

I think I had the hardest time writing this one, I just had a huge amount of writers block, it took me a good few weeks to do it, but after I got it down I got that giant weight off my shoulder (just my right) and moved on. Oddly enough, I really liked how it turned out by the time I got finished with it that I didn't even look it over to change anything.

This is a very "If I were playing the game, this would be cool" chapter.

The usual disclaimery stuff applies.

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. 9

It was raining. The water was soaking through my hair and my clothes. I was sitting in a corner somewhere my with my knees pulled up to my chest. I didn't want to look up. I could hear the clanking and metallic sounds coming from all directions again. I looked up from my position. I was in a cage of sorts. It looked like cement grounding with four wire fences surrounding. I would chance a guess that this was a basketball court. But I could only see a few feet in front of me. I pushed myself up and decided to try for a way out.

It was too dark and I couldn't see a damned thing. I pulled out my cell-phone and flipped it open. My phone has this nifty flashlight feature on it. I stuck my phone in the front pocket of my jeans, the illumination helped. I was right, it is a basketball court. I began to walk around, I explored the area a bit, I found bent rusted metal poles erected from the ground. I assume this what used to be the hoops.

I kept walking until I kicked something on the ground. It kind of hurt my foot so I guess it was something heavy. I heard it slide a few feet away from me.

As I walked towards the object it caught the light. Well, it's made from metal, like that's a stretch for anything in this place. Once I reached the object I picked it up and examined it. It was a revolver, with a 6" barrel; I used to have one just like this. It had a string tied to the hammer with a tag attached to the other end. The tag read:

Evidence: Case file #223-B

Date: November, 26, 2022.

I dropped the gun.

“No.” I muttered dropping to my knees.

I stared at the gun. It couldn’t be. This, this isn’t the gun. This isn’t *his* gun. I can’t, it just.

“It just can’t be!” I yelled, slamming my fists on the ground.

Why does this town have to fucking haunt me so much?

I began to sob as I stared at the gun. The rain kept pouring; the heavy drops dripped down my face and mixed with my tears. Taking comfort in the soft pitter-patter of the water was beyond thought.

That man raised me, he loved me. He told me over and over how proud I made him, how much he wanted for me. He always smiled and laughed. He told me he would always love me. He told me he would always be there. And he lied; he fucking lied and turned his back to me.

And he killed the one tie we had left with this gun.

Loud plops reminiscent of footsteps could be heard behind me. They grew louder with each second, and I just stayed there. Only slightly aware of whatever was creeping up behind me.

The longer I stared at the gun the less sad I became.

I heard a familiar breathing as the footsteps drew closer. I just stayed there, staring at my reflection in the barrel. The curved hilt even had his initials carved into the black painted wood. I just stared and stared as if this gun held the answers to the universe. It didn’t. All it held was one very obvious choice for all who pick it up: life or death. And then I realized: I wasn’t sad anymore.

I was pissed.

With a loud shout, I picked up the gun, snapped up, and let out shot after shot pour into the tentacle monster. It stumbled back in recoil with each bullet until it fell to the ground; I kept pulling the trigger, the faint clicking begging to pick up in ears after they readjusted from the loud gunshots. I couldn’t feel my face except for a faint heat surrounding it. My breathing was labored, and my right arm was sore something fierce. I haven’t shot a gun in over eleven years.

With my adrenaline dissipating my sensations caught up to me. I stared at the creature as its skin started to tan into a dark green. My temple began to throb, I stumbled back a bit. A sharp pain flew through my forehead and I closed my eyes. The room felt like it was spinning the ground was churning under my feet, the cement turned into gravel, then grass.

I opened my eyes to my back yard. The grass was a kept, dark green. The small oak tree in the corner opposite of the tool shed. The fence was stained dark by perspiration from the fog. I dug my toes into the ground. It was wet. But, it was warm. A warm slippery liquid filled between my toes as I wiggled them. I lifted up my foot, it was covered in red. Fuck. What now? My eyes followed the dark trail on the ground.

Sparks.

My dog... Sparks...

His fury golden hair was stained with blood. What was left of his head was barely hanging from his mangled neck. His ribcage was exposed.

...I don't remember a lot from that day.

I remember... crying... and lot of blood. Mom's hand on my shoulder. The fear and pain in Sparks' big green eyes. His... pleading look.

My father pointing a gun at his head.

Me, grabbing the barrel.

"No. I'll do it."

I remember the sound of the shot. And then it's black.

A siren screamed, as the grass under my feet began to recede into the hardening ground. The tree withered and eventually fell into dust. The house, the shed, the fence, it all began to crumble into themselves and eventually disappear without a trace.

Sparks' fur was falling out, and his skin was peeling off and floating into the air as if it were old paint falling off an easel. His exposed muscles and flesh gave off a stagnant smell. What was my backyard became again the basketball court. The shavings and flakes and dust were collecting in the air forming the metal grating around the area, as the earth hardened and became cement.

It began to rain again.

The blood didn't wash away as I hoped. I clutched the gun in my hand.

I killed him. It was me.

He got hit by a car and I shot him. I killed my own dog.

He dragged himself into our backyard.

He was so pathetic... I couldn't bear to have him suffer.

I hate myself for shooting him.

Sparks' body began to twitch. His ribs began to move separately, as if they had a mind of their own. I heard a gargling sound coming from his exposed throat. He moved a paw up, and pushed onto the ground to stand up. Each rib on his chest moved individually as his exposed heart throbbed and gushed black blood.

I couldn't move at all, my feet were frozen in place. I became hyper aware of my surroundings, I could feel every drop of water land on my body. I could hear every plop on the ground and every click his paws made as he slowly closed in on me.

He froze in place, I then could only hear a loud ringing in my ear.

He lunged up and flew through the air, his ribcage landing square on my face. Every bone dug into the side of my head as his organs smothered me. His claws latched onto my shoulders and my chest. It felt like my face was burning off. I grabbed the dog on each side and tugged, hard. I managed to tear him off me. Quite literally as I felt each claw leave a gash behind it, the ribs only leaving a trail of blood in their detachment.

The dog landed sloppily on his back rolling farther away from me. It lay on his back, unmoving. I picked up the gun I managed to drop in my panic and slowly stalked over to the dog. I knelt down and prodded it with the barrel.

Nothing.

I heard the same gargled growling coming from behind me; I swiveled up to see behind me, five, maybe six dogs.

The never gave me a chance to do a head-count.

The one closest lunged forward swiping his claws at my bare chest, leaving a large gash. The one I tossed off my head clung onto my back. Another one launched itself, landing on my right shoulder. One rammed into my legs causing me collapse on the ground.

One by one the all took a shot at me. I was bleeding from everywhere, I was becoming numb. I collapsed completely on the ground as the dogs formed a circle around me. I began to drag myself across the ground towards a corner of the caged area. I didn't make it very far before my left arm gave out. They all stayed in their spots. I managed to lift my right arm to point my gun at one of them.

As soon as the click sounded, the all jolted from their places and clawed into any available piece of skin. I closed my eyes and mustered all my remaining strength left to try and roll away. I pushed on the ground as hard as I could.

And I landed on my ass. Hard.

I opened my left eye first and looked around slowly.

I was in the fucking park.

I just rolled off a fucking bench.

“What the fuck?” I whispered.

I pushed myself off the ground. I felt fine, great even. I didn’t have a scratch on me, and I wasn’t half naked anymore. I was wearing clothes I don’t remember putting on. At least the outfit was decent. It was one of my fitted purple and black plaid flannels with the sleeves rolled up. I wore light blue boot-cut jeans with my comfortable brown leather shoes.

I felt around my pockets, I found my wallet, my house keys and my chapstick which I was relieved to apply. I also found a box of ammo for my gun in one of my back pockets and speaking of my gun: it was magically reloaded somehow.

Wait. Why do I even have the gun in the first place?

I mean... I dreamed all that, right?

I stared at the gun and blinked.

Fuck it.

I flipped on the safety and stuck in my back pocket with its respective ammo. I took my hand to the front pocket of my shirt and found my red flip-phone. I flipped it open, no missing calls or messages or anything. I had no service either.

Figures.

I closed the case and tucked it back in my pocket and began trek to the entrance of park. It’s been eight years since I’ve been here but nothing’s changed. I remember everything. Like the payphone at the grocery store a couple blocks down.

I strolled leisurely along the sidewalks of Nathan Avenue. The only sounds were distant and unintelligible, I saw no people, no cars on the streets and everything seemed to have built up a few years of decay. More than it had when I first got here.

As nice as the quiet was it was eerie and reminded me of why I hated being alone in this fog. I folded my arms, partly from the chill but mostly because I wished Johnny was here. God I'm a wuss. Left alone for twenty minutes and I need my big, strong husband to come and fucking rescue me.

I do a great disservice to feminists everywhere.

I turned the corner onto Neely Street but hesitated advancing. Something was off. I squinted my eyes and I could see a clear cut-off from the road. I walked down the road. As I got closer and closer I began to see that the road was completely... gone.

A giant ass chuck of the street was just... gone.

It was as if a giant fist just punched a hole in the ground, leaving trees, piping, rubble and even a car, teetering over the edge of a bottomless pit. The buildings on either side of the gap were mostly in shambles.

I could clearly see the other side of the street. But the fog made everything past the edge a silhouette. There was a tree with a bench next to it. Through the fog, I could see a large, vaguely human shape slouching on the bench. It appeared to be looking at something.

“Hey!” I shouted. “What the fuck happened to the street?!”

The figure slowly lifted its head and looked in my direction. It rose up from its spot and placed what it was holding onto the bench. The figure looked in my direction again, the fog was thick, but I could feel its gaze on me. It then turned and walked away.

Wait. “H-Hey!” I hollered. “What the fuck.” I muttered.

Well... this certainly makes things more difficult. I looked around my immediate surroundings. The hardware store is right there. Ron used to work there; we'd sneak into the alleyway behind the store for his break. The alley possibly leads to the other side of the street, unless it's all wonky there too.

Welp, it's a place to start.

The door was cracked open already so I walked right in, the little bell at the top on the door clang loudly in the empty room as I entered. I made sure I shut the door behind me.

The place looked a wreck.

No lie, it looked like people ransacked the place and then just abandoned it all together. Boxes, tools, shelves were knocked over. Everything seemed to collect a good few inches of dust along the way as well. Why does the town look like this? It's as if the

world ended and I slept through it all. It all looked so... aged... so different. I mean, it feels just like yesterday John and I were here to buy camping equipment...

“So, you’re telling me you’ve lived here your whole life and you’ve never been camping in the mountains up there?” Johnny asked. We were looking at various camping gear in one of the aisles in the store.

I turned to him and poked him in the shoulder. “Nope, I’m not exactly all gung-ho for nature like you are.” I poked him again to emphasize his tree-hugging side. “The thought never even crossed my mind.”

“Well then,” He said draping his arms over my shoulders. “I’m gonna take you.” He stated.

“Me? Camp? Dude, I’d rather be camp then camp.”

“Huh?”

“Er-never mind. I don’t know the first thing about camping babe; I doubt I’d be any use of you in a situation like that.”

“Well, then I’ll do everything, you can just watch. And hopefully you won’t be staring at my ass long enough to learn something” He teased.

“Can’t promise you anything, you’re ass is pretty transfixing.”

“As long as you make an effort.” He kissed my nose and let me go. I turned around and picked up a first-aid kit.

I held the kit in my hand. The same way I did those years ago. That camping trip was amazing. That was the first time he made an effort to be romantic, not that he actually has to try. He just is on his own. We also had our first time together on that trip. I couldn’t walk right for a couple weeks after that.

I blew the dust off the kit and continued down the aisle. There was a nearly empty rack in a clearing near the cashier. Hanging from the rack was a black leather messenger bag. It wasn’t that big but it could hold more shit than my pockets. Looking inside it was more spacious than it looked. It had several compartments for small items like pens and cards. It also had a removable filing folder built into it.

I can’t tell you what compelled me to take these things; the town just seemed weirder than usual. I mean, it looked so much older, and now there are huge chunks of the street missing? And the fact I woke up with a loaded gun with extra ammo in my pocket doesn’t help but dictate that I might need to hold more shit later.

Looking around the sporting good sections I managed to find a gun holster that would fit on the inside of my flannel. It made it easy to take out the gun and put it away on a moments notice. I did manage to find another box of ammo, but the store was so bare, I couldn't find anything else.

I made my way to the back of the counter and the door behind it. I opened it into the storage room/employee area. It was full of opened boxes and had a stale air that smelled like wood.

In the center of the room there was an opened box that looked fairly new. I examined it closely; it was a cell-phone USB charger. It works for all phones apparently. A lot of the writing on it was in Japanese, but it had pictures on it demonstrating how it worked. I looked behind me to the door the manager's office. The door creaked in complaint as I walked into the office. I slipped into the old chair after dusting it off a bit and pressed the power button to the computer.

The screen literally flickered on; I'm shocked this place even has power. The missing road should have cut a power-line or something. I hooked up the charger and my phone lit up. As my phone charged I began to snoop around the office. I found a tourist map of the town, I know the town pretty well already, but I figured I could mark what's changed as I go. I scribbled the map where the road is missing and put a couple arrows at the entrances of the hardware store.

I folded the map and put it in my front pocket. My phone made a beep, which signaled that it was done charging. I looked at the computer monitor before I shut down the computer. The screen was all red. Looking at it made my head throb and feel weird, like someone was feeling around in it. My phone made a long beeping sound and the computer flicked off on its own.

Weird.

I left the room and led myself down a small hall-way that went into to the alleyway. The humid air bitch slapped the stale air out of my nose as I stepped outside. I peered down the alleyway; the bench was in perfect view.

Who was that person? And what could be more interesting than a giant hole in the ground?

Well, a lot of things I guess, if you put it that way.

Walking closer to the bench my heart began to race, the pit of my stomach began to sink, and I broke out into a sweat.

On the bench were two things: Johnny's old letterman jacket.

And a pink flyer.

I picked up his jacket and hugged it close to me; it smelled like him, his scent always calmed me down. And he was wearing it not too long ago, it was still warm.

“Johnny?!” I shouted, looking around frantically for anymore of his traces.

I looked down at his jacket again. I missed him so much even though I’ve only been without him for a few hours... well, I think it’s only been a few hours.

At least I know he’s alive.

I looked around one more time before putting on the jacket over my bag. I bent down and picked up the pink flyer. Written on it was:

*Richard James High School’s Class of ’24 Prom Committee Presents:
A Night to Remember!*

It was our schools prom theme, if you can call it that. The flyer was decorated with pictures of couples dancing with stylized streamers across the italicized writing. I raised an eyebrow. What’s this supposed to mean? And where did John even find this? Through the thing of paper I could see something scrawled on the back of it.

It was in John’s handwriting:

*Will you come to school and do me
the honor of being my date for prom?*

Plot devices can be romantic, see?

Email me at eric.wythe@gmail.com.