

The Storyteller's Collection

Story 1



Terror in the Moonlight

By Don Boivin

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(Note: This is a short excerpt from the full short story.)

Screaming as she ran down the trail through the foggy moon lit forest; it was right behind her, growling in a low terrifying voice. Suddenly, she tripped on a dead tree branch that was lying on the path. Down she fell, trying to cushion the fall with her arms, thinking this would be certain death for her. She turned to look up; the creature towered over her with a crazed look in its eyes and its teeth glistening in the moonlight. Suddenly raising its face to the night skies, it let out a howl that echoed through the forest.

The sounds of dogs were getting closer and a gunshot rang out. Rex opened one eye and then another, trying to see what was going on. The creature suddenly hit in the back of the shoulder by a silver slug from one of the hunter's rifles, screamed out in agony. The blood from the silver slug penetrated through the flesh and splattered over the young girl. Then another shot rang out, finding its mark through the hairy back of the creature and lodging in its chest. "I think I got him," said one of the hunters, as the creature stumblingly walked a few steps and fell to its death.

The hunters came up quickly and one of them picked up the girl, "there, it will be alright now he's dead."

They watched in amazement as the creature was changing back to the person, he was before. The bright silver moon shined with all its glory, it had triggered the young man to change into the creature that night. Then the words "The End", came across the screen and Rex grabbed the remote to turn off the movie. "I love those old horror movies like that; too bad I fell asleep and missed half of it."

Rex picked up his supper dishes from the coffee table and walked over to the kitchen sink. "Should I do these dishes right now, or maybe later would be a better time; besides I need to go outside and enjoy the campfire." Rex walked across the kitchen, finishing a few things before going outside to relax. Passing by the snack bar, he picked up his favorite camouflage ball cap with the ten-point buck logo on it. He pulled it down over his shaggy brown hair and glanced up at his trophy deer mounts hanging on the living room wall of his log cabin. "It won't be too long before I may be hanging another one up there," he thought to himself.

Turning to look at the calendar, he noticed that October was just about over. "One more day to go, why it's going to be Halloween tomorrow." This brought a big smile to his face. His mind fell into the memories of carved pumpkins, ghosts and those frightening creatures of the night, which lay back in the shadows. Rex started shaking his head and laughed a little.

Then he turned and walked through the dining room to shut off the lights. When he did, the light from the moon filled the entire room with an eerie silvery brightness. He went to the sliding glass door that was just off the dining room and slid it open. At the instant that he did, the cool October breeze brushed across his face. "Man! You can tell that winter is just around the corner," he mumbles to himself walking through the door and out on the deck. Turning to close the door, he leaned down to pick up the cooler that had the nectar of the gods in it, cold beer. He took the cooler and a boom box that was setting on a small table by the steps, in case he wanted to hear some good old jams later.

Walking out across the backyard to the stone shaped fire pit, he looked up at the enormous full moon, taking center stage to all the thousands of stars that dotted the sky that night. Setting the cooler down beside his chair, he opened the lid for a cold one. His eyes scanned across the backyard and into the open field that continued until it came up against the tree line of the forest.

Stepping closer to the fire, Rex enjoyed the crackling sounds and the warmth from the brightly burning wood that was casting shadows of images dancing around the fire. He sat down in his chair and gazed into the flames for a while. Soon his mind was drifting in thoughts from the hypnotic way the flames were moving. As he drowsily stared deeper into the flames, his eyes begin to close; a series of images came to him. These images formed into memories of when he was growing up. Those days were filled with many good times with his mom and dad, that's what shaped him into the person he is today.

Rex Springfield grew up to be a very well liked person that would stop to help anyone in need. He worked in a sports shop close to the small northern town in Michigan, where he grew up. As a boy, he was either camping, fishing or hunting most of the time. His dad taught him a lot about the outdoors and hunting was at the top of his list for things he loved to do. It was not anything to do with the killing of an

animal, but the hunt itself. The tracking and strategy of the hunt was one part that he loved about it. However, the excitement of the sheer willingness to survive made him have such a respect for nature and the quality of life. Maybe that is what drove him to become an Army Ranger when he was in the service. He was very skilled at what he had learned as a boy and put those skills to work for him to get the job done. He received a few medals in some of the missions he was in, for heroism beyond the call of duty. The only draw back to this, are the dreams and nightmares that he relives every once and awhile. Waking up in a cold sweat, heart pounding like a train going down a track at high speed and the reality of the dreams, so real, that it seems like you are still there after all these years.

After awhile, Rex took another swallow of his beer to wash down his memories of the past, when he heard the sounds of the coyotes. They were singing their nightly songs that he has heard a lot of lately. As he reached to get another beer, he heard a howling that was so deathly loud, it smothered out the coyotes all together. Rex dropped his beer and stood up out of his chair in a blink of an eye. "Wow! What was that?" Rex said out loud as he looked around.

The howl was not like anything Rex has ever heard before. Besides being very loud, it was as if something was in a lot of pain. Rex looked out across the field, with his eyes scanning for any type of movement, but nothing seems to be moving. As Rex reached down to get his beer that he dropped, he tried to clear his mind and focus on what he just heard. He sat back down in his chair and was about to take another drink, then stopped...

"I have had enough of this beer right now, maybe too much..." He mumbled to himself.

It was not more than a few seconds later, that he heard another howl. A howling that only comes with the act of deliberately inflicting extreme pain. Something was going on big time out in the forest tonight.

If you like this short excerpt from the full story, this story plus five other eerie stories are in my new book - "Storytellers Realm Collection of Fiction Quest Stories". You can get more information or order my book from the Storyteller's Realm Website - www.storytellersrealm.com. Thank you again for reading this excerpt *Terror in the Moonlight*.

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