

All I gotta say about this chapter is Daryl's an asshole. *Sniff* makes his papa proud!

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.

Silent Hill – Vows of the Broken

By Eric Wythe

Chp. 5

“Remind me again why I’m doing this?” I asked feeling suddenly way too nervous.

“Because they said they wouldn’t help us unless we came.”

I sighed. Johnny’s parents never liked me. They’re quite possibly the last of a dying breed. Middle-class white-trash. Doris Harris married physician Mark Harris. Mark makes a killing, as such Doris uses that killing to further her “plastic enhancements” while gossiping with her surgeon’s secretary, who just so happens to be friends with everyone at the local beauty parlor. While Dr. Harris spends most of his time flirting with certain patients and women who answer his telephone. And also involving himself in local politics while living out his dreams through his son, and of course, being the “Good Christian” he is, he follows other “Good Christian” beliefs without question. As does his wife.

When John came out to his parents they had a fit. When mom died Johnny’s parents weren’t at the funeral. I didn’t invite them. They left us alone for quite a while, thankfully. After John graduated, they kicked him out of their house. I think they would’ve done it sooner had my mother not died. John had a scholarship for football and I for music so we just went off to school and they hadn’t been mentioned since.

“Dad was probably going to kick me out anyway” he used to say. “He wanted me to go to his Alumni, wanted me to go pro, but I discovered I liked other things quite a bit more.” He would then smile at me. I knew he was lying a bit. He liked to play football. It was his thing. I didn’t want him to go pro though. I am that selfish. But how would you like your significant other traveling across the country for an overly extended period of time? I don’t think he wanted to leave me alone anyway. Besides, if he got caught checking out someone in the locker-room it’d be the last time, y’know? Being out in pro-sports for some reason is *still* taboo.

And yeah, he would look. I wasn’t kidding about his sex-drive earlier. Just because I love the lug doesn’t mean I’m blind.

We walked up to the two-story house that looked just like mine across the street. And Ron’s next to it. John held onto my hand. I felt an awkward moment coming.

And... it didn't come.

Doris opened the door and smiled widely at, get this, me. Not her son, me. She looked... different. I don't think she kept up with her botox. She looked her age for once. It was a good look for her. Of course, I decided to be an ass and get in some pay back.

“Well, you look almost thirty-five now! No more money for botox?”

Her smile faltered a bit. “I deserve that...” she looked back at me. “No, I deserve more.”

“You're right. You do, but I'll lay off for now. I did tell John I'd give you a chance.”

She gave a faint smile and nodded then proceeded inside. John was still holding my hand.

“I'm not done with her you know.”

“Yeah, I know.”

Although the outside the Harris house looks the same as the others along the line of the street, the inside was extravagantly decorated with “hip” furnishing you'd only find in a movie.

You could tell they hired someone to fueng-shuey the place. The walls were white, really bright sterile white, with small pieces of abstract art along the walls. I didn't see one picture of Johnny or his sister, Veronica.

“Wow, it's like you or V never existed.” I whispered to John.

“Yeah... I really hate how hard my parents try to be “modern”, it's kind of embarrassing.” He whispered back.

“They're your parents. That's their job.”

“Good point.”

We made our way into the living-room. It wasn't hard; all the houses are built the same way. Doris was sitting at the edge of her couch sipping coffee from the local café. She looked at us and motioned for us to sit down.

“So where's the good doctor? I want to see his face when I call you a cunt.” I said with the biggest fakest smile I could manage.

She nearly choked on her coffee, it was great.

“Daryl!” John hissed at me. I guess he doesn’t agree with me.

“Okay, okay, sorry, no more cheap shots. I promise.” I held up my right hands in surrender.

“You okay mom?”

“Yes, yes, I’m fine.” She said hoarsely. “I forgot how uninhibited you were, Daryl.”

“Yeah, well, just don’t blame it on my mom.” I said as we sat down. “Just blame it on the fake people I deal with on a daily basis.” I crossed my arms and looked away.

We all sat in silence for a while. John had his hand on my thigh. I knew he wanted to bitch out his mom as much as I did. But he’s probably driving her crazy just from doing something that he doesn’t realize he’s even doing. I have a thing about PDA’s. He knows I like them. I’m not exhibitionist I just like people to know we’re together. The hand on the thigh thing is something he does unconsciously.

I looked back at Doris and she was staring at John’s hand. I took his hand in mine and she looked up to me. I put my fake smile back on. I looked to my left to John and took it off.

“I can see we make you uncomfortable Mrs. Harris.” I looked at her, she looked down. “Do you accept our lifestyle?”

She looked up with a frantic look in her eyes. “Yes! I do, I really do!” John perked up at that. I think we both saw what she said next coming; John was getting red in the face. “I accept Johnny and his choic-“

“Stop *right* there!” No, I didn’t say that, oddly enough. John suddenly dropped his “Strong and silent” routine and grew a pair. He was on his feet, his face mixed with determination and rage. I rarely ever see him like this. It always scares me, but this time? I just knew I’d get some pretty dammed-good down-home entertainment! “I never chose to be gay mom. Never, not once. Did you ever choose to fall in love with my sleaze-ball father and put Veronica and I through hell of having to live up to the expectations of *your* dreams? Did you ever *once* think of what would make *us* happy mom?”

“... No.”

“Then you have no right to speak of acceptance. I mean, Daryl may have had a less than spectacular childhood, but his mom just wanted him to be happy, and to do what makes *him* happy. I didn’t know Mary very long but she taught me enough to know that what you and dad were doing with us wasn’t what good parents do. Daryl taught me a lot. And his question was a trick one, mom.”

“What?”

“You can’t say you accept something without being comfortable with it. And... I’ll be the first person in this room to admit I didn’t accept myself being gay. But... the more I got to know Daryl the more I saw that the only reason I was uncomfortable with it was because it didn’t fit in the retarded little “plan” you and dad had set up for me.”

“We just wanted what’s best-“

“And the longer I was around Daryl the more comfortable I became with myself until I became who I am now. I’m successful and well-adjusted and... happy! And if the only reason you called us over here today was to try and sell us on being “accepting” then you can save it. I’m out of here.” John abruptly walked out of the house... passing his stunned father.

Mark looked at me, and then his wife and his stunned expression turned into one of rage. I guess John got that look from his dad.

“What the fuck are they doing here Doris?” He said boiling over. His face became really red; I wish I had a camera. I put on a big smile, thank you John for letting have the last word.

I stood up and turned towards Mark. “Hey Dr. Harris! I haven’t seen you since I walked into your office while your secretary Jennifer was helping you “fix” your zipper!” I looked back at Doris “With her mouth.” she dropped her paper cup and stared, mouth agape at her husband.

Did I mention the only person who didn’t know about Mark’s affairs were his wife?

I walked across the living room to leave.

“Oh, wait.” I turned my head back and looked at Doris, her attention turned to me.

“Cunt.”

I looked to Mark and now I *really* wish I had a camera.

I couldn’t hold it in any longer I started cracking up, really hard. I know, I’m evil, but these idiots really deserved it. I walked out of their house laughing my ass off.

Heck yes! John with a backbone! I tried really hard to make that not sound preachy, my proofreader said it didn’t, but I’m crazy insecure about my writing... as you’ve might’ve guessed by now.

And please no flames or anything about a certain word I used in this chapter, I know it's a very, very bad word and I never actually use it but I found it entirely appropriate for this chapter. Don't have a problem with me, have a problem with the character.

So if you thought any of this sounded preachy, let me know at eric.wythe@gmail.com.