

Chapter four! Let's get to it! Usual disclaimers and stuff apply.

And also, 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. 4

I awoke in a room. It was small, maybe the size of a walk-in closet. At least it felt as enclosed as one. I lifted my feet over a small single bed. My feet were bare and I could feel cold grates under my feet. I tried getting up but I was far too dizzy to push myself to a stand. I sat back on the bed. Although I felt the room was very small it was incredibly dark. It looked much larger. There was a small bit of inexplicable light around the bed. I could only see about two feet in front of me. I began to see clearer then.

Rust.

It was under my feet, around the bed, which I took a look at as well. It was made of some sort of tanned leather. It felt rather slimy, but also kind of furry as well. It's weird to explain. I suddenly got this sinking feeling in my gut, I got up and started walking away from the bed. I could barely see two steps in front of my.

As I was walking I began to hear clanking metal, like a lot of construction was going around, only it was the same screeching clanking sound, but coming from different places. As I progressed, it got louder and louder. It got cold; I only then realized I wasn't wearing anything except a pair of jeans. I started rubbing my arms for warmth; I could see my breath in front of me.

I reached a wall, I felt along it. It felt wet, and soggy, I slid along until I reached something that felt like rusted metal, it wasn't wet like the rest of the wall. I felt around the metal and found a door knob attached to it. I turned the knob, it was unlocked... but it wouldn't budge an inch. As much as I pushed the door wouldn't give. I gave up and sighed.

"Where am I?" I asked to the darkness.

The loud clanking stopped. The hairs on the back of my neck stood on end. I felt breath on my back. I slowly turned around and there stood this... abomination.

It was a vertical set of large, sharp, jagged teeth encased in a body of larger, fleshy tentacles. It stood on two human-like legs.

I could hear it breath, it sounded like it had difficulty. And I didn't want to move in fear of setting it off. I just stared at it, I want it to leave, and I know this thing could kill me. Anything that looks like that has to be able too. Barely moving, I took one step to the side.

It didn't move from its spot.

I inched myself to my side again. It didn't move. I began to inch myself away from the creature, strafing the wall, in hopes of finding a way out of this... box. I eventually worked my way far enough to where I didn't have to strafe, I carefully walked around the small room avoid the monster. I could still hear it breath, it sounded like a high-pitched wheeze with a combination of a gargle and a growl. It sent chills down my spine every time it exhaled.

I turned my attention away from the creature and looked around, of what little I could do. I saw nothing but dark, and the monster, which was illuminated. It wasn't glowing; it's more like it's supposed to stand out here. I'm supposed to see him. I can't explain it.

I walked slowly, making sure not to make a sound. I then discovered the purpose of the monster, it was guarding something. A different door, one I missed entirely. I made my way across the room avoiding the monster at all costs. I found the door and put my hand on the knob. I turned it slowly, it made small noises but I kept glancing at the creature and it still hadn't moved. The door would move, but it took more force than I wanted it too. I don't know how, but I knew if I wasn't quite I'd be making friends with that creature.

I figured if I was quick enough I could close the door on the monster before it got to me.

I took the chance.

I pulled hard on the door, but it was quickly shut again as the monster pushed me against the door. I felt its slimy tentacles on my back, they were strong and rippled, and they felt like snakes made from flesh. They were only long enough to wrap around my waist, the muscles turned and I turned with them, I now faced the many teeth that I knew would rip into me like paper.

The monster squeezed me with it's tentacles, I felt my ribs snap, one of the blunt tentacles found it's way to my stomach and pushed hard, it broke the skin and I screamed but my voice was now gone.

The tentacle explored my insides and it seemed like time slowed down so I could feel every excruciating moment of its exploration. It didn't stop once, if I wasn't in so much pain I would've noticed it knew where it was going.

The tentacle found its way to an organ in my chest, it pulled and I felt my body lurch. It pulled again, as if to confirm its grip, and tugged, with the force it used to pierce my stomach. The pain was indescribable, I didn't know why my body hadn't shut down, I should've passed out a long time ago, but the monster pulled the organ all the way from my chest to my stomach. As it pulled it out, so did my stomach acids, they made a huge hole in the iron grating the monster stood on, the monster wasn't affected at all. The tentacle brought the organ in front of me.

I could barely keep my eyes open. I was still screaming, I could feel my throat hurting. I just didn't want to see what I knew it had reached for.

My heart. It was still throbbing.

The tentacle dropped my heart into the monsters teeth. It gnashed and gnawed at my raw flesh, blood dripped from the bottom of its mouth, chunks flew from its mouth onto my face.

It stopped suddenly, I was still alive. It was as if it was contemplating something. It let out a screech that made my ears pop. I could feel liquid dripping down my face. Several more tentacles made their way inside my body. They spread their way through, I closed my eyes and screamed louder.

I couldn't hear anything except for the creature's gnashing.

I opened my eyes to our hotel room, I was mid-scream, and I had a pair of strong arms encasing me, so I couldn't move. Johnny was trying to calm me down. I could still feel the tentacles in me, but the pain was gone, just a strange sensation of invasion remained.

“Shhh-shh, it's okay now baby, shh...” John, ever my knight held me so I couldn't move, which was good; I'd probably throw something in my panic.

I wanted to cry, I just did, you would too if you felt what I did, I mean, I can't exactly describe the extent of what happened. It hurt, a lot.

But I wasn't able to cry.

“J-Johnny, don't let me go, please.” I rasped out, with ragged breath.

“Shh, it's okay baby, I'm not going anywhere, it was just a nightmare. It's over.”

And I started to feel better, I really did. I can't explain it, but when John says it's okay, it just... is.

“Thank you, I love you.”

“I know I love you too.”

He held me for a while longer. I don’t know how long. I didn’t care. I needed him to be here for me. And he knew that.

“Baby, what was that about?” He asked into my head.

And sometimes, he says the worst things at the worst times.

“Not now.”

He nodded on my head.

John was very good about this. I didn’t have nightmares. Ever. This was new for both of us. I don’t blame him for being curious, but I was scared shitless, I thought my organs were being ripped out for Christ-sakes!

I was moving around the dining area trying to get signal on my phone. I wasn’t going to call anyone; I just felt better knowing I could.

John grabbed my phone and took it from me; I looked at him and frowned. He pulled me into him and I just melted like always. I still needed him for a minute.

“We’re in public.” I muffled into his chest.

“I don’t care, you’re still scared. I can keep you safe better than any damn phone.”

I nodded, he was right.

“I’m hungry now. Let’s find something to eat, and relax. I want to visit my parents today.” He said after a while.

We found a small booth in the hotel’s restaurant and sat next to each-other. John laced his fingers with mine and I clutched them tightly.

“I feel like such a chicken-shit.”

John looked at me; he looked a tad mad now. “Daryl, if I had the dream you did I’d still be upstairs clinging to you. Either that or in the fetal position, sucking my thumb. You’re much stronger than I could ever be.”

“The fuck I am.” I laughed.

“Emotionally, babe. I may have muscles and shit, but I can’t begin to ever compare to your emotional strength. It amazes me sometimes how collected you are when the shit hits the fan.”

I gave a small chuckle. “Sometimes I think I’m just jaded... or emotionally stunted. I don’t think it’s strength.”

Johnny looked away for a sec; his grip seemed to loosen some. I leaned in and kissed his shoulder.

“But you’re the only person who’s ever made me feel alive since mom died. I actually *feel* with you. I don’t with many other people... Even Ron, or Veronica. I mean, yeah, my feelings for them are there... They just aren’t as strong as they used to be... it’s like they’ve been blocked off to an extent. Not with you. It’s always raw, unpredictability with you.”

John scratched his head and gave me his confused smile. “I don’t get it.”

I laughed. “I don’t really either. But I just give everything to you. I can’t do that with anyone else. I’ve tried, but it only works with you.”

“Huh, so that’s why you stay with me.”

“What, you think I just stay with you because you’re hot?” I scoffed.

“Sometimes.”

I narrowed my eyes at him. “Would you stop it with your insecurity? It’s cute sometimes, but when I need you not to be, you are. It gets really annoying sometimes.”

He looked down and scratched the back of his head. He only does that when he’s embarrassed, he doesn’t blush. He scratches the back of his head.

“Sorry.”

“Sorry he says.” I laughed. “You’re cute when you do that, you know.”

“Huh?”

“You scratch the back of your head when you’re embarrassed. You don’t blush. It’s cute.”

“I like that you blush. It’s really hard to do it to you though.” He said.

“I know, but you seem to like a challenge.”

“I wouldn’t have stayed with you this long if I didn’t.”

I smacked his chest. He laughed. “Not funny.” I scolded.

So, seriously how did I do with the scary? I can write people but I have a grave insecurity of not being able to bring the scary.

Suggestions? Tips? Ego stroking? Please, let me know at eric.wythe@gmail.com!