance of vampires and the bloodline remained and Thomas Elliot would come to be the offspring of Jacob and Tiffany Elliot would become the offspring of Thomas. The man of faith had died nevertheless his bloodline survived. The night of All Hallows Eve was a night for folks to welcome home deceased loved ones and dedicated to remember the dead.

However cloaked by the celebrations and festivals of a night commonly used to get piss fucking intoxicated and dress up like some foolish insane monster in a human completed costume. There was no humor in confronting the power of death. However on this night, it was the power

of an incredible fear-provoking reincarnation and the spiritual awakening of worlds in deep unfathomable space which shaped the future of our earth. And proved once and for forever the **MULTIVERSE** undeniably existed.

The sun's core- the same star which brought with it the striking sunrise and those charitable dazzling sunsets at twilight commenced to erupt and sunspots began to implode. The heart of the sun embarked on a quest to generate nuclear fusion of unknown energy ionization and the harvesting of dark-plasma began by mysterious and malevolent planet entities. Patrolman Jeff Godson and township officeholder Jake Grant entered the petite living accommodations of Richard Elliot and they found an additional decapitated head aside from the ones situated in a meticulous configuration in front of the old scarlet hills rural community church. *The Eye* kept watch over earth for an added century.

CHAPTER 32: CIVIL WAR

DEATH is salvation, suffering is freedom, -and **Murder the world** those were the signs the general population seized upward in the sky joined collectively throughout the country. The beaches of Florida frozen and iced stones swelled from the seas. *The tower* had made its gigantic and bloodcurdling presence known and the monsters celebrated. They'd been unchained, freed and liberated from their celestial prisons. *The planet death* had its spiritual handcuffs unlocked and purgatory was left ajar. The citizens were left to fall to pieces on their own. The future was misplaced. The world began to deteriorate and the earth's flesh was bleeding and the human race was murdered.

Jack the Ripper the bogeyman of the transverse and a purgatory chief officer stood in silence underneath the minor crimson rainfall and watched the resurrected Mayans ravaging the cattle farms and the ranches and the residents from the region which did not modify at the time of the *TURNING*. **The porcelains**: a pitiless horde of criminals whom execute innocent people for the fuck of it were deeply troubled by the turning on the night of dark exodus. Not one member of this notorious and twisted carnival of freaks changed into a wicked one and this was a call for warfare. They're lone individual in authority requested for a flash mob of more than 1000 members to congregate and assemble to gather together for the **BLOODLETTING**. Throughout limitless social media comments and posts by means of twitter, face book, and scores of additional websites somehow the group was sending transmissions except how? With the world in the mayhem it was currently under'.

The skies filled with arrogant and threatening airborne alien organisms. These airborne evil mammals would dive downward and brush away the scared and horrified people below. A few survivors thrust together by fate and a legacy of blood and souls remain the only likelihood this earth will comprise of to survive and continue to exist. Except how can we be capable of enduring what transpired when *time died* and the days overlap on top of each other and when day becomes night in just one hour and the night becomes a day of red and the day of red develops into nothing more than a shadow of the life we once lived?

In Washington: the Whitehouse was in total disarray. Confusion swept in, panic invaded the intellect, and hysteria turned to disorder. The streets bled with fear when the presented on screen meeting from the oval office popped up in every station on television, radio, internet and low bandwidth AM stations. The commander and chief brought down hard militia ruling and handed over martial law to the SIN an unheard of and wicked subdivision of the Council of Tombs. The SIN a private army of mercenaries were rumored and whispered about concerning their factual assignment and the assembly's bona fide agenda.

Azra had prepared a deal an arrangement with the Lords of Saturn and the Unseen-ones from the Vex-pyramid she'd free the unseen ones from the vex and in return she would be liberated, she'd be everlasting, and take severe vengeance upon Alexis Cane The BlackStar Florida serial killer who discovered **GOMORATH** while being a servant of the *Blood-King Sirius Colfax*.

Azra's influence struck the administration dead center in the government's core. A new religious faction emerged with strong numbers and a fanatical fixated and obsessive method of conduct. The United States of America was under attack and the menacing forces were about destroy from within somehow the ending of our world seemed poetic the people we trusted as leaders and our champions desert us to this evil.

Ray Patterson kept puffing on a *E-Cig* and smoking back to back blunts occupied with weed in the interior of the tobacco headed towards the **UNITED FOREVER FUNERAL HOMES**. Ray made the choice to return to the place where it all started. at least the two doctors currently at the memorial service had a theory which to Ray was more then what Daniel and Tiffany had to offer, And with Earl gone and Austin Dallas crazy possession by an alien rodent that forced Ray to kill Austin. The detective didn't feel like a cop any longer, he felt nothing anymore. Ray drove down the back dirt roads of **HARMONY HILL** and his cell phone which he had thrown inside his rucksack following all the cell towers had stopped transmitting and gone dark began to ring. Ray desperately shuffled from side to side until he grabbed it and slid the I-phone with his finger to answer the unknown call. "Ray? Said the voice on the other end "We're here brother, Mike and I where are you? "Mike is going insane looking in for his wife we are headed to where she works." Ray Patterson was surprised and overwhelmed with delight to perceive the voice of David Young his long time best friend and business associate from Miami. "David, I'm so fucking glad to hear your voice... **CLICK** the mobile phone went dead and the automobile shut off.

Encircling on all sides of the car was a herd of the undead 20; perhaps 30 returned undead swarmed in. pounding on the windows, several jumped over the hood and banged on the roof, and his passenger door window was smashed by an undead returned from a different category several were stronger and smarter than the lesser breed. “No, No Ray whispered. Flustered and displeased with his choice not to scavenge for gas he’d pushed the silver 2012 Acura TL to the point the car just died and surrounded by the undead with a smashed window the pieces of glass squirted on the passenger seat and one tiny fragment flew onto his face and entered his left eye. Ray Patterson bled from the injury to his eyeball he managed to discharge his weapon at the superior and stronger further intelligent returnee. The blood trickled downward from the mouths of the undead and the appetite these unnatural monsters had for flesh were severe. Ray Patterson was trapped and desperate with *No place to run*.

Back at the farmhouse the **red-lightning** banged from the skies and throughout the darkened clouds of an alien infested earth. The Mayans were reborn through the paranormal technique used in the graveyard requiem of the V.O.C the bogeyman of the transverse signaled for the previously deceased tribe to assemble in formation around the farmhouse and surround the Sky-Keeper. A new enormous spaceship entered earth’s atmosphere. The world had become a **rest-stop** for every single life form floating in the cosmos. The extraterrestrial race identified as the GREYS arrived to watch the spectacle unfold and since the bone marrow of elderly and aged humans worked as a type of medicine for their ailing and dying offspring’s.

The GREYS truce with the human governments collapsed in the year **2014** when government scientists established a system to barricade the earth with a variety of particularly enhanced dark-plasma-molecules which kept the foreign race from entering the earth. The GREYS returned for revenge and supplies the alien race required additional meds for their sick children. The Chapel of Spears platoon of extraterrestrial military crafts was thrashing the clouds in a state of unrest. The arrival of the new otherworldly intruders troubled the Chapel’s legion and turmoil was about to begin in the skies. The deluge of snowfall began all over again and the moon washed away the blood and showered itself with a black fluid. The Tower had risen ahead of the clouds.

The cellar doors initiated to move up and down especially violent. “Open up now Emma we won’t cut you too deep.” said David Wallace a diverse neighbor. In the residence Charlie double checked the shotgun and the 9 millimeter he tucked in the rear of his shirt and glanced outward from his bedroom window. A moment ago he observed those crazy looking caterpillar reapers taking the unresponsive bodies of Peter and his mother. Charlie noticed his neighbors a total of **11** of them flanking the farmhouse all of them with the equivalent dark, and elongated black and red veins which crisscrossed over their face. The ripper had enclosed the farm with the resurrected Mayan clan and his gesture to the tribe was to halt and watch for now. The rippers black gloves shone in the downpour of snow and in the gloomy hours of dusk. Time had resumed over again and the blizzard stopped abruptly.

"This is it Lord, please protect my family" Charlie ran down the stairs and geared up to face this unknown evil. "I'm going to pound your fucking brains out with a bat Emma." yelled one of the neighbors. The shotgun was fired killing a solitary of the wicked ones with a slug to the head. Charlie rapidly turned to his right grunts and sighs heavily and he brings an additional one down. "*I got you now, PIGS DIE.*" The bitch was crazy and she screamed that dumb foolish bullshit at Charlie and ran with swift momentum it was the crazy bitch Suzie Bates with a butcher carving knife. Suzie got her top blown off although it's not sufficient enough still eight fanatical fucks to go and Charlie was under tremendous pressure and struggled to replenish the shotgun.

Charlie had a sudden mind flash and remembered his conversions with Frank after Wade left on a so-called soul searching crusade nowadays Charlie knew those so-called soul probing adventures was Wade feeding the hunger and taking the personal of the shadow killer. Frank Hawkins forever and a day talked about this date and how it was inevitable he referred to the change which would take place on the appointed day and described them as the "**WICKED ONES**" "*Frank knew. We all knew thought Charlie to himself.*

The Chryslers SUV approached surprising Charlie and the *wicked ones*. Car horn beeped fervent. The truck slammed and ran over three of the wicked-ones and slaughtered them. With blood on its wheels while they spun in a 360 formation slide and the truck came to a full stop and the driver Jonathan Case soared out hauling two shotguns. "Get down." he yelled. Charlie ducked downward. **Bang! Bang!** Two further wicked ones went down blood was splattering everywhere. No more than three remain and that's unproblematic for the passenger a wild and sexy youthful female named: Violet she'd been on the road for hours with John time kept restarting or overlapping within itself. Violet killed the last 3 wicked ones like an expert.

ViOlet was an extremely good-looking girl however one tough cookie. Chainsaw in hand and machete in the other and she swung the machete like a women scorned Violet strikes and kills all three of Charlie's insane fucked-up neighbors. Chainsaw hacked the heads off two of them and the machete ripped the final one in half with a massive wallop to the upper body and the second blackheart came shooting away from its mouth and John Case blasted the **blackheart** which fell on the soil still beating and thumping and thrashing about until it began to dig and disappeared into the soil. "*What the fuck are these things?* Jonathan Case asked. "Hell's soldiers I suppose." In a cocky manner replied Violet? "Whatever they are we need to get the fuck out of here, Lets Go." Case Said. "*I got my wife, my son!* Charlie initiated to gaze around and noticed the blood, all the dead bodies "What the fuck you looking for? Case asked with a harsh stare. "They'll come for them. *Fuck...* Said Charlie with fear eating at his eyes and his tone was unkind. What? Who? "Man, fuck this let's go Violet. Case Screamed. "I'm not crazy, listen to what I'm saying, something very bad is happening and we need to hide from view."

Charles alleged. Charles Griffin pointed to the basement/cellar doors. “No way Case, I’ am not locking my ass in no fucking basement, that’s a death trap I seen the fucking monster flicks you die in there.” Violet Said. John gave her that look “I know you’re right but what can we do” look.

“Right now we don't a have choice, if them things come to collect the bodies there's a chance they might take us too.” Charlie Said in a convincing voice. “What things? John Case asked. The wind howled, the gust of air blew forcefully and from the distance Charlie could distinguish the worm reapers or whatever the fuck they were looming. “We got to Move...Now!” The three marched onward to the basement. Charlie banged on the door “Emma.” shouted Charlie “Open the door.” He felt the frosty wind gust and a creepy howling sound forthcoming nearer. Emma hurriedly opened the underground room’s entrance, Emma was trembling and befuddled. Charlie what happened out there? Asked Emma “I heard so many gunshots, I thought you were dead.” Brandon hugged his dad. “I knew you would come back Dad.”

Violet and John stared at each other and Violet had to blur it out it was just to puzzling. “This is him, a kid, this is our hope, the worlds knight in shining armor? “He’s just a kid.” Emma and Charles glanced at each other as well, “How do you know about our son? Emma asked with an alarmed pitched tone and concern in her eyes. “No Time.” Charlie Said. “But if you try anything I will kill you.”

BRANDON’S teardrops rolled downward from his eyes. “Hey, listen to me; I still need to go back in an attempt to connect with folks that might be able to assist us.” “Except, daddy won't let anything happen to you or mom” I promise, Said Charlie. Brandon shook his head and stared at Violet and John with annoyance. “You know you can't promise something like that dad, you know what’s after me.” Charlie replies “at least I'll die trying”. “You’re not going to introduce us? Verbalized John Case transfixing his shotgun steadfastly and scanned the basement. The howling hummed deafening. *The atmosphere* twisted into a freezing, almost like a radiance of a red mist and ice cold smog. “They’re here” a worried expression exploded from Charlie’s face. “Who's here? I'm getting sick of this bullshit Case said Violet.

“Hush now” mutters Case. Barely seeing throughout a diminutive puncture on the wood and said: “What the fuck? Case spotted the reapers, other than this time there were five of them and they're skirmishing for the bodies or souls of **THE WICKED-ONES**. The Reapers were a mystery to Charlie in all his discussions with Frank, Wade and a female by the name of **Trinity** they were never brought up in any topic of conversation other than he did have dreams in relation to them years prior to this attack Charlie moreover had dreams regarding that colossal eye and the dark man with razor-sharp bloodstained teeth.

“What the hell are those things? ‘Said Jonathan Case “Let me see get out of the way. Violet hard-pressed Case absent from the chink on the wall and observed the creatures. “Fuck me” “Fuck me” she mutters again then pushed Charlie up against the wall, “What the fuck is going on here? Huh? I know. “You ought to know something; you’re kid is some kind of guardian or protector talk to me.” Charlie locked eyes with her although said nothing. “Violet, just chill, uttered Case. John stepped in front of Charlie and gazed at him. “Listen, your friends may

possibly be dead, I don't know but it's bad out there... "There's a group of people headed this way a girl who seems to know about all this crazy shit and a few others that your son as connected to in the course of his **mind-link** ability a few have died trying to get here." Charles placed his hands over his face in distress. "**The beacon**" He Said. "Yes, the device, you're farm is attracting the attention of everything even the freaks we been encountering on the road." Case Said. "Is there're man with them, a legacy? Charlie asked. "I don't know one of them might be." John Case replied. Violet's face puffed up with anger. "This guy is hiding something."

Screw that bullshit talk." She Said. "He knows something; He knew them thing's were coming to collect the cadavers and damn well knows his beacon was destroyed there're spaceships in our orbit it's like every single bad dream came to life out there and your hiding shit." Charlie stared at violet his features cherry red incensed with annoyance. "I, on no account had seen them before tonight." "Bullshit, dude screamed Violet. (**CELL PHONE RINGS**) "Your phone is still working? Said Charlie (**Ring Ring**) "suppose so." said Case. "We'll pick it up commanded Violet." just as angry as Charlie was. Violet had a cold look in her eyes and she'd felt a thump in her chest ahead of arriving at the farmhouse. The mobile phone rang and rang and looped over the **LINKIN PARK** ringtone and kept buzzing. "Pick it up, it's him dad." **THE SKY-KEEPER** said.

John let the phone drop to the floor of the cellar. "Don't look behind you." Jonathan Case froze like a photograph. The figure behind Charlie was a female that part was clear however there was no doubt about it the women was dead. The feminine shape had bony hands and rancid fingers with a skeletal facial appearance and a ghostly more or less semi-transparent upper body. "Dad, I see it too, don't move it could be him." Brandon Said. "I don't see anything." Emma replied other than she did and she lied about it. The phone kept blasting that **LINKIN PARK SONG "in the end"** which seemed like the ideal piece of music for the occasion. Violet felt that thump all over again in her chest this time it grew louder every time she'd glance at the cannibalistic spirit entity behind Charlie. And the phone vibrated and rang until the battery died. Violet kept hushed. John stared at Charlie and asked: "who's him? The boy... mentioned someone."

The departed elderly feminine entity completed an amplified crushed tone every time she'd chewed on what appeared to be some type of femur bone, the largest bone in the human anatomy. And the smoggy and undernourished darkened shape of a ghostly female stood in position without any further movement save for the disgusting clatter of her ingesting the fillet.

The rebirth of the Mayan tribe from the graveyards of the V.O.C was a clear-cut indication that the night of dark-exodus was complete. The terrifying clan of resurrected Mayans stood in a straight-line awaiting their instructions from the streamline traveler and one of purgatory's authoritative officers and recognized on earth by his serial killer name: Jack The Ripper. The notorious boogeyman of the transverse glanced upward and soaring in the air was *the Scylla* the king of purgatory, this massive monster with six or so dragon-like heads and four pair of eyes on each of these monstrous creatures additional heads the aquatic serpent flew at high

altitude by the side of: The Basilisk said to be the king of the serpents and with the crown on his snake-haired cranium to prove it. The Scylla was in pursuit of Azra the water-snake-lady whom had captured and apprehended Alexis Cane back in the battle of Harmony Hill. The ripper was informed not to confront nor demonstrate aggression against the Sky-Keeper for the moment. The Scylla operated and communicated with the creature's additional heads and with the Basilisk by way of a hive mind. The Ripper received the transmission and obeyed the order although not without having a modest enjoyment.

The Ripper kneeled downward and with his right hand injected within a leather vintage pitch-black glove amid one solitary diamond in the center struck the terrain and the amulet around his pulled-up coat collar released the whispers among the tombstones. The prelude of the whispers was the apparition of the old dead female in Charles Griffins basement. However something made The Basilisk discontinue responding to the Scylla something congested the Scylla from transmitting thought deliberation patterns and made the creature perch itself on the tower of the new *V.O.A* order which had splintered, shattered and devastated the earth when it soared beyond our skies and pierced the heavens. The new alliance of Tiffany Elliot and the powerful legacy Daniel Mikael were vastly in control of their mind-link capability and were headed for the farmhouse along with Frank Hawkins, Wade Franks son, and the new mysterious assembly.

The general public in major cities such as the boroughs of New York, California, Dallas Texas, and Miami Florida to mention a few were in wide-ranging induced panic and the rest of the globe was soon to follow the corridor into hell and the streets became flooded with across-the-board havoc and pandemonium a new CIVIL WAR would rinse the planet in buckets of blood. The same identical tremors and deep sea earthquakes beneath the frozen oceans that blocked the purgatory kings from being airborne and in search of Alexis Cane and the matching thunderous boisterous growling parallel to a million loins roared in the vast clouds of earth also made the populace shudder in the midst of terrible horror the LEVIATHANS broke free from the secretive subterranean crypt from the chamber of GOG two hundred thousand feet below the frozen seas of the NEW EARTH. An enormous sea monster whose true origins come from an ancient primordial epoch underneath the nucleus of the planet Saturn and *THE EYE* returned. THE SOULS WERE SWEEPED AWAY IN THE LAST DAYS

CHAPTER 33:

Buried In the GRAVES On

THE ROAD OF MISERY

THE BMW SUV only had Tiffany Elliot at the helm with no other passengers DJ had chosen to ride alone and Martin Lloyd selected to ride with him after a brief encounter with an elongated and gigantic entity who claimed to be the **HELL SPAWN KNOWN BY MANY NAMES** in a shape of a giant twenty feet tall and fifty five inches in width (4 feet 7 inches) Nuttalliella, in other words one huge fucking tick. -**L**ucky for DJ, Tiff and Martin. The faction of AcidMurda and the Hawkins men mutually together traveled with Jason and Trinity and of course pursued close in the rear of the vehicle: D, Tiff and Lloyd occupied when the apparition of this monster appeared. The ghoul creature was immense and the archangel **AcidMurda** stepped into a vortex chamber and communicated with this monster apparition while the rest of the team watched in magnificent horror whatever they'd talked about was of no concern to the others, at least that's how Acid required it to be. Tiffany was confused at the fact Daniel (DJ) Mikael elected to journey without her. Once the departure of the bizarre and strange tick creature which blocked the continued pathway to the farmhouse following a communication transmission with the streamline archangel took place, the group kept going on the move and traveled for Charlie's. Daniel and Martin picked out a different deserted automobile from the side area of the empty interstate; Martin perceived the sound of screams from the innocent people caught without fault in this hell in close proximity and strange growling noises impending from the woods. the trees had been engulfed in snow by now. The white rain discontinued for the moment -except for the streets had been flooded with snowfall and scarlet rain. DJ and Martin leapt in the interior of a blue sports car and Tiffany rode solo. Collecting her thoughts by screaming at the steering wheel and she punched and banged on the dashboard.

DJ felt they we're getting to close for comfort and right now wasn't the time for bullshit love and XOXOXOXO shit. Martin was withdrawing big time from the meth he kept with the shakes and a painful sore throat had kicked-in. **Trinity** signaled the assemblage to continue to journey forward subsequent to the bizarre and perplexed meeting with a deity who called itself **Hell Spawn**. to DJ and Martin it looked like one big damn bloodsucking tick other than to Tiffany it was something entirely different maybe it was contributed to the fact the once vibrant and lovely Gigi Blake Tiff's and Earl's partner in the pursuit of unhappiness had appeared next to Tiffany when Acid went to speak to the deity when the massive organic being produced a blockade in frontage of the group on Route 17 "Hi tiff miss me? Said the ghost of Gigi with bloodstained teeth and a tongue soaked in a black murky liquid the only thing ordinarily on Gigi was her head her body was that of an octopus. DJ approached at the controls of a 2014 metallic blue convertible Camaro. Quinn tiresome kept trying to reach Daniel from a **past-flash-site** from within the hummer ahead of his transformation into the 4th. Trying to caution D.J of the Saturn lords and the Dream-King's identity and of course **Tiffany Elliot**- it was her all along, she made the deal never her father. **Indoors** Charlie's cellar -the phone was still blasting. "Pick it the fuck up man" screamed Violet the group gawked at the mobile phone for a minute each of them with a look of terror and confusion on their faces.

"Hello" (Case) **Caller:** Hey Jon. (Caller) Who the hell is this? (Case) it's me (Caller) the one that ripped your wife's neck from ear to ear (Caller). "**Mother fucker**" (Case) Come on Now!

No need to get vulgar John (Caller) Please Put Charlie on wills ya John? (Caller) Fuck You! (Case) *Put him on or I'll rip you from limb to limb first YOU dead little Bitch* the caller raised his voice: YOU know the master will not be pleased with you John. Really... screw your master an irritated Jonathan wants to clobber the phone on the floor so bad except he won't -he needs to find things out he needs to know what is really occurring in the world - he takes a deep breath and looks to **C**harlie. "Those things are like grim reapers or something worse right - The worlds ending that's what's happening asked **J**ohn "*it's us against them replied Violet* John Case passed the cellular phone to Charlie. Violet, Emma and Brandon all stared at John and Charlie. At the same time as the reapers did a concluding sweep and disappeared. "**T**ake it -he wants to talk to you" said Case to Charlie **M**e? Why me, Charlie takes the phone Charlie gaped at the mobile phone sweat ran downward his face. Well, Fucking answer it. Said Case to a baffled Charlie Hello? Whimpers Charlie, (Charlie) Hello who is this? **Y**our worst nightmare (Caller) *Do you know why I'm calling you Charlie?* (Caller) "I'm calling you because we want what's in your head, Even if it means ripping your fucking brains out to get it! (**C**ALLER) *Fuck You!* You can keep your threats (Charlie) Charlie Hung up the phone "How the fuck does anyone know how to get in contact with you on my phone Tell me Huh? Screamed Case after grabbing **C**harlie and pushed him reasonably hard. "Take your hands off me said Charlie. "I'm Not the cause of any of this. All we knew, something was going to happen! Just not when or what Said Charlie to an astonished John Case. **V**iolet blurts out: *fuck this* I'm outta here Case. Wait Violet? Replied Jonathan Case

What the hell do you mean? You knew this was going to happen? How? Asked Case "Listen to me whimpers Charlie: "hell's broken loose and we're in the middle of it" "No shit man, "Look Case, we stay here we die. We are trapped down here roared Violet to Case. "What do you know man? Giving Charlie a hard stare was John Case in frontage of Charlie. "My wife is dead John hard-pressed Charlie against the wall. Tell me now! Demanded John, Charlie waved his hand at Emma "Stay back lady". Don't make me Yelled Case. It's ok Emma reassured Charlie. "I was a part of a classified mission for I-U" a division of NASA that focuses on Unique Occurrences in deep uncharted space which uses the Omega answered Charlie. "What the fuck is an Omega? Asked Violet "It's a ship with a sonic hyper jump capacity replied John "meaning? Asked Violet "Meaning it can go way past fucking Mars" It can jump onto unexplored Space Said Case "That's right confirmed Charlie how would you know that? Asked Charlie "My father was head of the rescue panel for the **Mars Rover Project** said Case."Wait wasn't that some kind of unmanned spacecraft that just picked up dirt and shit? *Remarked Violet* "

"That's what they wanted you to think stated Case. "We actually went to Mars, we landed on that planet. "He's accurate Violet something's have been kept top secret, lies produced by the same people we think our protecting us, except our mission was a bit more difficult than Mars! Mars went easy we were tracking a strange anomaly the U.S. "along with a Japanese Tech

Team briefed us on it. "However right from the start it felt wrong said Charlie "Great! "Here we go again another fucked up case of human beings messing with things GOD just didn't craft for us to see replied Violet. "Hold on Violet" said John Case to the Young, Armed to the teeth, and sexy Violet. "NO she's right something's are best left alone" Muttered Charlie. *Charlie initiated to get dizzy and memories began pouring in:*

THE FLASHBACK **RICK'S BAR** Florida: Night Time around 9pm est.: "I don't know man; I'm kind of getting sick of lying to Emma. "Aww come on Charlie we got called in it's our job just another mission replied Frank Hawkins to Charlie. "It's always about the mission I'm going to be a father soon I want to be there when my son is born Frank" Charlie's mind is on Emma she's about to give birth anytime now.

Takes his last shot from the bar- "Just tell the IU my brother, notify them you want time off after this one I'm sure they will work with you smiled Frank. "Yea maybe -We don't know anything about this one it's all hush replied Charlie." Yeah we're going to be briefed at **0600**. "By the look of it they found something extraordinary this time. "To Tell you the truth, I'm even a bit uneasy myself maybe it's the rain I don't know, the cold air Go home get rest ,you're going to need it I'll see you in the morning Frank tapped Charlie on the backside of his neck.

(THUNDERSTORM OUTSIDE RAINY NIGHT) "Just another mission brother" Smirked Hawkins **(INSIDE UNKNOWN IU MILITARY NASA STATION)** "Gentlemen Many of you know me, to those I see new, "I am chief general Patrick Cross, this is Nickolas Mitchell **TWO days ago** our Scope Watchers discovered a planet size object approaching the six star gateway many of you know we are desperate to seek out the V.O.C the enigma surrounding this outer territory of space and mysteries the Voynich manuscript might contain related to this"

"THE SIX STAR? Muttered a babyish rookie named: Shawn Hudson. (*Chuckles Hawkins*) "Relax young rook. Wait till you ride in the Omega smiled Hawkins "*Gentlemen*" softly shouted Cross. "What we *All know* right now and agree on is the location of the anomaly, the size of the object seems to be four times bigger than Earth And twice as large it seems to be circular however it surrounds itself with electric fields which discharge upward all around it making it appear bigger what we can't figure out is where it came from or what it is. We're hopeful the Omega and you men can tell us. Besides the Fact that it is *179 years from (Earth)* it is without a doubt- heading right on a collision course towards our planet Stated Mitchell. "It will destroy the World! Unless we can figure out what it is, and pray it can be at least derailed from its current path. (**Big Giant Screens**) (*Flash behind Mitchell*) A live distorted image emerged It's a feed coming in of the object. "You will go and the mission will be five years. "To reach Gr-9 And collect as much data as you can, Once you're Close enough then we suspend Omega in the **HYPER 0** while on control speed This will allow us time to explore this object up front/ Omega will be carrying Her six nukes like usual. "So, if we require blowing this thing up count on us we will! Stated Mitchell... Here is TONY WANG from our Japanese Tech **4** team. "There's one further thing you guys need to know Stated Mitchell. (*Great, Smirked Charlie*) In light of the situation, we've

had scientists and architect working day and night. And Mr. Tony Wang emerged as the solitary best in researching comprehensive data and he's going to brief the team on something all of you need to know about this threat Stated Mr. Cross. "Thank you sir Said Mr. Wang with a worried filled voice - the room could sense treachery in his tone. "I have concluded that this object is moving at a steady pace nevertheless at times. Speeds up and begins to change color or just disappears altogether and falls off our satellite imagining then reappearing. Is It Aliens? Asked (Hawkins) can it be a Comet? Asked (Charlie) "at this moment we just don't know I Wish I knew all the details gentlemen save for I don't replied Wang. Somehow Charlie could tell he was lying and that's when it happened for the first time he had a "POWERGRID" at least that's what he called it seeing events that may or may not have taken place in the past or future- this time it was different he was sitting in Tony Wang's luxury home by the aquarium *Charlie was seeing the present or very near future*

At Tony Wang's Home) * Gun placed on the living room table. An enormous *Please Forgive us* text is written behind the couch on the wall were Tony Wang sits. Wang's phone began to vibrate next to the handgun and the pills plus cocaine on the table Hello? Answered Wang softly in his manner of tone ***"YOU DID WELL YESSSSS LET THEM GO NOW AND BRING BACK HELL. (The caller hung up)*** Wang tossed the cellular phone across the living room placed the 357 magnum to his cranium and muttered "God save us" and pulls the trigger **(BANG)**. Charles Griffin continued to have future visions of a near future [3:15am NY] nine year old Tommy Lake heard a clatter - a Crawling, howling noise. He jumped out of bed and headed down the dark hallway ahead of reaching the kitchen Tommy saw his Mother *back turned* facing the cabinets. He saw something like blood falling from her mouth *Mommy?* The room door of his sixteen year old brother suddenly smashed open. It's Tommy's brother Jack. Jack also leaked blood from his mouth dripping down onto the floor his face began to change vein shaped images draw all over Jack's face his eyes went from white to black.

The metamorphosis has taken place. Jack initiated to speak to his younger brother. His mouth covered in blood his face with black veins, his eyes have settled with the color white- His voice sounds echoed. "Don't be afraid little Tommy" nothing can hurt us anymore Said Jack Tommy began to walk backwards. A face emerged from the dark Tommy's mother. He bumped into her glanced up and screamed. Tommy Rushed to the front door unlocked it after a few jumps to unchain the top padlock. ***Once outside*** on his porch Tommy saw his neighbors running, chasing other neighbors, family members and whoever seemed to be innocent with weapons, consisting of knives, Axes, and guns. Tommy's world had just been curved upside down ***Red flashes of lighting covered the skies*** and a puncture in the heavens seemed to be opening. ***SUDDENLY TOMMY IS PULLED BACK IN THE HOUSE AND THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT!***

(THE BASEMENT) "We should kill this mother fucker right now, Case" Yelled Violet. "You can kill me if you want to. It still won't change anything The Apocalypse is here and none of us can hide from it. "So pull the trigger if it's going to let you blow off some steam. If not? Get

the fucking gun out of my face and let's try to survive this together. Charlie told Case (A BIG BANG) ON THE CELLAR DOORS "Oh God mutters Emma. What the fuck now? Said Violet with a sad tone in her voice violet felt tried and worried. THE TV STARTED UP STAY INSIDE, WE REPEAT STAY INSIDE DON'T GO OUT, DON'T GO LOOKING FOR FAMILY. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING (Static impacted the TV: the Picture Was Lost). (Bang Bang on the doors)."What the fuck now" asked John "we even safe here? Muttered Violet "Not sure anymore perhaps we need to be in motion "But DAD you said we were ok here? Water, food that we would be safe cried out Brandon. "I know son (Charlie leaned downward communicating sympathetically to his son) "other than, I can't put you or your mom at risk little man maybe we got to keep moving, find a bigger stronger. Hideout Said Charlie. "We're going to stop at the jail might be the best place to hold up in - At least for the night and get guns we really thought some SKY KEEPER or whatever was here replied Case. (THE BASEMENT CELLAR DOORS RIP AND FLY OPEN) and THEN... SCREAMS AND SCREAMS IS ALL THAT COULD BE HEARD)

The creatures shred open the basement doors and plunge downstairs in a violent and furious manner one of these dreadfulness looking monsters pursued Emma and Brandon at the same time as Violet fired at them Putting herself in front of mutually Emma and Brandon. ***Case is savagely ripped apart and decapitated by the creatures.*** Blood splayed all over the floor and food supplies leaked blood from Cases headless body **NO!** Screamed Violet while she fired at the creatures... Charlie placed his python 357 firmly behind one of the creatures head "and *he fired!* It made the creature collapse except not pass away. "Holy shit it only slows them down what the hell are these things? (The creatures comprise of mutant Vampiric wings and a worm like features with lizard type scales for skin *these monsters roar like lions.*)

RUN!...Yelled Charlie at the same time as he continued to fire at the creepers, Emma and Brendon scurry high-speed to make it out *the basement doors* although not Without Emma getting crunch into by one of these altered type vampire lizard creatures. They escaped outside, Emma knew it was matter of time before something went after them- she made a run for the family's SUV with Brandon. Emma Uncontrollably cried out to Charlie while she ran! Charlie and Violet managed to break away from the chaos with the creatures in the rear them. Emma leaped in the truck, Waited for Charlie. "**DAD** come on let's go!" Screamed his son the SKY-KEEPER They Jumped in and the door slammed shut. The creatures crashed on the vehicle smashing the windows -glass flew all over. "Get the fuck out of here comes on? Screamed Violet the Truck fired up and they sped off like a bat out of hell, down the dark, isolated road "fuck, fuck! Screamed Violet slamming both hands on the dash of the passenger side of the SUV the red lighting flashed behind them as they sped absent and away from the bloodshed. "It ends doesn't it Charlie? Not the breach not the change but the end Spoke Emma, What? Asked Violet Leaned forward "don't lie to me Charles? "To us, is this how the world ends? He looked at them equally and replied "YES" –"You Motha fucker, I should kill you right now Violet pointed the firearm at Charlie "Tell me everything you know demanded Violet. Emma twisted the

steering wheel rigid And Violet's aim was distracted by the cars movements. Brandon screamed as the automobile flipped over extremely HARD AND EXCEEDINGLY ROUGH.

CHAPTER 34

ON THE ROAD OF MISERY ALONG THE BLACK DARK SNOW

Nine hours later: it's a Bright Day the sunlight glared in the interior of the wrecked SUV by the front window, the car was turned over. Seeing very blurry Charlie began to wake up upside down in the backside of the truck in a terrible car wreck. His vision started to come back to him -slowly; He soon realized *he's alone*. His wife and his son were gone alongside with Violet. "How long was I out? Questioned Charlie to himself He began to panic and struggled to obtain free from the wreck. *He saw two faces* "Get him out I'm trying to!"*Hey Mister*" *can you hear me?* Spoke William with Brandi by his side "Grab his arms" come on help me they pulled Charlie out of the car wreck! *Can you stand?* Asked a concerned Will "my wife my son? Muttered Charlie *we don't know sir!* *The car was all mangled up- you were the only one inside it* replied Brandi. "Every town, everyone's gone, at least the ones awake."No I saw it happen" spoke Charlie. *Wait what? You saw what happened?* Moaned Brandi *he's dehydrated, a good chance he's got head injuries we take him to Karen- back to camp* said Will with a dense tone.

It was the end of the world kept mumbling a bleeding, disorientated and incoherent Charlie!

"Whatever it was or is it's still not over Said Will (Somewhere in the woods with dark snow falling from the skies -contained by a murky dark closet) someplace far away from Charlie! Emma is bound, gagged and scared to death. A facade of pure dread was the expression in her face. And still she did not experience an overwhelming fear come over her she knew her son was not with her -nor could she hear him. The blindfold covered her face it was blinding Emma from the mayhem around her. There were two dead bodies right in front of her, together each victim was wedged by a chain cord around the neck she smelled the stink of death in the region of her. A shape stood right by her door -he's close to six three 6'3 he was slim nevertheless fabricated strong, and muscular. Dressed all black, red ski mask black trench coats -steal gloves with spiked acid soaked needled tips that shot upwards from his features this man, is *not a man*, he might have the shape of a man or possibly was a man a long time ago-whatever he is. *He's not here to help anyone;* and it's the very last place Emma wishes

to be-**sh**e was in great danger and she very well knew it deep in her heart. Somehow she kept positive that **Brandon was still alive.** .

SURVIVORS OUTPOST GREENVILLE HOSPITAL

"We're almost there" said Will. *We gotta get in the gates- the night stalkers will be all over this place. We're not safe... Who are the night stalkers?* Inquired Charlie "***Trust me!*** You'll soon find out" said a sturdy and watchful William. "They're like vampires at least - We think so" replied Brandi (**Something flied rapid above them with tremendous speed and a bizarre howl**)

The Night Stalkers soared airborne towering the group from within the clouds. *They spun and twisted* into the air and constructed craters similar to asteroid impacted holes in the soil after collision, **t**hey'd begin their chase behind the **g**roup. "We've got to get inside- we gotta try said Will. **NO!** Look at it Will they're gone. (***The Compound was observed in the distant view catching a rapid and ravaging inferno of a fire. and the bodies lay scattered all over the place.***) "My GOD, they're bodies everywhere said Will. "Maggie yelled Will for his beloved wife of seven years William gazed at them hands on his knees. "I had people in there too said Brandi – "They slaughtered them, all of them said Will. The compound was destroyed, and the **night stalkers** began they're pursue reverse into the woods in close proximity after Charlie, William and Brandi. The dirt would splat upward and rose up from these creatures vicious chase. They'd enclose wings, teeth twofold the size of humans with six fangs three on top three- on the bottom underneath) with the center ones performing akin to a syringe to suck the blood from their victim and they had encrusted skin and were horrific in appearance. The three survivors ran for their lives. *A puncture in the heavens seemed to be a fractured break in the dark rapture and black rain commenced*

She awakens following a long vivid dream regarding the **coffin reverend**, Violet gazed around, and her eyes were bloodshot red. She's twitchy; she felt numbness in her legs. However Violet was strong *she always has been*, ever since she had to bury her own family. She had become a differently entire person filled with **RAGE** fueled by a motivation of revenge. Violet knew how to stay alive. (*She heard a loud wallop*) Violet perceived the sound of footsteps the individual walking was an immense person, a lofty and profound person. At least over six five she thought to herself) the being on foot was an **X Prime Seeder** a Soldier; in **the red army** he knew nothing regarding fear. He held no despair He walked confident, sent by **Aeschylus** to wipe out anyone and all whom he felt may perhaps become a threat or a "Resistance" his name was: **ACID MURDA** and he knew evil was in this house. Acid had become a part of the resistance himself and somewhere along the way fell deeply in love

with Trinity and chose to disobey Aeschylus, betrayed the streamline angel order and made a decision to protect earth at all cost. *Acid the fallen was with us now.*

The DOOR shattered unlocked: **B**elmont the shadowy figure whom had taken the girls, the evil which acid felt was exactly in front of him- they'd stared at one another prior to the confrontation and grinded their teeth at each other snakes came out of Belmont's Mouth, they slithered and slimed across his disturbing, unsettling and terrorizing features these snakes would speak and hiss at acid taunting him like school yard bullies. "*Ayo, Ready to die sky keeper? Asked Belmont* equally both individuals were geared up for battle and so it began. *The two clashed,* a potent left hand swing from Belmont other than he missed, and acid moved right and landed four- hard throbbing punches to *Belmont's stomach.* Acid fluttered against a barricaded steel door following a durable thrust from Belmont's brawny left leg more or less knocking him out. **(MUSIC PLAYING) (THUMPING SOUND)** Emma's door unbolts and she become aware of a younger female with a black and aged hooded sweatshirt with a red faded letter **V** tarnished on the sweatshirt and the female un-gages, and ripped apart Emma's rope ties. She quietly whispered "**My name is Alice**" "me being here, **WITH YOU, NOW!** Is of no importance - only your SON'S survival" and the young woman disappeared like she was never there- Slipped back into the darkness. Emma was stunned; hurt and in terrible pain she mustered the strength to get up and head to the entry however it *SHUTS AGAIN.* "HELP SOMEBODY HELP ME PLEASE" Violet heard these screams somewhat faintly other than without a doubt she knew it was *Emma* Charlie's wife. The man she hated... *to her,* to- Violet Charlie got Chase killed for convincing them mutually to hide in that basement. **(Emma's pounding on the door hard!)** "Let me out, my husband will kill you -don't you hurt my son- don't you touch my son you Bastards!"

Emma shouts thus loudly and Violet captured the scream. Violet was 100% convinced that Emma was alive. And in view of the fact that Violet was free and accomplished to break away and runaway from Belmont. She'd always kept a razor in her mouth just in case she ever got in a situation similar to this one. An uncomplicated serving of the rope ties which enclosed her mouth and the next part was unproblematic for Violet- she used her mouth to wedge her hands liberated Violet felt stronger more in control of her body. Violet unfastened an entrance in this frightening anomalous looking residence and saw Brandon alive!! *Blindfolded! And shirtless with various types of symbols in his chest* someone had tattooed the kid or imprinted his skin. Nevertheless *after a second or two of a paused emotion* - Violet freed Brandon and in cooperation headed together out of the room and navigated through a extended hallway in search of Emma hoping she'd still be alive Except Violet was unwarned of the terror behind her and so the fight began and to Emma's and Brandon surprise Violet was one hard-hitting

tough ass bitch. **"VIOLET STRIKES FIRST!** *She landed a solid right hook on Belmont's face.* Save for instead a snake wrapped approximately around her hand. She screamed! Ahhh. "Brandon *listen to me, run to a Corner, and stay out of sight and stay there I'll get you. I promise. I'll come back to for you." Violet turned and was grasping by her throat something had her. . **"Go ahead."Do it.** Yelled Violet His grip tightly around her neck, feet in the air, she's losing her breath."**ACIDMURDA**". Stood behind "Belmont."Let Her Go. Said Acid murda in a deep, almost ghostly voice. "Don't listen Belmont "Go ahead kill her. He stated this dangerous foe. 'I promise your head will fly. Oh Yes replied Belmont, his eyes glowed red *AcidMurda's* face became engulfed in a lavender glow. He released a spear like dagger that ripped into Belmont's chest. *'He bleeds. , He feels pain.* Thought Belmont and strikes acid murder back even harder in the skull. Acid began to feel shaky and confused. However remained on his feet. **B**elmont Proceeded to stab Acid. Except he could not penetrate his skin it seemed. **ACID** punched Belmont tough. He cracked his cranium. "The Black council wants you dead spoke Belmont "Let them come kill me then. Said acid murda. Acid mudra ripped into Belmont's chest. He then whirled in mid air and cracked his neck with both hands ***KILLING- Belmont.*** *At least for now.* **B**elmont is a legend, a known murderous lunatic, who always came back. He was after all a cursed spirit whom the Black Council ***has total control of. !***) Emma! "Yelled a shaken and distraught Violet, Emma please. Again repeated Violet still holding her throat very delicately. And Held Brandon's hand awfully tenderly. Other than Emma's running down a hallway. She saw writings on the walls. More like an old language. Violet and Brandon are also lurking in the shadows. "Wait". - Stop she commanded Brandon to halt seeing glimpses of light coming from the boarded up windows and door. The front door was right in front of them. **(A loud thunder roars)**. "It's him". ACID MURDA he stood between Violet and Brandon and the door that led to freedom. An additional figure appeared it was Alice the mysterious girl that un-tied Emma. She stood hooded up. *Black coat on now.* In the vein of power morphing a strong and strapping ability the secret of locked power held if you were powerful enough to get in tune with it... Alice changed her clothes in the middle of all this and then began to make her hands glow in **PURPLE MIST**. "We're from the Red Army. For Centuries we have looked upon you with disgust. Killing one another. It's always war. Brutally murdering your own kind. OUR LORD " Aeschylus" sent us here for one purpose she continued speaking. *To annihilate all who remain opposed to the end said Alice. "The world you knew is gone. Yes, the Sun might still be shining on this world. But outside. It's foggy, and the sun light is covered by red clouds. It's beautiful don't you think?* While she stared out the window. "Then why did you help us? Asked a more confident Violet. *'Right to point kind of girl isn't you?* There are a few of us who don't agree in lord Aeschylus goal to let this world die and this universe to burn- even though some might say your race is not worth saving said Alice her eyes flushed a shadowy red for a few seconds and returned to normality. "Screw you *we are not* Cattle for anyone to slaughter. And from what I know "there is only one God."Spoke Violet. "Yeah, *besides when my dad gets here he's got friends and he will make sure you all pay for my mom. She's gone and we can't find her said Brandon.* 'Alice lowered herself downward to Brandon. "Oh my sweet boy what is happening is out of our control none of us can stop what is happening we can only try to defend ourselves. Besides your mother is alive. Matter of fact today is your lucky day. Alice said this while

she stood once more. Outside that door. Is the only thing that might save this grotesque planet? They're the underground group called **"the network"** approximately 2 minutes and 12 seconds ago your mother climbed out of a window (Alice recreated time and illustrated to everyone Emma breaking the window and slipping out of the sinful cabin only to perceive a black modified **Cadillac SUV**. with its strange and unique occupants whom stood surrounding around the vehicle. ALICE opened the doors. And outside you can observe the heavens its daylight except blood drenched red clouds covered any and all blue skies. A murky atmosphere surrounded them. Red streaks of iniquitous lightning still flashed. Eccentric and energetic sonic booms would erupt and cause multiple holes in the skies it appeared like portals to **another place**. BRANDON! Yells Emma. Brandon ran to his mother outside. The tears came rolling down from mutually their eyes. Omg I love you so much I'm so sorry so sorry I hurt my boy Emma wept uncontrollably they're inside me baby always have been. Are you hurt baby? Asked a traumatized Emma. - "**Well now Alice shall we introduce them** spoke a tall, incredibly impressive muscle bound **ACID MURDA**."WE CAN INTRODUCE OURSELVES. Spoke Frank. "My name is Frank Hawkins and this is my son Wade. I have one question. "Where is Charles? Asked Frank. "We don't know we crashed because of this bitch. "You may have killed him said Emma on the way to come to blows with Violet. Frank Hawkins placed himself the middle of both women. "IF it were not for me!! You and your kid would be dead said Violet. "HOW did you even know how to find us asked Emma turning to Frank? -Charles implanted a Six 8 detection chip on you and your son it was meant to go off if you or the kid were ever found in distress however I'm assuming Charles has not gotten around to tell you yet. So we took the liberty to activate it. Since we went to the farmhouse but it's a bloody mess said Wade Hawkins. Clearly the leader of this group of mysterious individuals kept back and consuming power from the lightning's red eco-stream influence. *To my right is my son 18 year old Wade Hawkins (a much slimmer and less intimidating version of his father.* - "This is Jason. He joined us a few months back before all this happened. He possesses the ability of uncanny strength along with telekinesis."JASON stood at six one trim physique."Very short hair, clean cut appearance and black hooded sweatshirt over his faded hairstyle. Jason was a mystery, an undisclosed secret he held deep within himself will change everything and the powers he kept will divide a world one day- to my left is Trinity she's an x Dramacide a part of the **3 families of I.C.E.** "in other words she's a trader. Who we can't trust Alice yelled putting the blade to Trinity's throat."Might wanna think twice Alice. Or you might end up bleeding as if you we're having multiple miscarriages. Don't make me gut you whispered Trinity. "**Hahahaha** you wish you could kill me. Smirked Alice. Maybe we will find out soon enough said Trinity. Are we done seeing who the baddest bitch is yet? Said Violet. She's right! We need to head out, need to find Charlie I don't think Charles knows how important he is. I hope hes still alive States Hawkins.(CUT SCENE- CHARLES-JON-BRANDI) "Charlie whispers brandi " charlie again she speaks very softly. Brandi is lost , she ran , and ran until her stomach hurt. Shes in the woods. Separated from Charlie and Jon. Shes alone, scared. She walks very small steps. "JON She calls for him. But all she can hear is the eerie growls of the night stalkers. Now on top of high and tall trees just watching their prey from above. Its been almost 2 hours why are they not attacking? Asks Jon. (Hiding with Charlie in a abandon shack. (A very creepy looking place.) What a sick place to seek refuge said Charlie. -Is that blood? Notices Jon. Yeah, I think so! for the looks of it this place was used as some type of torture chamber speaks Charlie. "You think

brandi is dead? "I DON'T KNOW But we have to try and find her said Charlie."A nightstalker leaps and lands in front of the Cabin door with his long and sharp talons he scratches at the door. "Oh My God they are outside said Jon. Shut the fuck up I think they can't see us or smell us right now or might be confused. since the shack is filled with spots of blood 'The smell in here is terrible it smells like death and I'm thinking this throws these things scent off track said charlie "Good Thing for us then.! *we should wait till it leaves and go for brandi speaks Jon. (Charlie is right these creatures are almost blind but they can smell and hear your heart pounding from a mile away but the shack charlie and Jon occupied at the moment seems to be shielding them from the nightstalkers That's because not even the night stalkers are allowed in such a place, for this is no ordinary place. This is one of the homes deep in the woods kids have been afraid of for decades "Belmont was preparing to capture and kill his victims of choice in This is an evil place . the place of belmonts resurrection. It's gone speaks Jon looking out the window but i'm sure we have at least 3 more out there. It does not matter we need to go for Brandi she might be hurt or worse How are you with ammo ? asked charlie. almost fucked but i got a full clip the rifle is out tho replies Jon "It's going to have to do" Both Men begin to step outside.(CUT SCENE) Inside the SUV is Frank Hawkins at the wheel he seems focused just staring at the road. Their surroundings is filled with chaos people running scared in the streets. Police cars are overturned you can see a group of masked men with porcelain faces, these are the outsiders the souls stuck in Limbo. The rejected not transforming into the vein faced shaped entities that were once humans nor have they been destroyed. They seem to be marching in formation in the chaotic streets attacking anything that breathes in their path. Outside the SUV's window everyone can see the wicked ones at least this is what they are being referred to by "THE NETWORK" the wicked ones are the vein shaped people who at approximately 3:15 am the night before went through a gruesome transformation- they have lost all humanity and now only have one mission to walk the earth and kill all that are innocent . *The Porcelains kill the wicked ones and innocent people and right now a herd of wicked ones are racing towards the Evil Gang. "This is not good states Frank. *Who the hell are these people in masks? and why did they not transform like the others.?