

Tales of Death and Horror



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Editor: H. Woi
Lay-out: C. Lanegger
Thanks to Mr. Kellner for all his computer skills

Scream of Silence

My name is John Dabblers and I work as a doctor. I live in a small house with my wife, Catherine. Our house was built in 1983 in an old London street. London is the darkest place, but I like it. The nights here are quiet and calm. But recently I haven't slept well. At nights I hear weird sounds. I just wake up at midnight with a terrible feeling and then, suddenly, I hear a noise, some scratching or screaming behind my door. But tonight something is telling me, that it will be worse, because tonight is a full moon. It shines like never before and the sky is dark, as I have never seen. No stars.

Yesterday I was so frightened that I just couldn't stay in my bed. It sounds crazy, but I was waiting for that noise. That silence made me crazy! But nothing came. So I went downstairs into the kitchen to drink some water. I got scared, when I saw my wife by the table! She smiled and quietly but clearly said to me: "Shouldn't you be in your bed? It's too late and tomorrow you have to get up early." "And what about you?", she made me angry, but my voice broke and disappeared in that silence. "But I don't work, honey ", said Catherine slowly with some irony. I had nothing to say, so I just went back to my room and had some sleep. But I had a terrible dream.

Around me was nothing but darkness. And silence, of course. But so loud, that it was breaking my ears. I couldn't escape, as I hoped. Then, from the darkness two big red eyes came to me screaming, almost whistling. Then I woke up. I had a hot head; it seemed that I had a temperature. But I also had a cold body, so it couldn't be true. In the bathroom I washed and then I came downstairs to the kitchen to have some food. During breakfast I read the newspaper. I trembled, when I read what had happened just tonight:,, A corpse of a woman was found early in the morning by a lake in a park, but the interesting thing was, that it was only half of the body. The doctors are saying that the woman was probably killed about one o'clock last night. The police are saying, that it is the most horrible thing that they have ever seen. But they are promising, that they will try to find the second half. "

Uh. I was so frightened. I didn't want to believe it. Better is to go to work. Yes, I must not even think about it. When I stood in the door, my wife said only: "Bye, John." And she closed the door. She's always so kind and gentle. She never became angry. How was this possible?

My work was long and boring. When I finished, it was very late and wishing that Catherine wasn't worried about me, I took the shortcut through the park. I was somewhere in the middle of the park, when I noticed that I heard nothing. Yes, the scariest silence. No wind, no animals, nobody. But then I had that feeling, as if I woke up. Cold sweat was running down my back. I turned back with the biggest fear, which I ever had. From the shadow the monster came into the light of a lamp. It had hair all over its body. I was blinded by its shining white and also red teeth. It was staring at me with its big red eyes. A ghoul stood there, prepared to fight. I turned back and ran home as fast as I could. I was thinking about Catherine, she was at home alone. One more time I looked back, but the monster wasn't behind me anymore. That was strange, but I still didn't stop running. Only two things followed me now, my shadow and my breath.

In a few minutes I opened the door shakily and ran into the kitchen. She was there, putting a dish into the dishwasher. "Stop!", I took her hand, "go with me! We must leave this house immediately!", I screamed loudly. "Why? What happened?" Catherine was surprised. "Because a monster is out there and maybe it's going after me! You must trust me; we have no time to explain!" She stopped and pulled her hand out of mine: "I have a lot of time, what about you, honey?". As she said these words, she got hair and she was bigger and bigger. Her teeth were sharper and stuck out of her mouth. Her gentle blue eyes changed to angry red. It was her. She was the ghoul. And as I found that out, I closed my eyes and plunged deep in that scream of never ending silence.

Karin Mošničková

Cruel Fate

It was a black dark night and Samuel was coming from a restaurant, when he heard a shout. He ran there. In a dark street was a man, who had a knife in his hand. Next to him was a dead body. Samuel didn't see the face of the man, but the man saw Samuel.

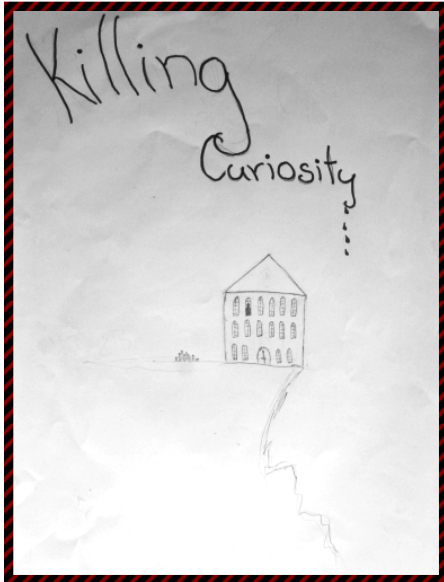
Samuel got off the ground and broke loose, but during the chase he lost his brother's card. The murderer found this card. There was the telephone number of his brother.

The murderer phoned this number and asked the brother if he had a brother. Samuel's brother told him that he had three brothers and he told him the addresses. The killer waited one week and then he attacked.

He went to the first place and killed all the family, then he went to the second family and killed all the family too, but he didn't find the man, who had seen him too. So he went to the last family and killed everybody except the man. He treated him really badly, he cut off his arms and legs.

Martin Havlín

Killing Curiosity



This story happened when I was a young man. I liked danger and betting.

One day in autumn, I sat in a bar with my best friend Henry. A strange man came to me. He had a long black coat, a pale face and greasy hair. He said, "I need to take something, but it's in a dangerous place". I said, "No place is dangerous for me." He needed a small chest. The chest was in a wardrobe, the wardrobe was in a room and the room was in an old house. The house stood on a cliff behind the city. The man promised us a lot of money if we found the chest. We said yes and we went to the house. It was a huge, majestic house. It was too difficult for two people to search it. We had to do it with a group of seven people. It was my sister and her best friend Maria. My cousin George and Peter. Maria's small brother Max and his nice dog Shadow.

We met at half past 7 and we went to the house. We had seven flash-lamps and one rope. When we stood in front of the house, we had to divide into three groups. First was I with Henry, second was George with Peter and third was my sister with Maria, Max and Shadow. So the first group went to the third floor, the second went to the second floor and the third went to the basement. "Let's go!", I said.

Henry and I went to the third floor. There were about 30 rooms. I had to search 15 rooms on the right side and Henry 15 rooms on the left side. The rooms were mostly empty. But in the 14th room was a big wardrobe. "Henry, I found the wardrobe, come here!!!" I ran to the wardrobe and opened the door. I picked up the chest. Suddenly I heard steps. A horrible smell was around me. I stepped back into the shadow. At the door I saw a big horrible monster. The monster threw down a corpse. It was Henry's corpse. The monster went back. I ran out from the house. I shouted to my group: "We must go out of the house." When we were in front of the house, I said, "Henry is dead, he broke his neck and we have got many troubles, if we bring him back to the city." Henry was an orphan and nobody missed him after his death. But I had terrible dreams.

After three months Shadow suddenly became furious. Maria's father had to destroy him. Then my sister was hit by a car. Maria got mad and was moved to a clinic. Her brother Max got child polio and he became paralysed. George started to drink too much and Peter drowned. My marriage wasn't happy, all our children died shortly after the birth. My wife left me and I stayed alone. After the visit to the house I have never been happy again.

Eva Němečková

The Howl Of Terror

It was a dark quiet autumn night. Last leaves were hanging in the air without any movement. It was cold, sadness and emptiness was ruling this evening. The Irish town Ennis was empty. No one was having a party, no one was happy, everyone was locked in his house and waiting for the morning...

Perhaps you are asking, why all those people were so afraid. What was the source of their fear? I tell you, it was the Banshees - mysterious creature from Irish legends representing Death and Suffering. And today was the Day of Lost Souls - an ancient feast of worshipping old pagan gods. Everyone must be at home in this night, those, who break this rule, will be punished, punished by the Banshees. And so it was year by year. Until now, this day was different.

A small group of 7 teenagers (Frank, Fred, Cindy, Howard, Jason, Brigitte and Mary) came to Ennis. They wanted to stay here just for a night and in the morning to go away. They had no idea about this feast. Frank, the oldest one, suggested that they had to unpack the tents. When the tents were prepared, Josh, the strongest, went to a shop to buy some beer. He looked for a store, but everything was closed. He began to swear. An old woman heard his voice, she ran out of her house and shut his mouth. "What are you doing you crazy granny?!" he asked. "Be quiet! Really quiet," the woman told him and told him about this special day. He wanted to warn his friends but the old woman locked the door...

The camp was noisy. Someone was really drunk, the others were flirting or doing things like this. They didn't feel the cold coming from the near forest. One of them wanted to go for a pee - a dark bush near him was a good target... He heard quiet cracklings of twigs. He found that normal. Suddenly something held his interest. It was howling coming from the darkness. He went without care into the forest. No one heard his scared scream...

Dark green light beamed between the trees. The banshee was there. It was coming for their lives...

"Today is so cold," Cindy noticed, "give me my jumper, please!" She was right. The chilly aura of the Banshees was stronger than ever. Everyone could feel it, but all of them were too busy having fun to notice it. They drank and sang for an hour. Then Brigitte noticed a dark cloaked person. She went slowly and uncertainly to ask that creature, what it was doing here. But then she saw its face. Her eyes became more evil, her body more skeletal, her skin was now light blue. She changed into the grendel - a servant of the Banshees following its lords on their tours. The Banshees entered the mind of their servant and saw Brigitte's friends drinking beer. No one except gods should drink beer today! That filled the Banshees with anger. A powerful howl stunted all around the campfire, broke the windows and pulled down the last leaves hanging on the trees.

In a split second Fred lost his head. Howard took a club and tried to hit the monster. But the right hand of a Banshee halted the club and the left hand scratched his face. Mary and Cindy began to panic. Cindy ran quickly into her tent, trying to hide. Grendel

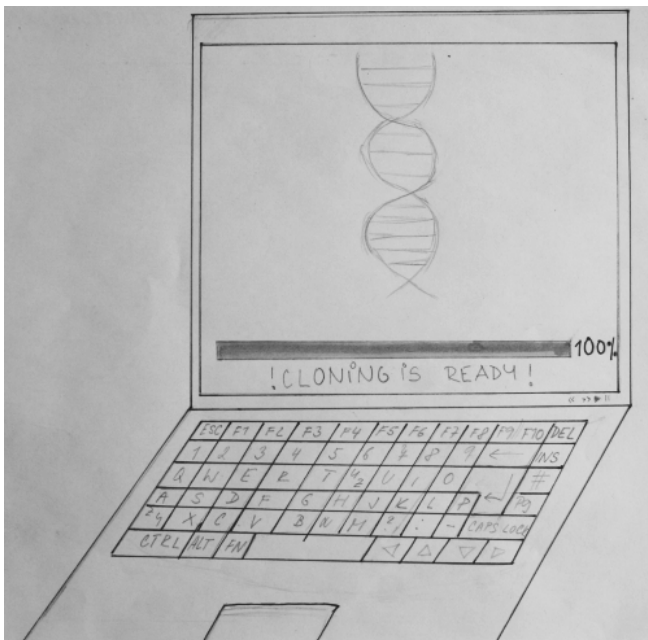
received orders. Too late Cindy diagnosed that the creature coming into the tent, wasn't Brigitte anymore...

Mary was smarter. She ran quickly into the village. She hoped that someone would open his door and save her. She ran very fast, but not faster than the Banshees...

That night 6 people died. I was the only one, who stayed alive. Perhaps this was my destiny and I was chosen to tell you this story.

Filip Dotlačil

RG83IM15



Now is the year 2500. I live in the epoch of the Third World War. War between the USA and the UKE (United Kingdom of Europe). I'm going to tell you a story, one of many stories which are told by war.

My name's Robert Radcliffe. I'm a homeless, displaced person, I haven't got any money, any fortune. (No fear, I'm not going to tell you a story about my ex-wife who took everything and escaped with another younger man.) I've lived on streets almost 1 year, but I know that now the hardest period is coming. I was afraid, that I couldn't survive this winter without a roof over the head. I feared that I'd freeze to death and I would be eaten by wild dogs.

For a long time I thought how to solve my problem. I got an idea. The present era has

elaborated genetic research. Cloning. A clone is somebody who is undistinguishable from the original. A clone had the same history like an original. There's no difference between original and clone. Cloning is a way how to get money! I sell my own DNA!

In the GCC (Genetic Cloning Clinic) in Stuttgart I had to stay for 1 month, because of some analyses etc. The free time between testing I spend in the hospital coffee-bar. Once the cafeteria was full of people, so I was forced to take a seat next to anyone. I chose a place near the table which was occupied by a man. I couldn't see him, because he was reading a newspaper. All the time he turned his head and mumbled. I asked him what had happened, what agitated him. He raised his head and began to tell about war. I didn't want to believe what he said. He asserted too that the UKE didn't send people to war but clones. I was extremely surprised. It sounded absurd. I argued that the development of clones was not finished yet, not ideal. "Yes, that's the problem! In all newspapers you can read that the UKE is stronger than the USA, we have a better army than the USA, but it's not true! Clones aren't perfect! When they're going to war with the USA, they're going into hell!" Already I was sure that the man was a madman. He was crazy. He noticed my

face. He drove away in his electric wheel chair. „ Believe me, I was in that war,“ I could only see his tattoo on his neck, it was some special code.

I came back to my room. I lay on the bed, I thought about the man without legs and scratched my neck which itched for a long time. Then the nurse arrived. I told her that I was not sure about my decision. That I wanted to stop cloning. She said nothing but from her face I could see that she thought it was a joke. She went away and returned with a computer.

“Do you see it? Cloning is already 99,99% complete. All life's functions are all right. Tomorrow you can go.”

„Oh...Can.....Can I see him?”

„Whom?”

„My clone of course!”

„Butthe clone is you!”

Here my story ends. Do you know, a clone is somebody, who's undistinguishable from the original. A clone has the same history as the original. There's no difference between original and clone. As a matter of fact my name's RG83IM15. That's my code. Tomorrow I shall enter the war. Tomorrow I'm going to hell.

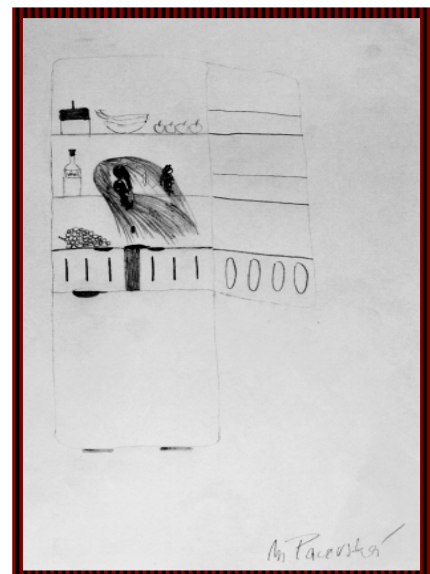
Lucie Očenášková

Raving

Fourteen days ago I was ill, so I had to stay in bed and I had many dreams. In one of them I woke up and went to our refrigerator for some refreshment. I opened the fridge and was shocked.

I saw the head of my mother looking at me with open bloody eyes. I fell to the ground and couldn't do anything for some time. I wanted to leave the kitchen. Then I saw the hand of my mother in front of me with a black ring, holding the knife, which wanted to kill me. I also took the knife and started to protect myself. After a hard and successful fight with mother's hand I was absolutely tired and came back to my bed.

Then I fell asleep. In the morning I woke up and went with some fear to the kitchen again. What a surprise! Mother's head in the fridge was a red cabbage. Mother's hand that wanted to kill me with



a knife was a rolling-pin with some fruit rests. Because I was ill such dreams can happen. That's my horror story.

Martina Pacovská

Black Hollow

I'll tell you one story, full of suffering and blood. Once there was a small town in a wild countryside. This small town was called Black Hollow. There were many men and women, but only children were missing.

A long time ago a really evil man lived in Black Hollow. He was killed with his big, black bad horse by the villagers. Now I don't remember how, but I know that he was killed really slowly because this man terrorised and than killed all children in the village.



It was half a year ago. We, my small sister Ann, my brother and the cousins travelled across an incredible country. Trees without leaves, plants without flowers and rivers with green water which smelled bad. We were sleepy, hungry and my sister began to be ill. Evening came very fast, but we came to a small nice village- Black Hollow. We found a hotel and rented one big room.

The next day was cold, but we went out. The surroundings were interesting. All was dark and without life. The only animals we found were sheep, cows and horses. But nothing else. No birds, no butterfly-nothing.

For the evening we planned a campfire near the village. And this terrible night changed all my life. We ate some sausages and sang some songs. Then my cousin Milan and I went for some wood. But when we came back, we saw the evil Horseman, how he cut off my sister's arms, how he put her on a tree and how he killed her-very slowly. When my brother wanted to stop him, the Horseman killed him too. It was terrible. My sister still cried and cried. I wanted to stop him. When I went slowly to the horseman, his horse

began to whinny and warned him. He began to terrorize me too, but I fainted.

I woke in a hospital. At first I couldn't remember anything, but when a villager came and told me, that all were killed suddenly I saw all before my eyes. The Horseman, my sister, darkness... The villager told me, that this man, with his horse sold out to the devil and he rode on his horse in darkness and he killed all small children near the village. And he sad too, how incredible it was, that I was still alive....

...But I'm not alive. In my mind I'm dead. I still see my small sister, her smile, how she played with her kitten... I don't want to live. I need some help. I want to kill this men, with his horse. I want revenge. But I couldn't kill a ghost ...He turned me into something worse than a corpse.... He made out of me a shadow that can't bear life.

Lucie Zámečnicková

The Sweets

I'm a teacher in a small school in Burnet Rose. Burnet Rose is a small village. About 500 people lived here, but now only 17 families live here. And every day the number of residents is smaller. All people go to the bigger cities, where they can work.

I taught a long time in my school. But now only 12 students are in my class. It is the last year of this school. And I, an old teacher, don't know, what I will do.

I go home. I sit in the chair and read the newspaper. On page 7 is an interview with my former student Jack Bone. He is very rich, because he imported and processed diamonds from Africa. His family lived in England and he lived in Africa. His wife was angry about him. But for him work was more important. Now he is unsure.

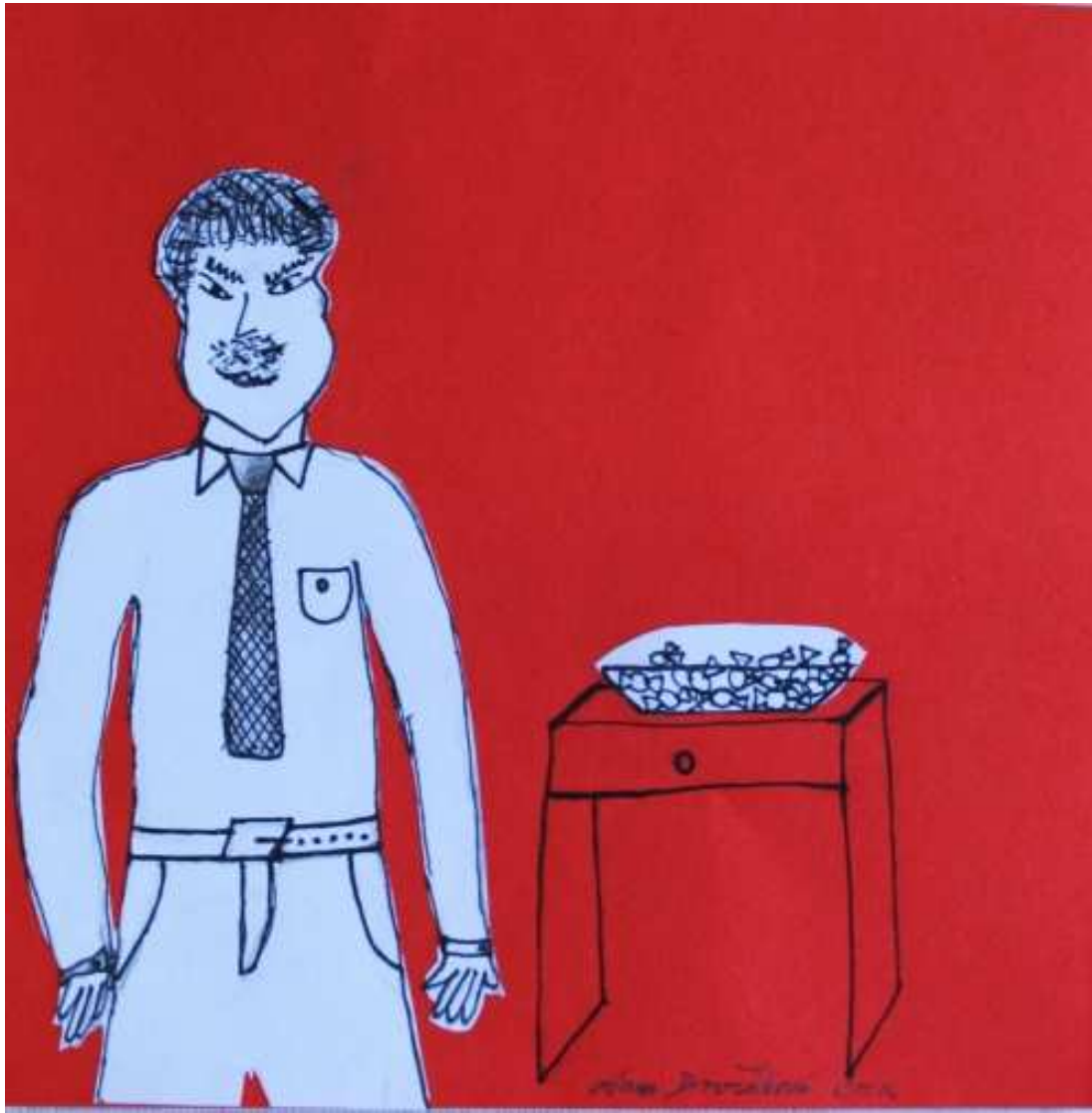
A medicine-man predicted him a black future. And in this time his wife called him. She was crying. His daughter was dead. The next day he got a letter from his father. He had cancer. Jack became afraid. He flew to England. He thought about his life. He asked himself: ,, Why did I go to Africa? Yes, it was a teacher, who told me about diamonds in Africa. He told me how much money I could earn.

He ruined my life. I hate him!" He decided to take his revenge. He came to Burnet Rose and built a firm here. One month ago a big house with 150 workers. The firm was very successful. Jack Bone found a new house and the people were very content. The school was full. Only an old teacher was worried.

John Bone was a madman. He made poisons sweets in revenge. The sweets were in the office and everybody can take them. Whoever eats the sweets, will die. And already 25 people were dead. It is an illness, the people said.

One day the old teacher eats some sweets. Because he lived very healthy, he lived longer than the other people. And this was very bad for Jack Bone. He made the report public: The old teacher was ill and he infected all people in the village. He was a murderer! The people drove him out. He was very weak. He could not do anything. He went. Everything was lost: the village, where he had lived, where he had taught. Early in the morning he died. But he wasn't the only one. At this time John's wife died. She had eaten the same sweets...

Anna Dvořáková



My horrible Night

I woke up at 7AM..like every day ...I cleaned my teeth, ate breakfast. .and then...I went to work...My work was very untraditional..I'am a bounty hunter...Today I had an offer.

It was amazing..the objective was easy... snipe some not so rich guy from a high building.

He had no guards, no weapons...it seems like he didn't have any armour...So one bullet into his heart..and 250 000\$ are mine.... So I held my breath, aimed and heard a "bang",but I didn't do anything...that wasn't my shot..there was somebody I hadn't seen..I felt the"bang"heavily...because the golden bullet hit me into my side....I started to run into the safety of the house. When I was in, I ran in some passage...now the lights switched off. I heard a noise...now the lights were switched on, I was blind for a second or two...but when I saw clearly. Around me were zombies everywhere...with axes and chainsaws...but suddenly the alarm-clock rang loudly...and I woke up.

Jan Němeček

The Dead Murderer

A man called Willy killed another man because he hated him. He knew about the police, that if they found the corpse he would be found.

He did not want the police to find the dead man, and he ate him.

Willy was a heavy smoker and he died 1 year ago.

The police arrested another man but he wasn't the murderer.

But 1 month later the man who had been arrested escaped. The police searched him but they found the bones of the killed man. The police made a few tests and knew who had killed the man. But they could not find Willy. But 1 week ago Willy came back to life and went to the police.

The police arrested him, but a short time later Willy left the cell and was never seen again.

Martin Šulc

The Death of the Wedding Planner

Every time when I close my eyes I see her in front of me. Maria comes each night. I haven't been sleeping since I remember...

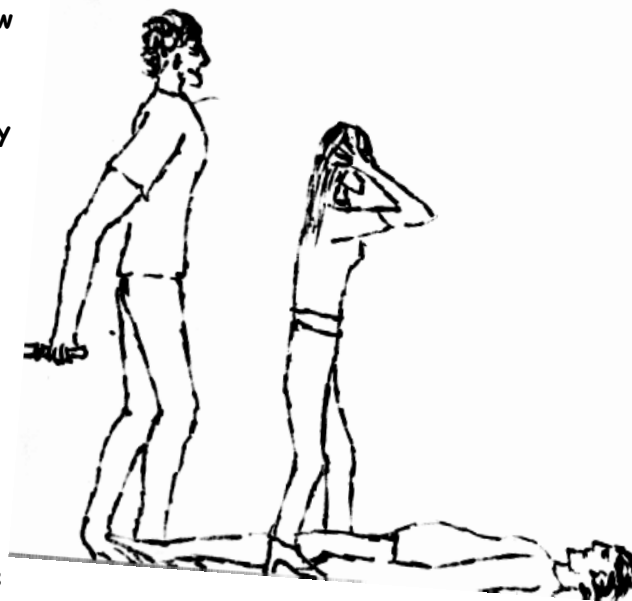
My name is Peter Jackson. I was working for the Daily News here in London. If you should think I'm a relative of Michael Jackson, well I am not. I'm not famous and I'm not very rich. I have no friends. Actually I'm a kind of hopeless person. Probably I should kill myself. What do you think?

Here in prison I am always being watched.

But listen, I'm going to tell you my story. This will help you to understand me and then Maria would stop coming each night. I hope so.

Everything started here in London. I was a happy man. Going to work each day at 8 o'clock and doing a good job at the Daily Mirror. I was happy and my family as well. I had a girlfriend, her name was Maria. She meant everything to me. But one day my world broke down. I came home earlier. I bought some roses for Maria.

But when I was in front of the door I heard some noises. It sounded like two people were talking to each other. I opened the door. I saw a man, I didn't know, sitting next to Maria. I couldn't believe my eyes. She had another BOYFRIEND. It was a shock for me. I took my keys and stabbed them into the unknown man. Maria was screaming and shouting: "No! I can explain it!". But I didn't listen to her. I killed him. It felt good. It was a kind of "winner feeling". I looked at Maria. "Why?", I asked. But she didn't answer. She stared only at the corpse with her eyes wide open. But that made me even angrier. I ran into the kitchen and looked around. I found a big sharp knife. I took it. I went back to the living room. I stabbed it into her from behind. She started screaming again. Everywhere was blood. It was the first time she looked at me since I came home. "Please Stop! He wasn't...", I stabbed the knife into her head. Finally it was quiet in the living room.



I woke up, I must have fallen asleep. Everywhere was blood. It was the first time I realized what I had done. It seemed like nobody from outside had realized what happened in this house. Maria and the man were still there right next to me. I tried to clean everything but the blood was dry and it didn't go away. So I decided to go to the supermarket to buy something that would help. I found what I was looking for. It was a big bottle with a label on it. It was saying: "Mr. Proper, can clean everything! Even when it is impossible!" I bought a newspaper, too. I looked at it and I was shocked. On the front page there was a picture, the unknown man. Huge letters next to were saying: "Missed. John Adams. Wedding planner, 36 years old..." I threw the newspapers on the floor. The man he wasn't Maria's boyfriend! She wanted to marry me!

I knew I wasn't safe here anymore. I ran back home. I wanted to take some things and then leave this place. Go somewhere far away from here.

I was in the garden. I couldn't run anymore. I stopped for some seconds.

A hand touched me from behind: " Hey, are you Mr. Jackson? ", I turned around and saw a police officer. Again I started running. "Stop!", he shouted. My legs felt so heavy. But I was still running. I jumped over the fence and I fell. A second officer caught me. "You're arrested!", he shouted. I wanted to run away. To try it once more. But I couldn't do anything...

Christian Lanegger