Sent to Hell

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I've been to Hell; But i managed to escape. Was it just luck or do i have something special about me? no other demon trapper has been to escape Hell, but i did. I'm known as a Legend now. A Proper demon trapper. Unfortunately, Lucifer is determined to get revenge on me for making him look a fool. Will i escape again, or is it just fate for me to be under the Devil's command?

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So yeah tbh i actually wrote this for my school assessment for English and i was otld this is around Level 8 so A or A* :D so yeah i wanted to share it on here to see what people think and also to see if people think i should like make it into a novel? if i do make it into a novel, of course i'd upload it onto here :D so yeah, on with the story:

Thump! My eyes dart open and I sit up immediately, examining my dark surroundings to find what produced the sound which disturbed me from my sleep. Nothing. Sighing irritatedly, I lay back down. Just as I begin drifting off to sleep, I hear it again. Growling, I silently sit up from my bed. Noiselessly, I extend my arm towards the edge of my mattress and slide my hand under. I close my hand into a fist around the cold metal weapon and pull it out. Out of the corner of my eye, I notice a movement. I jump off my bed and gracefully land on the floor without making a single noise. Spinning, my dagger around in the air, I growl.

â Come on, bite me, bitch!â I shout out to the darkness menacingly. And it did. Less than a second after the words escaped my mouth, I felt a pair of sharp â teethâ sink into my shoulder. Letting out a shocked gasp, I silently turn around and swipe the air with my recently sharpened dagger. A strangled yelp rewards me and I look down to see a pile of red glowing ashes on the floor positioned in front of me. Walking over to my cupboard, I grab a dustpan and brush and sweep up the ashes. Sighing, I walk to my window and carefully open it. Shivering slightly from the cold night air, I hold the pan out to the night.

â Fall to the ground,

Return to your master,

Be careful not to make sound,

As you die slow but burn faster,â I whisper into the silent air. I tip the pan upside-down and allow the radiant ashes to fall helplessly to the ground. Once all the ashes had hit the earth, they begin to smoke and then slowly sink through the grounfd. Abruptly, I close the window and go to my cupboard, pulling my t-shirt off in the process.

I pick up my witch light and shake it roughly. Instantly, a dim glow brightens the room, helping me to see easier. I walk to my mirror and see a large gash on my severed shoulder. Reluctantly, I retrieve my large flask of holy water and pour some carefully into a bowl. Wincing, i throw it on my shoulder, whimpering as the water slowly burns at the cut. Painfully, the cut closes up and the demon venom oozes out. After a couple of minutes have passed, itâ s completely closed up, all that remains is a puirple jagged scar and a large green, blue and purple bruise surrounding it.

My phone vibrates. Cautiously, I pick it up and scan the screen.

â No!â I scream and throw my phone at the wall and watching as it breaks into pieces. Huddled in a ball, tears fall down my cheeks. The door crashes open. I look up, a grade 4 demon. I have none of the necessities

to defeat it. Oh well, reckless is my middle name, or close to it anyway. Standing up, I growl viciously. Roaring furiously, I sprint towards it and push it to the ground. It hisses in a daze, taken back by my outburst. After itâ s recovered from my unique attack, it jumps to itâ s feet.

â Come on, freaking get me you spineless, pathetic creature!â I yell. It hisses again and charges at me. I dodge it at the last minute and itâ s claw catches my skin.

â The worst, ugliest creatures on this Earth are the useless offspring of Lucifer, as yourself!â I whisper icily. It charges again. I dodge itâ s attack completely this time.

â Hurry up and kill me already, youâ re making this too easy! Thereâ s no need to drag this out!â I yell and grab it by the throat. Viciously, it claws at my hands, peeling the flesh away layer after layer. I storm to the closed window and jump, still clutching the demon in my shaking hands. Balancing on the window sill, I glare at the demon in my hands, gasping for air desperately.

â My friend is leaving to move to a whole new place and i'm never going to see her again and she's most likely going to hurt herself badly, the boy i'm in love with hates my guts and wants me dead and the girl i thought was my best friend turned out to be the reason he and i broke up and now aparantly they're best friends and she keeps talking to me saying she loves his hugs, hands and he's lovely and all this other crap. Quite frankly i feel like she's just jolting the knife that's already protruding from my chest around, causing me more pain than i need," I say tearing up slightly, "I have nothing left. Everyone hates me, my own parents can't even look me in the eye and not once can i recall them ever telling me they're proud of me or that they truly love me; so come on, take my pathetic messed up life, and i'll take yours too, just to be even." I draw out my dagger from my trousers and pierce it straight into the demons heart. It goes limp before exploding into a lump of red ashes in my hands.

"Fall to the ground

Return to your master

Be careful not to make a sound

As you die slow but burn faster," i sigh painfully, eyeing the ashes whilst doing so. It's stupid really, those words i constantly find myself reciting are the infamous words used by all the other demon trappers like myself, they're supposed to warn Lucifer and his delusional, dopey offspring off, but here i am, reciting these words before practically handing myself over to him. Soon, i'll be down there in the pits of Hell, looking up at the devil himself. Involuntarily, i shudder at the thought of him having complete control over me. Oh well. No backing out now. Without any further hesitation, i jump, still clasping the ashes in my hands. I hit the ground with a thump and as i black out, i distinctly recognise the faint smell of burning fill my nostrils. And it all goes back. Once again, I'm surrounded by the darkness. Forever.

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