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The nighttime skies are bursting with a festive chaos, a calling for the witches of Salem to come forth on their broomsticks. As I walk these spirited streets, I find myself remembering the times of yore, moments long forgotten in faraway lands.

I was there inside the kingdoms of ancient Rome when they celebrated the Parentalia. I watched the Virgin maiden perform the ritual at the tomb of the vestal Tarpeia, paying homage to the martyrs with both song and dance. It was a most unorthodox way of honoring the dead!

I was there at the Samhain festivities in the lands of the Celts. Rejoiced on the thirty-first of the tenth month of each year on the eve before the annual harvest, this much-loved Gaelic event was a treasure to behold. I can still smell their oven-baked breads and their spicey devilish stews, cooked in their iron cauldrons.

Sometime in the seventeenth century, this celebration had taken a dark turn. The foul stench of animal corpses replaced the aromas of the oven-baked breads. As the full moon stretched out its spectral hand upon the lands, the town folks slaughtered some of their livestock, tossing their mutilated carcasses into giant bonfires, while dancing around it as if they were tormented souls from the netherworld. The blood from the beasts stained the dirt beneath their naked feet.

I was there when this converted festivity reached the New World, during the colonial times, brought over by both the Scottish and Irish settlers. Drawings of Devils were nailed to the wooden doors of homes, carved pumpkins placed on their porch's steps, black candles placed within their gutted bellies. As the children huddled inside the barns, tales of ghosts and goblins were narrated with perfected eeriness. Afterwards, they were hushed away to their beds, leaving the elders to continue on with their strange dancing and rituals.

As the years passed, the celebration turned all the more disturbing in some of the smaller towns and villages. I witnessed those terrible happenings inside the cryptic quarters of New Orleans, the hangings from the cypress trees in the swamps of old, Mississippi. I observed the sacrificing of innocent blood in the desert mountains to the west. The Murders – the Killings, all in tribute to the nameless one.

Here I am, once more inside the city by the great waterfall, and the young boy I have been sent to record is within sight. But, he is not alone, there are two others of the same age with him.

I feel the breath of an unholy spirit inside the winds, one I have felt many times before. It undoubtedly has something to do with the boy.

This street I walk on is one of familiarity. The house where the murder took place is still occupied by Evil, and the boy now stands alone in front of it, looking inside a bag he is using to collect his sweets. Placing a piece of candy into his mouth, his eyes search for his two friends. Just then, his attention is drawn to the streetlight, which had suddenly dimmed. I find this strange. I have been blessed by the father to see even in the darkest of nights.

As the boy's feet fetches him away from the house, they stop after several short steps. Swiftly turning around, he screams. Something has frightened him. A strong gust of wind suddenly appears, and with tears escaping the boy's eyes, he attempts to run away. The wind slams violently into a nearby tree, easily detaching one of its branches, which falls to the ground, and trips the boy up.

A creature of darkness, the Evil that had alarmed my senses has walked out the front door of the house. I have seen him before; he is one of them. As the young boy struggles to stand, the fiend snarls, turning his head in my direction. Is he able to detect my presence?

Returning his attention to the boy, and from beneath his large black hat, the terror places his red eyes upon him. At this moment, the boy elevates his tear-drenched eyes toward the ghostly clouds. Appearing inside the spectral moon, are the eyes of the demon. It is HIM! Shortly thereafter, I hear a voice, one I have heard before. I have been blessed by the father, with the power of recognition.

The voice belongs to the beast, a demon to be feared. It says... "I See You." Before the boy can catch his breath, the voice cites a name, "Scott Miller" - a name that has touched my ears before. With heightened haste, the terrified boy runs down the street, away from the fiend. The touch of a powerful angel is upon him.

His path takes him past the house, and driveway to which I am standing on. Turning toward the fiend, I see him naught...for he is not where he was. A menacing laughter touches my ears, running atop the winds, as if it were one of Hitlers hellhounds.

It was inside the ancient lands of Jerusalem, centuries ago, when I first laid eyes upon the fiend. He stood amongst the crowd of mourners that had come to see the man with the thorny crown wrapped around his bleeding head, carrying the large wooden cross that weighed heavy on his beaten body. A malevolent grin appeared on the fiend's lips, and his nocturnal eyes displayed an unholy gleam.

From within the shadows, on the other side of the street, the fiend emerges, just as the boy stops to catch his breath. He must be important to the Dark Lord to have been assigned such an efficient stalker. I will use my ability of travel to get to the street the boy is now running toward, so that I may continue my duty.

Realizing he is running down a street with no outlet, the boy stops. The snapping of a tree branch presses him to turn around and discover the fiend, standing in the middle of the road, barring escape. The boy yells at the fiend. Spotting an opening between two houses, the boy runs toward it.

As I step out of the shadows, once more the fiend stares angrily in my direction. I know he cannot see me; nonetheless, his red eyes are affixed on my position. Hissing, as if he is spooked, and with a sneer taking shape on his thin lips, the dark hunter resumes his pursuit of the boy named, Scott.

Reaching a chain-linked fence, the boy quickly climbs to the top. Unfortunately, the fiend has not only caught up, but charges the fence, pushing hard against it, making the boy fall. Thereafter, the fiend presses his face against the fence, making the boy cry harder. Swift to his feet, the young boy runs away - with the slightest effort, the fiend hurdles the tall fence, as if it were a simple garden hedge.

Using my ability of travel I await the boy on the next street, and as he approaches, I look to the shadows, finding the fiend standing next to a large oak tree, a smirk, one signifying humor taking shape on his thin lips. As I have suspected, he was not there to harm the boy, only to scare him. But, why?

The boy races out of the backyard, and into the street... to which he immediately calls out to his two friends, who are walking away from a festive house that is being hailed by both children, and parents. Looking to his rear, the boy spots his stalker, who remains in the shadows; he cries again. His two friends have a look of confusion on their faces, and as the three start for their homes, my attention switches to the fiend who has suddenly turned around, his eyes glued to the trees in yonder distance. Someone else, is here!

Melding inside a shadow is another, his eyes glowing like that of the sun; he is from the other clan. Releasing a savage growl, the fiend vanishes into the night, leaving the other to do the same. Knowing the young boy is safe, for now. I will move onto my next assignment.



Translated by Professor Robin in the year, 1965.