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Army of Hell

Part 1-Sara

I'll never forget his cold, dead eyes.

My name is Sara Myers and this happened to me exactly one year ago today, in the park on Elm street.

It was 5:30pm and I had just left work. Since I didn't live that far away, I always walked home.

Tonight was different as it had started to rain on my way home- I hated the rain. I started to jog down the sidewalk passing small mom and pop stores and and coffee shops people starting to congregate inside. I turned onto Elm street and saw the park in the distance as I drew closer I thought I got an eerie feeling- like someone was watching me.

I brushed it off as my own silly paranoia. I wish I hadn't. I wish I had kept walking. I wish I hadn't entered that park.

When I came up on the park I saw the pavilion in the center of the park. That small square use to house the most wonderful memories. It was the place I met my first boyfriend, Tyler, at 15 and my husband, John, when I was 23. It is also where my father met my mom, and where my grandmother met my grandfather. Three generations of Myers family members have met the love of their life at that very

spot. When I saw the large metal umbrella, I was soaking wet so I b-lined it to shelter.

My footsteps splashed with every step, throwing mud into the air. As the rain turned into a violent thunderstorm, puddles started forming in the grass, creating small brown blemishes in the park. The metal roofed salvation was only a few yards away, so I started sprinting as fast as my legs would allow. I made it under the the giant metal umbrella, finally escaping the assault of the storm. I sat on one of the multiple wooden picnic tables underneath and pulled out my phone to call my roommate for a ride.

I guess the loud patter of the rain slamming into the roof and the wind of the hurricane forming around me cutting through the air masked the sound of his footsteps, slowly creeping toward me.

I started to dial my roommate's number when I felt a sharp crack over the back of my head and I tumbled off of the table. My nose splintered when I smashed it on the pavement. The last thing I remember seeing before my vision went black was the blurry outline of a figure in all black wearing a mask, holding what looked like a pipe in his right hand, grabbing with my leg his his left.

I was awoke a few hours later by the strong odor of ammonia under my nose. I slowly blinked open my eyes and saw a pair of black gloved hands holding a bottle of smelling salts under my nose. The hands went down and I tried to move but I was bound to a chair and could not get free. I heard footsteps echoing behind me and then sound of a door open and then shut a moment later. I started to look up. The room or should I say tomb I was in had concrete walls and on the walls were several crucified bodies in different stages of decomposition. The air reeked of death and made me felt sick to my stomach. As I began to vomit the door behind me opened again and the hands came back into my vision. The hands wrenched my face up and I finally saw who had attacked me in that park. He was in a black jumpsuit, like the killer from that Halloween movie, and his hands were enormous, almost completely enveloping my face. His face was covered by a black, cheaply made skull mask. the one thing that stood out to me the most was his eyes. His

cold, dead eyes. When I looked into them I saw only madness and torment through. During the eternity I spent looking into those eyes they never moved. Never blinked. Never twitched. He just stared blankly. I had seen this before but I could not remember where. Then out of the blue he began to speak in a voice I again remembered but did not know how I did.

“Hello Sara, R’member me?”

His voice was almost electronic and monotone. He continued to stare at me with those black voids in his skull.

“N-n-n-no, who are you, what do you want from me.” I stuttered back

“Well Sara how could you possibly forget me, after all- we met in that park.”

“John?”

“No Sara not that motherfker you call a husband. Here let me remind you.”**

He took off the mask and revealed a horrifyingly familiar face. It was Tyler. I was sure it was him. His face was still scarred from our last encounter. He started stroking the gash my stiletto had left just below his left eye.

“You remember me now.”

“Y-y-yes Tyler, I remember.”

“Good.”

“Tyler why are you doing this, who are these people?”

I motioned my head towards the crucified corpses. He turned his head and

began to chuckle. Then that chuckle turned into insane and uncontrollable laughter. He turned the chair I was in toward the wall and began to walk toward them. He stood next to one which was in the middle of the decomposition process, grabbed its face-and began to kiss it.

“It’s my artwork. Don’t you like them? I made them for you.” A horrifying grin plastered itself on his face. His eyes however, stayed completely emotionless. Never moving. Never blinking. Never twitching. He stared at me and I stared back.

“What do you mean Tyler?”

“You don’t see it? Here take a closer look.”

He darted toward me and grabbed my face, the disgusting slime from the corpse coating my cheek. I began to vomit but he pulled my face up by my hair.

“LOOK AT THEM!”

I began to cry, but I complied and looked up. I looked a little closer and noticed something... odd. They were all women but worse -they all looked like me. Exactly like me. Tyler had sewn a blonde wig onto them that looked like mine. They all had the same exact tattoo as I did. A black butterfly on their left shoulder.

“They all look like me.”

“I know don’t you love it. I did it all for you. Ever since you dumped me,” he pointed at the jagged scar on his face **“I couldn’t stop thinking about you so I decided to create you instead. All of my models look great but none of them had the same... wonder you do. So when I saw you in that park on Elm street I took the chance to get you.”**

“Tyler I didn’t ‘dump’ you, you attacked me. You tied me to a bed and raped me. I only cut you to protect myself.”

“Oh Sara that was just us playing around. I know you didn’t mean it. Now we can start our life again. Now I’m going to untie you but I want you to stay right here. Don’t you move ok.”

He took out a large kitchen knife and waved it in front of my face before he cut the tape holding me to the chair. He smiled kissed my cheek and walked out of the door I heard before. I could see the door now. It was a large metal door with white rusted paint. As the door shut I began to vomit and cry.

I thought Tyler was locked up in the Darkthorn for life. How had he escaped? I wonder if his brother knew he had escaped.

I finished my sob session and got out of the chair to start analyzing the room. Besides the door Tyler had walked out of there were no other exits. No doors. No vents. Not even a damn window. I crept toward the giant metal door and attempted to open it. Locked. He must have had a key or something to keep me from leaving. I was trapped. I began to sob again when something out of the corner of my eye caught my attention. Something long a rusted leaning against the wall next to me. It was the pipe Tyler had in the park. I ran over, picked it up and started looking for a place to hide. While I was looking for a place to stow away my eyes came across one of Tyler's victims. She looked almost exactly like me. After seeing her I knew how I was going to escape. I removed her bodies from the nails in the wall and Placed her in the chair I had been bound to. I stood on top of the nail she had her feet impaled with and rested my arms on the others. I put the pipe behind me and began to wait. What was only a few minutes seemed like hours. I heard the door open again and heard the steady clomp of his footsteps.

“Honey I brought you your favorite meal, Chicken Marsala on Bow tie pasta.”
he walked up to the chair was holding a small fold out table in the hand opposite of the marsala.

“Here you go swee-,” his face turned from pure joy to utter hatred in only seconds.

“SARA!!!” he screamed as loud as he could and threw down the plate. That's when I made my move. I jumped off the wall and ran toward him with the pipe raised above my head. I brought it down on top of his head and repeatedly smashed his skull until it was completely concave. I threw down the pipe and ran for my life not looking back. I flung the door open and entered a long narrow corridor with a door at the end.

I ran as fast as I could down the corridor and blasted through the door into sunlight. I was blinded at first but as my vision re focused itself I saw nothing but trees. An endless forest in front of me. I began to walk when a hand fell upon my shoulder and spun me around. What I saw next was horrifying. It was Tyler. His skull was completely deformed and his eyes were bloodshot. He raised a Knife and brought it down upon my collar bone.

“Tyler.... how... are you ali-,”

“You cannot kill what has no heart.”

He lept on top of me and started stabbing me. I black out after seven continuous stabs to the chest. I died after nine. He continued to stab me 98 more times and I watched every second of it from the ohter side of life. That is how I died. I was Killed by a violent sociopath.

Part 2-Tyler

The b***h was dead. Not as I had planned though. She decided to fight back and try to kill me instead doing as I said. Her death would have been more enjoyable to watch if she had just eaten the meal I prepared. Chicken Marsala-spiked with strychnine. Watching her jerk and spasm and vomit her own organs out would have been so much more.. exhilarating. The bitch ruined my life. She lied to the authorities after giving me this horrendous disfigurement. Even back in my dungeon she tried to convince me I raped her. The one thing I learned at my time tin the Darkthorn was how to act. She sent me to the hellhole. She was meant to die.

Even though she did not die as I had planned I still had a ritual to perform so I grabbed my shovel and started digging. After I had finished digging the hole I grabbed the gas can out of the back of my truck and dragged her to the impromptu grave. The ritual must be performed. I dump her in an cover her in the gas and begin to recite the spell.

“Oh Satan take this spirit I have offered and return her to my service. Here my words oh Lord of the Flies. Raise her from the ashes and make her obey her new master.” I light a small match and toss it in. She combusts immediately and starts to burn. It was only a few seconds before she was reduced to ash.

When the fire subsided the embers began to glow a bright blue and she

began to re form. The ash began to rise taking the shape of a pair of feet, then a pair of legs which lead to a very petite body and finally forming a head. She stopped glowing and the ash fell off of her all at once revealing my ex lover in front of me completely naked.

She turned her head and looked at me with a very robotic face and said one sentence.

"How may I serve you my master?"

The ritual had worked. I now had the perfect servant to follow my every command.

"There is a set of clothes in the back of my truck. Go put them on and come back for further instructions."

"Yes master." she turned and walked toward my truck and I began to prep for the final rituals. I had the perfect servant, but no was time to create my army. All who had a hand in sending me to that wretched place.

Sara returned a few moments later fully clothed. She, while being essentially a zombie, was incredibly beautiful.

"What now my master."

"Now we are heading to Sergeant Ian Moones home, where we will torture him and kill him. Also call me Tyler"

"Ok Tyler."

"We gathered the rest of our tools needed and set off on our way to Moones house."

To Be Continued...

Things to know

This story is a work in progress story set after the events of another story and before another. I had an idea to make the killer a satanic minion when I started another story about an apocalypse involving demons or the “possessed” (people either killed and brought back to life after the ritual in the story is performed or people infected by those who were brought back) taking over the world. The story before this is about the killer escaping the Darkthorn Asylum for the Criminally Insane, a central location in a few stories, with help from his twin brother. After this portion of the story ends Tyler systematically exterminates those who put him in the Darkthorn—a dark and twisted location which tortures and mutilates its patients.