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# Confessions of a Demon Hunter

Posted by Rhys Bristol - 2008/04/04 19:06

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I'm writing this journal for me. To get the shit out of my head that's been haunting me all my life. I don't expect anyone to ever read what's written here. At least, not while I'm still alive. If anyone does happen to read it, they'll probably just think I'm crazy.

I suppose I should start at the beginning...

My life started out ordinarily enough. I was born to an ordinary middle class family in an ordinary middle class town. It could have been Anywhere, USA, but it happened to be Iowa. Mom was just that -- Mom. Like in "Leave it to Beaver". She stayed home all day and baked cookies, or whatever it is that Moms do, while Dad went to work. Life was good, and everything was perfectly normal. Until the year I turned nine.

That was the year the nightmares started. They started simply enough, at least, at first. Just the typical bad dreams of a nine-year old kid with an overactive imagination. But as time went on, they got worse. They even got to the point where I dreaded going to sleep at night. I'd do my damndest not to fall asleep, but eventually I'd have to give in.

My grades started to drop. I didn't care about my friends anymore. I hid in my room and wouldn't come out, unless forced to. I tried everything I could think of. I slept with the lights on. I prayed. I wore a cross around my neck. Nothing helped. Even my parents were at their wits' end. They didn't know what to do. Nobody did. The doctors tried drugging me into oblivion, but all that did was put me to sleep faster, and after a while, I refused them. They did sleep studies and brain scans. They tried hypnosis and therapy, but nothing worked.

And then one night, something strange happened. In the middle of a particularly nasty nightmare, I woke up, or thought I did, to find a stranger in my room. A woman bathed in a warm golden light. The most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She told me not to be afraid; that she was there to help me. She told me there was a war coming, and that I was to play an important part in it, but before all that could happen, something terrible was going to take place. She said it was all part of a plan and that when the time came, I'd know what to do. She said I had to be brave and strong, and if I was, all would be well. And then she was gone. Some of you might think she was an angel. I don't really know for sure. I've seen a lot of strange things in my life, but I never saw anything like her again. Awake or asleep.

After that, the nightmares stopped, and things returned to normal, or at least, as normal as possible. The truth is, things were never really the same again. I knew my parents lived in fear of something, but at the time, I didn't know what. I now know it was the fear of losing me. Losing their only child to a darkness they couldn't control or do anything about. They feared I was on the brink of losing my mind. If only they had known the truth. It may not have saved them, but at least, they would have known it wasn't their fault.

They did their best to protect me and to love me. If there's anything I remember about those days, it was that. I knew what it was to be loved. Sometimes those memories are all that keep me going.

Ever wonder what your life would be like if things had been different? Ever wonder if there's such a thing as fate, or if we're all just pawns in some bigger cosmic plan? Ever wonder if no matter what you did, no matter what choices you might have made, you'd still end up right where you are now? I've gone over it a thousand times in my head and still can't figure out how I might have changed things or how I could have saved them. Maybe if I'd never been born, but that opens up another whole can of worms.

Anyway, it was right about that time when my mother got pregnant. Somehow I knew I was about to have a sister, and somehow I knew something terrible was about to happen. Try as I might to convince her, my mother dismissed my fears simply as sibling jealousy or the product of an overactive imagination. It was neither. I knew better. I'd been told, after all, to expect the worst, but no one would listen.

Everyday I lived in fear, wondering when tragedy would strike. Months passed, and I started following my mother around everywhere she went, even skipping school to do so, until I finally got caught. And then my father made sure it stopped. He didn't want any son of his turning into a delinquent. Or a nutcase.

And then, late one night, my worst fears came to pass. I awoke to hear my parents fighting. They never fought. Never, not even about me. Terrified, I crept from my bed and down the hall to my parents' bedroom. What I found there I'll never forget. I have nightmares about it still...

My father had my mother by the throat and was choking her. The look on her face is forever etched in my memory. Sheer terror. I could almost smell her fear. And something else. The only word I can think of to describe it is evil. Pure, unadulterated evil.

I looked at my father, but it wasn't him. It was something else, something inhuman. Something from my nightmares.

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I watched helplessly as he threw my mother across the room, and that was when I acted. I ran to my father's den and grabbed the gun I knew he kept hidden in the desk, the one I wasn't supposed to know about. The one he kept there to keep the family safe. I didn't think to check if it was loaded. I didn't think of anything but saving my mother and my unborn sister, but I was too late.

By the time I got there, she was already dead, sprawled out on the floor, her blood soaking the carpet. I couldn't help but scream. That was when the thing noticed me. The thing that had hold of my father. The thing that was making him do horrible, unspeakable things. Things he'd never do on his own.

He turned to face me, and an evil grin spread across his face. His eyes were yellow and otherworldly. Inhuman. Demonic. "Well, well, look what we have here. It looks like this won't be so difficult, after all." He took a step toward me, and I instinctively backed up, lifting the gun to point it at him, but my hands were shaking so badly, I wasn't sure I'd be able to pull the trigger.

"Dad..." I stammered, sobbing uncontrollably.

The thing that was my father sneered again and took another step forward. "Dad. How touching. Put the gun down, son, and I promise you won't get hurt."

"Stay back," I warned, trying my best to sound brave, though I certainly didn't feel it. "I don't know what you are, but you're not my father."

"Oh, your father's in here somewhere, trying to get out, trying to protect you, but it's useless. He can't help you now. No one can. Now, put the gun down and accept your fate like a man."

I vaguely remember shaking my head. There were tears running down my face, and I couldn't stop crying. "Dad, please..."

I watched in horror as the thing's eyes changed again, flashing malevolently, murderously. It barred its teeth, and I saw fangs. My own eyes went wide with horror. I think I screamed. I don't remember pulling the trigger, but I must have. They tell me I shot him five times. Twice in the heart, three times in the head. I'd never even held a pistol before. How I managed it, I have no idea. Survival instinct? The will to live? I don't know.

I don't remember much after that. I think I passed out. When I awoke, I was in the hospital. My life was never the same after that. I had killed my first demon. But as far as the rest of the world was concerned, I had just murdered my own father.

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