

SHORT STORY COLLECTION

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## The Short, The Dark, The Twisted

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### **Abstract**

This document includes a collection of short stories I have written, most of them as a result of challenges or petitions. You may find more information about the situation this stories were written in and maybe some of the inspiration (usually keywords or a particular topic) that drove me to write this stories in the appendix. Feel free to download them and read them and share them if you like them. It would be much appreciated. This document has been written using LaTeX.

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# Contents

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# 1 The Prince's Fever

A long time ago, in a kingdom long lost in the books of history, there lived a fair and rightful princess. Everyone respected and loved their ruler. The day she married a young prince, the entire kingdom celebrated for days without end. The merry couple looked merry indeed. They became like heart and soul, never leaving each other's side, not for a second. This all changed one day. Oh how the kingdom grieved when they learned that the young prince had fallen terribly ill.

The princess called in all the doctors in the kingdom, but not a single one of them could identify the prince's affliction. The princess then sent out word that whomever brought her the cure for this illness would be greatly rewarded. Adventurers from all over the world came to the kingdom to try their luck, but none succeed. The prince's condition worsened by the day.

Ser Brydon, the valiant, a renowned knight of the kingdom was one of the first to leave in search of the cure. He was one of the last to come back from his months long quest. Entering the throne room, he knelt before his princess and told her that he had found what she was looking for. The princess, with a new found hope, listened to the knight. An old wizard, whose name was long forgotten, knew a spell that could bring the prince back. However, he would need her to be present in the ritual.

The princess put on her travelling garb and made haste alongside the knight. For many days and many nights they rode, finally reaching a small shack in the woods from the other side of the kingdom. The wizard performed the ritual and they both thanked him before returning to the castle. Upon arrival, they found the gate locked shut. The princess called to the watchmen. The prince appeared before them from the gate tower raising his hand in salute. The princess got off her horse and began to run towards the gate.

The knight realized the prince was wearing his war robes. He called out, but it was too late. The prince lowered his hand and the sky turned black as the thousands of shafts rained upon the princess and her knight. Satisfied with the success of his scheme, the prince turned to face his great new army. Glorious plans awaited him...

## 2 Who's in my house?!

It must have been two or three o'clock in the morning when he heard the noise. He opened his eyes in a panic. What was that noise. He sat up in silence on his bed, trying to make out what the sound was. The light from the street lamps dimly lit the room. His face had the wrinkles that come with age, his gray hair neatly combed, despite the odd hair sticking out due to the pillow's natural tendency to destroy ones hairdo.

Three clocks chimed in unison on his bedside table, one on top of the Bible he kept close by at all times. Christ watched over him from the cross he hung on top of his bed, as he continued to listen. A few minutes had passed by, and he now identified the origin of the sound. He stood up, his face full of rage and anger. Putting on his slippers, He dragged his feet across the long corridor that separated his bedroom from his study. He knew it. His daughter, she must have made a copy of his key and gone over to his home at night, that stupid witch! He was well aware about his daughters' conspiracy against him. Both his daughters were working behind his back, trying hard to prove that he was mentally incapable. One of them had surely snuck up to his apartment at night to steal his documents, no doubt.

He reached the room and opened the door. Everything was quiet. The lights were off. He stood there, puzzled. Had he imagined it. He then heard a chuckle coming from the living room, some meters down the corridor to his left. "Who's there?!" He demanded, "who's in my house?!" "It's me, dad" the voice of his oldest daughter replied, "we have come to take your money, so you don't pay any more to that sect of yours".

He went red in fury. How dare her, of all people, a bloody atheist, dare to call his community of fellow followers of Jesus Christ a sect! He rushed towards the living room as fast as his aged legs allowed him to. When he got there, the lights were off, but he could feel her presence. He switched the lights on only to find... nothing. The room was empty.

Another chuckle came from behind. He spun around.

"The devil has taken you both!" He shouted into the darkness.

"And he will also take your grandson," replied the voice of his youngest daughter, "we will make him one of us!" "Don't you dare, bitch!" He shouted at her, as he began marching down the corridor towards the kitchen, where the voice came from. He was midway when his other daughter called from behind. "Your money will be ours, old man! Our plan to poison you at the day care centre might have failed, but we will kill you eventually!"

He turned and found himself face to face with the lady he had hired to look after him, a worried expression on her face.

"Are you ok, sir?" She said.

And then he realized. The other day she had cooked him a meal, and he had been ill all day, throwing up and going to the bathroom. She was one of them. She also wanted to kill him, all of them did. His daughters, his doctor, the nurses at the day care centre he had quit, and now even her. He rushed towards his room, seeking the protection of The Lord.

He tripped over the carpet and fell hard on his head. He tried to move, but his legs wouldn't respond. Neither did his arms. He heard the maniacal laughter of his daughters, and also the laughter of whom only could be Satan himself. He closed his eyes and began to pray. He then heard the voice of his younger daughter, but it was different, it was full of sadness. He could feel her fighting of her tears.

“Dad... you are ill...” she said.

“NO!” He answered back, “I know what you are doing! I am not ill!”

“You are, dad... you are very ill...”

“And what is the name of my affliction, then?!” He barked back.

After a pause there was nothing but silence. And then, he heard a whisper. It was his own voice:

“Alzheimer’s disease...”

### 3 One single survivor

I sat on my seat for a while before shutting down the engine to gather my thoughts. I opened the door and came out of my car. The police that had arrived before me had already established a perimeter around the house. My partner was running late, as usual, so I figured it might be a better idea to start without him. I walked up to the door. As I did so, I passed by an ambulance. A young girl was nodding at an officers questions, but I could tell her mind was somewhere else. She rocked back and fro very slowly, and her eyes were fixed in the horizon. The signs of shock were clear as daylight in her, she wasn't supposed to have survived the horrors from within the building.

I showed my badge to the officer guarding the door, and he let me through. The forensics team had already arrived. They were all over the place, taking samples of everything, taking photographs of everything... I walked into the living room and was instantly punched in the face by the stench of blood and alcohol. When I mastered the strength to look I was even more horrified. The entire room was splattered with blood. Floor, walls, even the ceiling. Bodies littered the floor. I counted fifteen in total. I took note of what I saw and walked up to one of the forensic scientists on site.

"What happened here?" I asked.

He looked up at me and removed his mask to speak clearer.

"Fifteen victims, all between the ages of 15 and 17".

"Underage..." I muttered, as I wrote down the details, "I smell alcohol".

"Correct. It all seems to point towards an illegal party of sorts. Binge drinking, drugs, sex..."

"What's the preliminary cause of death?" I enquired, dotting down the last remarks I had been given.

"It's too soon to determine. None show any sign of blunt trauma and we haven't found any traces of gunfire or blades of any kind. They all seem to have died from internal bleeding, although we will not be able to determine what caused it until after the autopsy".

I thanked him and moved out of the room to allow them to continue with their work comfortably. I bumped into the inspector that had been questioning the girl outside.

"She was the only survivor," he said, "according to her statements, everyone started vomiting blood at some point. She got out when it started".

"Poison?" I asked.

"Maybe. She had drunk alcohol, in spite of being 16. I think the experience sobered her up though. Do you think they poisoned the food or drink?"

"Could be a possibility, I suppose. We will have to wait for the mad scientists inside to come and determine that".

He chuckled at my remark, and then went out. I checked around the house a little bit, just in case. The forensic team would have to search more thoroughly, but every little helped, just to make sure nothing was left behind from that nightmare.

I stepped into the cool night air, breathing some clean oxygen at last. The ambulance had gone, and I saw my partner standing nervously next to my car. I sighed and walked over to him.

"A girl made it out alive, the other 15 in the party died" I briefed him, "she will be taken to the local hospital. She will need police protection for the time being".

"You want me to take charge?" he asked.

"Yes" I answered.

Reaching into one of my coat's pockets, I produced one of the vials. "Make sure this gets into her

system, I don't care how, just make sure it does...".

## 4 Into the dark

He opened his eyes, but it made little difference. The room he was in was pitch black. Not a single particle of light was around to show him where he was. He felt the floor with his hands. The cool smooth surface of stone was the only stimulus he found. The stone was polished, smooth to the touch. This floor was manmade. He stood up with some difficulty, not knowing which direction was which and having only the stone floor as help.

A sharp throbbing pain in the back of his head made him a little dizzy. He felt a bump when he touched the spot where the pain originated. That was an explanation as to why he didn't know where he was and how he had gotten there. He began walking forward, placing his hands in front of him in order not to crash into something and dragged his feet slowly as to not trip.

"Hello?" His voiced echoed in the darkness, "is there anyone there?"

The silence was the only response he got. He continued to walk forward, or had he started walking in circles? He couldn't tell.

"If there is anyone out there, please answer me!" He pleaded, slowly giving way to the panic that had started to build up.

"I don't know what you want from me, but please, I will give you whatever you want, just let me go!"

He stopped dead in his tracks when he heard a gentle rattling sound that echoed away. It was a sound that would usually be associated to chains being dragged along the floor.

"Who's there?" He said, raising his voice, failing to mask the fear he was feeling right now.

The sound of chains got louder.

He took a step backwards. Something blocked his ankle as it tried to move back, causing him to trip and fall over. He fell on his back, pain shooting up his coccyx as he hit the cold floor. The chains were getting closer. He started dragging himself backwards. He then retreated his hand as he touched something warm on the floor. It was some sort of liquid. It felt thick and sticky.

The sound of chains was getting louder, and he began to hear heavy breathing. He started to crawl backwards, but he met a wall. The sound of chains stopped. All he could hear was his own breathing and that heavy breathing he had heard before. It sounded as if the one breathing was right in front of him. It was the sort of breathing someone had when they were choking.

"Who...?!"

A hand suddenly covered his mouth. It was warm and sticky, like the substance he had touched earlier. Some of it went into his mouth. He felt his entire mouth go numb. The breathing in front of him got heavier. It started to produce a sort of growling sound in between breaths. He felt his heart pounding and then he felt warm breath gently caress his ear.

"Hush little lamb," said a calm gentle voice, "you will only make it kill you faster...".



He tried to scream but the numb mouth and the hand covering it stopped him from doing so. The voice laughed gently beside him. He felt great pain in his chest and then everything drifted away. The pain, the fear, the laughter and life... it all drifted away into the dark.

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## A The Prince's Fever

Written in July of 2019, this story was a result of a Group Event in *Angels vs. Demons*, a group created by my friend Ruben in a platform called *WeGamers*. To spice things up a little, Ruben always organizes weekly events to make people participate in the group and gives points as a reward that can be used in this platform to exchange for exclusive bundles in certain games.

This event, titled *Stories of Princes* consisted on writing a story that involved a prince, either as main character or as a side character. In this story, I turn what could have been a classic fairy tale story into a much darker and, sadly, realistic story.

## B Who's in my house?!

This story was written in August of 2019. This was also an event for the *Angels vs. Demons* group in *WeGamers*. The event, titled *People and Characters*, consisted on writing a short story based on someone we knew. This one made me think quite a bit. One day, playing League of Legends, some asshole toxic player made a joke about Alzheimer's disease. My grandfather had died recently as a result of this illness, so it pissed me off a lot. That is one of the reasons why I decided to write this story, in his honour. Alzheimer's disease can kill people. You can try changing my mind, but you will not succeed. My grandfather was already dead the day I visited. The man sitting on the couch with a half broken neck and nothing but hatred and insults for us was not my grandfather.

## C One single survivor

This story, also from August 2019, was from another event in the *WeGamers* group of *Angels vs. Demons*. The event was titled *Terror Story* and was about writing a horror story. Due to the summer holidays, I watched a lot of *CSI* on television. That probably gave me the idea of writing a police style story, of course, with my particular twist at the end...

## D Into the dark

In the middle of lockdown in Spain during the CoVid-19 crisis, Ruben sent out another challenge in his *WeGamers* group *Angels vs. Demons*. The title of this event was self explanatory on the target: **Write a poem or short story**. Poems, I'm not good at. Stories, however, I enjoy writing. This story was partly inspired by the feeling of being trapped and blind to the situation unveiling around us during this period. This would be the last event I would take part in *WeGamers*, as the poor administration of the app (among other things) slowly convinced me to leave the app for good.