

Okay, here's the last chapter of Act One. I'm just beginning Act II, I'll do my best to keep up with the chapters, the only reason I got out the first act so quickly was because I already wrote it by the time I found a SH fan-fic site to post it at.

So yeah.

The usual disclaimery stuff applies.

And also, I don't own Silent Hill or anything, I just obsess about it. Konami owns it. And the movie belongs to Silent Hill DCP. Inc.-Davis Films, although this book will have little, if anything, to do with the first movie.

Silent Hill – Vows of the Broken

By Eric Wythe

Chp. 7

“Father Richard!”

I removed my hood and peered at the tall robed figure before me.

“Sister Gloria. It is a pleasure to see you again. What is the status of the mine shaft?”

Gloria removed her hood, revealing her long blonde locks. She bored into me with her bright green eyes. “The chamber is ready. God will soon walk amongst us once more... Richard. What of us? What of this?” She placed her hands on her stomach.

“I've not the slightest idea of what you speak of Sister.”

“Cut the cult crap for a second Richard!” She hissed at me. “What about us? You and I? Our child!” She hissed. “I thought... I thought we had something! Something that was more than what the Order had in store for us!”

I sighed and looked down. “Gloria, we do. But The Order would never think to let us be together... We both know our positions and our fates. It just can't... happen.” I turned to her, I placed my hands over hers. I felt a small kick.

“But I love you Richard!” She whispered.

“I-I love you too Gloria. I really do! But-but we're not destined for this.”

“Fuck destiny! We can run! Please!” Tears were forming in her eyes. She peered into my eyes. I turned my back to her.

“Maybe we can. But what do you want more? To see Paradise? Or would you rather be killed by the Order?” I turned to her and smiled. She seemed to have calmed. “We don't

have to fight this Gloria. If we wait a while longer, then we can love each other without fear!”

“Paradise... I wonder. Do you think it will really happen?”

“If everything goes right. I’ve no doubt God will be invoked.”

“But...won’t it hurt me?”

“We’ll have to see Gloria.”

I walked through the entrance of the mine. Its charred walls screamed the lives of the many lost in the Great Abomination. Those fools, they knew not of the Gods they invoked. Hatred, revenge, fear, they instilled great power into a child without even knowing it. Although, as basic as the method is, we expanded upon their method that accidentally granted a mere child power over the dead, she became a god in her own right. A god of revenge and hatred. Though this child only had power over her own realm and the souls that inhabited it. After many years of research we encountered a way to bring the Gods of this town out in full form and power.

As we made our way down the mine, we could hear chanting at the far end. A dim light shone near the end. .

“Looks like the preparations are nearly complete.” Gloria said quietly.

“Yes. Are you prepared?”

She nodded; we both entered the chamber.

It was a small room, a handful of men were placed at several points of the chamber. Their chanting was soft murmurs that promised fruits for The Labor. A large stone slab was placed in the center of the room, The Halo of the Sun was etched into it in red.

“Sister Gloria, Father Richard. You’ve arrived in time. Sister, if you’d please take your place on the stone.”

“Bartholomew? Where is the master of the ceremony?” I asked.

“I’m afraid Vincent’s goals were not those of The Order. He was killed. I was appointed to take his place. Gloria, please prepare yourself.”

“Yes Bartholomew.”

Gloria made her onto the large stone. She lie flat on her back, legs spread with her knees pointing to the ceiling. The chanting became louder and more deliberate. The circle on

the stone began to glow faintly. Gloria cried out. I started toward her, Bartholomew grabbed my arm.

“You told me she wouldn’t be harmed!”

“She’s giving birth Richard. Regular child birth is already painful, you can imagine how much harder it is birthing a god. Do not fear. As long as she’s in the center of the circle she will not die.”

I watched in fear as blood began to pour from her birth canal. Her cries of pain became more desperate as she clutched her stomach. Wind began to howl inside the small mine shaft. The fire from the torches began to dance wildly. The wind changed, I could smell the foul stench of rotting flesh and kerosene.

“Bartholomew, the wind. It’s causing the gases from the mine to flow into the chamber. We’ll set this whole place aflame again if we don’t leave!”

“If we leave now the ritual will be incomplete! God will not be born! I will not allow that Richard!”

The gas carried by the winds caught the fire and began to drag it across the room. Chanters caught flame, and dropped to the floor screaming. The flames circled around everyone as if it were controlled. Gloria cried out once more as the final chanter dropped to the ground in a smoldering heap. The winds died, but the smell of flesh became overwhelming. I heard one more cry and dropped to the floor, my senses being flooded with the awful stench. I could no longer keep my conscious. I looked to the stone and looked at Gloria. She wasn’t moving, or breathing. I followed trail of blood leading from her birth canal with my eyes. I followed it until my eyes met with a naked figure standing in front of me.

Those eyes.

“G-Gloria?” I asked weakly.

The figure smiled. This smile was not that of kindness, or mercy, but one of amusement. I lifted my hand to the front of my face. It was set aflame. I could not feel its burn, but I could feel this heat it radiated.

Her smile became wider and the pain quickly shot over me, but as much as I begged, hoped for death to sweep me, save me from this perpetual burn she would not let me. I don’t know how I knew that, but from her eyes, I could see fury beyond my fathoming. I could not help but think of the irony. We did surpass the people who of The Abomination. We brought this creature to the true world. My conscious began to lose its footing, I assume because I’m allowed to die now.

I looked into her eyes once more. She nodded. I was allowed to die for figuring out what had truly happened.

We brought a much greater abomination into this world.

No, this wasn't an abomination it was a god.

OHAY, The Order! Yeah, those pricks are in my little movie sequel thing! So yeah, now that this "god" has awoken things are gonna get weird in the town. Daryl, John, Ron and Veronica have their own story-lines. I'll switch perspectives between the different characters from here on out. Daryl will however remain the mainstay story though. So his perspective will be the majority.

Let me know if this chapter didn't totally ruin it for you. You can email me at eric.wythe@gmail.com.