

The main characters in this story are two gay men. Yeah, that's right. Don't like it? Don't read it. Don't care? Go for it. I won't put up with any homophobic flames. If you're gonna comment on something comment on the story as a whole and my skill as a writer.

Speaking of which, this is my first attempt at something like this, constructive criticism is welcome. This story was originally supposed to be separate from everything, like the games. The characters and their trials and tribulations started forming in my brain late 06. Then I saw the movie. In all honesty, the only thing I saw that was wrong with it was the writing. The more I watched the movie the more my characters began to make more sense, and fit in the universe of the movie.

Ergo, in an attempt to prove any idiot can write better than Avary, I wrote this.

I don't own Silent Hill or anything, I just obsess about it. Konami owns it. And the movie belongs to Silent Hill DCP. Inc.-Davis Films, although this book will have little, if anything, to do with the first movie.

Silent Hill – Vows of the Broken

By Eric Wythe

Chp. 1

Where the hell is that damned button?

Searching for the “Off” button on alarm clocks with your eyes closed is difficult. You always end up hitting every button *except* the “Off” button. Pain in the ass alarm clocks...

“Johnny?”

Oh wait, the water's running. John must be in the shower.

I slowly pushed myself up from the bed, the covers slowly shifting themselves around my back and to my side. I quickly opened my eyes.

“Ah, shit.”

Too much light, slowly Daryl, adjust. This time, slowly, I opened my eyes. Dammit, I was looking straight at the freaking window. I should've known John would open the curtains.

I glanced around our bedroom. Five years... We've been living in this place for five years... together. And we're still happy and getting along. No one thought we'd last five years in the same apartment. Let alone be together for nearly ten.

I flipped myself on my back and stared at the ceiling for a few moments. It's odd... I've seen the ceiling a million times at night, sometimes not. It's the same place, but at night, it looks like I'm in a different place than my own house. Hell... sometimes I think it is. I wonder if John sees it too. Probably not, he wouldn't notice an elephant playing the clarinet unless it were playing one of the various rap tunes his gym buddies decide is music. Fuck, I don't think John even knows what the clarinet is. He'd probably notice the "weird black flute-thing" before the elephant. Yeah, he's that oblivious.

But that's okay, he likes the music I make, and appreciates the effort I put into it. God knows how long I can be stuck up in a corner with my laptop, not as slow as I'd like it too, draining battery figuring out my next lyric, or what instrument would sound best during the bridge or final chorus. As well as how grouchy I get when I have writer's block (musicians get it too you know), I think he likes it when I get grouchy though, mainly because of the aggressive sex. Oh, and it gets me out of the mood too.

And yes, he totally loves that I call him my "Muse" only he hasn't inspired a song from me since the first time he said "I love you" to me. But he inspires me in other ways. His happiness makes me happy, and my happiness inspires me. So I guess he still is my Muse. At least... that's... how I think it works. I just go with the flow when it comes to inspiration really. I'm lucky to get it. I can't write for crap unless I get inspired.

I lied in bed for a while longer just... waking up when my cell phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Hello Daryl, its Ben!"

"Oh, great, don't tell me..."

"Yup, the director isn't happy with the score."

"When isn't he? For which scene?"

"He says it doesn't fit scene twelve."

"Oh fucking a. I did *everything* I could to help him with that fucking scene. I even modified the original score for that fucking scene. And you know what? I **still** say it'd be better *without* music."

"He wants music for it D, dunno what to tell you."

"Well tell *him* that I've done everything short of writing a new score, which I'm not about to do since I'm about to go on vacation. And even if I wasn't I wouldn't write a new score. He's being too demanding. Tell him to either write his own damn score or

don't use the music at all. Because as of..." 7:05 said the alarm clock next to me. "Five minutes ago; I'm on vacation"

Ben sighed. "Alright D, I'll see you in a month. And, uh, congrats." He whispered.

"Thanks Ben." I laughed. "Al is right there isn't he."

"Oh yeah."

"He has his bible too, doesn't he?"

"Yup."

"Oh boy, if he wasn't the director, I'd totally give him a piece of my opinion."

"So would the rest of us."

"Well, just an FYI, I won't be answering my phone for anyone but family until I get back, so make sure you call from your cell and not from work if you want to reach me."

"I don't blame you, ha-ha. I'm taking vacation now too; I don't want to be around when Bible-Man is around throwing Jesus lasers at everyone because he's not satisfied with your score."

"Not my fault, it's his problem; everyone else seems to like the score."

"Yeah, it sucks he just doesn't follow your advice."

"It's honestly getting to the point where I want to leave this series. I mean, ever since Lance left, these games have kind of been bombing."

"I'm pretty sure the only reason the games keep selling is because of your scores."

"That's only part of it I think. You guys in GD are way too good to be wasted by such a lousy director."

"Yeah, but it's not up to us I guess. The heads always seem to trade off for someone who doesn't know what the hell they're doing. This guy has no concept of horror."

"I know, **I** could direct the game better than him."

"Maybe you should."

"Well, now's not the time for a promotion. *I'm* on vacay."

"Alright, have fun D. Talk to you soon."

“Bye Ben.”

I closed my phone and set it on the night-stand, it was high time that by now I discovered one very important thing about this morning.

I had to pee.

I jumped out of bed and made my way to our bathroom. By now the shower had stopped and John was shaving, with only that pink towel my uncle gave us for our sixth anniversary around his waist. God, he drives me nuts.

“Must you always present yourself in a manner that will lead you back to bed?”

“Yup! My goal for the next twenty-four hours is to drive you nuts, and get you all relaxed for the big day.”

“You’re doing a good job so far.” I said as I made my way to the toilet. I can never not stare at him. He’s so beautiful. John’s owned his own gym for about three years now. He’s made a great name for himself. And a great body, he’s not a body-builder or anything, he’s just... muscular. He’s fit and definitely strong. Everything on him bulges and contours to him in a way that just sets me off every. Single. Time.

As I was relieving myself, John continued to shave the fine jet-black hairs on his face. Once I was done I put my hands on his shoulders and kissed him on the check that still had stubble.

“Thank you for last night.” I said as I passed through the bathroom door.

I decided it was time for breakfast. We’d be leaving soon and I’d like to not have to grab a cinnamon bun at the airport. I made my way to our kitchen and put some bread in the toaster. I grabbed some milk and started brewing more coffee. John has a bad habit of only making enough for him. John walked in the room adjusting his black t-shirt which, as always, is two sizes too small.

“Plan on joining the Mile High club with some stuartess today?”

“Unless you quit your job and got a new one at the airport, then no. My Mile High plans only involve a hot rock star.”

“Oh? Well, I only plan on joining with a star football player.” I smirked.

“You know I stopped playing ball years ago Daryl.” John replied.

“And I stopped trying to be a rock star around the same time.”

“Yeah, but you’re still doing the music thing. I just help other guys out with whatever athleticism they’re after.”

“I guess. But I write music scores for video games. And it’s usually stuff I don’t get inspired to write, you know? I can’t wait until we’re done paying off your gym equipment so I can save up to put out an album or an EP or something.”

“Two years, then we’re out of the red!”

“Yeah, and I can’t wait. I seriously need to start doing movies or something. Writing music for games just wasn’t what it used to be.”

“Well, once everything does get paid off, we’ll be well off. I’m fine with this apartment. I’m thinking in a few years we just buy it off Red. I’m sure he’ll be happy to get rid of it. He says he wants to buy a different place in Ohio.”

“I’d like that.” I paused for a few seconds then looked at John. “I still can’t believe what you did.”

“Well, it was worth it. I knew work was getting to you. I thought this would help.”

“It did” I smiled as I began fiddling with the ring John had given me the night before.

“The hardest part was keeping you from finding out.”

“Yeah, knowing you this whole thing was a long overly complicated plan that you’ve been scheming for two years.”

“More like, three. But yeah.” He smiled.

I smiled back.

He came over and kissed me square on the lips. The same passion and love that’s been there since we were teenagers made itself present once again.

“What did I ever do to deserve you?” I asked.

“I think you deserve better. But we all live under the impression that we get what we deserve. I’m just glad you haven’t realized that yet.”

“Wow, that was really deep. What TV show you get that off of?”

“Eight Simple Rules.”

“Well, at least I know it’s not bull then.”

“Yup.” He said as he kissed me again. We held for more than a few seconds then interrupted by the sound of the old coffee maker crackling and popping, telling me my coffee was ready.

I got up and grabbed a mug. I looked back at John and he was frowning as I went to pour my cup.

“What?”

“I was gonna drive to the airport and let you sleep on the way.”

“I can sleep on the plane.”

He looked down to the floor. He seemed nervous about something. And he was doing that thing where he bites his lower lip when he’s having a hard time figuring out what to say. I walked over to him and put my arms around his neck.

“What is it.” I said, not asked, I knew something was up.

“Well, I was hoping you’d sleep for the whole trip. Or be too groggy to notice… that well… our tickets… aren’t exactly… one way.”

I raised an eyebrow. “Is that what’s bugging you? That doesn’t bother me. So we transfer planes in another state, big deal.”

“We aren’t just transferring, we’re staying over night.”

“Well, that’s okay too; I don’t wait a whole lot of jet-lag when we get to California.”

He looked up at me with a hint of sadness in his eyes. “You haven’t seen where we’re transferring in yet.” He pointed to the tickets lying in the middle of our kitchen table. I walked over and picked up my ticket while opening its flaps to see its destination.

Once I saw it, I dropped the tickets. I slowly sat down in the nearest chair. I looked up at John. I couldn’t find the words to articulate what was going on in my head. So, I just repeated the biggest thing that was bumping around my brain.

“West Virginia?”

“… Yeah.”

“We’re not staying at the hotel near the airport either are we…”

“No…”

“Johnny, I don’t want to go back there.” I said quietly.

“I don’t really either. But, my parents told me they wouldn’t help me unless we both came back for a visit on the way.”

I stayed quiet for a while. I could see John’s predicament. But I still didn’t want to ever go near that town again.

“Silent Hill was never a town for us Jonathan. We were practically chased out of there as soon as we got out of high school.”

“I know, it’s only for a few nights. I promise, nothing more than visiting the in-laws, and maybe a couple friends per-chance, but nothing else. I want this to be as quick and painless as you do.”

I sat and thought for a moment. John and I both kept quiet, tending to our own thoughts. After a while I said “At least I’ll get to give my mom flowers again. It’s been almost eight years since I last brought her flowers.”

“Yeah, that’ll be nice. I always enjoy seeing your mom.”

I let out an exasperated sigh and put my head in my hands. “Where are we staying?”

“Lakeview.”

I looked up at that. “What room?” I asked raising an eyebrow.

“216.” He stated with that grin that sent shills down my spine.

“You romantic son of a...” I said with the beginning of a smile.

“I thought as long as we were going to be stuck there, we might as well make the best of it”

I just smiled and nodded and thought of the few good memories in that town. I’m sure he paid extra just to have that specific room. I’ll have to pack up his old letterman jacket.

Did I ever mention that I love this man?

So, like, yeah. There’s the couple. Just as a warning, the first seven or so chapters are all prerequisite. Character building, setting up the story and whatnot, all these chapters are part the first act. Act II will be the meat of the story and everything. I also plan on multiple endings... I’m just not sure how to pull that off yet.

Also, I'm not a member of Team Silent, and there's a reason for that. This story is mainly about my four main characters over-coming their own trials of life.

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