

SHORT STORY COLLECTION

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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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.

5 The special cookies

There was once a small town in the middle of country side County Roscommon Ireland. Slightly far off from every other little bit of civilization. When the British invaded Ireland, this town was kept hidden. It became self sufficient, it had every resource it needed. A short trip to the Shannon provided fresh water and fish. There was enough space to grow a few crops and herd animals, and the surrounding forest provided plenty of fruit during the summer and wood during the winter. It even had its own small church, where religious ceremonies could be held undisturbed, even during the ruthless reign of Elisabeth I. For centuries, this town remained hidden, thanks to the forest around it.

One day, the local lumberjack, who went a little too deep into the forest to get some wood for the night's fire heard a gentle singing. Curious, as he was, he sought out the origin of the singing. After a few minutes, he came across a small wooden makeshift stall. A little girl, probably about six or seven years old was sitting by herself, humming the song he had been hearing. She was dressed in what looked like an assortment of rags, carelessly sown together in a seemingly random pattern. She, however, had well combed golden hair that fell behind her in two neat braids, and a chubby face riddled with freckles. A wide smile was drawn on her face as she continued to hum the melody. On the stall was a small variety of sweets. These included small cakes and pastries, as well as scones. In the middle, however, there was a small mound of cookies that looked particularly appetizing.

The lumberjack walked towards her. When she noticed the man, she stopped humming and widened her smile.

"Hello, sir. Would you like to buy any homemade sweets and pastries?" she asked in a kind tone.

The lumberjack, puzzled at first, decided to ask for a few cookies. She smiled as she wrapped them gently in a piece of paper she produced from a small drawer on the stall. The lumberjack took a bite of the cookies. They had a sweet taste and a slightly refreshing herbal aftertaste to them that made them absolutely delicious. He had never tasted such delightful sweets before. By the time he had got home, he had no cookies left. He had eaten all of them. They were so good, he couldn't resist the temptation of eating them.

He thought for a moment that it was odd for such a little girl to be alone in the woods like that, but they were used to it being quiet and calm around, so he thought her parents had probably considered that it was safe for her to be there, plus there would get a little extra income for the sweets. He told the townsfolk about the little girl in the woods, and they all listened to him in amazement, not really believing him.

The next day, several people followed along with the lumberjack, who took them down the route he had followed the day before. When they were a good distance away from the town, they started hearing the song the little girl hummed. They eventually reached her stall. She was very happy to see more people, and greeted them with a very wide smile. They all bought a few pastries and sweets, and of course the cookies. The cookies were exceptionally good, they all agreed. Just like with the lumberjack the day before, no cookies got home, they were too good.

As the next few days passed by, everyone had started going to visit the little girl in the woods. They all enjoyed talking to her and buying her treats. She always seemed to have cookies, even though everyone ordered more and more each time. The cookies never reached home, no matter the amount, they were always eaten on the way home. They were too damn good. The townsfolk started to get

fatter and fatter with all the cookies, but they didn't care. The girl was so sweet and her cookies were so good, they couldn't help it.

One day, the group of townspeople that used to go first to see the girl came back shocked and confused. The girl was gone. She was nowhere to be found. Days went by and the girl never appeared again in her usual spot. However, all the townspeople craved the cookies more and more. They started becoming grumpy and aggressive to each other. All the other food tasted like ash. Nothing was good anymore, only the thought of the delicious taste of the cookies. They started to grow hungry. They stopped cooking food, because it tasted so foul to them now. Life was grey without the girl's cookies. They, however, were still fat, and always hungry. They were hungry for the girl's cookies.

One day, the local priest came out of the forest with a face of satisfaction. A few cookie crumbs on his tunic gave it away. They all accused him of kidnapping the girl, keeping her prisoner or as a slave, and demanded that he told them where she was. He refused at first, saying that he had done nothing to her, that he had just casually found her in the woods. The townspeople, who all craved the cookies so badly, started to torture him. They started broke his knees and elbows with hammers and started cutting his stomach, then pouring salt and vinegar on the wounds. The torture continued for several days until he broke and told them where he had seen the girl. A small group of townspeople went to look for her. The injuries sustained by the priest were so grave he died shortly after their departure.

Several days went past and none of the people that had left came back. People in the town started to become paranoid. They had kept the girl to themselves! They wanted all the cookies to themselves. They grew hungrier and hungrier and none of the people who had left were coming back. Everyone locked themselves in. They didn't go outside anymore. The crops died, the animals they kept started to starve or die of thirst and there was an overwhelming feeling of death and negativity looming over the town.

After several weeks, the group of townspeople finally returned. They were all fatter than ever, and their wide grins and full bellies gave them away. The lumberjack, who had stayed in the town, went out of his home and walked up to one of the people who had just returned.

"We have great news!" announced one of the returning townspeople.

Without warning, the lumberjack pushed the man, who due to his oversized tummy tumbled over with ease. He then threw himself on top of him and started brutally chomping at his oversized belly until it burst open like an overripe tomato. The others watched in horror as the crazed lumberjack feasted upon his former neighbor. The others that had been locked up started to emerge from their homes. They all had crazed eyes and were salivating considerably. They brought every type of weapons with them: axes, knives, hammers, hoes, pitchforks...

The returning people started to turn back in fear, but the others caught up easily and started slaughtering them like animals. At some point, the aggressors started attacking each other too. What had once been a quiet town had now become a crazed frenzy of blood and gore. Former friends and neighbors were killing each other and tearing their intestines and viscera out. At sunset, only the lumberjack remained. He had lost an arm and was fighting to keep his guts from spilling from a gushing wound in his chest.

He started to hear a familiar hum, and looked up. The little girl emerged from the forest, singing

her cute little song, so out of place in this bleak scenario. The lumberjack watched her as if she was some sort of deity or angel, not daring to even speak to her. She walked up to the fattest of the dead corpses. The one next to the lumberjack. The one who was the first victim of the killings. The girl then produced a sharp knife from a basket she carried and started to slowly carve the fat out of the dead man's oversized belly and putting it in the basket, humming her song all the way. She noticed the lumberjack and smiled her wide smile at him.

"Would you like some cookies, sir? I will have a fresh batch baked for tomorrow just for you! I just need to collect the ingredients first..."

The lumberjack grinned and nodded, saliva mixed with blood started to drip down the side of his mouth.

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.

E The special cookies

One of the options I offer to redeem points on my Twitch channel <https://www.twitch.tv/crazyjaegertw> is for me to write a short story about a particular topic. As you may have guessed, my stories aren't particularly "child friendly". A dark twist ending to the story is always the sort of aftertaste I like giving to my stories. In September of 2020, my twitch friend *QuinzChubb* redeemed this option and asked me to write a story about a **Girl selling cookies in the woods**. If she was expecting a cute story, I am sorry, but that topic was right up my ally... Just not maybe in the way one would expect...