

# “One of Gods”

By

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## Chapter 1

“Is it really a Dream...?”

I asked myself as I'm walking into this forgotten and abandoned shack. This place in the middle of nowhere is surrounded by old pine trees where the weather is a bit cold. The land in the mountain range settles with heavy and thick fog, sometimes a couple feet above the grass level.

Up the hill there is this house that crumbles as I'm walking in, the floorboards creak. The walls are in terrible shape and the roof is almost falling apart. Nonetheless, I see this as the only shelter in this wild and remote area, so I walk inside the dark cabin... only a few drops of moonlight on the broken ceiling guide my way. The door knob behind me squeaks and I hear this crunch coming from within the wooden floor. The cold midnight breeze and these shivers all over my body tell me there is something wrong, yet the living room stands still. Confusing enough the floor under my own feet breaks and moves around me, turning the wood floor into a stairway going down. Slow and numb I'm paralyzed, my eyesight gets blurry until there is nothing but complete darkness. I don't want to close my eyes because I fear I may not be able to open them again. I feel the wind slipping through my fingers as I go further and further down... there is sorrow, and nothing I can do as I too lose my voice, smell, and suddenly all senses. I have reached the bottom, tripped and fell, landing in a pile of dust.

There is so much dust around me that it's hard for me to breathe, I can only hear sharpening metal in the back of my ears followed by strange

noises while I cough heavily, some articulated voice comes whispering to my ear... "Stop!" it says.

I open my eyes and realize my senses are back! I am in the middle of this dark room with a tiny window to the side. I can see the huge closet just fine with nice wooden doors and encrusted blinds like it was back in the day, but suddenly it looks like there is a couple moving eyes hiding behind the shades, the light bulb swinging around from the ceiling changing and switching colors so that I can't tell anymore if it's sunlight or artificial light anymore, but I see a distinct shine of light indicating how far my shadow can go.

"One step at the time," I say to myself, but as I move I notice that my shadow doesn't continue walking, suddenly my shadow grows from the ground up! One big mouth takes shape, follow by and an awful screaming tears apart my ear drums taking me down to a kneel and face down to the floor. I crawl away from the light bulb, and this repulsive feeling creeps from the left side of my neck, tattooing its way in.

I can't avoid thinking something is playing games with me. It is disturbing. The noise is gone, but the light bulb keeps going in and out. While in the dark, I see the ceiling bright and clear with painted stars like the outdoor sky, but when the light comes back I look upon my shoulder and realize that a nightmare creature filled with pointy legs and tiny mouths is having a feast upon my face! In a split second the light turns off and on, and there is nothing but a regular bedroom where both of us are sleeping... she and I.

"I must be going crazy" I say, realizing that it is my bed where I sleep. I look at my hands and observe that I am profoundly asleep, lying next to

her, but at the same time, I see me standing in front of my body laying the on bed. She is sleeping next to me, and while I stare at her I wonder why I am here in the first place? I take a closer look at her face and notice how uncomfortable she seems to be, moving around while she sleeps and clutching the blankets, so innocent, but her face looks troubled, ugly. Unlike her beautiful face, and her long hair, the way she always look back then when I was happy, when everything was magical and peaceful.

She wakes up and immediately strikes down my sleeping body, pushing me off the bed, responding with fear and anguish, shaking and looking at me pale and terrified. In panic, she cries and screams as if she is looking at some kind of monster.

She covers herself up with blankets as my soul returns back to my own body, I'm fully awake! In slow motion, I look at her while she stands still and I'm getting up from the ground. She doesn't say a word, leaning against the wall, wrapped up in blankets with only one of her soft and perfect hands sticking out. Slowly her right hand comes out from under the blankets and gives me a plastic bag... I open the zip bag and my stomach almost turned inside out! The bag is all covered with blood, inside the bag there is a black snake cut in half from the throat down, eating other little snakes that are coming out of the snake's own bloody guts.

My jaw locks down, and I'm barely able to breathe when she finally comes out from the blankets. Looking at me she grips the zip lock bag and tears it apart, blood spills all over the bed as the nightmare gets released! In a blink of an eye, the room has now two old yellow windows, and are starting to glow with a sudden noise of sharpening of metal.

I panic and look closely to a dripping gooey red liquid that starts to filter between the cracks of the windows, the wooden frames, and the

closet. The smell of blood sets me back and all she does is stare at me with a grim smile.

I get out of the room and without hesitations I leave her there. "Goodbye my love," she says, while I'm standing two steps away from the doorway, I look back at her, and I see nothing but disappointment. I know now that happiness must come from within: "Forgive me if I keep remembering my dear; I know it's painful, but how much more dreadful is it to forget?" I reply and walk away.

Through the door into a dark and creepy hallway I go. I see a wooden stairway, old and brittle: "It might be the same stairway that got me here in the first place," but as I debate whether I should try to climb or not, I hear growling noises and I grab my tummy: "Maybe I should drink some water?" I think, but then I hear voices coming from deep within the far end of the dark alley. I look closer and I see a glimmer of glowing smiles as the voices vanish away.

I get distracted and barely get going when disturbing yellow eyes appear to be floating ahead of me in empty space. In one instant, coming from the darkness, the eyes take shape, and the creature comes out attacking me with its huge and forceful jaws! With no time to react, I see a wolf like monster right in my face, ready to take a bite of me! I encounter the situation with crazy rage and adrenaline I didn't know I have. The energy was different, and before I can think, I punch the beast with everything I have! My soul is energy, and I strike a blow powerful enough to break through skull and bones... I lose eyesight of this creature as it vanishes in front of me. Unfortunately, my hand was compromised.

I continue walking to the stairs and up with my hand hurting. By the look of my dripping coagulated blood, it's clear I'm not going much further.

It's not easy going upstairs, but I don't care. After all, I have to always deal with the feeling that my life is coming to an end.

Struggling, I open the door and finally come back up to ground level. I'm happy, but not surprised. The living room, with more broken planks and windows, is covered with dusty spider webs, and loads of fog everywhere makes me cough: "Damn this ghostly house!" I yell across the room. Looking for fresh air, I move aside the old curtains to look outside: "The windows can't be opened! How could this be?" I say, while the fog behind me starts to dissipate... something across the living room gets uncovered, either I just notice it or it wasn't there before, but a fancy mini bar and classic piano are sitting on the other side of the hallway.

On the lookout, I approach them and see a couple of human shapes. Meanwhile the fog clears out a little more, allowing me to see better as I walk up to them and shout out: "Apparently there are a few people smoking..." "Mind sharing the Jake?"... "My arm is all messed up!" In between the fog and the smoke, a person gives me his hand. It's shocking for me to realize he is my father. He has a cigarette in his hand ready for me, and next to him, sitting down on a chair, is my good old friend Vick who gives me a lighter: "I know it's not a Joint, but let me help you spark it," he says. "I am so happy! I like this place for a house party," I reply, and they both start laughing.

My father looks at me while he's pouring some tequila into an old fashioned glass: "My Son, this house is given to you in the last minute of your life" ... "The higher you go up, the closer you get to God. Same thing with the one at the bottom" pointing down with his index finger highlighting our beautiful family ring... he takes the old fashioned glass and gulps down the tequila with a smile.

I'm looking at him, so confused and speechless, my father hands me the empty glass, standing before me. Then they suddenly turn into dust and vanish. Now I am alone smoking a cigarette, staring at a pile of sand, a couple of chairs, and an empty glass. I grab the tequila bottle taking a gulp straight from it.

I leave the bottle to the side and reach out for the ring, from the dust into my hand: "Father, I will never see you again" I say to the last of my cigarette smoke. While I grip the ring, tears blur my eyesight. The pain in my hand is gone, but only because it's more painful to watch the shining of my father's ring, in a place where dust and ashes is all that remains. He came all this way to remind me of what I really am, and If I'm not careful, I will lose everything. Once more, I reach out to the old fashioned glass, pouring more and more of the liquid courage my father left behind.

Walking back to the windows I sigh away at my cigarette: "I just need to walk off my emotions and get this over with" ... "What's this Evil-One waiting for me at the basement all about? I was just there!" I say, looking at the moonlight behind me brighter than ever, almost as bright as daylight. I raise my glass and cheer to the moon, but while looking at it through the old fashioned glass, I notice the moon tainting red from the inside. I set my eyes down at the glass, carefully looking at the silver tequila, clear as water; but looking at the moon, the satellite did not change back to its original color.

Amber like the spirit of Cognac, the moonlight reaches out to the basement door, opening the door violently and suddenly closing it with the same strength. The door opens and closes until it rips apart from the wall! Covering my face I move away, and look behind at the basement, suddenly more of these moving doors are coming from downstairs covering up the

living room. One slam after another, after another, death's rhythmic beat followed by sharpening metal, the doors are everywhere, covering the windows and half the living room.

I fear the doors will collapse and crush me in a locked in and confined area. The doors are forming a wall and turning the living room into a box. I hear a growl, but then I hear a female voice coming from downstairs, followed by darkness. The underground level is flooded with dense mist, and rotten liquids that look like vomit. My nose itching for such horrible smell and my eyes are glassy, I wipe down my face and move away from the basement, looking for the sound.

The sharpening metal accompanies the noise of shackles dragging on the floor, unfolding a blast of memory into my ears. I can barely see the last of the living room and the stairs, but as the sound gets closer I get more and more shivers. The Evil-One is emerging from the vomit, and his gooey arm is coming out the flood, and its long gray hand wrapped with human intestines reaches to the door's frame. The guts are dripping red and black, and the substance, partially liquid, runs alongside the creature's skinny rotten fingernails. Gripping the frame with such strength, and cracking the door like the sound of bones, astounded I run.

Only an inch ahead and I can hear the nightmare stomping behind me. I don't dare to look back. Instead, I run across the room before it's too late, moving quickly as I get closer to the end of the living room. I somehow swing across, and jump to the other side right before I am completely trapped in a dead end.

The last moving door imprisons the beast behind my way. I feel just a little bit of relief, but in a blink of an eye, the nightmare pounds on the door wall that separates us. I need a minute to catch my breath, but I don't have

one, so I run up the stairs before the crushing blow smashes the wall into pieces.

I am lucky to get out the way before the crash: “Demons! If I don't hurry, this darkness will really kill me,” I say. With my last breath I continue to go upstairs as fast as possible. Meanwhile, the creature growls out of control, irate, digging its way out the shredded living room, the creature strikes from under the wreckage and destroys half the stairway. The impact tosses me into thin air, but what saves me is the broken railing. My tipsiness is gone and my hand is hurting again, yet I unhook myself from the railing, climb up the stairs and up to the door. Rushing, I throw myself to the other side.

Kicking the door to lock it, I stand up yelling, “The living room again? Am I losing my damn mind? What the hell is going on?”. Desperate and upset, I hear someone replying to me from the other side, “Don't forget to close the door this time.” My hand shakes when I feel something pulling back trying to get it open.

My reaction is so instinctive and fast that I'm able to lock the door before it's too late. The door shakes and trembles, but it doesn't open... I can only make out one deep voice coming from the other side: “*Animae Liberandae*”. I take a step back as the voice fades away. My heartbeat is pumping as if wanted to explode as I try to catch a breath. I can't stop shaking, and my skin is dripping sweat all over. At this point my arm is useless. I look up and I feel a gentle touch on my shoulder... Leo is there! He says, “Hey buddy! I haven't see you in years! look at this golden hair I have for you. It's from an angel.”

It was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen! The hair shines from within in silver and golden colors that glow no matter the darkness. Leo

kneels to my wounded hand and wraps the hair around my bloody wrist. While the hair sticks to me, it dissolves, my veins spark, and my arm starts to glow from within. It is strange and unreal, but it just happened, so I look back at my friend asking: "What is going on Leo?" But he wasn't there anymore.

The living room is just like before, and my arm is back to normal... I'm alone among the four big windows, the wind whistling through the cracks and the temperature dropping to very cold. Like the northern star tracing the night sky, the windows fill with ice shards of glaze, while tiny frost marks start to imprint the windows. "I guess it's worse outside," I say, while the weather changes by the second.

I just want to look outside, to see the night sky while trying to make some sense out of this madness, maybe even find a way out, but the outside cold gets dense and almost snow like. The more I look at the windows, the more I see how connected I am to this place.

Looking outside for answers, dead hands and ghostly fingers take shape everywhere across the icy windows. "I don't want the Demon to kill me", I say to the windows as if they could understand, when suddenly I see the translucent shape of a ghost! Instantly the cabin gets so cold that I get frostbite by the touch. Unlike anything I have experience, her ghostly shape absorbs the ice within the windows. I can see through her, everything from dress to bones into her translucent body as she comes through the window, reminding me of how vulnerable I am.

"Make a move!" I say, while running across the main floor. I head upstairs anticipating the disgrace. To my surprise, the door I am trying to open is locked, and unlike before, the door has strange symbols encrusted in the handle. It hit me: I am trapped and near death. For some reason I

can't stop thinking about my family. I'm upset, sad and frustrated. I start wondering if God is even aware of my decay. While I cuddle against the upstairs door, one sickly tear drops down my face, yet everything is freezing cold. When my tear hits the ground it immediately evaporates: "What are the odds of that? Does it mean I won't make it to see my loved ones?" I keep repeating this to myself as the room keeps getting colder.

No exit and I'm forced to go back down, the sound of splits and cracks at each step as I go downstairs. At a glance and notice the windows halfway open, In the center a small table has appeared and next to it there is an old, big, round clock that *tick-tocks* with a deep sound. The living room is filled with outside air, fog that I'm well aware will be followed by darkness. Like outer space gravity that comes from nowhere, an energy out from the void becomes somebody! I don't see a person, but I can sense an evil presence from the shadows. The disturbing sound and the shape of darkness is nowhere to be found. I look around for it, but something in the cold air tastes like death...