Thornville, a small town on the border of Texas. I figured that liven’ there would be about as good as life is gonna get. Small town, friendly folks, and everything a man needs to live is within walking distance. It would be a nice change from the city. To be honest, I’m not sure how things are going to work out, but at least the food in this area is good.

“Excuse me, could I buy one of them newspapers you’ve got over there?” The restaurant owner got up and grabbed one of the papers and laid it in front of me, announcing that it’ll cost me a dollar-twenty-five. I paid him the money and started to skim through my purchase. “October, 2008, Locals have gone missing. No trace of the missing people left.”

I decided to read it on the road since I was down to my last piece of bacon. After eating, I paid my bill and went on my way. Thronville was only about an hour away. I arrived there at about 6:15pm and drove to the first inn I saw. I parked my SUV and just sat there for a second. I thought to myself, asking if I was doing the right thing. I decided that I would try living here and if I liked it than I would settle down here; however, if things didn’t work out, I’d pack my bags and hit the road. I grabbed my suitcase and left the car. Once I walked inside, a small shriveled old man came up and greeted me.  
  
“Welcome to Thornville! My name is Don Adams!”  
  
“Howdy there Don, I’m Bradley Young. I was looking for a room to stay in. Do you have one available?” The old man smiled and walked up stairs, motioning for me to follow. We went to room number eight and then Don told me to get the room to my liking and then to go around town and meet the folks. I decided to take his advice, thought it might be a good chance to get a look at things.

It didn’t take long to get my room set up because all I really brought with me was some clothing and a few items, most of which I just kept in the suitcase. I closed the door to my room and left to go take a look around. Before leaving the inn, Don gave me a peaceful wave goodbye. The first thing I did was simply look around. The sights were nice and the town wasn’t even that big. Everything was going pretty good so far. I walked into a local store and was soon greeted by a young girl who looked no older than 20.

“Hi there sir and welcome to our store! Say, you don’t look familiar, are you new around here?” The girl asked friendly.

“Am I really that noticeable?” The girl and I chuckled a bit. There was nothing really funny, but the moment seemed right. “So do you run this store by yourself?”

“I’m not really in charge of the store, but I do help out often. My mother is the one who owns the store. Oh, I’m Lucy by the way!”

“I’m Bradley Young, nice to meet you. Well, I’m going to get head to other places around town, see ya.” I left the store and headed for the town park. A small area was plants, animals, benches, a small pond, and friendly people. I sat down on a bench next to the pond. It was nice and peaceful, so I just sat there for a second letting go of any and all cares or worries that I had. I wasn’t really able to get to see much more of the town, because it began to get late. I decided to go back to the inn and get some rest.

I woke up sometime later to the sound of preaching and wood cracking. I opened my eyes to the sight of bars in front of my face and torches burning away the darkness that surrounded them. The man preaching was wearing a white robe and was standing in from of crowds of people.

“Hey. Hey, are you okay?” I looked to my right to see another person in a cage next to mine. The man wasn’t wearing anything special and it seemed like he was just as confused as I was.

“Yeah, I’m okay. What’s going on?” I didn’t really expect an answer, but I thought maybe he had some insight on the situation.

“I don’t know much, but that crack head in the white keeps going on and on about pleasing some Sithis person and about how they will carry out the Night Mother’s wishes or something like that.” Before I could say a word more, the voice of the man in the robe stopped. I looked back at the man, only to find his eyes staring back into mine.

Four men in black robes came from the sides and started to approach the cages, two guys at mine, two at his. They opened the cages and pulled us out, keeping a strong, almost inhuman, grip on us, restraining me and him. I tried to get a look at the people doing this, but they had hoods that draped over their faces, covering the majority of them, and the darkness of the night kept them shrouded completely. The man in the white robe soon turned his eyes from mine to the man next to me.

“So Danielle, this is how things will end for you.” A smile broke its way onto the man’s face as he started at Danielle. “I had a feeling things would end this way.”

“What are you talking about?!” Danielle shouted as he struggled to get free, but he didn’t struggle out of fear, but out of anger. “I’ll die before I let you do something to me!” Danielle leaned forward and spit on the man’s face.

“So be it than…” The man said. He walked off slightly to the distance where a table stood alone. The man than brought his hand up and signaled for the man holding Danielle to walk forward, bringing Danielle with them. The man grabbed something from the table, but the only thing I could see was a small glistening light. Then, within the blink of an eye, the man lifted the object and thrust it into Danielle’s heart.

“Brothers and sisters, we please the Night Mother once more!” The man screamed, causing the hordes of people that gathered to cheer and holler. My heart started to beat faster and faster every second this madness continued. I was so tense that things actually started to seem to slow down, allowing me to assess everything that was happening. The twisted faces of pleasure on the faces of what seemed like innocent people was enough to make me vomit right there, but the thing that broke me into reality was the small drop of blood that was making it way to the ground. Once it landed, I realized the situation I was in.

I screamed louder than anything I have ever heard before. I couldn’t comprehend the position I was in. everything was so unreal; a man had died before my very eyes! Bleed like a pig that had just been slaughtered for pork. I wanted to wake up; end this madness I was seeing, but this was no dream! The village folks enjoyed my torment, enjoyed every last drop of sweat that fell from my brow! This was it, I was going to die! And then… At that very moment, I decided to give up. Except my fate and give in. I had stopped screaming, stopped feeling fear, and had given up.

“Nonbelievers are but toys to our dread father Sithis, and so it is our duty to fulfill these wishes and give our father what pleases him!” The man preached on.

“Will you continue even if it means sacrificing innocent lives? Will you continue even if it means you sacrifices what innocents and humanity you have left?! Do you not see what you’re doing here, preaching to a god that might not even exist?!” I screamed of frustration. The man laughed.

“Oh boy, your words fall on deaf ears. We live for no other purpose than to please those above us. It is not something for pleasure.” The man laughed again. “Now please, will you just keep your mouth shut and accept your fate? In fact, you should be honored that you were deemed worth of our sacrificial ritual!” The man smiled and then lifted the silver blade, now tainted with blood, and penetrated my chest.

The pain forced me to scream, no amount of holding back could ever compensate for the pain of that blade piercing through my skin. But soon, everything became quiet. The quiet was peaceful and I soon realized that this was the peace I had been searching for my whole life; however, now that I had this peace that I had always longed for, I no longer wanted it. Now I began to plead for those long and hectic days, but this was it… Even now though, I have no real regrets except for one. I’m sorry everyone.