

Not under control

Mein NaNoWriMo-Projekt für 2010 - mit täglichen Updates!

Von VideoGameCrack

Kapitel 6: Day Six

The cold wind blew into Gerald's face, as he and Sebastian left the cinema. The stars shone clearly as this was a rather cloudless night and even though the streetlights should have probably blocked them out.

„This wasn't a good movie“, yawned Gerald.

„Definitely“, responded Sebastian while shaking his head. „Why do these people think they can act in the slightest?“

Gerald only shrugged. „Don't ask me, I'm not one of them.“

„I would have preferred Scott Pilgrim.“

„It's not your fault that they didn't have that movie.“

They crossed the street and entered the park. You would have needed a knife to cut through the silence. But it was also rather calming to hear absolutely nothing from the surroundings. The moonlight was so bright in that night that you could probably use it as a flashlight.

„You know, Gerald, I've done a little bit research concerning the ritual.“

„Huh? Why?“

„I don't really know myself. Maybe I was just pretty curious about it. The thing is that I discovered some really interesting information.“

„Really? What kind?“

„I discovered for example that several well-known writers apparently used it to gain inspiration.“

Gerald raised an eyebrow. „Wouldn't this be a rather... common fact?“

„It should be, but for some reason, it took me a while to find it out. Some pretty well-known people among them. Shakespeare, Dickens, Twain, Dafoe...“

„This just makes it more unbelievable.“

„I know, but that's not in question right now. They seemed to have used it in secret, and I doubt that people like to know that these writers used absurd and obscure rituals to get their ideas.“

„And do you also know why the ritual just got popular again recently?“

„Well, from what I can gather, it disappeared for a while after the last one who used it hid it from everyone else.“

„And that would be?“

„Howard Phillips Lovecraft.“

„...wait, are you talking about „the“ Lovecraft?“

„Exactly. He was the only one left with the instructions. They then disappeared after

his death."

„Until they have been found again."

„Correct. But the sheet with the instructions had a message written on its back, presumably written by Lovecraft himself."

„Really?"

„If you still got some time today, I can send you a link. The entire message has been posted online."

„This might be interesting. I wanted to stay up today a little longer anyway, so why not?"

„Alright then. When I get home, you're going to get the message by me."

It was about 11 PM, when Gerald sat in front of this computer, looking through the job offers again, drinking out of his cup with black tea again, as he heard a rather quiet doorbell from his speakers. The message from Sebastian turned up.

„Here. Hope it helps." Followed yet again by a rather long link.

Without further ado, Gerald clicked it. The site that opened up showed two pictures, apparently from the very same paper Lovecraft possessed. The left one showed the already well-known instructions, while the right side instead showed the message Lovecraft has written on it about 75 years ago.

„Whoever finds this piece of paper... I ask you to hide it again, or even better, destroy it. What this ritual itself can do is rather harmless, but in the hands of the wrong person, it might endanger the world as we know it.

I got the advice from a colleague to try it out, and I still regret it to this day. I remember the sheer horror I encountered when I foolishly used it to enter one of my short stories. Saying that it wasn't pretty was an understatement.

I saw my own creations in all their „glory". I saw them corrupting one of my characters. And I don't want anybody else to witness more of this.

I probably will never again encounter something this terrifying again in my life, but it gets worse.

Under the right circumstances, the creatures living within the stories can break out and terrorize our world. That's why this ritual needs to be kept secret, or otherwise, you might open Pandora's box with it.

I warned you, and I hoped that my warning reached the right ears."

As he scrolled down, the following text appeared:

„It is rumored that Lovecraft suffered from hallucinations at that point, which would explain the rather nervous way the text was written."

Gerald couldn't say that he blamed them for showing these pictures to the entire world, but it still was rather stupid. He knew what Lovecraft was talking about, so he also knew that the usage of the ritual might be dangerous. He even got attacked!

But he still didn't know enough concerning how they could escape the story and Catherine didn't know enough either to help him.

The only choice he got is to visit his story again and observe a bit more again. I didn't like it, for sure, but he needed to learn more about it.

It was a rather cloudy day in his story. Gerald decided to meet Frank in the dead end to discuss the situation.

„People are trying to escape into your world?" Frank asked.

„I'm sure of that. I already got attacked by somebody, and Vincent also told me that by now."

„It's weird. Until now, I haven't noticed anything like that.“

„But until recently, I haven't entered the story. And according to Vincent, you need the sentence I use to switch between the worlds.“

„So you've met him by now?“

„Yes, I have. And thanks to him, I'm still here.“

„It does sound dangerous. I'm going to ask Anthony to take a look. Maybe he can gather more information than us right now.“

They then walked out of the dead end, as Gerald felt it again. Something was about to get near him and attack.

„Frank, do you have anything to defend yourself right now?“

Frank proceeded to pull a gun out of his trenchcoat. „Yeah. Why are you asking?“

„Something will probably attack-“

He couldn't get any further, as a man jumped down a building, with a knife held in his right hand. Frank pointed with the gun at him, but the man didn't seem to care, as he reached out with his hand after Gerald to grab. As he was almost there, Frank punched him with his fist into the building, cracking the wall and making the man fall unconscious.

„...how did you-“

„I can feel the atmosphere changing when something harmful is approaching me. I don't really know how, but the closest thing I can come up with is „instinct“.“

„And you are sure that it wasn't some kind of coincidence?“

„I felt it three times by now. I sort of doubt it.“

Frank then turned to the man still leaning against the wall.

„Gerald, would you mind walking to the bar without me? I want to take a closer look at him and, if possible, ask him some questions.“

„I don't really know. We just got attacked. What if there are more of them waiting for me?“

„The bar isn't far away from here. I'm sure that you can walk about hundred metres with any sort of guidance. Also, we can't risk that his guy here is going to attack you again.“

„I'm still not really sure...“

„Look, you're a grown man. I'm pretty sure you can run away fast enough from then if it gets tricky.“

Gerald sighed.

„If you really want me to...“

Gerald then proceeded to run to the bar as fast as possible, hoping that he won't get attacked.

Frank on the other hand kept staying nearby the man and slapped him in the face to wake him up.

„What... what do you want from me?“ the man weeped.

„I want to ask you a few questions“ Frank said with an intimidating face.

„These would be?“

The detective pulled a tooth pick out of his pocket.

„Why would you want to escape?“

„What is that for a question?“ the man replied. „We're trying to flee from here because we want to be free!“

Frank tilted his head.

„Do you have any problems with living here?“

„Well, of course. Haven't you noticed it by now? We are the toys of this man for his

sick reasonings!"

The more he heard from him, the more he got confused by his answers.

„You seem to forget that we are actors.“

„Haven't you forgotten how weird the city became as soon as he entered? He forced to stand on the very same spot all night long! Didn't that bother you?“

The detective could just shake his head at this response.

„That's still no excuse for trying to attack him.“

„Oh, just wait. It won't take him long enough until he does something really stupid. And then you'll see why you should side with us.“

Frank sighed.

„Even if I was interested in helping you, there would be no use for me to help you. I'm one of the major characters in his story. It can't continue without me.“

„You can't just wait until he finishes, because then, time is going to stand still.“

Frank looked confused at him. „Sorry, what did you just say?“

„You heard me and you know it. As soon as the story comes to an end, there is no need for us progress beyond the ending. All that is left for us to do is reenacting everything every time somebody starts reading what this guy has written.“

And there, Frank almost thought that he got a surprising answer.

„That is our duty. So? We are only his characters to drive a plot. We are not going to miss anything.“

„Oh, now you say that, but I swear that someday, you're going to help us bringing him down...“

Frank just kicked him in the face, making him loose his consciousness again. He then remembered that he wanted to meet Gerald at the bar again.

As he arrived, he saw Gerald and Anthony sitting beside the window drinking beer and talking. When he got near the table they were sitting on, Gerald replied:

„Took you a while. What happened?“

„I talked with our attacker. He was talking some incomprehensible nonsense.“

„I've already informed Anthony about the situation“, Gerald replied. „He's going to take a look at some of them and I hope he's finding some useful information.“

„Don't worry“, answered Anthony, „when I have a job, then I'm going to do my job well.“

„But watch out that they don't get their weird ideas into your head“, Frank warned him. „He tried it with me just now, and they seem to be pretty convinced of their ideals.“

Anthony took another sip from his beer before replying: „That won't be a problem. I'm good at keeping my own ideals. If I let myself get influenced by any moron on the street, I would have never taken the job as your informant.“