The Creeper: A Life Story

By : Atton Brown

A dark romance intertwined with a horror tale. Love, sex, death, and of course Creeping... (Based on the Creeper poems)

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The Creeper: A Life Story : Chapter 1

He stalks her, coldly in the night. The bushes rustle as he hunches into them, shrouded by their embrace. He peers through them, watching, waiting for her. He looks at the moon, notes its shadow, and then swiftly brushes the raven hair from his eyes.

She should be here, he thinks, it's
time.ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½

ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ Beautiful, he speaks in his mind, a treasure to the world.ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½

Chapter 2: A Sordid Past

It was a cold autumn's day when Karen and Albert Poley came to know Antonio Blackwell. In truth, they were not his biological parents. Antonio was the son of Karen's sister and Antonio was too young at the time to understand it, but he was the victim of a kidnapping.

Barbara and James lay in adjacent hospital beds, clinging to what little life still ran through their veins. Karen looms over her sister's bed, struggling to convince Barbara to reconsider to whom she'd leave her fortune.

"So be honest Barbara," Karen began, exuding false sincerity, "you're really just going to leave all this money to that little boy?"

"Yes Karen," she coughed, "he'll need it when he gets older."

She turned to Barbara's husband, "James," she smiled, "we need it."

James lay in the hospital bed not saying a word. His breaths were heavy and laboring. "You want," he finally managed to say, "You want, Karen. You and Albert are fine."

Karen's mouth contorted in all sorts of unattractive ways as she attempted to mask her anger. "What could this baby," she motioned to Antonio, "possibly do with six million dollars?"

"Buy a car," Albert chimed in with an unnecessary suggestion.

Karen shot him a sharp look warning him to hush, then set her sights back on her dying sister.

"Barbara," she began in a more soothing tone, "be rational. When you dieâ ¦"

"He'll go to live with his grandparents," Barbara spat out, "not you. I know you just want him for the money, you don't care about him."

"Is he with his grandparents now?" Albert wondered.

James wearily nodded his head, as Karen kissed them both on the forehead. She and her husband left the hospital and headed to the in-laws.

The uncannily unlocked door of Antonio's Grandparents' home eerily creaked open. Karen slowly pushed open the front door quickly scanning the inside of the home. She placed her index finger softly of her grinning lips, warning her husband to hush.

Across the living room, an ephemerally happy Antonio slept in his crib. James waited at the door as Karen inched towards the baby. The stairs moaned as the rest of the house did, causing a moment of paranoid paralysis in Karen as she feared her in-laws entrance; but nothing happened. Karen continued her journey towards Antonio and as soon as her hands were on him she heard a bone-splitting scream come from the kitchen.

"Karen, what are you doing?!" were the words that accompanied the scream.

"Making myself a very rich woman, Ethel," she replied.

"If you take that boy I'll -"

"You will what?" James interrupted with the cock of his gun. "Please Ethel, don't make this anymore difficult than it has to be."

Karen turned away from her mother-in-law with a wicked smirk and headed towards the door. Before she was out, though, she was startled by the heart stopping sound of a gunshot. She spun around, careful not to drop Antonio, to see Ethel's body lifeless on the floor.

"She was trying to stop you," James explained.

"So you killed her," Karen exclaimed in a loud whisper. "Are you an idiot?"

"I didn't think that-"

"You didn't think," she snapped, "you never think. Damn it James! Kidnapping is simple but murder is detectable."

"Well it wasn't my plan to," James continued, "it never is."

Karen released an exasperated sigh, "Now this little cretin is crying. Come on let's get out of here before the cops show up." James nodded and the head back to the car. "The things I'll do for money," she mumbled.

Antonio sits up and strokes his new bruise after reliving his earliest memory.

Chapter 3: Rebecca Hartege

Rebecca slams her phone down, angry with her boyfriend. She sits in her bed, at first wanting to shield her tears but then she decides just to let them flow. She misses the times when he and she were happy, in fact she hasn't been happy in nearly two years. The only reason that Rebecca even stayed with him was because he was safe. He was what her parents wanted and sometimes what she wanted.

"What a douche bag," she mutters through the tears. The phone shakes in her hands just before she hurls it across her bedroom.

She lies in bed, wanting to release all of her bad thoughts and wanting the pain to end. Rebecca's head falls lightly against the pillow as her tears and sobs were the lullaby that put her to sleep.

The next day rudely intrudes into her life. She doesn't jolt up in bed from her alarm as she usually does; the sun gently strokes her face through the window. She gets up and goes through her usual morning ritual; shower, air dry, hair, make-up, clothes, shoes to match those close, and then answer any text messages.

As she was picking up her phone, she noticed six unread text messages. She reads the name aloud,

"Caleb," she says, then releases a disgusted, "ugh."

She flips through his texts, reading each apology and wondering if she should believe them. But then the real question reaches the brim of her thoughts; do I have a choice? Rebecca convinces herself that last night she had overreacted and when she walks outside her is there waiting to take her to school.

He struggles to find the right words without sounding repetitive but decides on ones that were just that; repetitive, "I'm sorry," he tells her, "and I love you."

From the back seat of his car he removes a dozen bright red roses and hands them to her, hoping she will forgive him. She responds with a kiss and a smile only warning him not to let it happen again.

For some strange reason, traffic this morning was horrible. Rebecca and Caleb find themselves jammed in a dark tunnel about three miles from their school. As Caleb leans over to kiss her, Rebecca feels an eerie presence above her.

Antonio Blackwell sits high above them, wedged in a corner in the tunnels ceiling, crying. It should be me! He screams in his head. He had listened in on their phone conversation from the previous night, he had felt her anger, and still she was kissing him. Antonio controls his anger, vowing to discharge it later.

I feel it necessary to interpose at this point in time. Antonio Blackwell is an extremely intelligent being. He has watched Rebecca before she moved, you see, they used to neighbors. He would sit in his house everyday and wait to catch a glimpse of her beauty. Before he lost the privilege to speak, he would call her. Antonio never told her who he was, in fear she would reject him. But everyday he could, he would speak to her. Rebecca freely shared her thoughts with him and felt a strange closeness to him, but take note that these events occurred before his thirteenth year. On the eve of his thirteenth birthday, he had concocted a plan to escape his abusive home; he was going to tell her everything.

Chapter 4: Happy Birthday Antonio Blackwell

"Rebecca I have something important to tell you," Antonio began slowly, "Iâ ¦"

Rebecca's heart was pining for him to continue. She loved the way he spoke, so naturally slow and smooth. But before he could muster up the strength to finish; his mother burst into the room raving mad.

"You moronic little jackass," she bellowed.

He spun around as his phone was ripped from his hands and hurled out the window. Antonio did not see a phone fly out of the window; he saw his chance to be with Rebecca. His anger mounted and he turned to his mother enraged.

"You heartless bitch!" he hollered back.

Her eyes drew up in surprise then narrowed in extreme fury. She lunged towards him, grabbing him by the throat and shook him violently. There were no words between the two, only disgusting looks of disdain. His mouth contorted into a countenance of absolute abhorrence and hers was one of pure malice. In her twisted mind she was forming a plan to silence him forever and hold her secrets.

Still holding on to his neck, Karen slammed his head against the wall, leaving him slightly dazed. She repeated this action until she could smell the blood seeping from his head. Karen tucked Antonio's small body under her arm and rushed downstairs to see her husband.

"Albert start the car, this boy needs to see a doctor," she declared.

The hospital room in which I awoke was blindingly bright, disturbingly so. I wasn't near any beds, as one would expect, but lying on the floor. The scent of dead skin on the linoleum floor around me made me sick. Was I even alive? I struggled to lift my head in a paradoxically sense seeing as I had lost so much blood. The light I perceived from the white walls began to subside and I started walking towards a door. I pushed it open and sounds flooded my head. Crash carts rushing passed me, the beeps and whirs of the machines, the last screams of a dying patient; all these sounds hit me with the force of a twelve ton stone. My legs seemed to walk with their own purpose that was unknown to me, and I was left following the idea of a path.

This odd vertigo feeling was slowly fading and my surroundings became clear. My legs were for some reason taking me towards my mother, but I realized I wasn't moving them anymore; I was being dragged along. A burly Neanderthal of a man scooped me up and took me into an entirely new room. This room was a beautifully hideous contrast to the previous one. It was dark, only lit by a dangling light that flickered incessantly. The man threw man on to what I concluded to be a bed, though it was like a slate of gravel on my back. Then came the restraints; they tied each of my limbs down with brown leather bands and my neck with something similar. It was loose enough for me to breath but I still could not break free. The woman the proclaimed herself my mother appeared in the room.

"Silly little Antonio," her words were callous yet wickedly playful. "It's so cute how you thought that bitch could help you escape."

I wanted to scream at my mother for her unnecessarily evil words but I found myself sedated and unable to speak. A second later I wanted to cry out in pain, but I still could not. I felt an uninvited piece of cold dirty metal intrude my skin. It was a needle and they had begun to stitch my mouth closed. It tore my skin and caused even more bleeding but my "mother" continued to smile. But after the stitches were completed the real

pain came, the means by which to silence me for good.

"Happy Birthday Antonio."

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