

Alucard

BY: NATHAN EVANS (GRADE 8)

Dear Reader... be warned.

The town of Chancellorsville was a small town in the middle of a valley which was in the middle of absolutely nowhere. The people there never glanced at you, never even took their eyes off the pavement as they walked along the sidewalk. Every face hadn't a single smile, no one cared to have fun and even the kids had succumbed to the curse of this town. A few years before you would never have suspected that a town such as this, the town that wasn't even here, was covered by a lake sealing it from anyone who dared to come close. A dam kept the putrid water back from unveiling this secret town, but only two years ago the dam was blown, no one knows who or why and they couldn't care less. Their lives were simple: wake up, adults go to work, kids go to school when they're done they come home and go their separate ways. Most kids go to the park, but you won't hear any noise coming from it because nothing happens at all. The kids just sit on the swings or the top of the slide and never go down. If you pass someone on the street here you won't get *hellos* and *how are you*, you'll only get the same stare that has a meaning in itself.

Most people say there is a curse on the town, others say it's a disease. Only one man in the whole town knows what's actually wrong though, because he's the cause of the problem. Going to his house at the top of the valley means you're signing your own death certificate. He likes to be left alone, he was the cause of these peoples' treachery and he hadn't the slightest idea on how to fix it. There were no churches, there was only one store and one gas station, the sky was always gray but it never rained. The man would come out of his house only for the bare necessities: the mail, food, and a frequent visit to the store. No one knows nor cares what

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happens to him. Some say he murdered his own daughter others say it was an accident but one thing's for sure, she's dead. The only way to get the man's attention is to mention his daughter Elizabeth. She was beautiful, she wore a white dress with a beautiful red bow in her hair. After her disappearance, that was the only thing they found hanging on a tree branch in the woods. The man left the ribbon there as a reminder of what he was and what had changed his life forever.

As a teenager Mr. Crane got himself into tight situations, car chases, lethal accidents that he had somehow survived, but as an adult he decided to experiment on things that only God should tamper with. Chemicals that have left his face eternally scared, his luxurious white hair, now only white strands here and there along his wrinkled scalp. His house is a reflection of who he is. Shutters are chipped and hanging from one hinge, siding broken leaving the house subject to the weather, windows broken or missing completely. On the inside there was a common area with a couch with a layer of dust and an arm chair viewing the window which longs for a little girl to sit and read in. The floor creaks and shouts and the weights that are put upon it. The bathroom has a single tub and toilet and the only window that isn't broken leaves the tiny, square-tiled room with a blue complexion. The shower is only a pipe that leads up to a shower head that is in desperate need of repair. Mr. Crane would come to this room once a night and stand under the water as it encompassed his pale old body. He expected nothing to happen to him in his final years, he ate alone, he read alone, he slept alone in his old battered-down house... or so he thought. Every so often he would hear his daughter's voice calling to him from the empty chair. He'd wake up in a cold sweat barely able to breathe. He would run

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downstairs and find nothing but a tiny red ribbon sitting on the chair where his daughter sat.

Dust covered the entire chair but no dust was on the little ribbon. The next morning it would be gone, no trace of it ever being there. There was a basement in old man Mr. Crane's house but he never went down. All he did was throw a piece of meat down every day and lock the door behind him. The only action some kids get in this town was trying to sneak a peek of what was in his basement but the windows that let you see into the basement were barred and have a yellow mucus on it, obscuring anything looking in, or out.

Before Mr. Crane came to Chancellorsville he was a scientist, zoologist, but he wasn't just studying the animals, he experimented on them. Combining genes, and chromosomes he was a Nazi to the animals; mixing an arm with a leg on several different animals. He bred animals too, some were helpful, others even God would have shunned. He grew mad, his fellow scientist had no idea what he was doing and once they found out they destroyed every specimen he had. Mr. Crane wouldn't allow them to destroy one. Instead he keeps it in his basement, but that monster fears nothing it will not hesitate to feed on his creator. Every day the creature mimics the old man's movements upstairs, follows him in every room from downstairs. At night the monster astral-projects from its physical body and walks through walls watching Mr. Crane as he sleeps with one eye open. He knows the monster watches him, he knows it wants to feast on his bones and flesh, he also knows that every day it becomes stronger, countless hours of being alone have honed the monsters senses.

Before Mr. Crane's life today, he would play with his eight year old daughter for countless hours at the house he lives in now. That was just a year ago. The house was a

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beautiful white, everything was spotless with perfect purple shutters that he had made himself the lawn was the absolutely perfect with flawless grass that smelled brilliant and shown extravagantly off the blazing yellow sun. The monster would grow jealous, watching the man and his daughter run around the once magnificent tree in his yard, which is now twisted and as old as time itself. Treachery had fallen upon this valley the very day she died, her funeral, a silent demise no one would remember but the man who loved her with all his heart, but loving her with all his heart meant her death took his heart to the grave with her. The only partner he had in life now was the monster which he fed once a day and never looked upon its face except for the day it was created. Mr. Crane knew that the day he died would be the day his monster was released from his home underground.

People in the town would go missing without any trace. Nobody was ever found no drop of blood was ever left, not even the slightest scream was heard the night they disappeared, and they disappeared only at night. Whoever, or whatever was collecting these people would do it quickly and quietly having experience and cunning, a skilled killer. The town would search everywhere for one day, except for Mr. Crane's house. Everyone suspected him, it was the perfect setup, life everywhere except his beat down house on the top of the hill. No one knew of the monster then, now they know to the full extent of his life since he was born. The man had named him Alucard, meaning hell sing, it suited him perfectly; he wore it with pride. The monster knew only darkness, for all he was concerned he was created by the darkness, it shielded him, guided him and he flourished in it, absorbing the darkness until he could know nothing more. He lived in complete solitude from the world hearing only Mr. Crane's footsteps

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scrape the floor above him, every day his hatred grew more cumbersome hatred kept him going strengthened his very soul.

Just last night Mr. Crane was found dead. His face was misconfigured barely recognizable, the only way ~~that~~ they knew it was him was the red ribbon they found lying on his chest. When they went downstairs they found skeletons, former remnants of the life it had held inside it. Within the next week twenty-five bodies would be buried, their families would not be seen with living eyes for another year. Everyone in Chancellorsville is disappearing one, at a, time. That's all it takes to drive people away from my town. Bodies found here and there on the curb on the street, hanging from a telephone line, or even in a diner sitting at the table like it had only the day before. This is my revenge story, my life story, everyone fears me and my very existence. Your towns next, I will find you anywhere on the face of this planet that's about to get a wakeup call.

Thinking of you, Alucard

P.S Sleep with one eye open tonight.