

So these first chapters are a bit of a hump for me. I have like, the entire over-all story in my head and I have to force myself to write in sequence or else it'll all get fuckered up. So now we get to the meat of my story! This is a Ron chapter, so say goodbye to him because after this you won't see him for a while. I'm not offing him; I like Ron too much to do that. I'm just still in the process of figuring out what to do with him. And this chapter and the premise of his story is about as far as I've gotten so far.

And thank you for reading after chapter seven, I was really afraid of losing readers after that. I like chapter seven, it's necessary, but it just revealing and Silent Hill isn't usually like that.

So 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. 8

I kicked myself off the wall as the elevator doors separated. Clutching the dandelion bouquet in hands I made my way down the sterile hall of Alcheminia Hospital. The hall was full of the quiet hustle and bustle that it usually sees on a Saturday night. I found the door leading to the ICU. The heavy double doors closed behind me causing a slight gust to push me ahead. A nurse was standing in front of the door that leads to the room my father was staying in.

“You’re thirty seconds late Ron, I beat you here for once.” The nurse teased.

“Yeah, sorry, I got caught up with something.” I replied holding up the bouquet

“Cute, Ron, cute. Did you pick those yourself? Or did you ask the kindergarten kids to pick if for you?”

“Funny. Not really. It was a last minute thing. I figured as tonight’s a special occasion.”

She raised an eyebrow. “Really now, and what’s so special you bring in a horribly put together bouquet of dandelions?”

“I’m leaving for California in a day or so. Daryl and Johnny are finally getting hitched. D wanted me as the best man.”

“How sweet. You know, I always pegged you two to be together.”

I blushed. I hated it when people said stuff like that. “What makes you and everyone else think I actually think of him that way. Or guys in general?”

“Well it’s not like you ever really paid attention to anyone else. And I never saw any girls on your arm or anything. I knew a few guys in school that would’ve killed to get into your singlet.”

I sighed “Look, I’m not here to be grilled on the hole I prefer to stick my dick in. I’m here to see my dad. Can you let me in now?”

Her face dropped. “Right, uh, look, Ron, don’t get mad... You’re dad? His condition has worsened. He had an accident and fell this morning. We tried to contact you but no one could get a hold of you. I don’t think he’ll live much longer. Be prepared. He is-”

“Just... let me in Lisa.”

She raised her ID card and swiped it through the card reader on the door. There was a small beep as a small light on the locking device switched from red to green. I reached to the handle and nodded to Lisa and went inside.

The smell in dad’s small room was the sterile hospital smell that had become stale due to the low ventilation. The beeping of the various machines running to keep him going was the only thing making a sound as I made my way around the curtain that surrounded his small bed.

I took mostly after my mother; she was tall, pale with the blazing red hair that I always get noticed for. My father was short, shorter than Daryl short. I inherited three things from him: his ears, his grin and his love for gymnastics. His hazel colored hair had gotten a bit unruly since he was admitted. Even though dad’s always been small, he’s always been packed in with muscle. He’d lost all of it in the last year or so however. He looks like a skeleton; it always breaks my heart every time I see him.

His eyes opened. He looked tired. I wanted to cry but I had to be strong for him. I knew he wouldn’t be here long, and I at least wanted to go for five minutes before I started bawling.

“Ronnie” he said weakly. He tried to smile, but he failed and it ended up looking like a lopsided grimace. So much for holding it in, I began tearing up.

“Hey pops, I heard you had a fall today. Does anything hurt more than usual?” There was no point in asking how he felt. He was always in pain. We both knew that.

“No they gave me medicine for it. How was your day? I heard Daryl and Johnny were in town. What’ve they been up too?”

“They’re getting hitched, finally. They’re dragging me and Veronica to California with them. I’m Daryl’s best man.”

He gave out a hoarse laugh. “Well it’s about damn time.”

I smiled. “Yeah. Johnny kept it a secret from Daryl for nearly three years, I don’t know how, but he did.”

“That boy was always the more romantic one of the two. It doesn’t surprise me he would do this. Daryl probably would’ve had a panic attack if he had to deal with a wedding.” We both laughed, but dad began to cough. I poured him a glass of water and handed it to him.

“Thank you. It hurts to laugh sometimes.” He looked up to me. His look was... sad and somewhat conflicted. “Help me sit up son; I need to explain something to you.”

I found the remote to his bed and straightened up my father so his back wouldn’t bend awkwardly, after fluffing his pillows and making sure he was as comfortable as possible he began to speak.

“Have you ever wondered about the markings on your inner thigh?”

“Not for a while, no” I hadn’t wondered about it since I was a kid. Dad and mom never really cared to tell me why I had it. I just decided to dismiss it after a while. “You never told me what it was.”

“You know all those rumors and stories about a cult that lives in this town?”

“Yeah, everyone does.”

“They’re true. Your mother and I were members of it. In fact, that’s how we met.”

“But... that cult raised orphans and killed them. They dealt drugs to the townsfolk way-back-when. You’re telling me you were part of that?”

“I was young, I was swayed by the talk and the preaching, I didn’t know it was a cult, I thought it was just people getting fanatical. I didn’t know how deep everything ran until... Until I had to carve that symbol in your leg to keep them from killing you.”

“W-what?”

“That symbol is a seal of sorts. It can stop up the power of their god according to their lore. When your mother and I met, we started out as friends, but as things work out we fell in love, I got her pregnant, we got married. The Order-“

“The Order?”

“The cults name-anyway, The Order didn’t want us to get married. But when they found out Angela was pregnant they wanted to use you as a sacrifice for their god. We refused. They locked up Angela in a room under this very hospital until her water broke. They fed her rare compounded herbs... drugs of sorts. Drugs that would apparently allow your body to take in their god.”

“That’s... that’s insane... And how could they keep mom here? This hospital didn’t exist until I was five.”

“The cult has always had a headquarters across the lake. The amusement park sits on top of it now. The Order always had areas under the town that no one knew about. Most major buildings were built on top of areas the Order uses on a regular basis for their agenda. The Order has influence on everything in this town. I managed to sneak into the place they were keeping you and Angela. I had been researching a way to release us from The Order. Angela and I wanted to keep you. I had read that if a certain marking was carved into a vessel, The Order had to reject it. I managed to sneak you away from them long enough to cut it into you. It was the hardest thing I had to do. You were so small and pale, you looked nearly dead. But you were breathing. You never made a sound. You didn’t even bleed. The drugs had an effect that killed most of your senses. It frightened me that something that represented life could seem so... soulless.” He reached up and touched my cheek with his hand. “Usually they would’ve just killed you; the seal rendered you useless to them.”

“I-I would say that I don’t believe you... but... I can’t.”

“I’m on my deathbed son. What would be the point in lying to you?”

“If I was... soulless... then, how did I become not, uh, soulless?”

“Well... that I can’t explain. It was absolutely the most surreal thing I’ve ever experienced. I never really believed all the hocus-pocus aspect of the cult, but after what happened to you. I don’t know.”

“What happened?”

“After the seal was marked into you... You opened your eyes. They were just like you mothers. You stared right at me. Your skin began to color. Granted not a lot more but you had more of a glow to you. The mark on your thigh began bleeding, but it immediately just... healed over. It was as if the drugs in you had reversed. By the time the cult found us, it was too late. Even though most of the cult was crazed and fanatical, one of their leaders was a logical man, if not insane. I struck a deal with him. If he promised to let me and Angela leave the cult and allow us to raise you in a normal environment, we in exchange would allow them, when you came of age, to use us at their disposal for whatever experiments they required subjects for.”

“But, you stalled them by having more kids...” I can’t believe I just pieced that together. This is becoming too much for me.

“Yeah, didn’t stall them long enough it seems, heh.” He looked down at his hands. “I made sure your sisters got a tattoo of the same marking in different spots when you were little.”

“Do they know about them?”

“No, you’re the only one left in the town. So they’re out of danger.”

“Danger?”

Dad looked fearful for a moment. “Something horrible is going to happen soon Ronnie. You’re not safe here.” He looked to me. “Help me lay down son.”

I adjusted the bed back. I noticed his heart monitor noted that his BPS had gone down considerably. Dad seemed paler and much weaker than he was when he told me this... story. He had his eyes closed and his breathing seemed to slow.

“Dad?” I said weakly.

I began to stretch out a hand to wake him, as my hand got closer his eyes snapped open. He looked straight into my eyes then quickly leaned up and grabbed my wrist with an incredible grip so tight my hand began to lose its circulation.

“You need to leave. Everything went horribly wrong. You kids can’t stay. We’re going to die when it comes Ron. The things they did to you kids... Leave Ron, you have to leave!” His heart monitor began to go berserk. His other hand had clutched to his chest. Dad collapsed onto his bed, his grip on wrist loosened.

I took hold of my father’s hand. “Dad, I love you.”

“Leave... leave... leave...” he kept whispering it to me. His eyes had a distant look in them, his heart monitor finally flat-lined. My dad died.

“Dad...” I placed my other hand over the one holding his and brought it to my forehead. I started to cry.

I wasn’t sure what to make of what my dad told me. I couldn’t really concentrate on anything other than the fact that no one had come in the room for nearly five minutes.

I whipped my head around and shouted angrily “Hey! Where the fuck is everyone?!”

I began to hear a low rumble in the background the temperature in the room rose considerably. I dropped my fathers hand and went to the door. I tried to open it but it wouldn't budge.

“Hey!” I yelled as I began to bang my hand on the door. The metal door felt hot, I couldn't bang on it long without burning my hand.

The floor suddenly shook violently; I stumbled back and fell on my stomach. The roof began to crack and caved into the room. A large support beam fell on top of my legs. After a short but searing shot of pain in my body the room began to catch fire. The curtains burned up as if they were paper, everything began to melt. I tried pulling myself out from under the debris of the roof but I was pinned down. I gave up and dropped my body to floor. I sobbed into the linoleum. As the heat in the room began to rise, the blunt sounds of sirens pierced my ears and shook my brain.

Everything began to go dark; my last thought before I lost consciousness was that my dad wasn't lying.

More secrets revealed! Kind of! I have no idea what Ron's sexuality is. I kind of made him out to be the “Big Brother” of everything so it's hard for me to think of him sexually. The thing is, I want all my characters to find love of some sort in my book! Despite everything it's still a romance novel. I know how Veronica finds love, John and Daryl are already in love, I just make their love a bit deeper. But I'm stuck on Ron.

Oh well, I'll figure it out.

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