

Chained

On the wooden planks of his front porch, Jerald Smith peered out into the flooded streets of Oak Bend. "God bless the people out there." He had said. Many people just saw this weather as pouring rain, but he knew something else was happening. He had experienced it before.

40 years ago...

It was raining, with many puddles to splash in. Jerald, a five-year-old boy with a small raincoat that seemed too big for him, ran along the streets of Oak Bend, laughing with his friends. "Let's play Hide and Seek!" He called. The only reason he said that was because this game would last for hours in the blinding rain. "1... 2... 3..." He counted. On he counted. He got to 30. "Ready or not, here I come!" Jerald was just about to run for his friends when a cold, wet hand touched his shoulder. It was a tall man, with a yellow rain jacket on him. Jerald looked up and saw a hideous face staring down at him. The man had a nasty scar across his face, and his left eye was pure black as night. It was soulless, scary. He was holding an axe. "Don't be afraid,

little boy." He clicked his tongue twice. "Do you want to hear a story?" He asked. "It's about a boy like you. His name was... hmm... what was it... Jerald." Jerald shivered. He was too scared to move, and too weak to fight. "Jerald was playing Hide and Seek with his friends and... tsk tsk... oh yeah, he met this man, and, and he was scared. So... he didn't move. And that was clearly a mistake. So... the man took him... and threw him in the lake. Oh, and the boy couldn't swim. The end." The man grabbed Jerald by the hand, and said, "You're Jerald by the way." He pulled Jerald as he kicked and screamed. "And..." He said. "Now!" He said. "Freeze!!" It was the cops. The only hope now. The man threw Jerald down, put on a ski mask, and started running. "I'll get you next time." The man said. He ran into the lake and never came back for 50 years...

Present

Jerald heard whispers ever since the terrifying event. "Drax... Drax.... Drax....." He had always talked to the doctor about this but never told the story of the man with the ski mask. He didn't want the doctor dead. Even if his medication did not help him at all. Every cop that arrived at the scene disappeared by the next two weeks. Each one by one. No witnesses at all. Apparently, every one of them were invited to a special meeting by a strange number. Somehow, every message was deleted the next day that they disappeared. If only the cops

knew the secret that was going on behind their backs. No one knew about the man in the ski mask except for Jerald. There was no doubt that the man in the ski mask would be coming for him. Jerald tried his best not to think about it. After all, wouldn't he be a man that was sixty years old? What could he do? If only Jerald knew the answer would he not have been so careless to think that he could defeat the ski mask man. However, what he did think about is the strange whispers that always seemed to startle him. Drax. What could that mean? Was it a warning? Was it a message? How did he get them? Jerald saw the rain and started to shiver. Not with cold, but with fear. You could see the fear in his eyes, causing his body and bones to shake. Then, he saw something that was as horrifying as him dying. He saw one boy with his friends asking them to play hide and seek. He saw a strange man in a yellow jacket walking up to him. Jerald called the cops to stop him. He wished that he wasn't too late. There was no doubt about it. There were chains around his ankles and neck. He had a razor-edged axe with dry blood on the side of it. He had a massive scar on his face. This was not his first time. Jerald knew that the cops could not stop him. The man had so much rage inside of him. Jerald knew that he shouldn't have called the cops. The cops were on their way, but it was too late. The man was telling the story of a man named Jerald. The little boy shivered with fear. He couldn't move a single muscle. Jerald had to do something.

Jerald ran to the killer. Jerald didn't know what to do except run towards the screaming child. If only he knew the mistake he made. Maybe it wasn't a mistake. After all, a life had to be taken. Jerald saw a terrifying face look at him. "I am DRAX!" Drax tugged on Jerald's rain coat and held him up by his neck. "I told you I'd get you next time. Didn't know it would be this soon. But, you gotta change the schedule sometimes. "Terrified, Jerald called to the boy "Run! Before it's too late!" Drax chimed in. "Yes, little boy. Run for your pathetic, worthless life! Drax dropped Jerald and put on his ski mask. "Freeze!" The cops shouted. Drax thrust out his hand, and scars grew on the cops' pale faces. Their left eyes turned black as night. Their souls had been taken out of them. "You can't save him now!" Drax shouted. Drax picked Jerald up with his bloody chains and wrapped the chains around his neck. Then he threw Jerald into the lake. Jerald couldn't swim because of all the chains. Drax grinned an evil smile. "After all, a life had to be taken." Then Drax strolled away and yelled in triumph in the setting sun.