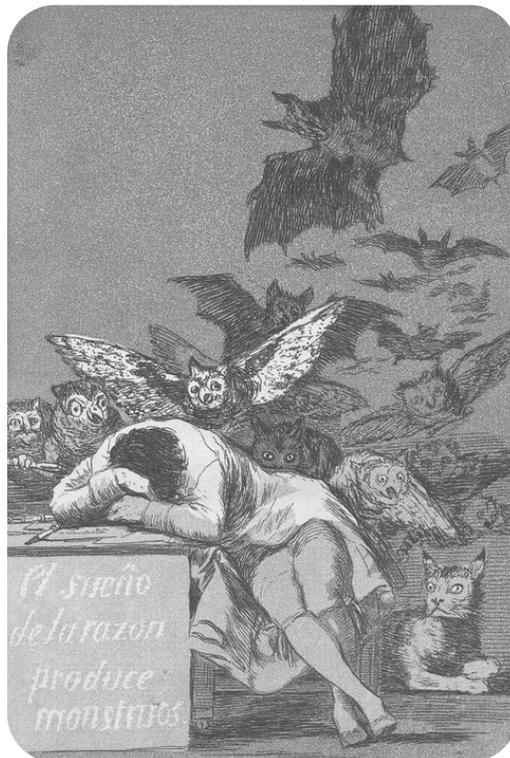


Corner Bar Magazine

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Page 1 – THE INCIDENT AT ONG’S HAT by Jill Hand. Ms Hand is a lifelong resident of New Jersey, and she loves it dearly, despite what people say about it. She is deputy editor of *New Realm Magazine*. Her work has appeared in more than thirty publications and in seven anthologies, including *Miskatonic Dreams*, *Urban Temples of Cthulhu*, *Stories From the Near-Future*, and *Windward: Best New England Crime Stories*. She is the author of *The Blue Horse*, a time-travel novella from Kellan Publishing, based on the true story of a renegade English aristocrat and his one-of-a-kind blue horse.

Page 10 – THE HAUNTING IN HALF-HILL by Sandor Kovacs. Mr. Kovacs is a Hungarian writer, creating stories in the genres of horror, science fiction and fantasy. His work has been published on The Writer's Notebook blog, on the short-story.me website and in *Devolution Z*. Sandor lives in London and enjoys reading, writing, listening, watching, and being. Learn more on sandor-kovacs.com or follow @sandorauthor on Twitter and Facebook.



“THE INCIDENT AT ONG’S HAT”

by JILL HAND

I was invited to go to Ong’s Hat, New Jersey, by an innocuous-looking man in a grey suit who took me to lunch at the best steakhouse in Georgetown. The innocuous-looking man (who had personally engineered two coups in Latin America) warned me that Ong’s Hat was a dangerous place. I reminded him that I’d been in lots of dangerous places. That’s not bragging; it’s a fact.

“Not like this one,” he said. He ordered the prime rib from the waiter who had silently appeared at his elbow. I said I’d have the filet mignon, medium rare, and an unsweetened iced tea. Washington, D.C., isn’t the South, but it’s close enough to it that they serve iced tea sweetened, unless you tell them not to. “Get the fiddleheads. They’re only in season for a short time and I know how much you like them,” the innocuous-looking man urged me.

This was one of his little games. There was seemingly no way he could have known that I have a fondness for the tender young fronds of the edible ferns that are called fiddleheads because they look like the scroll on the neck of a violin, but somehow he did. Maybe it was in my dossier, along with dozens of other seemingly inconsequential details about me, including the fact that my thumbs are double-jointed, and that when I was eight I owned a hamster named Meatball.

I decided not to give him the satisfaction of asking him how he knew I liked fiddleheads. Instead I asked him where Ong’s Hat was. He said it was way down in the southern part of Jersey, where there are towns with funny names like Bivalve and Ship Bottom. After giving it a few moments’ of consideration, I said I’d go. It would probably be my last posting before I retired.

Anyone watching us, a pleasant-faced man in his late forties and a dignified, grey-haired woman perhaps a decade older, sedately enjoying a convivial meal together, might have taken us for employees of some government agency. In that they would have been correct. They wouldn’t have heard of the agency we worked for (very few people have) and they would have been highly surprised to learn what kind of work goes on there.

The Outfit is what we call our agency, although it has another, boring-sounding name in the records of the Government Accounting Office, which lists us as being part of the Department of Agriculture, of all things. We kept our existence on the down low. Not more than two dozen people outside the Outfit know that it exists. The current president is not one of them. Neither were his last eight predecessors. Kennedy knew about us. Whether his knowing had anything to do with his assassina-

tion I can't say for certain, although there are rumors.

Much of our work fell under the description of what is loosely called "intelligence" but what you'd call espionage. I'd been with the Outfit for more than three decades by the time I sat in that restaurant in Georgetown, drinking unsweetened iced tea. In East Berlin I was known as Federika Chamov. (Yes, children, there used to be a city by that name, capital of a place called East Germany that used to be controlled by the Soviets. It was located behind a big wall that you might have read about in your history books.) I worked in a tobacconist shop on Ernst Thalmann Platz, selling packs of Inka, Karo and Juwel cigarettes that practically flew off the shelves, as well as loose tobacco. The East Germans were enthusiastic smokers, bless their oppressed little hearts. I also did a little bit of this and a little bit of that for Uncle Sam while I was there and got shot in the back as a result.

I survived, minus a kidney and about three feet of intestine, and got a raise in pay, along with a brief meeting with the president who expressed the thanks of a grateful nation and gave me a souvenir White House pen.

In London I was known as Millicent Morse-Fenton. I worked in the Barbican Library and had a nice little flat above a stationer's on Chiswell Street. Nobody shot me during my sojourn there, although I did make two people permanently disappear. I spent time in other places where I had other names but now I go by Mamie Outwater, the name my parents gave me when I was born, way back in 1954.

There's a saying among those who fly

airplanes that there are old pilots, and bold pilots but no old, bold pilots. The same holds true for people in my line of work. Caution is the key to our continued survival. Despite what you may have seen in the movies, we don't go in for rappelling out of helicopters and swanning around the gaming tables in Monaco, dressed to the nines. We are inconspicuous. We are patient. We watch and wait, paying close attention to small details. I once spent four months in Athens taking careful note of how often a certain man came out of a building on Sekeri Street to take his cocker spaniel for a walk. That doesn't sound very exciting, does it? But let me assure you that what happened as a result of my watching the dog-walker was very exciting indeed. A government was toppled, high-ranking people were disgraced and I moved on to my next assignment.

Not many who do what I did for as many years as I did it live to enjoy their sunset years. I planned to make Ong's Hat my last stop before collecting my pension and retiring to my condominium in Puerto Rico.

What's in Ong's Hat? On the surface, not much. It's located deep in the Pine Barrens, the heavily forested, largely uninhabited area that's said to be the stomping grounds of the legendary Jersey Devil. The Pines are vast, covering about 1.1 million acres, much of it cranberry bog, swamp and thick forest. If you go to Ong's Hat (something I strongly discourage you from doing) you'll find a few ramshackle houses and a squalid little convenience store out on Route 72 where you can buy lottery tickets and the kind of food you eat only if you're

desperate. The Donner party might have thought long and hard before consuming the shriveled, bright red hot dogs that were sold there.

Six different kinds of snakes make their homes in the vicinity of Ong's Hat, including the venomous timber rattler. Snakes love it in the Pine Barrens; it's sort of a paradise for them. They like the swampy places where if you step in the wrong spot your shoes get sucked right off your feet, and they *love* hanging out in the cellar holes that are all that are left of abandoned settlements.

There are black bears in the Pines, and a thriving population of wolf spiders. Their bite is venomous and they look a lot like tarantulas. The females have fat bodies the size of poker chips. The males are smaller, as is usually the case with spiders. Shine a flashlight on a cluster of them at night and you'll see their eyes light up like eldritch candles.

Besides the unfriendly fauna and the crummy little convenience store and the ramshackle houses that look like a strong wind would blow them over, there's something else at Ong's Hat, something you'll find mentioned if you poke around online on the type of websites frequented by the tinfoil-hat brigade. Between the threads about ghosts and aliens from outer space and Sasquatch sightings and conspiracy theories you find posts insisting that Ong's Hat contains a gateway to another dimension. Not only that, there's supposed to be a super-secret underground government base there that was established back in the nineteen-fifties, to keep watch over the gateway.

That's not true, at least not exactly.

Ong's Hat contains not one gateway but many, each leading to a different dimension, from which things have been known to slip out from time to time. Usually really nasty things. The part about the secret underground government base is correct. That's where I was sent on my final posting.

The base is staffed by scientists who monitor the periodic strangeness that occurs in Ong's Hat. Most of them are perfectly nice people, but as the innocuous-looking man in the grey suit pointed out over lunch, they were eggheads and eggheads generally have no idea how to react when the shit hits the fan. They tend to just stand there, rooted in horror, open-mouthed as all hell breaks loose around them. People like me know instinctively what to do when TSHTF. That's why I was there, in case things went sideways.

On the day that things went sideways, I was working in the Ding Dong Deli, the wretched little convenience store on Route 72 that's owned and operated by the Outfit. The Ding Dong is a horrible deli but it's a good lookout post. If any strangers come into Ong's Hat, the only paved road takes them right past our door. They either stop in to buy something or we send somebody to discretely follow them to make sure they don't go poking their noses where they don't belong.

I was engaged in restocking the air freshener display up by the checkout counter. The air fresheners we sold weren't the kind shaped like little pine trees. We sold an off-brand called Scent-U-Al that were in the shape of a recumbent, well-endowed woman. The best you could say about them was that they were cheap and pungent.

“Smell this one,” I said to Kurt Grau, who was assisting me.

“Disgusting,” said Kurt, taking a sniff and wrinkling his nose.

“It’s called Big Pimpin’,” I told him. I dug through the box and unearthed one called After Party. “This one smells even worse. Smell it,” I invited.

“No thank you. I do not wish to smell it,” he replied. Kurt has a heavy German accent and speaks in a slow, deliberate way reminiscent of Arnold Schwarzenegger in his role as the Terminator.

“These air fresheners all have names that sound like brands of heroin,” I said.

Kurt replied that he did not take heroin. “It is a bad drug. I drink the beer. I smoke the tobacco, but I do not take the drugs,” he rumbled.

I said that was wise of him. If you’re thinking that Kurt sounds like he’s not the cleverest mouse in the maze, you’re wrong. He’s plenty smart. Kurt had been around Ong’s Hat longer than anyone, longer even than Bill Lightner, who had been there since 1994 and was in charge of the team of scientists. Kurt had been at Ong’s Hat (in a manner of speaking) since 1778, when he was a Hessian soldier fighting on the side of the British in the Revolutionary War.

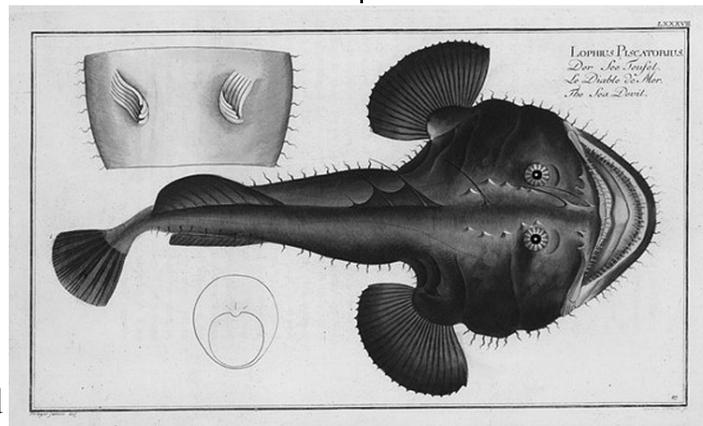
Kurt’s story of what happened to him one night in September of 1778 is weird, even for Ong’s Hat standards. He woke up in the canvas tent that he shared with six other soldiers feeling an urgent need

to urinate. He quietly crept outside so as not to disturb his sleeping comrades and walked a little way into the woods. The next thing he knew, he was stepping out of the woods, buttoning up his breeches, to find everything had changed. The Hessian encampment was gone. There was nobody around, nobody that he could see, anyway. He stood there in shock, looking wildly around, trying to figure out what had happened.

“Uh-oh,” said Pierce Morrison, the young man who was seated in our underground base, watching the surveillance monitors. He thumbed the intercom and buzzed me where I was catching forty winks in the bunkroom in the back. “Mamie, get out here. We’ve got a visitor and you won’t believe what he’s wearing.”

I came out and leaned over Pierce’s shoulder to look at the monitor. The man in the clearing was turning around in circles, a confused expression on his big, broad face. He wore a bicorn hat, a blue coat with some sort of military insignia on it, white knee breeches and gaiters over his leather boots. “He’s dressed like a Hessian,” I said, surprised. I knew that because my father, the late Colonel Robert Outwater, was a Revolutionary War enthusiast. He insisted

on sharing his hobby with the rest of the family, relentlessly dragging us all over the Eastern Seaboard to look at battle-grounds and museums, where the most exciting item on display might be a rusted



cannonball, or a dented pewter tankard.

Thanks to Dad, I knew a Hessian when I saw one.

I told Pierce I'd go out and talk to him. I went up the winding metal staircase, popped the hatch that led to the surface, and climbed out. I could see the man standing about thirty paces in front of me. I tiptoed up behind him and cleared my throat when I was about six feet away.

"*Guten Abend*," I said cheerfully. "*Wie geht es Ihnen?*"

He spun around. "*Es geht mir schlecht*," he said, looking absolutely miserable. (I'm not doing well.) "Please," he said, "tell me please where am I? My name is Kurt Grau, fusilier of the Second Regiment, Ansbach-Bayreuth. I am lost but I cannot see how that can be."

He looked as if he was about to cry. I felt sorry for the poor guy. He said, "I went a little way only into the forest to make water. Now my encampment is gone. My friends all are gone. What has happened?"

He was in for a rude awakening. I told him to come with me and I'd explain. Down through the hatch we went. Kurt looked around in amazement. It was quite an extensive place there, underground. There were rooms filled with computer monitors and surveillance equipment and scientific devices whose uses I didn't even begin to understand. Kurt took in the video screens and the banks of multi-colored flashing lights and Pierce, who was seated in an Aeron chair, drinking a Red Bull, and gasped.

"*Mein Gott!*" he said.

Pierce pushed a rolling chair in his direction. "Sit down, buddy," he said.

I told Kurt the truth, as far as I understood it. Science is not my forté and the science behind what went on at Ong's Hat was completely incomprehensible to me. To put it simply, Ong's Hat contains openings to other places, some of which are nowhere on Earth. The scientists called them gates. The underground base was established to keep watch on these gates and to try and keep nasty things from slithering out by using the scientific equipment to slam the gates shut whenever one popped open. In a way, it was like the arcade game called Whac-A-Mole.

I told Kurt he'd inadvertently stepped through a sort of gate back in 1778, when he'd gone into the woods to pee. It led into the year 2012, where we were now. The gate had shut behind him and unfortunately there would be no going back.

"This man and I work here," I said, indicating Pierce, who smiled at him. "His name is Pierce Morrison. My name is Mamie Outwater. We are among the guardians of this place."

"A woman and a black man guard the future? *Mein Gott*," he said wonderingly.

"So, I bet you want to know who won the war," Pierce said to Kurt in German.

Kurt morosely replied that he didn't care. He was still taking in the fact that all his friends and family were dead and had been for more than two centuries.

"The British lost. That's good news, right? You guys didn't like them much, did you?" Pierce said.

No, Kurt said, he didn't like the British. They were smug and bossy and they made fun of the Hessians for liking sauerkraut and sausages. "What is to become of me?" he wailed, completely shaken up. Pierce gave

him a granola bar and a bottled water and told him not to worry.

A couple of guys from McGuire Air Force Base in Lakehurst came and got him, accompanied by a guy from the Outfit named Sanjay Patel. Sanjay and I were old friends. They took him to Langley Air Force Base down in Virginia, where he was given a thorough physical and psychological going-over.

“Do you think they’ll let us keep him?” Pierce asked hopefully when we were awaiting word of what was to be done with him. I told him that Kurt wasn’t a puppy. He said he knew that. He just felt sorry for him. He was all alone in the world and he seemed like a nice guy. Besides, we could use some extra help at the convenience store.

Bill Lightner made some calls and Kurt was released to our custody. Pierce was there when he was returned and asked him how he liked the twenty-first century.

“It is interesting, thank you,” Kurt said gravely. “I have ridden in the airplane and in the automobile. I have eaten the Big Mac.” He brightened. “Also, I have seen young women wearing breeches, with their arms bare, and sometimes their stomachs also. This I liked very much.”

That was two years before the day in the Ding Dong Deli when we were restocking the air fresheners and the man and woman came in complaining that a unicorn had run across the road in front of their car.

They wore expensive-looking hiking gear and took in their surroundings in distaste. That was the usual reaction of people who entered the deli for the first time. Millions of your tax dollars were spent on making it

look and smell revolting. The idea was that visitors would be so put off by the Ding Dong that they’d leave Ong’s Hat and never return.

The Ding Dong smelled pretty bad. It’s hard to describe the smell, other than to say that it was like rancid grease with undertones of cat urine and cheap, lilac-scented perfume. This horrible odor was cooked up by chemists at International Flavors & Fragrances in Monmouth County and dispensed through a sophisticated ventilation system. It was a smell that lingered in my clothes and hair, but such were the sacrifices I had to make in the line of duty.

The overhead fluorescent lights had been adjusted so they buzzed and sputtered fitfully, while the red and green linoleum tile floor was deliberately sticky underfoot. The tiles were worn away in places, giving coy glimpses of the stained and pitted concrete subfloor. Fly strips laden with flies swung overhead. As the man and woman looked around, frowning, the coffee maker gurgled like a dying man before grudgingly spitting out a thin stream of foul-tasting brew that no one ever tried twice.

Kurt swung into action upon the arrival of the newcomers. “If you want to use the toilet, you cannot. It is broken,” he growled menacingly.

I neglected to describe Kurt’s appearance, which was deliberately off-putting. He’s big, six-three or six-four, and that day he was dressed in a black leather vest with no shirt underneath, and camouflage pants. He had a way of drawing his eyebrows down over his pale blue eyes and steadily regarding you from under them that tended to make people uneasy. Various tattoos of

flames and skulls and what might be either a surfer's cross or some kind of skinhead symbol decorated his chest and arms and completed the picture that said this was a person who should be avoided at all costs.

I didn't look much more appealing. My hair was a wild nest of grey roots and purple ends and I wore a tee-shirt with sparkly lettering that proclaimed me to be the world's sexiest grandma.

I could see the visitors were thinking *Oh, my God! They're Pineys!* Pineys are the New Jersey version of hillbillies.

I told them, "If you need to use the toilet, you can go out back and use the Port-O-John behind the dumpster. Just look out for bears. A bear almost got Kurt, here."

"That is right," Kurt solemnly agreed. "A bear almost got me."

"Jesus Christ," said the man. "Bears, unicorns. This place is crazy."

"Yes," the woman confirmed. "We almost hit a unicorn just now."

Kurt and I looked at each other.

I asked, "Was it a big unicorn?"

The woman rubbed her temples with her thumbs. "It was pretty big," she said.

The man drew a trembling hand across his sweating forehead and said he didn't feel well. In a gentler tone, Kurt said they should probably turn around and go home and rest. "Okay," the man said dazedly. "Come on, Lisa. Let's head back."

Kurt followed them outside and took note of their license plate number as they pulled out of the parking lot and headed back up Route 72, away from Ong's Hat. We found out later that they were Michael Cormier and Lisa Cormier Hallenbeck, fraternal twins and avid bird watchers.

Michael was from East Brunswick and his sister lived in Princeton Junction. They'd come down to the Pine Barrens to do some bird watching and had unwittingly stepped into the pocket of weirdness that surrounds Ong's Hat. Some people register the weirdness as a mild sense of unease or not-quite-rightness. Others – and these are far more rare – are like Michael and Lisa in that they experience visual hallucinations.

It wasn't a unicorn that ran in front of their car but an ordinary whitetail deer. Something special about the twins made them see it as a unicorn. What was disturbing was the fact that they didn't appear to find anything unusual about encountering a mythological beast running around loose in New Jersey.

Remember how I mentioned the Jersey Devil earlier? Lots of people have reported seeing it over the centuries. It supposedly stands about three or four feet tall with a head like a horse, a body like a kangaroo, cloven hooves on its hind legs and bat-like wings. During one week in January 1909, dozens of people reported seeing it flying over their homes or perched on rooftops.

The thing is, the Jersey Devil doesn't exist. Animals with fur and hooves are mammals and with the exception of bats, mammals can't fly. Its wings would be too small for a creature that size to fly, unless the creature is a bird, and that's exactly what it was. What people were seeing were just ordinary birds, probably sandhill cranes. They saw an impossible animal because something emanating from Ong's Hat *made* them see it, something malign.

What events took place following the Jersey Devil sightings of 1909? Some very

disturbing ones, including the murder of the entire congregation of the Leeds Point Baptist Church by the church's pastor, who served his flock cookies laced with rat poison. Then there was the matron at an orphanage in Burlington County who smothered six of her young charges with a pillow, and dozens of stabbings, shootings and acts of arson. None of the people who committed these acts had ever done anything criminal before.

In the years that followed, sightings of the Jersey Devil in and around the Pine Barrens often portended disaster. And now two people claimed to have seen another impossible animal, this time a unicorn.

I needed to get back to the base and see what was going on. I had an awful feeling that the scientists were monkeying around with those gates that I mentioned earlier and that something bad was about to happen as a result. "Come on," I told Kurt. We locked up the store, got into Kurt's truck and drove as far as we could before the crumbling paved road gave out. We walked the rest of the way, Kurt taking long strides and me hurrying to keep up.

I popped the hatch that led to the underground base using a device that looks like a garage door opener. What we found down there ratcheted up the alarm I was feeling to a whole new level. All the scientific instruments with lights on them were frantically blinking. A group of Bill Lightner's underlings were standing around, looking puzzled. Bill wasn't there. He was at a conference in Chicago, having left a guy named Bob Robertson in charge. Bob was a scientist with a Ph.D. in something or other, but he was primarily a bureaucrat. I hate

bureaucrats for the reason that they're stubbornly unwilling to do anything until the proper forms have been filled out and then passed on to the proper authority for review. Taking quick action was not in Robertson's nature, which was too bad, because it looked like quick action was exactly what was called for before all hell broke loose.

Bob had chosen to react to the flashing lights by phoning one of the IT people and asking him to come and take a look. The IT guy, he informed me, would be there in about an hour, after he picked his kids up from soccer practice. Bob was seated in front of one of the terminals, a Sudoku puzzle book open on his lap, when he said this. I resisted the impulse to hit him over the head with it.

Instead I told him, "Something's happening. You need to close the gate."

"I don't think so," he said mildly. "The system's acting funny, but it's just a glitch. Nothing to get excited about."

That's when I felt the ground shake. A photograph of a red-haired woman hugging a golden retriever on Bob's workstation fell over with a clatter.

"Something's coming. Close the damn gate," I shouted.

Bob just sat there, his lips pursed, fiddling with his Sudoku book.

Kurt resolved the situation by pulling a Beretta compact semiautomatic from the pocket of his camo pants and holding it about an inch from Bob's right temple. "Close the gate, *Herr Doktor*," he ordered. "Do it now."

Bob leaned over and punched in a code on his keyboard. "This is very unorthodox,"

he grumbled. "There's nothing wrong. It was only an earth tremor." Shooting me a look of intense dislike, he added prissily, "Weeks of work just went down the drain. I'm going to report you for this, you know."

That was four years ago. Bob did indeed report Kurt and me, although nothing came of it, seeing as how we'd prevented whatever was trying to get out from destroying New Jersey, or at least a good chunk of it. I retired to my condo in Puerto Rico, where I pass the time by writing spy thrillers.

My old friend from the Outfit, Sanjay Patel, sent me an envelope recently containing something he found at a garage sale while vacationing with his family in Weston, Vermont. It's a bumper sticker from the 2012 presidential election in which someone named Brenda-Marie Clough ran for re-election. Her campaign slogan was Let's Do It Again! Of course she never did it in the first place, not in this version of our world, anyway. When I went online to check, I found Brenda-Marie Clough. She was mayor of a small town on Cape Cod.

Sometimes when a gate opens in Ong's Hat, things slip into our world from other versions of reality. They're usually not physical objects, like the bumper sticker. Sometimes the things that slip in are memories that feel as if they happened but never did, not in this version of our world, at least. The Talking Heads sing about this particular feeling of bewilderment. "*How did I get here?*" they ask.

That's a good question. Sometimes, when a gate opens or shuts in Ong's Hat, reality shifts to a version of our world that's similar to the one we knew before, but not quite the same. If you've ever looked at

your daughter Madison across the breakfast table and thought, *That's funny. For a moment there, I could have sworn her name was Mason, and that her eyes were green, not brown,* that's probably because a gate opened or shut in Ong's Hat.

If you're driving to work in your Komodo hatchback, the thought might cross your mind that your car is called a Kia. Then you realize that's ridiculous. There is no automobile manufacturer by that name.

Here's what happened to me last week. I was seated at an outdoor café, watching a cruise ship send launches bearing cargoes of sunburned, rum-soaked merrymakers into the harbor. I fell into a conversation with an elderly woman at a nearby table. She said she'd gone on a cruise when she was a little girl with her parents and her grandmother. Her grandmother recalled her father taking her to see the *Titanic* dock in New York. "Of course that's impossible," the woman said, smiling at the memory of her grandmother imagining such a thing. "She insisted she was there when it came in. She said she watched the passengers disembarking, and saw Captain Smith standing on the bridge. That's funny, isn't it?"

I agreed that it was. ❖

THE HAUNTING IN HALF-HILL

by SANDOR KOVACS

11:51 Sunday 16.08.2015 - Facebook
Messenger

Hi Gina,

How are you? Hope you're enjoying your holiday.

I just wanted to drop a few lines. No problem if you can't reply.

I finished emptying the last bags yesterday, so I can rest now for a few days before I start to work on my new book. I'm full of excitement.

You have to come down when you are back from Africa 'cause the view is beautiful. It's nothing like London, even if Half-Hill is not far away from it. In the morning the mist covers the top of the hills, and when it's being chased away by the heat of the sun; well, wow, that's something I've never seen before. Spectacular.

There's a little lake close too. We can have a girly weekend (with lots of wine, of course) and go fishing together. :)

I'm writing from the library 'cause there is no Internet in the house yet, nor land-line phone or good signal. I know it's a bit scary in the 21st century, but the engineers will be there in a few days to sort out everything. :)

Imagine, I found this mysterious diary written by a guy called David, who was living here in 1911. Whooooooo. Maybe it will

inspire me or something. :)

Enjoy yourself and watch out for the local lions... :P

Kisses,
Erica

16:34 Sunday 16.08.2015 - Facebook
Messenger

Hey Erica,

Sounds fabulous. I can't wait to see it. I'm definitely up for the girly weekend. Let's arrange it when I'm back.

I love being here in Africa. The locals are very nice, the hotel is great, and the programs are exciting. The only thing I can't really co-op with is the heat. I mean... I knew it was gonna be hot, but this is extraordinary. I seriously don't know how these people get on with it all year. :)

Anyhow, tomorrow we're gonna go to the long adventure, and we're gonna camp, so I won't have Wifi. But let me know how things go, and I'll answer at the airport. xxx

14:48 Wednesday 19.08.2015 - Facebook
Messenger

Hi Gina,

Hope you are having fun on the “long adventure”. Hahha.

I finished decorating the rooms. The house is homey now, not just a wooden box.

I already know a lot of places in the town, and there won't be much more to discover, but I like it so far. It's peaceful, except these weird animal noises during the night. I'm not sure if you heard foxes in London before, but they make this shrieking noise sometimes. It sounds like a baby crying in pain. I asked about it in the town.

Apparently, it's the mating season, so should be normal. I'll buy some earplugs.

Otherwise, everything is superb.

Lots of love,
Erica

10:37 Friday 21.08.2015 - Facebook
Messenger

Hey Gina,

Hope everything is still okay with you. Just two days from now, and you'll be back. I miss my BFF. :(

I started to sketch the new novel. I have to work on the story still, but I'm definitely going to use some elements from that diary. It's so fascinating. I can't believe it happened. The guy's wife had gone missing, and he was left alone with his son. They were searching for her through day and night. He wrote the notes to her. Poor thing. His writing is so detailed.

I'm very excited about the end. They had to be so nice together; they called themselves the Driumvirate because all of their names started with a D. So sweet.

The noise of the foxes is still killing. I'm in town now again, but nobody can help because they wouldn't harm them. Hopefully, the mating season will be over soon. :)

Love and kisses,
Erica

10:11 Saturday 22.08.2015 - Facebook
Messenger

Okay, this is not funny anymore. Last night I sleepwalked. I've never done anything like that before (or I don't remember). I woke up in the living room, staring out through the window. It was a full moon, and the forest on the hill was covered in the usual fog. I felt a dragging force like something wanted me to go out.

It sounds stupid, but do you know why this scared the shit out of me? Because I finished reading the diary after this, as I could not sleep, and the guy describes the same stuff: the animal noises, his son sleepwalking, bad dreams.

The end is terrible. I think the guy went nuts.

I'm in the library now, so I searched for the old newspapers, but couldn't find anything about the father and the son. I am not sure anyway, if somebody is making fun, or I'm just overreacting some ridiculous coincidences, but I'm genuinely scared. I don't want to spend another night in that house. I scanned the last pages of the diary, and I'm going to post them here so that you will understand.

I called Dad and asked him to pick me up. I'm going to sleep in a hotel room

tonight. At least I will have Internet. It feels much safer, plus Daddy will be here by tomorrow morning.

I have to go now 'cause I have to pack my things. I'm sorry, I don't want to disturb you. It's just, you know... Writing this stuff down relaxes me somewhat.

And now, the last pages of the diary:

Thursday Evening 03.08.1911

On the way home, I bought the wooden soldier figure Danny had desired for so long. I am trying to achieve some cheerfulness every day, however, I even have to force myself for the feeling sometimes. He is a smart boy. He smiles when he thinks he has to, although I notice if it is not real, of course. Today, his good mood was genuine.

After dinner, he suddenly came back to the kitchen when I was doing the dishes and hugged me, saying thanks for the toy again. As I already had felt emotional, his pure, childish kindness made me cry no matter how hard I tried to suppress it. I dried my hands, turned around and stroked his head.

It would be so good if you were here too, my dear Dora. We would be an unbreakable family, living in happiness. The good old Driumvirate. Do you remember? You were the one who came up with the name when Danny was born. So silly.

I miss you so much I fail to describe it with words or expressions. I do not know if I am a good father. If someone could assure me. I guess, I have to keep doing what I feel

right.

It has been two months today, and I still did not give up the hope. Where are you? Please, come back to us if you are still alive. Oh God, I do not want to weep again.

Thursday Night 03.08.1911

It is almost midnight, and I did not intend to write more today, but I have to tell this to you. I was about to go to bed when I heard a groaning noise from outside. It continued to get stronger, then the ground started to shake. I hurried into Danny's room and found him petrified as the books were falling off from the shelves. Everything was trembling. I grabbed him and rushed out to the small meadow next to the lake, where nothing could fall on us, and we could not fall off from anything either unless the earth had opened up beneath us. When we arrived, the earthquake ended.

I did not want to go back too early, so I was just waiting there with Danny in my arms. Then, we were able to see the moving hill. It sounded like a thousand dynamites, as the enormous amount of rock, mud and trees disappeared towards the lake. I felt like a small insect, and I ran, terrified about being buried alive. Luckily, the landslide stopped a few hundred yards before reaching the fences, however, half of the hill was gone.

We strolled, steadily, holding each other's hands. When we reached up to the house, the firefighters arrived.

They asked us whether we were hurt. I shook my head. We watched them working, but they realised soon that they could not

do much in the middle of the night. It was over.

In the meantime, people from the town arrived as well, to see what had happened. The firefighters sent everyone home.

We went back to the house too, and I put Danny to bed. It took some time until I finally could calm him down.

He is sleeping now. I needed to quiet myself too, as today was not an ordinary day after all. Have a good night darling, wherever you are.

Friday Evening 04.08.1911

This morning rumbling woke us up, not the alarm clock. At dawn firefighters, policemen, scientists, and some curious neighbours observed the remnants of the hill. I spoke to them, and they told me that they were going to do everything not to disturb our everyday life and finish the investigation as soon as it was possible.

Later, I tried to divert Danny's attention with jokes and questions about the classes he would have today. Still, he kept asking about you. What if you were there when the ground moved? What if you were injured? What if you were crying for help without anyone hearing it?

I was glad that he had not talked about you lately, darling, but I fooled myself. I concentrated on my own grief, not on our child's feelings. It seems, only a small pebble was needed to trouble the lake. But how should I make him accept your disappearance after two months? If I look at the facts, he might be right, and you are still alive, somewhere out there.

In the end, I explained to Danny that

you were not in trouble, not injured, and not calling for help. I wanted him to stay quiet, so he did. Although I knew, he only pretended to agree with me.

Late afternoon I picked up Danny. The mutton I cooked was delicious, but he did not even touch it, just fumbled with the fork, staring at the men outside. They irritated me. Why did this happen when we were already in the process of getting over a terrible event? Why now? I do not want Danny to see this, to relive this shock again.

My attempts to have a conversation failed, therefore, I sent him to his room. I have done the dishes, then had a few drinks. The events upset me for sure, and there was an old bottle of whisky in the kitchen cupboard. Now, I am writing this seeing two from my letters.

And you? Where are you, darling? Are you living the life you had desired, not even remembering us? How could you leave us like this? It is not fair. I hope you are dead, as if you left us like this, you are the cruelest person I know.

Saturday Morning 05.08.1911

I am so sorry about the things I wrote yesterday. Surely the alcohol took my mind, leaving only the unpleasant thoughts swirling in me.

I wish I could still hear your deep breaths when I wake up in the mornings. I wish I could turn over to see your beautiful face lying on the pillow, then kiss you on the cheek. Instead, all I have is my pencil, my imagination, and the ache that lurks in my head.

At the beginning of the night, vivid

nightmares disturbed my sleep, so did they Danny's. He woke up several times, calling for me. It took long minutes until he fell asleep each time. I decided to stay with him for the rest of the night.

As I lay awake next to him, a disturbing feeling startled my mind, an urge to go outside. I had never felt anything like it before. However, as quickly it came, as quickly it went, leaving me in peace. The rest of the night passed silently.

I planned a small adventure in the forest for today, but I have to abandon my idea because half of the hill is gone. Instead, we will go to the market in Churchborough.

Oh, I hear he is awake.

Saturday Evening 05.08.1911

We had a glorious day with a lot of sunshine, laughs, and plenty of fun. I bought candies, new trousers for Danny, and to surprise myself too, I purchased a new toolset. Although we have worn our feet down, I am immensely happy.

I am so sorry to say this darling, but I want Danny to forget you for a while. Even I wish I could do the same. Only for a while, until we get ready to remember again, to remember something else than grief and emptiness. If you had seen Danny today, you would understand. He was glowing.

He is in a deep sleep now. I do not expect him to wake, nor do I expect myself once I slip into the soft bedding. I will write more in the morning, my dear. Love you for eternity.

Sunday Morning 06.08.1911

It is 8 am already, and I have not slept an hour, even if I summarise the small naps I had between the awakenings of Danny. He must have had shocking nightmares as his whole body trembled sometimes. When awake, covered in sweat, he was staring at me with his big brown eyes, waiting for some sort of solution. I had no such thing to provide, and I felt so sad about it that I was the one who almost cried.

He did not want to sleep, therefore, I asked him about his visions. He said he had seen you, my dear, in great danger. You had talked to him, but Danny did not remember your words. The place had been dark, wet, and there had been no trace of other people, just shades, rustling on the walls. He had also heard a calling in his head, attracting him like an odd obsession. He said he had wanted to walk somewhere, but where exactly, he did not have a clue. His description of the force was strangely similar to the feeling I had experienced the night before.

I stayed with him, of course. I read tales and funny stories, stroked his back to make him relaxed. He slept a bit, thankfully.

Sunday Evening 06.08.1911

I told Danny this morning that he did not need to do his housework. As it is Sunday today, we are not bothered by the masses of annoying people. They should have finished their work for now anyway.

Thankfully it was sunny outside, so he could play in the backyard, and I could do the chores, undisturbed.

I stayed in his room for an hour or so after finishing dinner and read a few amusing stories. He got sleepy, so I left him. So

far, there is quiet.

I say goodbye for now. I am going to read something, then rest.

Monday Morning 07.08.1911

We are over another difficult night, and I do not know what to do. Danny sleepwalked. First, I heard noises from his room. When I looked at him I did not notice anything odd; he was just sleeping silently. I could hear him breathing.

After watching him for a few minutes I attempted to walk back, but a sudden knock disturbed my ears. I went back, and Danny lay on the floor next to his bed. Then, he staggered to his feet and stumbled towards me.

I thought he was going to come to me, but he passed like I was invisible. He shuffled the stairs downwards when I began to follow him. I am aware that sleepwalkers should not be awakened, yet it required all my concentration not to do so. I followed him.

He stopped next to the window and stared at something, but his eyes were closed. I gently touched his shoulder and forehead with my hands and turned him around. At the moment we reached the stairs, his eyelids opened up, trying to glance at the window in despair. I did not let his head go. I whispered nice things to him instead, then raised his leg onto the first step. A strange feeling nested in my brain, as I watched his emotionless

face. Something pulled him, just like he said. For a few seconds, I stared into the darkness outside, a small sweat drop running down my temple. Something was out there, I knew, and it made me feel terrified.

Danny let me be the guide, therefore, we reached the room relatively fast. I put him into bed, and he went back to his deep, peaceful sleep almost immediately.

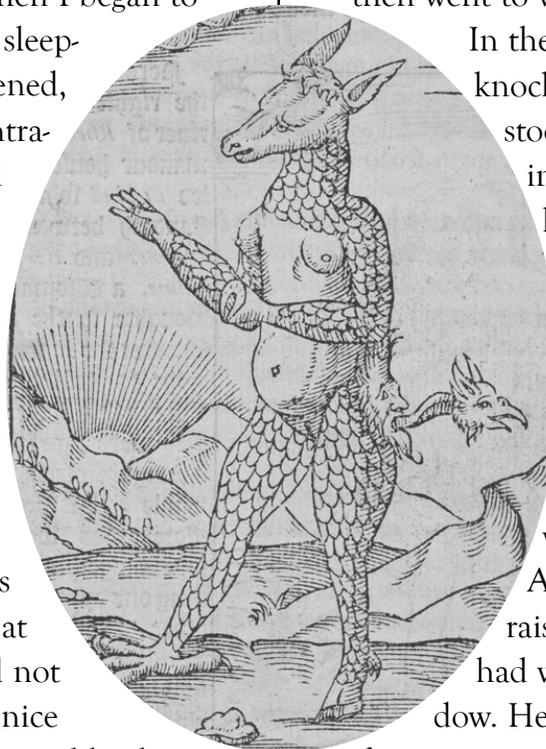
We had this single incident during the night, but I am stressed about it. I have to wake him up soon as there is school today. He is not going to remember anything, I am sure.

Monday Evening 07.08.1911

I did not mention the sleepwalking in the morning, nor did Danny. He said he slept well this time. I got him to school, then went to work.

In the afternoon someone knocked on my office door. I stood up from my desk, shouting that I was coming. A man had opened the door before I could get there and told me that Danny was with Dr Jenkins, unconscious. He had fallen asleep during class. His teacher, Mrs Boxon had attempted to wake him up, unsuccessfully. After a while, Danny had raised his head, stood up, then had walked to the classroom window. He had been standing there for minutes, eyes shut, then had collapsed.

I hurried to see Dr Jenkins, praying



silently for the life of my son. Danny was still asleep when I arrived, but the doctor examined him thoroughly.

He said this was a combination of a trauma and extreme fatigue, and prescribed a weak sedative herbal tea. Danny needs to drink it half an hour before going to bed, every day for a week from now. Dr Jenkins advised not to bother him as this sleeping session may last for more than twelve hours. I politely thanked him for the diagnosis and left.

We are at home now. It is past 9 PM. Danny is still asleep, while I am writing this to you. Sometimes I wish these two months to be a nightmare, just like one of Danny's. I want to wake up.

We have nothing left from you, darling, nothing. You stepped out of our lives willingly, unwillingly, I do not know, but you left a shattered family behind. I am immensely upset, as I had never thought anything bad about you when I was sober, however now, I cannot fight against my rising subconscious. I will go to bed before I write down something that I would regret the morning after again.

Monday Night 07.08.1911

As I was sleeping, a dreadful howling roused me from the bed. It came from the direction of the lake. I was not sure what had happened to the animals, but it seemed that every creature of the forest began to scream at the same time. I could not bear the sound of them, so I covered my ears with my palms, then I went to check on Danny straight away.

He was not in his bed. I ran down the

stairs and found him beside the window, staring into the darkness outside, with open, but lifeless eyes. Certainly, he was sleepwalking again.

Being deaf by the inhuman choir of wilderness, a new horror began in front of my eyes. Danny tried to break the glass, hitting it systematically with his forehead. As I looked at the reflection in the glass, I saw his wide-open mouth, like he never finished yawning.

After I had touched his back, he scratched my face, then jumped towards the entrance, shrieking inarticulately. Blood drops fell over my pyjamas, while Danny became hysterical. In order to get out, he scratched the door like he was put into a coffin alive. He did not care about the pain, and I wondered how he could endure it at all. If I had not stopped him, his nails would have come off in no time.

I grabbed him from behind, shook him and shouted his name. I had to wake him up from this mysterious rampage before he did a bigger harm in me, or worse, in himself. I shook him longer, but it did not make a difference. Shades moved everywhere around us, and I realised that the animals surrounded the house. Their terrible howling filled my head.

I ran to the bathroom, constantly fighting against my delirious son's attacks. I splashed some cold water on him, which finally woke him up, however, his reaction made me one hundred percent sure that we need professional help, or perhaps we need to leave the town. Clearly, I was not able to control this situation anymore.

After he had woken up, he did not remember anything. It is understandable as

he had been asleep. But he was not upset, he did not ask why we were in the bathroom, or why I was bleeding. He accepted the environment as it was. He told me to release him, so I did. My gaze followed him walking up the stairs.

I noticed the silence when Danny disappeared at the top of the stairs. I knew that the animals stopped howling in the exact second of his awakening. I checked all the windows and watched them slowly walking away.

I am writing this next to his bed, by candlelight. He is asleep, but I must not go to bed until he is up in the morning. First thing tomorrow, I will go to the town and call the best dream specialist in the country, and I will get him to see Danny no matter what. I will even go to London if needed. I just hope we get through the night in peace.

About the strange behaviour of the wild animals, I do not know what to say. It must be a coincidence, or surely there is an explanation, which I just cannot see from worrying and my fatigue.

I am going to put the candle out now and let Danny sleep.

Tuesday Evening 08.08.1911

If this note is the last in this diary, I do not mind, but I have to write this down somewhere. I am exhausted, not able to stop crying, and terrified more than ever, therefore, if my words are confusing, I do apologise.

Without a doubt, I made the largest mistake of my life. I had let myself fall asleep last night. When I woke up in the morning, Danny was not in the room. I jumped to my

feet, feeling my heartbeat in my throat. I did not feel hopelessness yet, as he could have been in the toilet, in the kitchen, or in the garden. Desperation came a minute later after I had not been able to find him anywhere near. I shouted his name, but there was no answer.

I decided to handle the case on my own. When Dora had disappeared, I had contacted the police too late, and it was too late when we began the search, and most probably that was the second largest mistake of my life.

I packed some cold food, water, warm clothes, and a torch into my bag, then walked towards the hill. Recently, Danny stared at it in daylight, in darkness, awake, or sleepwalking, even when the hill was not visible. It radiated a dragging force. Even I felt it on some of the nights.

The forest was eerily silent. There were no animals rustling, just a weak whistling noise coming from my right side and their trails covering the ground, all leading towards the same direction. The whistling became stronger, so I began to follow the sound and the trails. A few minutes later I found a hole in the ground. Strong wind was gushing out from the crack, which generated the whistling. Rocks covered the place where trees should have been, revealing the horse sized mouth of the hole. I tried to look inside, however, I could not figure out its depth. As I stood next to it, the calling became stronger than ever. It sounds mad, but somehow I knew that I had to go in.

In the cave, daylight died after the first twenty yards, and the rock corridor got narrower. The wet walls, glowing from my

torch, were rough, scrubbing my shoulders. I struggled to keep my breathing calm, and I felt my heart throbbing in my throat.

After a few minutes, the walls stopped being irregular. I discovered some sort of pattern on them, getting more detailed as I moved further. Symbols were carved into the sanded stone; only they were not cave paintings I had studied about in school. They looked similar to the Egyptian hieroglyphs. I was certain that they meant or described something, perhaps they showed the path.

As I continued my horrifying journey towards the growing darkness, with eyes fixated on the mysterious drawings, I heard a voice, a laugh. It was Danny. It had to be Danny. Why would he laugh, though, I asked myself, questioning my own sanity.

I doubled the speed of my steps and saw a little light in front of me. I ran, ignoring the warnings of my instincts, then Danny crashed into me from the front, almost stopping my heart. I could not see him coming, but that did not matter anymore. Taking his small hand, I turned towards the exit of the tunnel.

Daddy, I found Mum, he said, and I told him to stop speaking nonsense, and that we were going home. But he pulled me, and when I protested against him, he just slipped out of my hands and ran. I had to follow him.

The scribblings altered to an unorganised mess, like the drawer of them had gone through an insane transformation of the mind. There were pictures drawn about something I could not recognise. Weird signs and absurd looking men around a fire, worshipping something.

A horrible smell hit my nose at once, which I can only describe as a combination of a latrine and a rotting animal corpse, sprinkled with some cinnamon. There was a sweetness to it somehow.

Danny led me to a big hall, where hundreds of holes covered the walls, just like the one we had come out from. It was the inner space of a huge rock cathedral, painted with the terrific hieroglyphs. On the ground lay a strange circle made of rocks and pebbles, like an ancient culture's sacrificial area, and I found the source of the smell within. It seemed that all the animals from the forest were dead, butchered, piled up in the middle of the circle. Birds, foxes, squirrels, deer; hundreds of them.

I reached to cover Danny's eyes when some kind of sticky fluid landed on my head. I looked up and glimpsed at Dora, floating in the air above us. I quickly realised that she was not my wife, but something that did not belong to this world. Sane people could not interpret those shapes she was surrounded by. Long, grey tentacles attached her to the entity, leading further to the rocks and pulsating from the fluid flowing through. The disgusting liquid leaked towards the floor, generating the putrid scent, making it stronger than ever.

Oh God, she screamed in agony, giving birth to a new creature. At that moment I recognised the purpose of the animal carcasses. They meant to be food for the new arrival, and looking at my wife being a host of some sort, I recognised the purpose of my son in this alien conspiracy. In my terrible realisation I vomited onto the ground, feeling that not only half digested food left my stomach, but my grief and doubt too.

Danny did not care about anything. He smiled, jumping around in a trance, pointing at the demonic abomination of life that should have been sentenced to death when it was born. I told him that she was not Mummy. Mummy was dead, and this thing used her to lure us here. He did not listen.

I grabbed him and ran towards the hole where we had entered. The monster cried up in an undefinable howl, making the hill shake.

I thought we would be able to get out if I last through Danny's hysteria, but as I ran, I heard a sloppy thud behind us. I looked back and saw my former wife on the ground, crawling towards us, supported by several tentacles. A half-bred creature was hanging out of her, wailing and scratching the ground between her legs. She shrieked and shot some of the tentacles towards us. I managed to dodge them and entered the passage.

Danny shouted at me, hit me, and tried to get away. I held him firm, but I had no idea if I was running towards the exit at all, because of the utter darkness around us.

Dora and the monster followed us, getting closer quickly, and I began to lose faith when my muscles demonstrated in pain against any movement, then suddenly, giving new hope, the rays of the sun reached us from the surface. With blood in my eyes, though, blinded by the additional light, I stumbled in a small rock and dropped Danny. He vanished at that moment, and I could not catch his legs to hold him back. I called his name, but he did not answer. I heard them reunite, but I did not attempt to fight, as I needed more tools, weapons.

I am here now, my face is bloody, my

clothes are wet, and there is a pretty high chance that I am losing my mind. My wife, for whom I wrote this diary in the first place is dead. Killed by an ancient terror, which lurked deep within the hill, waiting for the right time to rise, waiting for the right person to possess. It took my wife; now it wants my child.

If anyone finds this diary, be aware that this is the unaltered truth. My old shotgun is here next to me, and God is my witness, I will go back to rescue my son.

21:11 Saturday 22.08.2015 - Facebook Messenger

Jesus Erica, this sounds horrifying. I've just read your messages and the story you posted, and I'm seriously worried about you. Are you in the hotel now? Is your Father on his way?

Everything is gonna be alright, don't worry. It has to be some idiot's joke.

I'm at the airport now, so I have Wifi constantly. Let me know how things are. I can even call you if you want. xxx

21:17 Saturday 22.08.2015 - Facebook Messenger

I know, right? It's bloody scary.

Anyhow, thanks, no need for the call. It would be too expensive. I'm fine. :)

I am here in the hotel room. Packed everything important earlier. I'm gonna watch TV or write. That will be perfect to kill the time. I spoke to Dad, and he will arrive early in the morning, so all is good. :)

21:18 Saturday 22.08.2015 – Facebook Messenger

Ah okay. :) I'm glad to hear that. You made me anxious, you know.

We can meet up in London tomorrow evening if you want. You can tell me everything, or we can just do something together. Cinema maybe, something social? :)

22:31 Saturday 22.08.2015 – Facebook Messenger

We're through the security check and going to grab some food before take-off. So anything interesting on the TV? Or did you write?

22:38 Saturday 31.08.2015 – Facebook Messenger

Erica? Is everything okay?

22:43 Saturday 22.08.2015 – Facebook Messenger

Erica I tried to call you. Where are you? Please, pick up the phone!!!

22:46 Saturday 22.08.2015 – Facebook Messenger

Oh my God, I nodded off for a bit and sleepwalked again. What did this place do to me? I'm still in my room, but I can feel that dragging force again, same as it was in the house, just a lot stronger. What's happening to me?

Wait a minute...

22:49 Saturday 22.08.2015 – Facebook Messenger

I found the diary on my bed. I'm sure that I didn't bring it here.

Ohh my God, my feet are muddy! I brought it here myself, asleep. How could that happen? And the cover... Ohh God, it says: 'The Driumvirate is here,' signed by Danny, Dora, and David.

22:52 Saturday 22.08.2015 – Facebook Messenger

Erica, please, just get out of there!! Call a taxi or something!!! Just leave the town behind and tell the driver to go towards London!

23:03 Saturday 22.08.2015 – Facebook Messenger

You are right. I called a taxi, and tried to call Dad, but he didn't pick up the phone. They said the car would be here in ten minutes.

I wish you were here with me. The howling of the foxes is audible again. Very faintly, but I'm sure about it. I'm so scared.

23:06 Saturday 22.08.2015 – Facebook Messenger

I just tried to call again, but you didn't pick up. Please pick up the phone!!!

23:17 Saturday 22.08.2015 – Facebook Messenger

I can't pick it up. I made my phone silent and locked myself in the bathroom.

They are here Gina. The Driumvirate. They came for me. When the taxi arrived, I looked out the window, and they were there, standing beneath a street lamp, staring at me; all three of them. I wanted to run down the stairs, to jump into the taxi quickly, but when I got out of the room they were at the end of the corridor, oozing a horrible stench, and I didn't see their faces, but I knew that they wanted me to go with them. The Driumvirate is complete again, serving that entity from the diary.

I locked the front door and locked the bathroom door. I don't want to speak. Maybe they go away. If I stay silent, they will just go away... Ohh my God, the howling of the foxes is so loud now.

I'm trembling as I write, barely able to swallow the sobbing that wants to break out from me, but I have to stay silent.

23:19 Saturday 22.08.2015 - Facebook Messenger

Call the police!!! Can you read this? Stay in the bathroom. Don't open the door!!!

23:24 Saturday 22.08.2015 - Facebook Messenger

They are inside the room, Gina. I feel the stench. It's similar to a decaying animal carcass sprinkled with cinnamon, just like in the diary.

I see the cave in my head with that monstrosity inside, long tentacles crawling on the walls like thousands of slithering rat-

lesnakes, searching for life to consume. It's starving, and it wants to eat everything alive. Everything on this planet, but it wants me first. It's not strong enough to get out of the cave. Doesn't matter. It can wait. It waited for hundreds of years; now it can wait a bit longer. The Driumvirate will bring food. Me.

I don't want to die, Gina.

23:28 Saturday 22.08.2015 - Facebook Messenger

Jesus Erica, just try to stay in the bathroom!!! I called the police for you. There's only one hotel in Half-Hill, so they will find it, but couldn't tell them the room number. What's your room number?

23:30 Saturday 22.08.2015 - Facebook Messenger

They're calling me. Their voices are so distant in my head, yet so close. I want them to get out of my head, but they're so strong. The voices tell me to open the door.

23:31 Saturday 22.08.2015 - Facebook Messenger

Please Erica, fight!!! Don't open the door!!!!

23:33 Saturday 22.08.2015 - Facebook Messenger

Please pick up the phone!!! I can help you fight them. Please Erica please please

23:34 Saturday 22.08.2015 - Facebook

Messenger

You must not give up, please answer
me!!! I can't lose you, Erica

23:35 Saturday 22.08.2015 - Facebook

Messenger

ERICAAAAAA ❖

END TRANSMISSION