

A Torn Mind Piece

# Eyes of Fright

## Ghost

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1829 Words

“I want revenge,” Dmitry said. “We *must* find a way to stop these creatures. The law sure as hell hasn’t.”

“Ease up,” Damian said. “We’ll find a way to end these dark days.”

Damian, Dmitry, Allister, and Corigan talked in the basement of a church. Dmitry unraveled a wooden pole from a sack and placed a pouch on the table. He dropped long steel nails out of it. They sat tediously working on their handcrafted weapons. Allister brought a six-round magnum and extra barrels that he planned to wield together. Damian unsheathed a long claymore sword. Corigan shrugged a batch of arrows off his shoulder onto a table, and began stringing a bow.

Dmitry pained small ornate crosses on his polearm and hammered nails into the other end. He thrust it into the air and spun it as if tearing through someone’s chest. The weapon felt heavy and firm in his hand. He practiced his swinging motions while having a smoke. He had the largest build of the four, but was of kind spirit.

Damian sat meditating at the table. Eldest, his left eye was permanently shut. He laid his hands onto the hilt of his sword and fell into deep contemplation. He had gray-white hair and wore chainmail atop his head and upper body. Corigan sat wearing blue jeans and having a cigarette while cleaning a smudge off his shades.

Allister stood up and aimed his newly crafted eighteen-inch barrel as he stood in a wide stance. He pulled the safety and laid his finger near the trigger. “Pop,” he said.

They jumped in a van and spun down the street. Night had taken over the sky along with the large full moon.

Ravenous spied the streets below as he flew through the white clouds. He peered,

looking for those he could make his comrades.

He glided downwards, strolled around a cemetery, and read the gravestones. A picture of a man with a sinister smile that was posted on one of the headstones caught his eye. A letter stood before it stating, "You burned in death, but in Heaven you will burn no more."

The dirt was loose. Ravenous kicked at it and laughed just before he morphed into a wolf. He dug. Excitement gripped his eyes. Fifteen feet below ground, he found the surface of a coffin, tapped on it, and nudged the lid open. He pounced atop the stiff corpse. Worms crawled between his paws and scurried up his arms. He clamped onto the corpse's neck and inhaled the blood. He bit his own tongue and allowed the blood to drip to the corpse.

He called for the creature to rise, pulling his soul from beyond the grave. The body began to move and the creature began to breath. His hair was crude and laden with dirt. He swatted the worms off himself with shaking limbs. He looked ghastly as if he'd skin someone alive with his teeth with a crazed endurance.

Ravenous darkened as brown fur covered his body and his wings shot outward. He flew out of the hole, and called his fledgling to do the same. The man's flesh disappeared as his wings sprouted outwards. He flew upward and landed back onto his undead legs, catching his balance as he remembered the feeling of the earth under his feet once more. "Come," Ravenous called to him, "let's be away from here." He trotted away into the night with his new undead companion.

Ravenous paused at the mouth of a cave in the deep of a forest. He built a fire of twigs and branches in fast array.

"What's your name?" Ravenous asked. The flames lit their pale faces.

“Len,” he replied. His black hair hung in soft strands.

Ravenous looked at the creature, knowing he could kill him when he wanted or needed.

“I was burned alive,” Len said, turning his head to the side, thoughtfully. “Were you killed as well?”

“I don’t know. I don’t think so.”

“I’m in your gratitude.”

Ravenous pondered. “I need your help. Listen; there are certain people who are educating themselves on our breed. They’re hunting us, but we can sweep out the whole lot of them if we attack early on in this pitiful escapade.”

“I’ll help you,” Len said, falling to a smirk and a great laugh.

He charged through alleys in wolf form, sliding on the slick ground. He stretched his legs and pushed to a faster run with unwavering stamina. Above, Ravenous soared with a massive wingspan. He wasn’t small and in a rodent-like in his bat form, but was in a new demonic body like that of his own naturally, but stronger with a pump flowing through his veins. His body was demonic with a solid purple suit adorning his vessel. He looked to be of the abyss. The night was cold and wet with low-hanging clouds. They fumed by his raven-like eyes, but he kept his vision sharp on the streets below, watching the people. His eyes set on targets.

Televisions blared in storefronts with newscasters speaking of the Brunswick Cloisters slaughter with a witness who claimed a vampire was responsible for the fifty-two lives lost that night.

Len paused at a screen. The female newscast carried on, “Vampire fans nationwide are frantic and starting some boisterous rumors.” The anchor looked to her co-host and smirked.

“Do you believe in vampires, Mark?”

He laughed. “Of course not, Sally. Vampires are things like dreams, and last I checked, dreams are only figments of our imagination. They are *not* real. They do *not* breathe the air we breathe. People can certainly simulate a vampire-type attack, and I think that’s what we’ve been seeing lately.”

“An organization in Chicago, Illinois is asking for donations and funds to support vampire investigations. They claim they have researched the ‘night walkers’ their entire lives and knew that this day was inevitable.” Sally looked to Mark.

“Their entire lives?”

He shrugged, breaking into laughter.

“A few words from the local clergyman, Father Damian.”

“Thank you. These creatures are in existence and someone needs to treat this matter seriously. We’re already in the thick of it. Naturally, we’re going public to further branch out our investigations and cause.”

“And what is that cause, Father Damian?”

“To send all of God’s unwanted children back to Hell.”

Len looked up at Ravenous, who descended to the sidewalk beside him.

“Did you get an address?”

“8300 South Saint Louise Ave, Chicago, Illinois.”

They both took to the night skies as bats, scurrying upward in spirals, entering the plume of the clouds as a sanctuary in their travel. They glided on the air currents, saving their energy, letting nature carry them.

Ravenous and Len circled the church with a bird's eye perspective. They lowered and met eyes, coordinating their strike as they crawled on their bellies along the roof. Ravenous ripped a pane of glass off, threw it, and dropped through the roof. He walked along the upper inside balcony. Len jumped up and pushed the door open as a black furred wolf. He pranced towards a man praying in a pew and snatched him violently in his mouth. Blood shot across the room. Len's heavy sound of gulping blood echoed throughout the chamber.

Ravenous paced atop the second tier that circled the entirety of the church. Weapons clanged and cocked from behind a double wooden door in the hearth of the church before the altar. The doors creaked open and flashlights shone onto a body that was torn to pieces. The man laid with deathly eyes that looked Heaven bound.

The slayers stepped out from the hearth. A long silver barrel stretched out that shined with a blue metallic hue. Len raced by, snapping into Allister's wrist. A fresh circle of bite marks oozed red. "Damn it," he shouted, dropping his gun, and pulling out a rigid pointed stiletto knife.

Dmitry along with Damian walked up the steps with flashlights in the crooks of their necks. They crept outwards. Ravenous flew downward as a bat and turned into his demonic shape with a full wingspan. He tackled Dmitry to the ground, scooped out his right eye, shoved it into his mouth, and took a bite. Purple-blue puss splattered out. Dmitry's remaining eye wavered in shock as his entire body trembled. Len rose to human size and grabbed Damian by the throat, and rushed him forward into a wall. Damian shoved the vampire backward and waved his sword towards his neck. Len caught the blade in his hand. Blood dripped down the sword below his grip.

An arrow came spiraling out of the darkness, puncturing Len in the upper torso. He fell backward with momentum and crashed to the ground in a sitting position with his head rolling to the side. Ravenous spun, witnessing his fallen comrade, and dived towards the slayers. A barrage of arrows sunk swiftly into his chest. He fell forward, lowering his head, and spilling his limbs outward in momentary defeat. Damian spat blood with a hazed look.

“Have we done it, friends? Have we defeated these satanic beasts – ‘Vampyre’?”

Dmitry stood up, slapping his large hand over the cavernous hole in his right eye socket. It dripped with dark red. He grabbed his polearm with nails in the end and drove the heavy pole downward atop Len. The vampire moved, dodging the falling weapon. He lunged at Dmitry and uppercut his jaw with his sharp claws tearing through the flesh. The big man’s jaw swung loose. Bone fragments scattered. He collapsed backwards in spasms.

Ravenous tore the arrows loose from his body and sailed an arrow at Corigan. It punctured the boy’s left hand as he tried to catch it. Ravenous walked up to Damian, ripped the chainmail atop his head aside, and latched his teeth down into sweating flesh. The blood poured forth to Ravenous’s delight. He drank deep, let the body fall from his grasp, and walked over to Allister, who lay in pain, fighting to raise his weapon at the creature. Ravenous stomped his hand, leaving it mangled and crooked. He gripped his left ear, tore it off, and spat it out.

“Len,” he called to his friend, who morphed into a wolf. His devious eyes glared at the wounded slayers as he trotted out the front of the church.

The vampires disappeared into the night.

Damian laid on his sword with his eyes rolling around his head. He was sickly pale with a battered body. He clasped onto Dmitry’s strong shoulder. They stood together. Corigan stepped

forward, tying a garment over the wound in his left hand. Claws scarred the top of his forehead causing blood to drip into his eyes. Allister rolled around on his back in agonizing pain before standing to his feet. The four stood in a circle, meeting eyes as they communicated silently. 'Was this a message just to show that we're no threat at all,' Damian thought, questioning everything.