

\*Pokes head out from behind a wall\* Uh, hi. Like, don't kill me! I know I've been late and that I had the baby without you, but I have a decent reason for it!

Seriously, good chapters take proper inspiration... which I haven't really had until the last few nights.

Playing the original Silent Hill does that.

This is why this chapter is heavily influenced by it, as well as the totally rad looking re-imagining of the same game, Shattered Memories. Like, as soon as I saw the screen shots and read about it and stuff I was like, 'Holy crap that's an awesome idea.' And then I decided to blatantly rip it off even though we only have a minute long trailer for it. And uh, if you have no idea what I'm talking about, then you will by the end of the chapter. If you still don't get it by then, then, well, that's better for me then so I don't look like I'm plagiarizing stuff that's still in production,

Speaking of which, the usual disclaimery stuff applies.

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. Nor do I own any rights to the games, as in this chapter I just start writing off the Silent Hill franchise as a whole.

---

Silent Hill – Vows of the Broken  
By Eric Wythe  
Chp. 16

I woke up to a dim fluorescent light flickering on and off above my line of sight. I lifted my head up from my pillow and looked around. The room was pretty standard for hospitals. It was a single, so I had no neighbor. I wasn't hooked up to anything, so the headache I had must've been from natural causes. The window was open so I felt a nice breeze making my face cool, cooler than it probably should've been. I felt my hand to my cheek, and then I looked to my pillow.

Yuck, pillow-drool.

I flipped over my pillow and let myself drop.

What was I doing here again? The last thing I remember was... dad... Dad!

I thrust myself off of the bed, sending my upper-body flying off the bed, with my legs anchored into the mattress. The back of my head slammed on the linoleum flooring and my legs slowly slid off the bed. I groaned as I tried to push myself up, but... my legs... they weren't budging. I sat up straight and stared at my legs. I closed my hands into a fist and hammered my shin.

... Nothing.

My legs... don't work...

I shoved down my pants to check for bruising. There were large black blotches covering most of my thighs. I felt around the carefully, thankfully nothing felt broken, my legs were probably paralyzed, I just hope it's temporary.

Since I wasn't as broken up as I feared, I didn't really feel like sitting around for something to happen. So I breathed in deep and let it out slowly. I kept breathing and I tested the stability of my arms, warming them up for the long crawl.

---

"Okay," I sighed, "Ben Fallows was in Finders with Alma Chichi who was in Lansdowne Affairs with Lon Peters who was in Capital Times with Frank Graham who was in Bullet Crash with Melanie Leer."

"Good." Earnest said, "Except *Mark* Graham was in Bullet Crash."

I snapped my fingers, "Dammit! I always get those two mixed up!"

"Okay, this is boring." Earnest sighed, stating the obvious.

"Yeah..." my voice trailed off. I closed my eyes for a second. I wondered where my sons were.

I hope they're safe.

---

"Whoa!" I caught myself on the wall; I pushed myself off slowly, letting the wheels land gently on the floor.

I had managed to procure a wheelchair, but I haven't been in one of these since I was a kid and broke my leg on a bad dismount, so learning how to distribute my weight properly again is proving difficult. I have to catch myself on turns, it's my own fault; they're sharper than they need to be.

The hospital wasn't in the shape I remember it being in. It was beat up, windows were broken in, doors were boarded up, and the doors that weren't sealed off were locked. I was looking forward to finding an exit; you never realize how creepy hospitals really are until they're empty. I wheeled myself to the elevator and pressed the down button, I stood-uh-sat there for a few minutes, and nothing.

Great, so the elevator's busted.

I looked around the hallway and noticed a map pinned onto a corkboard to my left. I looked at it carefully and deduced that I was on the second floor in the older part of the hospital. And with the elevator down going anywhere else is going to be a pain. The nurses' center was down the hall. Snatching the map off the corkboard, I figured I'd start there.

---

I woke abruptly to a pain in my neck, I must've fallen asleep. The rusted fan above me was slowly turning and the slight breeze it gave was nearly comforting. But with every fresh breath, a stale and crusted waft of my cell invaded my lungs, reminding me of my helpless state.

The familiar clanking sound of the guard turning his key in my door shook my tin box. The hooded figure pushed the door open with his foot. He had his arms full with wrapped up blanket. I stayed planted in my spot. The hooded man had his head pointed in my general direction. Although I couldn't see his eyes, I could feel them staring right into mine. I gave him a defiant stare, as if to say that I may be trapped and at his mercy, but I am *not* broken.

He knelt down very slowly, and carefully placed the cocoon of blankets onto the floor. He stood up and stared at again. After a while he turned around and left the room, closing the door firmly. I waited for his echoing footsteps to saturate into the walls then stop entirely. I slowly crawled over the bundle of black. I gently pulled back the folds of the blankets. When my hands reach what was wrapped in the bundle my heart stopped.

“Oh my God...”

---

“Hello...” I drawled.

The nurses' station was a bust. More like a lack of bust. No one was here either. I was already creeped out, but now I was bordering on being thorough about it. The nurses' station was more like a break room, but it did have a desk with a phone and computer on it. I wheeled over to the desk and tried the phone first. Naturally the line was dead. I shook my head and placed it back the receiver. I tried flipping on the computer but I got nothing.

Maybe there's no power?

That *would* explain why the elevator wasn't working. To make sure that the power *was* out, I pulled back the monitor to check all the cables, and I found a key taped to the side of it. It had a tag attached that said 'ICU SPARE'. Huh, strange place to put a key.

I looked at my map; the ICU was just down the hall. I went out into the corridor, and started down the hall. A slight breeze of chilly air nipped at the skin on my arms. I

didn't really notice until now, but it was really cold in here. I pushed myself up to the door and slid in the key. The workings of the metal rods wrapping around the key pierced the silence, granting me a brief company of sound.

I pushed open the door, letting it knock lightly against the wall inside the room. This room was colder than the hallway. I gave myself a good push on the wheels of my chair and started rubbing my arms for warmth as I let my momentum carry me to the middle of the room.

It was bare apart from the hospital bed and the small stainless-steel side nearby. There was a chair in the corner with one of those white plastic bags that they use to keep patients stuff in. With nothing else to go on I took myself to the bag.

It had no ID tag or name or anything, it was stuffed to brim with crap. A lot of it was clothes that I didn't need, but there was a red hoodie inside that decided to slip on. It fit decently, but it was pretty thin, at the very least it should keep the chill out of my bones. There wasn't really anything else in it except some small change and a phone. I picked up the phone and tried turning it on, hoping I could maybe call someone to come find me, or at least figure out who this stuff belongs to. But like everything else in this place it was dead. I tossed the phone on top the bag and turned around to leave. No point in dragging around shit that doesn't work.

The entire floor was locked up. I was stuck in here unless I decided to jump out the window. And even with my legs they way they were I wasn't about to risk permanent paralysis if that's not already the case.

So I'll find another way.

I decided to try the nurses' station again to see if I could get anything from there. I looked through files, drawers, closest lockers, even the fridge, but I didn't find anything. The only thing I did was make a mess of the place.

The phone began ringing out of nowhere and it sent the stack of files I was sorting through flying into the air. My head whipped around to stare at the phone with strained eyes. I don't know what I was waiting for, the damn thing was ringing and it felt like it wasn't really real until it rang again.

I shook my head and hurriedly pumped my wheels over to the desk, nearly falling off my chair in the process. I gently grasped the tips of my fingers to the handle of the receiver and lifted it up. I slowly brought it my ear.

“H-hello?” I asked huskily.

The other end was full of interference. But I could make out panicked breath over the uncomfortable amount of static.

The voice spoke up, barely above a whisper.

All that it said was:

“... Take it.”

The line immediately dropped dead and another phone started ringing in the distance. I turned my chair around as fast as I could and followed the faint sound of an unattractively cheery tune. I could hear the phone ringing somewhere down the hall and I carefully pushed myself forward, carefully tracking down the sound. I checked every door I thought the sound was coming from. I looked just about everywhere. The phone could stop ringing any second and the only place I haven’t look are places I’ve already-

... No

I burst into the ICU and looked straight at the chair. The phone sat happily on top of the bag. Its LCD screen flashing violently as the annoying ringtone loudly banished all quiet in the solemn room. I went up to the bag and snatched up the phone. I quickly pressed the ‘answer’ button on its touch-screen.

I brought the phone up to my ear and said a cautious, “Hello?”

It was the same static, the same panicky breath, and once again, barely above a whisper, the voice said just one word.

“... Thirsty.” Then the line went dead.

After hearing it a second time, I could tell that the voice was of a man. His voice was hoarse, like he’d been running. And... thirsty? What was that supposed to mean? I fiddled with the phone that magically gained battery life. It had no contact numbers, no pictures or text messages. This was one nice phone though. It had weird wallpaper though; it was the logo of Cold Cola.

I went out into the hallway again, holding up the phone for reception, I twisted my body around to test for bars I pointed it towards the elevator. The wallpaper logo and the logo on a soda machine were now placed side-by-side. And I had a small ‘oh’ moment.

Okay, it’s kind of a long-shot. I mean... he couldn’t specifically mean *this* right? It’s a coincidence... right? I went back into the ICU and grabbed the change in the bag of stuff.

Well, if it is a coincidence, it’s not my dollar.

---

“Beau! Beau, wake up! Oh my god, wake up sweetie!”

I rubbed my hands through his soft blond hair as I sobbed in fear. My tears trickled down onto his skin, which had lost its youthful glow. I kept him held to me as I rocked him back and forth.

“Beau... oh baby, wake up... please...” I sobbed quietly into the black blanket he was wrapped into.

“Veronica! What’s going on?” Earnest shouted through the vent.

I slowly looked back and shouted back, “M-my son, the guard brought one of my sons in. He’s out cold; I don’t know what’s wrong. He’s barely breathing and he’s deathly pale. I’m... I’m scared Earnest.”

Earnest was quiet for a while, probably to think.

Soon he shouted back, “Have you checked him for any injuries? Any bruises? Stuff like that?”

I shook my head as I shouted, “No.”

I unraveled the blankets further. He was wearing a gray NYU football shirt that John gave him years ago and pair navy blue cargo shorts. One of his arms had an angry purple bruise on it.

“There’s a big bruise on his left arm.” I shouted to Earnest.

After a few minutes Earnest shouted back, “They probably drew a bunch of blood out of him. He should be fine, but you need to keep him warm and lie him flat to keep the circulation even.”

I wrapped Beau back into the blanket and carried him to the corner to the room. I laid him flat near the wall and huddled close to him. I ran my fingers through his hair and kissed his forehead. I lightly pressed my forehead to his.

I whispered to him what I whisper to him every night.

“Sleep peacefully, little lion, you can hunt again tomorrow.”

---

The can dropped.

But not with the usually loud thud you hear from a can of soda making its way through a vending machine, it was more like a hollow clank. I grabbed the can out of the cubby and shook it. Something was definitely inside of it. I pulled on the tab and opened it up the can all the way. I shook the can trying to get whatever was in it to come out.

When nothing happened I peered inside the can. It was a key. That much I could tell, but it was too big to fit through the can's opening.

So I did was I always do with empty cans. I twisted and crushed the can over and over until a tear appeared on the can. I twisted the can even more until the tear was large enough to fit my fingers through. My hands are so calloused that I don't worry about getting cut.

I ripped apart the can and took out the key. I tossed the remnants of the can into the garbage nearby. The key had a tag on it that read 'STAIRWELL SPARE'. Man and I complained about the last spare I found. Well who cares? I can get out of here now!

I clasped my hands together and feverishly rubbed them to friction away the sweat on my palms. I rolled my way down the corridors and through the nurses' station to reach the other hallway and unlocked the stairwell door.

The stairs... intimidated me. The last time I was on a wheelchair I got good at going down steps, but I was smaller then.

Well, as my dad would tell me, intimidating problems require creative solutions. I looked at the stairs. It had metal railings that went all the way down to the first floor. I... think I can work with this.

I wheeled over to the stairs and turned around so my back was to them. I gave myself a strong push on my chair, sending me flying onto the concrete ground and my chair flying down the stairs. I crawled over to the railing near the door and pulled myself up. I grunted and used my upper body to balance myself as I attempted to do a handstand on the bar. My legs being dead-weight it was tougher to balance myself than I'm used to.

I couldn't keep up this up much longer so I let myself fall forward. My back slammed against the wall as I hit the other side of the rail. I let go of the rail with my left hand and swung myself over to grab the bar again and switch the direction of my body in the process. If there was a safer way to do this then it was too late.

I shimmied down the railings of the stairs and to the landing between the floors. I positioned myself in the rail gap between the two flights of stairs. I pulled myself up and steadied myself on one hand as I used the other to pull my chair from the bottom of the stairs and dragged it to the other flight. I gave it enough force to make it fall down the lower flight and it landed neatly at the bottom.

I let myself drop to rails again and I shimmied as far as I could down the next flight of stairs. Near the bottom and I stood up my body on the rail and balanced myself on one hand again as I tried to open up my chair again. I kept letting out loud breaths and I'm sure my face was red. Being a big gymnast is a double-edge sword.

This wasn't the pommel horse, the rail was angled and my legs were out so that made it incredibly strenuous to keep myself balanced on only one hand.

I managed to open up my chair, but my hand gave out and I fell to the floor on my back. Luckily it wasn't a horrible drop and I didn't fall when I was still a flight above this. My entire upper body ached; it's been years since I've done something even remotely close to that. And even when I did I had my legs to help with keeping my balance. I lied there for a minute to catch my breath before crawling over to my chair.

Once I was seated I brought out my phone and looked at the hospital map. The thing had wicked GPS feature that gave me a schematic of the entire hospital. The main way to the waiting room was blocked off so I tried going through the other door next to it. It was a tiny room that had two shelves full of different drugs. If I knew anything about drugs I would've spent more time looking through it all, but I was anxious to get out of here so I moved quickly.

The next room was the examination room. It was essentially an office with two cots in it that I guessed was for examination. There was a desk littered with books and papers, it had a phone and small clock-radio near a desk lamp. A couple different bookcases were erect against the tiled walls. And among them, were cabinets containing the usual items a doctor would use on their patients. The windows on the wall were all fogged up so I couldn't see outside. It was considerably warmer in here than the rest of the hospital.

I tried to quickly cut through the room, but when I got near the door to the hallway I heard a click come from the desk to my left. I looked over to see the small lights in the clock-radio lighting up the green lettering of the time that was stuck at 7:52. My phone started making strange static. I reached into my pocket and tried to fiddle with it. A loud blast of static came from the radio next to me, piercing the air, and my ears. I let out a loud groan and the radio quieted down, leaving the cackling static emitting from its tiny speakers to a bearable level.

*“Silent Hill is different things to different people.”* A voice said from the radio. The voice was of a boy, he didn't sound very old, probably a teenager.

*“What do you mean by that P-“* Static interrupted the other voice, blocking out what was probably the boy's name. The other voice sounded really familiar...

*“To most people, this is just a quiet little resort town, nothing ever goes on around here except for maybe the occasional drunk tourist.”* The boy paused; his breath was quivering. *“To other people, it's a place that feeds off their fears and emotions. It throws them into a nightmare and makes them confront what they fear most in the form of Godless aberrations.”*

*“And what about to you?”* The man asked carefully. *“Is it like that for you too?”* The other man said. I... I know that voice! It sounds just like John's, it must be his dad!

“No...” the boy said in a shaky breath, “*For most people, the town already knows what their worst fears and weaknesses are. For them it’s a place of blood and rust... For me... it’s a place where warmth doesn’t exist. Cold is the only thing I know. It’s a place that watches me. It shows me one thing and then a different thing the next. It toys with me.*”

“*Elaborate on that, if you don’t mind.*” Dr. Harris asked.

“*I once passed by a café to get to the drug store. When I passed by again on my way home it had become a book store, I couldn’t have been in the drug store for more than ten minutes! Things just don’t... change like that for no reason!*”

I heard a bunch of noise now, the sounds of a struggle, furniture sliding, grunting, and then silence. I heard the doctor let out a sigh.

“*Poor kid...*”

The radio clicked off and I sat there. I know Dr. Harris worked with mental patients, but what the hell was that about?

I decided not to think about it too long and went out into the waiting room. The cold flirted with the skin on my face, causing me to shiver involuntarily. The glass windows were frosted over and the door handle to the entrance was intensely dry with chill. I pulled open the door and the freezing air outside crept in, dominating the cold inside. I rolled myself outside and looked around. I held open my hand as a small crystalline spec lightly floated down into my open palm. The white crystal promptly melted in the warmth of my mitt. I closed my palm and looked up warily to the sky.

... Snow?

---

And thus begins Act III out of four-ish acts.

Anyway, I finally know what the crap I’m doing with Ron. It only took me *for-fucking-ever* but I finally got it.

And if you still have no fucking clue how I ripped this off of the newest Silent Hill game, do a google of Silent Hill: Shattered Memories, I’m so totally looking forward to this game. So much so I’m going to buy a Wii for it. When I get the money for one at least.

Seriously wish I could get paid for doing this.

Anywho, send your gushing love of this chapter, or your burning hate about how long I took to write it to [eric.wythe@gmail.com](mailto:eric.wythe@gmail.com).