

Chapter 1 of “The Rellik” by Michael J. Denaut

THE LAIRES RELLIK

Late one evening, the night’s cloudless sky is brightly lit up into a deep indigo blue by the full moon. Below the sky is a brand new Chevrolet sedan that is being driven down a very narrow deserted highway containing a man, his wife and their son. They’re about thirty miles away from their home, when they fall into a thick blinding fog, which quickly and completely extinguishes all light of the moon. In a matter of seconds the car is engulfed by this thick fog and the sight visibility distance goes from 100 feet to almost nothing. The man and his wife suddenly become leery of driving any further, so she suggests that he pull over immediately.

Without hesitation, the man slows down the vehicle and pulls over to what he believes to be the shoulder of the road. A loud *SMASH* is heard, they are thrust forward and the vehicle comes to a complete stop. It feels as though they’ve just slammed into a brick wall.

They sit there in complete darkness and the husband makes sure everyone is okay. Luckily, the three of them were wearing their seat belts and appeared to be unhurt.

The man tries to restart the engine, but it won’t turn over. He then tries adjusting the headlights to see if he can get them back on. He has no luck since both headlights appear to be damaged from the accident. He pushes the switch for the interior light and luckily, it works and turns on. He then attempts to open the driver’s side door but the door is stuck. Finally with a little shoulder action, he gets the door to open. As he gets out of the car, he tells his wife, “Stay here and do not to get out...not for anything!” He slowly gets out of the vehicle and lights the lighter that he had in his pocket, enabling him to see somewhat. He works his way to the rear of the car and opens the trunk to get the flashlight. He turns it on and walks cautiously through the thick fog to the front of the car to see what he had struck, and what damage had been afflicted upon the crumpled heap that was once his beloved brand new car. As he looks around outside, he cannot explain what they have hit because there’s nothing there. He does realize however, that his vehicle isn’t going anywhere without a tow.

Out the front window, the visibility from the fog is so bad that the mother and son can only see the dim light of the flashlight, but not the person holding it. The light of the flashlight begins moving awkwardly and then suddenly disappears. This is followed by a loud slap on the pavement and a bang to the undercarriage of their car. Without seeing the flashlights light and hearing these strange noises, there is an increase in the fear levels from the mother and child within. A long second or two goes by and the wife cracks the window down and calls his name. He does not answer, so she quickly locks her door and then the driver’s side door. A tiny voice cries out, “Mommy I’m scared.” Not hiding her fear well, she turns to him in the back seat and tells him in a shaky voice, “Everything is

okay.” She then turns and looks out the passenger side window and sees the light of the flashlight nearing her window. She cautiously asks, “Honey?” The flashlight gently taps on her window and a voice commands her to lower the window.

She rolls the window down halfway. As the man sticks his head through the open window he whispers to her that they’re screwed. The mother replies to him with an attitude, “Why didn’t you answer me when I called you before? You nearly scared us to death.” He replies angrily, “Well, ya know, you probably called me after the damn flashlight fell out of my hands and rolled under the F’n car. Then I banged my damn head on the car, trying to get the freaking flashlight. Not to mention that my precious car is totaled. I’m sorry I didn’t hear you. Why don’t you just take a valium, and go to sleep.”

She responds, “Sorry!” As she takes a deep breath of relief, she then asks him, “So what did we hit?” He replies, “I don’t have a clue, but what ever it was, it must have been big and powerful because there is some serious damage to the car. Hopefully it’s dead and not angry at us.” He then smiles, sighs, takes a deep breath and continues. “Our car isn’t going anywhere and it’s probably an hour walk to the nearest phone, so I think we should just wait here and flag down the next car that goes by.”

Taking into consideration, that they couldn’t see their own hand in front of their face because of the fog, they figured that staying put may be the best decision to make.....or perhaps not. After a brief pause, they both agree that it’s best to stay put. The man’s wife is a little upset and nervous, so she takes a couple of Valium to help her relax. Her husband goes and gets a couple of flares out of the trunk, places them a few yards behind their vehicle and lights up one of them.

The mother and son sit there in the front seat holding each other looking out the rear window as the fog seems to dim the flares light dramatically. Seconds later the driver’s side door is brutally pulled open, causing them to jump and scream. The man sticks his head and upper body into the vehicle, while gazing at them with his bloodshot eyes and replies, “I’m sorry for yelling before hon.” His wife replies with anger and sarcasm, “Could ya be a little more subtle next time? You rip open the door with such force and scare the living daylights out of us!” He sits down beside her and his son, apologizes again, and then puts his arm around them.

Some time passes by as the wife falls asleep. The flares soon burn out. The father is about to go outside and light another flare, when his son begs him not too. The man ends up listening to his son.

Several moments later the boy falls asleep and is gently laid down across the back seat. The boy is sprawled out in the backseat, lying on his back, with his father’s jacket placed gently on top of him. He seems a bit uneasy and begins to twist and turn. His eyes begin to dart rapidly under his eyelids. The boy’s legs begin to quiver and shake and then begin to move as if he were running a marathon. He suddenly wakes up to find himself in the middle of the forest surrounded by knee high fog. A thick sea of fog comes creeping towards him steadily. An eerie faint laughter echoes deep from within the fog, which instantly freezes him. His heart begins to pound and beat faster. He can literally hear his own heart beating as if it were amplified a thousand times.

Staring at this great onslaught of approaching fog, a large black hole is suddenly formed in the center of it. Followed by the display are sharp needle-like teeth that quickly expand on the top and bottom of this black hole. As a loud demonic roar erupts from its vocal cords, the stench of a thousand rotted corpses fills the night air. He takes off like a jackrabbit being chased by a pack of bloodthirsty wolves. The light of the full moon begins to shed down upon his horrifying predicament.

While running, he looks over his shoulder and notices that he is at a safer distance from the fog than before. Momentarily, he stops running and pauses to catch his breath as the wind begins to sway the trees back and forth. The sounds of the powerful wind swoop by the ears of this young lad and a thousand goose bumps erupt throughout his epidermis. Simultaneously, screams of horror and wicked laughter echo throughout the surrounding air. He fearfully turns toward the wickedness to see the fog as it begins to rapidly move in stages towards him engulfing everything in its path. The boy turns away from it and begins running as fast as possible.

Without looking back he can hear and feel it getting closer to him, even though he doesn't know where it could be coming from. He soon begins to double the speed that he was doing only seconds ago. While bobbing and weaving through branches and downed trees, the sounds begin to grow faint, however, it still could be heard. He finally approaches a clearing and sees a well-lit gas station across the road only about one hundred yards away. He takes in a deep breath and pursues onward with his journey.

"*B A A B E*", he hears scream through the dark. Knowing that familiar voice, the boy stops running and slowly turns around. He sees his loving mother standing there with her back up against a large Weeping Willow tree. Momentarily his fear desists. He yells to her, with a tearful voice, "*Mommy!*" He runs towards her but is followed by the psychotic laughter from within the darkness. The boy stops dead in his tracks and the laughter abruptly comes to a halt.

The mom pleads to her loved one, "Run! Go get help." While the boy stands there confused, he notices his mom's hands are wrapped around both sides of the tree as if they were tied, or even worse, as if someone or something was physically holding them there. She cries out again but much louder, "GO GET HELP!" The boy totally ignores the fact that she wants him to get help because he cannot abandon her.

He takes one step forward. The tormented screams and horrific laughter arise once again. The world around them begins to melt into a blackish gray and red blur.

Hundreds of bodiless screaming skulls gaze at the boy from within the hellish blur. They become caught up in this melting world of human souls, which begins to spin around them rapidly. Out of great fear, the boy steps back and closes his eyes and repeats, "It's not real. It's not real." He then opens his eyes hoping that it all has disappeared.

BUT IT DOESN'T!!!

The laughter and tornado of souls only intensifies. The boy courageously charges towards his mother. When he reaches her, he immediately hugs her. She just stands there shackled to the tree, unable to hug her baby.

The tornado of souls comes to an abrupt halt, as quickly as death snatches a life. The boy has a momentary feeling of relief as he takes two steps back and looks at his mother.

As he does so, a long lanky arm stretches out from the left side of the Willow tree. Attached to the long arm is a green hand with four inch black claw like fingers that ruggedly pull his mothers head back by her dark long hair. Another green hand reaches out from the other side of the tree, extending a very large and rusty butcher's knife from its claw. Quickly, without hesitation, it slices her from ear to ear, like a heated steak knife through a mere stick of butter.

The boy's eyes fill with tears and misery. He steps towards his mother and hugs her as her blood spills out of her gashed throat and all over her horrified son. The poor boy becomes drenched in her blood as if a barrel of blood were poured onto him.

The boy, still clinging to his warm dead mother, feels a strong hand pulling the back of his shirt. The hand swings the boy around. The boy, completely covered in his mothers blood, looks up to see his father standing there holding an unlit flashlight in his hand and displaying the pick end of a fireman's axe sticking into the side of his head. The father falls to his knees. Still grasping onto his boy's shirt, the father falls forward to the ground, tearing the shirt off the boy.

As he hits the ground, the pick axe is completely lodged through to the other side of his face.

The boy's eyes close tightly as he begins to hysterically scream. When he opens his eyes, he sees his father leaning over the front seat trying to calm him down. The boy then sees his mom also leaning over the front seat telling him it was only a bad dream, "Honey, mommy and daddy love you. Everything is going to be okay." They pull him up front to be with them.

Ten minutes later the boy finally stops crying. He is too distraught to tell them what he had dreamt about. In a small and creepy voice he can only exclaim, "Very bad! Very bad!"

One hour later the mom is fast asleep, the father is about to nod off, and the boy is wide-awake. He nudges his tired father and tells his dad, "I have to go to the bathroom now."

The dad unlocks the door and gives the door a few bangs with his shoulder to get it open. He then grabs the flashlight, turns it on and takes his son by the hand and gently pulls him out of the car.

Fortunately, as they walk around the back of the car, the blanket of fog seems to be thinning out as the wind pushes it eastward. They walk several yards beyond the passenger side of the car and approach a very large and full tree. The fog is still patchy in some spots but the full moon is shedding light upon them to the point where a flashlight is barely needed. The boy tells his dad that he has to go number two. The father tells him that he's going to get some napkins from the glove box. The boy urges him to hurry. The father assures him that he'll be back in a flash.

As the boy leans up against the tree with his pants down around his ankles, he begins to look more closely at the tree. He takes a deep breath realizing that he is squatting under the same Weeping Willow tree from his dream. It literally scares the shit out of him as he begs his father not to leave him alone.

The father, who is standing right next to the passenger side door, assures his son that nothing and no one will ever hurt his little boy. Instantly, a funnel of wind kicks up around them. His flashlight dies and he looks back at his squatting son who is crying and calling him, "Daddy! Daddy!" The man opens the passenger side-door and reaches in to open the glove box. Trying not to disturb his wife, he accidentally brushes up against her. As he moves out from the car, his wife slumps over and falls out of the car head-first, blood showering from her open throat. With indescribable horror upon the poor man's face, he turns around to face his boy. A phantom dressed in a rubber black suit comes around from the tail end of the Chevy wielding a fireman's axe. With one swift blow, the phantom penetrates the man's skull with the pick end of the axe. With tears running down his face, the boy opens his mouth to scream of bloody Hell, but cannot utter a single sound.

The boy's dad slowly raises his hand holding the unlit flashlight, his body goes limp and he falls face down into the dirt. The phantom quickly moves to the front of their crumpled Chevy and climbs into a dark pickup truck. He starts the engine, shoves it into drive and screeches off, kicking up dust as he does so. The phantom and the truck disappear into the darkness, leaving behind the wretched carnage.