

W-wait, we're at eleven already? Crap! I have to hurry or you guys will be caught up to me soon! No sex in this one, you'll get that soon... if you're into that sort of thing.

The usual disclaimer 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.

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Silent Hill – Vows of the Broken

By Eric Wythe

Chapter 11

“Today guys, you're going to be picking partners for a research project. You're all going to buddy up, pick a certain type of government-“ Blah, blah, blah, blah.

The only words that registered for me were “Partner” and “Picking”.

I looked over at Ron and gave him a confirming look; he just gave me a cocky grin and crossed his arms over his expansive chest.

Oh fuck me, he's up to something. And Mr. Kahl is nearly done with asking everyone.

“Sarah?” Mr. Kahl asked.

“Dan.” She responded.

“Corey?”

“Greg.”

“Zoë?”

“Ryan.”

“And Ron will be with-“

“Actually, Veronica will be my partner.” He interrupted.

“What?” Veronica, John and I all asked at the same time. It was kinda uncanny, I would've laughed if I wasn't about to punch Ron in the face for basically-

“Well, then that leaves Daryl and John working together.”

That.

“Now-hold on, can’t I work by myself?” I asked frantically.

“No.” He stated simply.

“But-“

“No.” He stated more firmly.

I looked over at John; he was scratching the back of his head. What the fuck is up with that? God this is embarrassing. I end up partnered with the guy I... Grr... I’m going to hurt Ron for this.

If looks could kill, Ron would be on fire while having screaming harpies stab his exposed heart with rusted spoons.

He just grinned, the bastard.

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My old desk was dusty. If I had still been in school I’d be in this history class right now. The old analog clock on the wall was stopped at 7:13. My phone said it was 11:37; lunch would start in twenty minutes. Ron and I would head out together and go to our usual spot on the football field. There was an old elm tree out by the track that gave the perfect amount of shade and privacy; we claimed it from some seniors who had graduated the year before we started high school.

I’ll have to visit it later.

I figured that if I re-visited all my old classrooms I’d remember where John’s old locker was eventually. We used to meet by it all the time. The thing is though, I never really paid attention to where the fuck it was, by the time I saw John I would pretty much tune everything out around me.

I only slightly curse my infatuation with him.

Okay, so in total there are about 300 lockers throughout the entire school. And about only half of them were used at any given years, and because of renovation complications, a big chunk of them were removed on my sophomore year, leaving about 200, give or take. Well, I guess I can just wander around the school until my memory is jogged.

Or... maybe I can just search for locker assignments in the main-office.

That plan appealed to the lazy side of me. So I exited my history class and made my way back to the entry-way of the school. There was a large courtyard that separated the two offices; we called the courtyard ‘The Senior Lawn’ even though it was occupied

by pretty much everyone who wanted to be cool. Anyway, on one side of the lawn was the attendance office, where all the counselors and secretaries spent their day counting out students and having the psychiatry majors who weren't good enough to open their own practice, deal with the kids who were misbehaving or weren't happy with their schedule.

The vice-principal's office was also there, which is why I need to go to the attendance office in the first place.

The other office building contained the teacher's lounge, the nurse's station, and the principals office. Of course there's possibly more, but I never got the chance to ever see beyond what they let us.

As luck would have it, the attendance office was unlocked. It looked exactly the same as it did ten years ago. It looked recently vacated too. The dust and decay that seemed to have built up in the rest of the town wasn't present here. The humming of computers was the only sound, and the brightly colored flyers advertising the prom were strewn about the windows and hung in various places, pamphlets of various colleges and 'career choices' were displayed in a case near the door.

To the right of me was a makeshift waiting area in front of a large desk that took up much of the space in the moderate sized room. To the opposite of the desk was a table where students could fill out paper work or do homework while they waited for their turn for a counselor meet. In the corners of the buildings were four offices that belonged to the two counselors, the vice-principle and the fourth was usually meant for guest meetings with the principle, or when we had guest counselors or academic observers.

The doors to all the offices were open and I let myself into the VP's office. My old VP was a very clever man. He could peg kids for what they were right off the bat and knew just how to talk to them. He was the only member of the faculty with a doctorate. He never liked being called Doctor though. He not only helped me work through a lot of my problems after my mom died, but he also helped me get a full-ride scholarship for music.

He was also a big supporter of John and I. He thought it was great I had someone like him in my life. He said he could help me put perspective on things and really move on from my mother's death.

His office was sharply decorated; it was a very classic office look with polished black and beige furniture, the walls were a funny kind of green color though, and that mostly set the furniture off. His coat-hanger still had a tan trench coat on it and his old glasses were laid out on his desk. His bookshelf had a few books leaning against its walls, mostly college catalogues and teenage psychiatry books with the occasional science-fiction novel. He also had a few photos of his wife and kids framed in glass.

One of them was my old classmate, Corey.

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“Hey faggot, what the fuck are you doing here?” Corey taunted me as I leaned against the windows across from the locker-room doors.

“Winning points for originality there, Cor. I’m waiting for you’re newest moron on the Jock-Mop to finish getting dressed. He told he’d be done twenty minutes ago.”

Corey just flipped back his medium length blond locks and gave me a cocky look. “Tch, he hurt his back catching a bad pass. I wouldn’t expect him out for a while. You should go check on him!”

“Uh, no.” I said flatly. “I rather like my face the way it is thanks.” He just stood there with a scheming look on his-as much as I hate admitting it-gorgeous face. “Look, don’t you have some whore to catch syphilis from or something?” Yeah, Corey wasn’t my favorite person in the world. And I never had any problem letting my distaste for him known.

He looked up for a second as if to contemplate. “And miss the chance to possibly see your ass kicked? Naw.”

And then Corey and one of his goons who appeared from literally nowhere grabbed me by my arms and tossed me into the locker-room. I landed on the wet tiled floor sprawled out on my arms and legs. I heard the doors shut and I leapt up to try and force them open, but of course, they were holding them closed. And since I’m nowhere near as strong as Corey, let alone him and one of his goons it was a futile attempt to open them.

I could hear them giggling from beyond the iron barricades.

“Fuckers.” I growled.

I leaned against the door and let out a breath. The new guy didn’t seem that bad, he’s really hot in fact. Maybe he’ll believe me about his friends fucking with me, he seems pretty logical. I’m just still embarrassed from earlier. God, if only I hadn’t done that...

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I put down Corey’s picture, that kid was a case. I’m shocked at how he acted despite his fathers best efforts. Maybe working with someone else’s kids is one thing, but working with your own is entirely different.

I knew that his dad kept files of everyone in his office. It wasn’t a locked drawer or anything either. I was expecting to have to sort through years and years of files, but when I opened the drawer all of the files were of names that I knew... But it wasn’t all the people I went to school with. It was just ten of us:

Corey Phillips

Jonathan Harris

Ronald Mason

Daryl Kaufman

Richard Welks

Veronica Harris

Heather and Claire Mason

And Maria and Gloria Colt

Why're we all here? I mean... it would make more sense if Ron's little sisters weren't in here. Heather is a year younger than us and Claire is two, and the rest of us are all the same age. Maria and Gloria were identical twins.

I picked out John's file and sifted through it. A lot of it was the regular school mumbo-jumbo, like his locker number. But some of it was weird, like there was almost an entire journal with strict personality traits and observations. A couple excerpts read:

08/29/22

*Appears acutely aware of commanding presence, but doesn't take advantage of it. Quiet, but intimidating, takes action thoughtfully, although acts mostly detached, only hostile when territory is threatened, protective of those close to him, which so far only subject V.H. falls under. A case of an Alpha-Male, unless seen with subject D.K. Observe more contact between these two subjects.*

09/19/22

*Subject is seen eating lunch with subject D.K. Subject becomes accommodating and attentive towards subject D.K. specifically. Unsure of what this could mean at this time.*

Does he mean me? D.K. are my initials, so I'd have to assume that. The rest of the notes were observations that were made as John and I grew to become a couple. After a while the notes began to refer to me as John's "mate". I read them all. There were even notes on us while we were having sex... that creeped me the fuck out. They were entirely accurate about our inter-contradicting relationship and how John's dominant nature seems to subdue itself around me unless we're going at it.

I sat myself at the desk and began to rip through all of our files, reading these studies on us. Some of mine remarked:

03/19/23

*Subject is seen on an outing with mate J.H. Subject's independence and pride has seemingly whittled since romantic interest with mate J.H. began. Although this can be contradicted by pointing out that the subject speaks out mainly of the pair, as well as continuously makes his own opinion known and speaks his mind without the consent of the Alpha Male. At a glance, it would appear the subject is the more dominant of the two.*

*However, watching them closely you would catch that the subject constantly, though very subtly, relies on the mate for support and order, but mostly control. The submissive nature of the subject is only revealed in its entirety when seen with his mate in a sexual situation, after watching a display of intercourse it became easier to pick up the signs of submit. The dynamic of these two is quite fascinating.*

I read through them all. It seemed to be a study of Alpha-types with their intended mates... They described everything so clinically. I didn't know what to make of it all. Mostly I was confused by Richard and Gloria's notes. By the end of high school the notes often referred to them as "candidates". The notes didn't mention for what. I decided to dismiss it as I probably wouldn't ever know anyway. I stored up John's school file in my bag. I was just done reading Corey's file. As I picked it up all our files off the desk another piece of paper fell out of one of them. I picked it up, about to relocate it as a research paper.

And then I noticed something.

It wasn't the same handwriting as the researchers. This one was more scraggly and messy. The paper looked significantly more battered and a lot of it looked like it was erased and re-written. It was addressed to John. Apparently this person couldn't decide how to address John... Under the erase marks I could see "to my dearest" or "to my love" in faint pencil. It certainly wasn't my hand-writing, and *I'm* the only person I know who can claim him to be any of those things.

*John,*

*I've held it in too long. I have to tell you this before you waste anymore of yourself on him. Ever since I first met you, I've been trying to impress you, make you notice me. Lead you in the right direction. Get you to know the right people. You have to be in with the in to survive in this town.-*

I stopped when I heard a clanking sound in the office. I slowly got up from chair, still clutching the letter in my hand. There was a metal grating on the ground, and as I exited Dr. Phillips' office my cell phone began to make a weird sound. It was combination of feedback and static. I picked it out my pocket, the front screen was flickering.

I flicked it with my fingers, “What the fuck?” I thought aloud.

I suddenly heard faint clicking in the back of me. I turned around to see a faint figure swish across the wall. I swung around again just in time to see the figure disappear again. I put away my phone and drew out my gun. I drew back the hammer in preparation for anything. The clickety-clack across the walls had stopped. My phone was still going nuts, but other than that there was no sound.

A loud wail pierced my ears, I turned around to see a scrawny creature latched onto the wall. Its body was small, almost infantile. It had a few fingers with curled claws that had dug into the wall to let it climb. It's head was the size of a basketball, it's complexion looked of rotted flesh, it had no face only two dark holes for which were to smell with I assumed. The large line in its head opened and slobber drenched carnivores poured out of it's orifice as the several row of teeth puckered forward. The creature drew breath and let out another wail.

As soon as it was there, it was gone again as the creature began moving again with remarkable speed. I couldn't keep track of it. As soon as I caught wind of it again, it had latched itself onto me. It crawled all over my body, I tried my best to shake it off but it was too fast for me to get my hands on it. It soon crawled down my arm and took hold of part of the letter. It tore most of the letter, leaving me with only the top part. It let out another wail and ran up the wall and through the vents again. I stared at the open vent for a while. My phone had stopped going haywire.

So, what? Now I gotta look for that thing just so I can know who was trying to move in on my husband?

Not cool.

I sighed audibly and looked at my part of the letter. Only the first part of the next paragraph was exposed.

*John,*

*I've held it in too long. I have to tell you this before you waste anymore of yourself on him. Ever since I first met you, I've been trying to impress you, make you notice me. Lead you in the right direction. Get you to know the right people. You have to be in with the in to survive in this town.*

*At first, I thought you were just a cool guy, and that I wanted to do those things because of it. But as I began to see you draw to hi-*

It cut out there and I felt slightly disappointed. I had no idea where to go next, I mean, that thing could be anywhere in the school. I guess I could start with John's locker and go from there. I took out his school info out. His locker number was 123. Yeah, of

course, I always forget it if it's simple. Well, now that I have a number, tracking it down should be easy.

As I exited the door I stepped on another piece of paper. It was a yellow flyer with a map of our school on it. Well, that might come in handy. I picked it up, folded it, and tucked it into my front pocket.

I looked up at the vent again, and hollered:

“All right you little fucker, as soon as I see what's in John's locker your ass is mine!”

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You know, plot devices are really, really fun to write. The notes didn't really exist in my original plans, but it when I realized that this chapter had no real substance to it, nor did I have a way for Daryl to *quickly* find John's files, viola, the notes! And I'll leave you to speculate their relevance.

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