

# SILENT HILL

BY DEAN  
CUTHBERT

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## Prologue

A cold wind blew across his face. It was never this cold the last time he was here. It was never this silent either. The last time he came here, it was bustling with people, the loud noises of the Mountain Coaster and the Merry-Go-Round used to rise into the air coupled with the screams of joy.

That was all gone now. Now, a thick, lonely fog covered the entire amusement park. Silent Hill has changed over the past five years. It used to feel welcoming. From the moment that green Welcome To Silent Hill sign was in view, he and his brother used to get so excited. They had read all about Silent Hill, especially the Lakeside Amusement Park. Their parents had promised to take them there for their Easter break, and when they revealed the tickets to the park to them, they couldn't wait to get going.

It was hard to believe that five years had passed. He didn't know why he decided to come back here. Things have been hard these past few years. Ever since his brother disappeared things have been different. His parents divorced and pretty much forgot about him. Since then he'd been looking after himself.

It all changed three days ago...

## CHAPTER ONE

The sounds of birds singing in the trees, welcoming the new morning filled the small, quiet cull-de-sack in Boston where Jasper lived. The house he shared with his old college friend was rather clean and tidy. Your typical American suburban home, but without the picket fence and the Technicolor green lawn.

It was Sunday, one of Jasper's favourite days as he got to lie in as long as he liked, that is unless the birdsong woke him. Sunday's were Jasper's only true days off. Monday to Friday, Jasper worked in an office for a printing company doing the accounts. It paid well but it didn't entertain. Staring at numbers all day could drive anyone mad.

On the weekend, Jasper wrote for a local magazine. He had a very creative mind and wrote many short science fiction stories. He won a prize at his college writing society once, but on a Sunday, Jasper liked to do nothing.

As the sun grew brighter, it's rays poked through the slight crack in the curtain, just enough to rouse Jasper. He stirred in his bed, covering his face to block the sunlight from blinding him.

He pulled back the covers on his bed and lay there for a few seconds. His lean naked body reacted to the sudden temperature change. Goosebumps appeared all over his body. He lay there to adjust. He picked up an old pocket watch from his cluttered bedside table and flipped open the worn cover. 9:35am. Jasper sighed and slowly rose out of bed, grabbing a pair of boxer shorts from the floor and slipping them on.

He went over to his bedroom door on the other side of the room and picked up his dressing gown and pulled it onto his shoulders. 9:30 on a Sunday morning is still early for Jasper. Normally he would just fall back to sleep but today, something was drawing him out of bed.

The past couple of nights had seen Jasper toss and turn with nightmares, visions of his brother calling out to him. His brother crying, looking lost. Within these dreams, he also saw Lakeside Amusement Park, but instead of being filled with lots of people, it was empty, cold and dark, with only Jasper's brother stood in the middle. Around him, the world peeling away, the rides becoming twisted, broken and many bloody hands rising from the ground, reaching towards his brother.

That was when the nightmare ended and Jasper returned to reality. Every night lying in his bed staring at the cracks in the ceiling, it took him a while to be able to get back to sleep, only to have the nightmare again.

Sunday morning meant a good breakfast for Jasper. Bacon, beans, eggs, the works. His housemate Robert was quite the Chef, and always made him breakfast.

As Jasper reached the bottom of the stairs, he caught the beautiful smell of frying bacon. He stopped and took in a good nose full before he walked across the hall and into the kitchen.

In the well equipped kitchen stood Robert in his pyjama bottoms, spatula in one hand making sure the bacon didn't burn. Robert looked like he hadn't long been out of bed. His blonde hair was all over the place and his eyes were still puffy. He looked like he'd had a good night out.

"Morning Jasper." He said, "I heard you talking so I thought I'd get your breakfast started"

"I was talking?"

"Yeah. Well I heard mumbling. I thought you were on the phone."

"No. I had that dream again, maybe it was that?"

"Ah maybe. You should talk to someone about that?"

Jasper sat at the table, which had been laid out for breakfast. A large jug of orange juice took centre place. He reached for it and poured himself a glass.

"Nah, they will pass."

Robert picked up the frying pan from the hob and brought it over to the table. He dished out bacon and eggs for Jasper.

"You don't have to make me breakfast you know Robert."

"I know. But I enjoy cooking. Besides, you always burn the bacon anyway."

Jasper promptly dug in to his food as Robert sat next to him. Robert picked up an envelope from the table and passed it to Jasper.

"This came for you."

"When?"

"I found it on the doormat this morning. It's got your name on it but no address so it must have been from one of the neighbours. I didn't open it though."

Jasper looked confused. He rarely spoke to the neighbours. He gave them the odd hello as he was leaving for work but he was never on dinner party terms with them. He didn't see the point in trying to please the neighbours. He didn't want anything from them, nor did he have anything to offer them. Jasper believed that neighbours were only true friends when they wanted something. He never saw them as the type of people to make friends with. A friend to Jasper was someone you went through life experiences with, someone you spent a lot of time with and building up a bond. Someone like Robert. He didn't see the need in making friends out of convenience. This was something his father had taught him.

"If someone is treating you like their best friend, but they don't know your true self, then they are just trying to get something from you."

His father's words echoed in his mind.

"I don't know the neighbours, so why would they send me a letter. It's too early for Christmas cards."

Jasper flipped over the envelope and tore it open. Inside there was a photograph and a postcard. The postcard was crinkled and faded, but clear enough to see what was on it. The picture on the front showed a Ferris Wheel, a rollercoaster and a candyfloss stand. In big Circus style letters were the words "Lakeside Amusement Park". Jasper froze, dropping his bacon.

"What is it?" Robert asked.

Jasper didn't say a word. He flipped over the postcard to find there was a message on the back written in what looked like child's handwriting. It was tricky to make out but he could read it as if from memory.

*Dear Granny,*

*We are having a fabulous time here in Silent Hill! It is so beautiful! Jasper and I went to Toluca Lake today! Daddy let us rent a boat and he rowed*

*us out to a little island in the middle of the lake where we had a picnic! Mum made her amazing chocolate cake so we ate it there. Tomorrow we are going to the amusement park! I can't wait to ride the Mountain Coaster! I read that it is like you are riding around a real mountain! I hope I am tall enough to get on.*

*I can't wait to show you all of the photographs we've taken and I hope granddad feels better soon.*

*Lots of love,*

*Daniel and Jasper.*

Jasper dropped the postcard. His face drained of colour.

"Jasper, are you alright? Who is it from?"

Jasper picked up the photo that came with the postcard. It was of his brother Daniel stood in front of the Mountain Coaster in a green hoodie.

Jasper was 14 when he visited Silent Hill, and his brother Daniel was only 12, but in the photograph, Daniel looked like he was in his 20s.

"It's impossible. It can't be."

Robert grabbed the postcard and began to read.

"Did your brother write this? I don't get it. Who is this in the photo?"

"My brother and I sent that postcard to my Gran 15 years ago. And Gran died not long after. I don't ever remember her keeping this."

Jasper stared blankly into the photo of Daniel.

"Who is that in the photo?"

"It... it looks like Daniel. But it can't be! Daniel disappeared when he was 15, and it wasn't in Silent Hill. I don't get it."

Robert gave Jasper a confused stare and went back to eating his bacon. Jasper didn't move. Why would someone post this to him? Why after all of this time does he receive something about his brother now? And why is his brother in Silent Hill? He wasn't sure why, but he knew if there was anything that could lead him to his brother, he wanted to find out. He

slowly started to finish his breakfast and began to think about going back to Silent Hill.



## CHAPTER TWO

The sun was beginning to set over Boston. A dull orange glow filled Jasper's bedroom, matching the leaves of the large oak tree that stood outside of his window.

Jasper's room was well organised and tidy, apart from yesterday's laundry scattered on the floor. A small writing desk was topped with a dated PC and filing shelves, each with their own label stuck to the chipped wire frame. Work, Magazine, Game Guides. Jasper liked to know where things were as nothing frustrated him more than things without a proper place. He liked to be in control of what he was doing, so knowing where everything is was a great comfort to him.

Jasper sat on his bed, staring at the photograph of his brother. Why was he in Silent Hill? And why hadn't he contacted anyone about his whereabouts?

Jasper thought about calling his parents. He figured that they should know about the photograph and the letter, but since he hadn't seen or spoken to his parents in at least a year, he thought there would be no point in calling them now, especially with something as random as a phantom photo of his brother who had been missing for the past 5 years. It couldn't be real. Maybe this was a new dream, one of those vivid lucid dreams, and Jasper was in control. In a few minutes, Jasper would wake up and smell the sweet smell of bacon from the kitchen.

He waited. The smell didn't come. If this was a dream then he would just have to ride it out until he woke up. Until then, he decided he would plan his trip to Silent Hill to find out anything about his brother. After all, he did want to go back there, albeit under different circumstances.

Silent Hill wasn't too far away. Being in Boston, it would take Jasper about 4 hours to drive there, and he had just gotten his car serviced too. Jasper's car was his pride and joy. When he wasn't working hard at the office, or writing for his magazine, he was looking after his car. Jasper wasn't the type to constantly tweak the engine or lower the suspension. He wasn't technical enough for that, but he was very creative and artistic. Jasper used to top up the paintwork, wax it twice a week, vacuum the inside and polish the leather seats. There was nothing worse than a messy car to Jasper.

Stuffing the photo in his pocket, Jasper went over to his PC and turned it on. If he was going to Silent Hill, he needed a map. 15 years is a long time to remember street signs and buildings. The PC ticked and whirred as it started up. He really needed an upgrade. When it started up, he immediately opened Google and downloaded the best map of Silent Hill he could find. Thankfully, he had just replaced the ink in his printer, so he had no problems printing it off.

Once the map had been printed, he grabbed his car keys and his parker then headed downstairs. He was about to open the front door when Robert stepped into the hall.

"Where are you off to?"

He placed his hand over the doorway.

"I'm going to Silent Hill."

"Why? You don't know that your brother is there."

"I know, but this photo was taken in Silent Hill, and my brother looks about 20! This is a recent photo. If Daniel is there, I have to know for sure."

Robert took his hand from the door and stepped closer to Jasper. He placed a hand on Jasper's hip.

"I know. I just worry about you. Ever since you began having those nightmares, things haven't been the same. Ever since the night we, you know."

Jasper moved Robert's hand. Robert looked saddened.

"I'm sorry Robert. I've had a lot on my mind lately. And now this, I have to go. And about that night, I need to think it over ok. "

Robert leaned in to kiss Jasper who turned away.

"Not now Robert. I'm sorry."

Robert stepped aside and let Jasper go through the door.

"Be careful." Robert shouted as Jasper headed down the porch steps and towards his car.

Jasper opened his car door, threw in the printed map and then sat inside. He froze for a moment. Closing his eyes, he saw his brother in the last moment they were together. Five years ago, on a camping trip, Jasper and Daniel spent three nights in Toluca Forest. They didn't quite make it to Silent Hill, but they wanted to get as close as they could.

It was the first time they had been camping alone. Everything was planned and prepared. Their tent was serviced, they had all of their provisions. They even had a catalogue of ghost stories to tell each other. Strictly speaking they weren't completely alone. Their Aunt Rose lived in Brahams, which was close enough to Toluca Forest in case the boys got into trouble. Rose was the first person Jasper went to when Daniel went missing. No one knows what happened. They both went to sleep on the final night, all ready to travel back home the next day, and when Jasper woke up, Daniel had gone. There was no sign of struggle, no note, nothing.

Jasper was told that the search party ran for four days around the forest area, but turned up nothing. Not even a hint of Daniel's whereabouts. In the end the search party gave up. Appeals were made for his return, but again nothing surfaced.

Not long after that, Jasper's parent's marriage began to fall apart. His dad always left in the middle of the night and disappearing for days on end. His mother was convinced there was another woman. Since then, they divorced, pretty much leaving Jasper to fend for himself.

Since then, Jasper became self-sufficient. Moving out of his mother's and in with Robert, an old friend from High School. Robert and Jasper shared many classes together and became friends. They went to parties together, tough times together, and when Robert came out as gay to his disapproving parents, Jasper was there to support him. Since then, they had formed a very close bond and Robert had formed a strong attachment to Jasper.

Without really realising it, Jasper had fallen in love with Robert. Robert was the closest thing Jasper had to a family. And one night they were at a party and got drunk. They had gone to an upstairs bedroom and Jasper had broken down. He began to cry over his brother and Robert was there to put his arm around them.

They had made love that night. Jasper was surprised at first, but after, when they lay together the next morning, Jasper had never felt so

complete. He felt that he could be happy again. He hated leaving Robert like this.

As Jasper started the car, he saw Robert's worried face staring out of the living room window. Robert slowly waved Jasper off as he backed out of the driveway.

"Shit." He said, hitting the dash board.

Turning out of the Cull-De-Sack, he headed down the main road and onto the freeway up to New England.

Jasper didn't drive the last time he visited Silent Hill, so he didn't quite know the way. He took out his smart phone and opened up the Sat-Nav app, and plotted his route to Silent Hill. It would take him about five hours to get there. It was already 3pm so he would need to stay the night when he arrived. If he wanted to search for his brother, he would need to be well rested. Silent Hill was a big town, and with lots of residents, it would take all of his time to ask around to see if anyone had seen Daniel.

The weather was clear when Jasper left Boston. The sun was already setting when he was about an hour into his journey. Being November, the night came quicker in the north. Jasper didn't mind. He enjoyed driving in the dark. There was always something so calming about the darkness to him, at least until the nightmares started. The traffic was also quite calm too which meant he could make up some time.

Jasper liked driving. He always found it managed to clear his head. Whenever he had a problem to solve or anything he was worried about, he always took a long drive somewhere. He liked to drive with the radio on, but he would never have it on loud. He liked to keep it at a low volume so it was more of background noise rather than something he would actively listen to. This helped his thought process and his relaxation.

Many things raced through his mind. The photograph of his brother standing in Lakeside Amusement Park and all of the memories they had shared there, the camping trip to Toluca Forest and all of the days they spent at their Gran's house, filling up on cake and biscuits.

Jasper missed his grandmother and grandfather greatly. He and Daniel used to spend a lot of their summer with their grandparents. They used to always get spoiled with money and sweets. It drove their mother crazy, as

she was always a one to eat healthily and to respect the value of money. But as all grandparents do, these morals were thrown out of the window.

He remembered their little cottage up by Brahams. His mother was originally from Silent Hill, but they moved over to Brahams when she was only two. Ever since Silent Hill lost its mining industry and began its transformation into a Tourist Resort, they decided to move. Her parents didn't want to be overrun with foreigners and people messing up their beloved town. They were quite the xenophobes, a trait that thankfully wasn't passed down to Jasper.

He was getting closer to Silent Hill. Road signs started displaying the name and the distance. Another hour or so and he would be back in Silent Hill, a town full of memories. It was pretty dark now. The hills grew around him like elongating shadows enveloping his car. The sparse streetlights gave a gloomy yellow glow to the highway. The road began to wind around the mountains. And the two-lane road shrunk into a single lane, the edge of the mountain very close to the side of the car. He always had a fear of veering over the side.

Jasper was feeling tired. It wouldn't be long until he came across the edge of the town. Driving in from the east, he would arrive in central Silent Hill within the next twenty minutes. His eyes were growing heavy. As soon as he hit town, he was going to check into the Riverside Motel, he needed a good night's sleep, and he had heard that this motel wasn't that bad.

From the darkness, the headlights slowly illuminated the green sign he had remembered so well. The arched sign lit by three very old lamps read quite clearly "Welcome To Silent Hill." He had arrived.

Coming off the interstate, Jasper's car pulled up onto Acadia Road and he made his way down Midway Avenue and onto Riverside Drive. On the edge of the road lay the Riverside Motel. It looked a little shabby since his last visit, although when he stayed in Silent Hill fifteen years ago, they stayed in the Lakeview Hotel.

He drove into the Motel's car park, which only housed about five or six cars. It was strangely empty. Jasper assumed it would be due to the fact that not many tourists visited Silent Hill in the winter. It was much too cold for a lakeside holiday.

Jasper turned off the engine and took a deep breath. He was here. He was back in Silent Hill after fifteen years. He wasn't sure what he was going to find here or even if anyone would even know Daniel, but

something inside him told him this was the right thing to do. Jasper missed his brother dearly and any hope of seeing him again meant that he wouldn't give up. He picked up the map, got out of the car and locked it. He made his way inside the motel.

## CHAPTER THREE

The reception area of the Riverside Motel was like your typical run down motel entrance. Dark, stained wood panelling lined the walls, one of which had the reception desk built into it. A tattered and torn leather sofa rested against another wall with its own stains of past guests use. The room was fairly quiet with only the hum of a surprisingly clean coffee machine in the corner. The TV mounted above the reception desk was turned off, probably broken.

Jasper stepped into the room. He scanned it and took in its drab appearance. He noted the dusty newspaper rack by the reception desk, which was half full with newspapers. They had today's date on them so at least the motel was still in use.

He walked up to the desk to find no one was behind it. There was a door behind the desk, which was slightly ajar, and a slight rustling coming from behind it. On the desk were a few old looking items, a ledger containing all of the guest's names and room numbers, the last entry being yesterday. It's pages were coffee stained and slightly torn with use over the years. There was also a calendar with a picture of a goldfish on the top of it. It was a rotary one which looked like it hadn't been used in years. To the side of the calendar was a small push bell, it was polished brass and looked like the only well looked after object in the entire room. Jasper pressed it twice.

The door behind the desk creaked open. An old looking man, possibly in his late 50s to mid 60s appeared. He had oily looking grey hair that was badly thinning, his dulled green and navy blue striped polo shirt had a few dark stains down the front, and his fraying braces looked like they only had a couple more uses in them. He shuffled over to the desk, sniffing and wiping his nose with his hand.

"Hello, how can I help you?"

Jasper took a second to respond. He wasn't used to dealing with people this disgusting. Jasper had always kept himself looking clean and proper and it always made him sad when he saw people like this. He couldn't grasp the idea that some people just let themselves go.

"Hi, I want to book a room for a couple of nights. Have you got anything?"

The man stared at Jasper for a moment.

"It's November son. Silent Hill is dead in November. We got plenty of rooms. It's \$20 a night. I need a \$10 deposit and you can pay the bill when you leave."

Jasper couldn't stand rude people. It was one of many little things that really irritated him. Holding back his frustrations, he forced a polite response.

"That's fine, thank you."

The man wiped his nose again and picked up a pen. He turned the ledger around and pushed it over to Jasper.

"Sign and date here please. All credit cards are accepted."

Jasper hesitated to pick up the pen, but feeling the receptionist's stare on him he picked it up and scribbled his name down onto the page. The faster he wrote the faster he could get to his room and wash his hands.

"Thank you. Here is your key. You are in room 200. Take the gate opposite here and it's the first room on your right opposite the swimming pool. Don't lose the key and don't remove the remote control from your room. Enjoy your stay in Silent Hill."

He passed over a key with a dull tag attached. The number 200 was engraved on it.

"Thanks."

Jasper took the key and headed to the opposite door and stepped out into the courtyard.

The courtyard was deserted apart from a man in a long trench coat smoking a cigarette in the corner. Jasper didn't want a conversation, so he just kept his head down and walked over to the opposite gate leading to the main pool area.

"Hey!" The man called over.

The man threw down his cigarette and stomped it out. He slowly made his way over to Jasper who had frozen on the spot.



"Pretty dark night isn't it. Quiet too."

Not wanting to be impolite, Jasper turned to him and responded.

"Yeah. Pretty cold. I better get inside so."

The man looked him up and down.

"Be careful. Strange things happen in the dark."

The man looked up at Jasper, the dim light from the street lamps gave his face a dull orange glow. His eyes lit up like fire. He had stubble and what looked like a burn mark on his right cheek. Jasper didn't like him. He continued in his raspy smokers voice.

"Silent Hill doesn't attract people much any more. It's not the town it used to be. Back in its day, it was a thriving tourist town. Now it's just another has been."

Jasper remained silent. He wasn't one for small talk, especially with shady people whom he had never met.

"Well, I'll be seeing you son. Good night."

The man turned away and headed through a gate to another set of rooms. Thank god he wasn't going the same way Jasper was. He didn't want anyone trying to make friends with him. All he wanted to do was get a good night sleep, find his brother and then go back home.

Jasper wasn't the unsociable kind, in fact he was very sociable. He was always the one to organise the work parties and birthdays, he just didn't enjoy being held up by people he didn't know. He was always taught to be cautious of others. His father was a very paranoid person, especially since Daniel disappeared, always warning Jasper to never fully trust anyone, to always look over your shoulder and look for the hidden agenda in people. In a way Jasper took this to heart. Upon meeting new people, he would cautiously get to know them before becoming what he would call friends. He was a good judge of character, and the man in the courtyard was not striking him as someone to trust.

Shaking off the encounter with the man in the coat, Jasper walked through the gate opposite the reception room and into the main courtyard. The age and tackiness of the motel showed it's full glory here.

In the centre of the courtyard was a medium sized swimming pool in the shape of a heart. Back in its heyday, this motel would have appealed to cheap honeymooners, husbands having affairs and any other sexual encounters you could imagine in a small tourist town.

On the opposite side of the courtyard lay the three main rooms of the motel. The Rose Suite, the King Suite and the Pink Moon Suite. These themed rooms were reserved for the tackiest honeymoons and the sleaziest rendezvous you could think of. Jasper could only imagine what went on inside there and he didn't want to find out. He only hoped that his room wasn't as sexed up as the others probably were.

A couple of rooms opposite took his eye. Warm, welcoming lights poured out of them. The room in the middle of the opposite side had a bright sign above the door that simply said Bar. Jasper had a feeling he would be visiting there at some point during his stay. Hopefully it would be a celebratory drink with Daniel, but something in his head was telling him that it would be to drown his sorrows. He didn't want to think about the latter now.

The other room next door had a brightly lit sign saying Arcade. Jasper loved arcades. Ever since he was a kid, all he did was spend his money in the local arcades and playing on the latest games for his consoles. Jasper was a bit of a gaming geek. He wasn't an over the top kind of geek but he did enjoy staying up late and playing games. If his mind weren't so preoccupied he would have liked to check out that arcade. Maybe in a couple of days after all of this has blown over he would go in and drop a quarter or two in the pinball machines.

His mind was tired and his eyes were fighting to stay open. Driving really takes it out of you. His room was on the end of a row of rooms directly opposite the swimming pool. He went over to the door and pulled out the key. The lock was stiff and was in need of oiling, however he managed to get the door open with relative ease.

To Jasper's surprise, his room was quite clean. The sheets looked clean and fresh, the coffee machine was free of stains and the TV looked in perfect working order. The décor of the room was fairly drab, the standard for cheap motels but overall he was impressed. A small writing desk sat opposite the bed with a Welcome To Silent Hill pamphlet resting in a literature holder. Jasper took off his coat and hung it on the chair pushed under that desk. He let out a big sigh and lay down on the bed. He began to stare at the cracks in the ceiling until they blurred into one another. He closed his eyes and descended into a deep sleep.

In the darkness of sleep, echoes started reverberating off of unseen surfaces. Jasper wasn't sure what exactly he could, or couldn't, hear but he knew he needed to find the source. The sound of metal grating on metal, crumbling rock and the muffled screams of over-flexed metal grew louder and louder.

Suddenly, out of the darkness, a hand reached out and grabbed Jasper by the throat, gripping tightly on his oesophagus, jagged nails digging in and cutting off the airway. Jasper couldn't move. He was pinned down to the spot by some unforeseeable force. Even though he tried to lift his arms or kick he legs he couldn't. All he could do was lie there and accept his situation. He could feel moist warm breath on his face. A low husky voice began to whisper.

"Do not come for me! They will take you too! Do not look for me Jasper Carrington! Leave now!"

Jasper began to scream. No sound came out, at least none that he could hear over the loud industrial scraping and clanging that filled the darkness. The grip on his throat began to loosen, the hand pulled away, and the industrial sounds began to fade. Jasper's scream started to fade in and he was back in his motel room. A milky light gently streamed through the cracks in the blinds. Jasper stopped screaming.

He immediately jumped off the bed and wondered over to the dusty mirror that hung on the wall above the desk. Leaning in close, he ran his fingertips over his neck. Not a mark was on him. It was just another dream.

Jasper wondered into the bathroom and flicked on the light. The bulb was clearly in need of replacing as it flickered a few times before casting a dull yellow glow over the clinically tiled bathroom.

The bathroom looked rather clean for a shabby motel. No obvious staining on the floors or the walls. If there was a murder here, the cleaner must have been paid very well. The bathtub looked well used however as there was a big ring of scum around the plughole with a few hairs sticking out of it. Jasper shuddered. He hated hairs in the bath even when they were his own, but other people's hair just freaked him out even more.

He turned to the sink and turned on the cold tap. He splashed his face with the icy water and dabbed himself with a towel. Placing the towel on the side of the sink, he again looked at himself in the mirror. There were

still no marks on his neck. Definitely a dream. He flicked off the light and then headed back to the bed. Just a couple more hours sleep and then he would be ready to venture into town to try and find his brother, but after the dream, he was beginning to doubt if it was the right thing to do after all of these years. He lay down in bed, pulled up the covers, and once again fell into the darkness of sleep.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Bang bang bang. Jasper awoke to the sound of loud knocking on his door. The morning milky light streamed through the cracks in the worn blinds and gave the room a ghostly glow.

Bang bang bang. The knocking continued.

"I'm coming, hold on." Jasper shouted.

He threw back the covers and pulled some pants on. He went over to the door and opened it. On the other side stood the receptionist holding a piece of paper.

"This came for you" he said, looking at the half naked Jasper up and down.

"Thanks."

Jasper took the note and the receptionist turned away with a smirk on his face. He closed the door and looked at the note. It was all crumpled and hand written

Looking at the note, Jasper's hands began to shake.

*Jasper,*

*I know you are looking for me, but I need you to go back home. I don't want you to find me!*

Could this be another note from his brother? Or was it all just a sick joke? And if it was from Daniel, how did he know Jasper was here? And how did he know where Jasper was staying? This was all becoming far too strange, with the nightmare last night and the notes. Maybe Jasper was still dreaming.

He went into the bathroom and took a shower. At least the water was warm. He loved taking long warm showers. It was the perfect place for him to shut off the world and to think. Where would he start looking first? He needed to get to Lakeside Amusement Park, which wasn't far from here. Jasper decided he would ask around first. If Daniel had been here all these years then maybe someone would know him.

The warm water streamed over Jasper's face and body. It felt nice. He closed his eyes and let his mind wonder. Images of Daniel popped into his mind, back when they were younger, and with their parents still together. He smiled.

The shower began to get hotter, Jasper winced a little and turned the temperature dial down, the water got hotter still.

"What the fuck?!"

Jasper jumped back as the shower began to spit out scalding hot water. He tried to turn it off to no avail, so he pulled back the shower curtain to step out of the shower. The entire room was engulfed in flames.

"Jesus Christ! Help!"

He ran to the bathroom window but it was sealed shut. He tried to pry it open but it wouldn't budge. Outside the window, the parking lot was also engulfed in flames. Muffled screams could be heard from outside, silhouettes in the flames thrashed around.

He turned around to face the room. Stood in front of him was Daniel, burning.

"GO HOME JASPER!"

He opened his eyes to find himself stood beneath the shower, warm water gently trickling down his body. The bathroom as it was when he got in the shower. No flames, no smoke. Something really odd was going on.

"Am I going crazy?"

He turned off the shower and dried himself with the fresh towels hanging on the towel rail. Slipping on some clothes, he decided to skip breakfast and head into town as soon as he could. He wanted to find Daniel and leave. He didn't like what this place was doing to his head.

He grabbed his jacket and headed to the door. Before opening it, he took a large breath. This was it, his search was about to begin. Would he find what he was looking for? He surely hoped so. He unlocked the door, opened it and stepped out into the courtyard.

A thick fog covered the area, and there was a very loud silence. Everything felt still and colder than usual. This is not the Silent Hill Jasper

remembered. He turned up the collar on his coat and headed through the gate back to the parking lot. His car was still there thankfully. He always worried about his car being stolen. He climbed into the car and put the key into the ignition. Nothing. The car wouldn't start. It didn't even attempt to start and Jasper wasn't good with the technical side of cars. He will have to stop by the garage before he left.

Lakeside Amusement Park wasn't far so he could easily get there on foot. He could stop by Jude's Diner on the way. He wanted to find his brother fast, but he couldn't do it on an empty stomach.

Before leaving, he headed into reception to hand in the motel key. Inside the reception, there was nobody around. It even looked more run down than earlier. Jasper rang the brass bell twice and waited. No one came.

"Hello?"

No one answered. Maybe the reception guy had gone to one of the rooms like he did earlier with Jasper. He waited another few minutes before deciding to leave. It wasn't the end of the world if he took the room key with him.

Heading outside he left the motel parking lot and walked south on Riverside Drive. Everything felt strange. There was no one around in the streets. No cars driving by not even a distant hum of traffic. Silent Hill felt dead.

At the bottom corner of Riverside Drive was Jude's Diner. The sign outside was lit, the odd neon flickering through the fog, but inside looked deserted. His stomach grumbling, Jasper went inside.

Jude's Diner was a mess. It was your typical American diner designed to give tourists the traditional American grill and plenty of heart burn. Silent Hill was full of them, and Jasper rather liked them, but this one wasn't to his expectations. The checked lino floor was thick with grime, the counter tops covered in dust, and excess amounts of rotten food lined the tables. Only a few pendant lights were lit. With the cold milky light coming through the windows, the diner looked very cold and unwelcoming.

"Where is everyone?"

There was a crash that came from behind the counter.

"Hello? Who's there?"

Jasper walked over to the counter and looked behind it. A pile of metal trays littered the floor, and next to that was the man in the coat, squatting down looking through a cupboard.

"Excuse me."

The man looked up at Jasper.

"Oh it's you. Enjoying your stay?" he asked.

"What are you doing?"

"The same thing you are. I'm looking for something, but then what I'm looking for will be easier to find."

The man stood up with a slight smirk and wiped his hands on his coat then stretched out one hand to Jasper. Reluctantly, he shook the man's hand.

"The name's Danny."

"Jasper. Look, what's going on? Why is this place so quiet?"

"Ha, peaceful ain't it. I love the quiet of Silent Hill. We don't have many visitors any more, especially in this time of year. It gives you time to think."

Jasper was getting the feeling that Danny wasn't going to help. He didn't want to be around him for longer than he needed to be.

"Look, is there anywhere I can stop for food near by? I skipped breakfast."

"Probably wise in that hotel, but yeah there is. This place is open. You're inside aren't you? The food is pretty bad though."

He continued to rifle through the cupboard, pulling out folders, cups and other random things, and not being careful about it either.

"Bingo!"

Danny pulled out a small metal box from the cupboard. It was a small lock box for keeping cash.



“Well I got what I came for. I’ll see you around Jasper. And I hope you find what you’re looking for.”

Danny stood up and headed for the door.

“Wait a second. How did you know I was looking for something?”

And with that, Danny had left the diner. What was in the lockbox? And why was Danny ignorant at the state of the diner and the town. There were so many questions Jasper was asking himself. Feeling that there was nothing left here for Jasper to see, he left the diner.

Back in the street, Jasper wondered where to go next. He figured he would head straight to the amusement park, as that was his only lead. He headed to the junction at the end of the street and turned onto Sandford Street. Just across the bridge and past the garages lay the amusement park. He wasn’t far.

Across the bridge, lay two large parking garages and the pier, which lead down to the Light House. Jasper always remembered the time that he and his brother rented a rowboat and took it out onto the lake. Their parents rowing near them in another boat. Silent Hill really did bring back the happy memories. How different it felt now. Cold, grey and dead. Fearing that any time wasted he wouldn’t find his brother, he resisted the urge to divulge and headed straight up to the gates of the amusement park. The light from the Light House just breaking through the fog, tempting as it was, would have to wait for someone else to investigate.

Through the fog, a large silhouette of a billboard began to emerge, one flickering light trying desperately to light it was hanging from the top. Upon the sign was a faded poster full of what used to be vibrant colours, clown faces and other images of rides. In large bold letters read “Lakeside Amusement Park – Next Right” Jasper quickened his pace into a jog and came to the entrance of the park.

The turnstiles that lined up across the orange tiled path leading up to the gate were open. No need to buy a ticket then. The ticket booths in the entrance below the very large “Welcome to Lakeside Amusement Park” banner, which stood proudly above the iron gates, were dark and empty. There was no body here either. Jasper slipped through the turnstiles and ran up to the iron gates. Locked. A large chain with a very strong looking padlock was wrapped around the bars.

“Shit!”

There was nowhere for him to climb over. The entrance was a thin corridor between two brick built ticket booths, and the large banner forming the roof. The gates reached up to the roof. How was he going to get in?

He turned and headed back towards the turnstile.

“There has to be a way in.”

“Excuse me.” Said a gentle female voice.

Jasper looked around to find the source.

“The park is closed for the moment.”

He turned to one of the ticket booths and saw a young woman stood there wearing a Lakeside Amusement Park uniform. A banana yellow polo shirt with grey short sleeves with a matching hat. Her blonde hair hung down from her hat in a slightly scruffy fashion and tied in a ponytail at the back.

“We open again in the next season.”

Jasper walked over to her.

“Thank god, another person. Look, I need to get into the park. Is there a way?”

The woman stayed in her booth, her face almost expressionless, her voice calm yet somewhat robotic.

“You can enter the park during the hours of 9:30am and 7:30pm during peak season and between 10:30am and 5:30pm in low season.”

Jasper leaned over the counter and brought his tone of voice down slightly.

“Look miss, I came all the way from Boston to find my brother. The last place I know he could be is in this amusement park. I need to have a look around that’s all. I don’t need a ride on the tea cups.”

The woman turned her head and met her gaze.

"Lakeview hotel. Danny has the key."

She suddenly snapped out of her trance.

"Why are you still here?"

Jasper looked angry, the woman's face had completely changed. Instead of being static and dead, she took on a more dumb-blonde, bubblegum chewing persona.

"I just explained why I need to get into the park. And who's Danny?"

The girl stared confused.

"You mean the owner? He's up at Lakeview. He likes to eat there. Look the Park is closed buddy. I'm outta here."

The girl walked through a door behind her, and she was gone. On the windowsill where Jasper was standing, a small piece of paper floated down and rested by his feet. He reached down to pick it up. It was a note written with scratchy writing. Jasper could only just read it.

*"I have done what you have asked. I left the key to your room under the desk. See you at the gathering. Love K."*

Could K be the woman he just met? He leaned through the window and fumbled his hand around the desk, which was sat below the window. Sliding his hand underneath it, he came across something stuck to the underside. He pulled it off. It was a key. Attached to the key was a small oval keychain. The number 212 were etched into one side while the other side bore the name "Lakeview Hotel"

Maybe Jasper could get some answers from Danny at the hotel. Could it be the same Danny he met at the Motel and the Diner? There was only one way to find out. He promptly left the entrance area of the amusement park and got back to the road leading to the Hotel. He started to jog again, the hotel was only a few hundred yards down the road. He'd be there in no time.

## CHAPTER FIVE

He approached the Hotel. The large three-story building towered over him. There were a few lights coming through the windows and the muffled sound of a television could be heard from one of the open windows on the ground floor. Jasper had no time to lose. He stepped up to the front door and tried the handle. It was open. Taking a deep breath, he went inside.

The reception lobby of the Lakeview Hotel was fairly large. The square room was two stories high and had a long, straight wooden staircase in the centre leading up to a second floor balcony. The room was dimly lit as most of the lights were flickering or just not working. A light from the reception desk to the left of the room caught Jasper's attention.

He walked past a tall, freestanding music box in the middle of the room and arrived at the reception desk. Just as he suspected, there was no one there.

"Hello? Danny?"

No reply. Thinking he wasn't going to find anyone, Jasper decided that he would head straight to room 212 to see if Danny was there. He headed up the wooden stairs, which creaked with every step.

The Lakeview Hotel was split into two wings and it had a fair few rooms. Jasper wanted to make this a quick visit as he was starting to feel uneasy. Room 212 was in the left wing of the hotel. Jasper headed straight there.

He headed through the double doors into another lobby area. It was fairly dim. The only light was coming through the open elevator doors to his left. To his right, a silhouette of a man stood gently rocking back and forth. Something didn't seem right however. It looked like it was a man but its arms seemed like they were pulled back and wrapped around its back. Its legs looked like they were bound together.

"Hey, are you ok?"

Jasper stepped towards the figure.

"Jesus!"

It was definitely not a man! It was red and fleshy. It smelled like death and where a face should be, was a huge hole, which let out an enormous

gurgling shriek. It lunged towards Jasper, its bound legs not restricting it's movement one bit. It rammed into Jasper's chest, knocking him to the floor. The creature hobbled over to him.

Quickly jumping up to his feet, Jasper pushed the thing backwards as it gave out another shriek. He quickly ran towards the double doors leading to the bedrooms, and he slammed them behind him.

Out of breath, Jasper stood for a moment, leaning against the doors to keep the creature out. What was it? How could it exist? He didn't want to have to face it again. Hopefully it didn't know how to work door handles. All he wanted to do was get the keys to the Amusement Park, find Daniel and go home.

He expected the creature to start throwing itself at the doors, but it never did. The whole hotel fell silent again. He looked around the corridor. Room 212 was straight ahead.

He didn't bother knocking. Jasper just went straight for the door handle. It was locked. Being glad he took the key from the Amusement Park, he unlocked the door and peered inside.

The hotel room was looking neglected and very messy. Clothes, scraps of paper and other rubbish was scattered around the floor. Heavy grey curtains hung across the window, only a small crack in them let through a milky beam of light highlighting the dust particles that were suspended in the air. This room looked thoroughly lived in. The coffee maker on the dresser by the bed clicked signalling it was ready. Danny might be back at any moment.

Jasper didn't want to hang around too long. If there were other monsters in the hotel, he didn't want to be around to see it. Desperation began to set in, so he started to search the room. It was going to be hard since the room was such a mess. Jasper hated mess. He started with the bedside drawer. Opening it, he found the usual hotel amenities. A laminated room service menu, a rarely looked at bible and the standard hotel stationary. He moved to the dresser on the other side of the bed. Looking through the drawers turned up nothing but neatly folded clothes, a designated sock drawer, a drawer for underwear. Strangely this all felt out of place in the messy room.

"There has to be something in here!"

Jasper began to feel frustrated. He wasn't even sure what he was looking for. All he knew is that he needed Danny to get into the amusement park. What would he even do when he got there? Would Daniel be there? He rubbed his face with his hands trying to clear his thoughts of doubt. When he moved his hands, something caught his eye on the floor.

He crouched down to a tattered and worn out suitcase on the floor covered by a crumpled shirt. He moved the shirt out of the way and picked up the case. He placed it on the bed and went to open it. With a click, Jasper flipped open the lid. The case was empty except for the odd piece of lint and a cigarette packet. There was also a silver chain with a small pendant on it. The pendant was a circle with different runes around the edges. Inside the circle were three more circles, one at the top and two side by side below the first. It looked like some sort of symbol. It seemed familiar to Jasper some how.

The door gave a creak and opened. Jasper turned around to see Danny stood in the doorway.

"Why are you following me around?"

Jasper stood frozen, like a child caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

"I just want some answers. I need to get into the amusement park, and the girl there mentioned that you were the owner."

Danny shut the door and stepped closer to Jasper, taking off his hood.

"Yes, I do run the Amusement Park. But I am not the owner of it, nor the keeper of its keys. You must have been misinformed."

Jasper looked confused.

"Ok, so you run it but you don't own it? The girl I met there, blonde hair, she said you could help me. That's why I came here. I can't seem to find anyone else. What happened here?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. Nothing has happened here. Silent Hill is as it's always been. You've been here before yes? Time changes the eyes."

Danny started to pace the room when he noticed the suitcase lying open on the bed. He glared at Jasper for a moment then put his hands together as if he was about to say a prayer.

"You've been going through my things? That's alright. I don't believe you will find anything of use. But I am going to have to ask you to give back the necklace."

Jasper looked into his hand. He was still holding the silver chain that he found in the suitcase. He held it up for Danny to see.

"I recognise this symbol from somewhere. What is it?" Jasper asked.

Danny gave a half smile.

"You will have seen it before. It is called the Halo of the Sun, and it is a symbol of power. Now kindly give it back. I have things I need to attend to."

Jasper reluctantly handed over the necklace.

"Thank you. And please, don't ever go through my things again."

The calmness in Danny's voice scared Jasper a little. Why hadn't he gotten angry? If this was Jasper, he would have been furious if someone had been through his things. He suddenly started to feel bad.

"I'm sorry I. I just want to know where my brother is or even if he's still alive. You must understand. If you know anything then please help me. The sooner I know where he is or even what happened to him then I will leave."

Danny was already approaching the door. He stopped for a moment and turned back to Jasper.

"There is a diary under the bed. I suggest you read it."

And then Danny left the room. Jasper wasn't sure what to make of him. He knew what the symbol was, he knows who Jasper is looking for. Who was he? And why was he being so cryptic? A Diary under the bed, maybe that will have some more clues. Slightly excited by the idea, he looked under the bed to find a small, black leather bound diary. It was covered in dust and its pages had dried up and crinkled.

He opened the book to find that most of the pages had faded. He began to flick through the pages to find anything he could read. One entry was just barely legible.

October 29<sup>th</sup>

*Halloween is coming! I don't know why but I've always been excited for it! And this year is no exception. This year I'm going camping. I am a little nervous though. We're going to the woods near Silent Hill. I know Jasper will be with me but I don't want them to come for me. Not after last time. I'll write again later. I need to pack my things.*

The next few pages were faded again. One more entry stood out.

September 4<sup>th</sup>

*I feel terrible. After they took me, they wouldn't let me speak to anyone. They are afraid I will be corrupted by his sin. But I have a strong mind. All I want to do is go back to my family and tell them to come here. They need to see what they have left behind and how to absolve themselves.*

The rest of the diary fades out.

"He's mentioned my name? Is this Daniel's diary? This is written after he went missing. He was kidnapped? What sin is he talking about? Is he talking about me?"

Jasper dropped the diary and sat on the bed. This was a diary from five years ago. Could this really be Daniel's diary? Or is this something that Danny put there to throw him off. He wasn't sure, all of this thought made him feel hot. In fact, the room was getting hot. Wisps of smoke began to seep through the crack at the bottom of the door.

Jasper walked over to the door and grabbed the handle.

"OUCH! Fuck!"

He pulled his hand from the door handle wafting it around. The handle was red hot. He covered his hand with the sleeve on the jacket and opened the door. The entire corridor was glowing red! The floor was peeling away revealing charred and smouldering floorboards. The walls were made of flames and the ceiling was rippling like a stormy sea, the light fixtures flailing around as it moved.



He turned around to dive back into room 212 to think, but the room was gone. All that remained behind the door frame was a gaping hole into nothing. Loud cries came from within the hole.

The corridor was clear as far as Jasper could tell. All he could do was run for the doors that lead back to the entrance lobby. He saw the door straight ahead of him. The door was open, but strewn across the door were streams of pulsating, flesh coloured vines. He walked up to them and tried to pull them apart. Heavy breathing that sounded like it came from the other side of the vines piped up every time Jasper touched one. They weren't budging. In fact, the more he pulled at them, the harder they seemed to get, and the louder the breathing got.

"Shit!"

He rummaged around in his coat pocket and pulled out a small switchblade knife. He began to cut the vines and to Jasper's surprise they cut fairly easily. The knife penetrated the vines like they were soft meat. Blood and a whitish fluid spurted out with each cut. Large screams began to reverberate around the corridor. Then Jasper was through into the elevator lobby where he had encountered the monster earlier. This room was also ablaze but there was no smoke.

"What the hell is going on here?"

The door to the main lobby was engulfed in flames. There was no way Jasper could get through. His heart began to pound in his chest. He needed to get out and to find Danny again. Did Danny set this fire? There was no time to ponder.

There was a loud ping that sounded behind Jasper. He turned around to find the lift doors had pulled themselves open and the elevator cab stood with its flickering creamy yellow light inviting him in. As he stepped inside the lift, the doors quickly slammed shut behind him. Metallic clanging could be heard overhead. The lift jolted and suddenly dropped a few feet. It then picked up speed. Jasper was only on the second floor of the hotel, but the lift seemed to descend more than two floors, in fact, it felt like it was free falling deep into a bottomless pit. Loud screeching of the lifts breaks engulfed the metal box and Jasper pinned himself to the wall, gripping onto the handrails tightly, his knuckles white with the pressure.

The doors slammed open and the lift began to lift back up again, the floor tilting towards the open doors. Jasper fell to the floor screaming as he slid out of the cab and onto a very damp floor.

This corridor was not aflame. Instead it was the opposite. It was soaked through. The smell of musty damp filled Jasper's nostrils making him gag. A sharp cold breeze flowed through Jasper, sucking the warmth from him. He quickly got to his feet and made his way down the corridor. It was very dark and he could hardly see. A dim milky light was coming from the other side of the room providing a small bit of visibility. Jasper stretched out his arms so he didn't hit into any walls. He slowly walked forward.

As he walked, loud metallic banging filled the room. Getting louder and louder as he made his way further down the corridor that didn't seem to end. Suddenly, his hand came in contact with something ice cold. It didn't feel hard like a wall, more soft like sponge. He quickly pulled his hand back as a gurgling, choking sound came from what he touched.

"Oh shit!"

He felt something lunge towards him and grabbing him by the throat. He fell to the damp carpet, held down by the spongy creature that was determined to kill him.

Jasper kicked and tried to force the creature off him. He managed to roll to the side pushing off the creature, which gave out a loud screech. Jasper got to his feet and ran down the corridor. He slammed into a wall. It gave a little and he realised it was a door. Quickly he fumbled for the handle as he heard the spongy creature coming up behind him. He found the handle and went inside.

The next room was as damp as the corridor. He slammed the door behind him and tried to take a good look around. A jukebox next to the door was surprisingly powered giving an eerie soft neon glow to the drab and damp room. It was mute. Only the gentle hum of the neon jukebox could be heard in the room along with Jasper's rapid breathing.

The hotel bar was all broken down, rotten with damp and smelled like mould. The tables had all collapsed with rot and the bar was covered in what looked like sticky tarpaulin. Placed in the middle of the bar was a bucket. It was overflowing with a red liquid that covered the tarpaulin. Drips were coming from the ceiling.

Jasper walked over to the bar, his feet squelching on the sodden carpet. He looked in the bucket. Was that blood? He didn't want to believe it was, but it certainly looked like blood. Why was this here? The drips continued to drop from above. Jasper looked up. Strapped to the ceiling was the

body of a naked man. His arms and legs had been bound to the ceiling with barbed wire, cutting into his wrists and ankles. His face had a look of distress frozen onto it, his eyes open and black. His mouth lay open, blood dripping out of it.

Jasper took a step back, horrified.

"Oh my god. Who would do this?"

Just as he stepped back, the body began to writhe and moan. The sounds emitting from it were muffled, like it was gagged. It began to spew blood and a white liquid.

"Jesus Christ!"

The blood covered the bar and began to spill over the carpet. The bucket tipped over spilling its contents all over Jasper's feet. The blood didn't just cover the floor, it began to spread as if it was growing.

Jasper needed to get out of the bar but he knew he couldn't go back the way he came as the monster would still be in the corridor. He opted for the door behind the bar. Maybe he could get out through a service exit. He needed to think fast. Jasper wasn't one to stand around and do nothing.

The blood spread across the floor and began to climb the walls and consume everything it touched. The neon glow of the Jukebox turned from a dull purple to a deep red. The body on the ceiling continued to writhe and scream as Jasper ran behind the bar and threw himself through the door into a small kitchen.

The kitchen was dark. Only a small beam of light coming from what looked like a refrigerator lit the room. A loud banging could be heard, like something was rattling around inside a metal locker. Other than that the room seemed safe, well as safe as anywhere could be in a hellish place like this.

Jasper took a moment to catch his breath. What was going on? And who was that guy strung up to the ceiling, and more so, why was he strung up like that? Jasper was trying hard to remember who the guy looked like. He couldn't stop thinking that he knew him from somewhere. Someone from school maybe? An old lover? He wasn't going to spend too much time thinking about it now. His main priority at the moment was to get

back to the first floor of the hotel and get out before the whole place burned to the ground.

There was a door to the back of the kitchen. Jasper went over to it and tried the handle. It was locked.

“Fuck!”

He started to panic. He couldn't go back through the bar, and that monster would surely be lurking in the corridor. The banging noise got louder. It was coming from a cupboard to the left of the door. Then all of a sudden, there was a banging at the door to the Bar, like someone was trying to kick down the door.

The cupboard door swung open with a crash, the beam of light from the fridge illuminating the interior. Jasper looked inside. There was nothing there except for a note. He picked it up just as the door to the bar burst open.

A dark figure came charging towards Jasper who began to scream! The figure grabbed him by the arm and tugged.

“Get off me! Get the fuck off me!”

The figure didn't relent. Jasper looked up at the figure's face, but there was no face. Instead all he saw was a gasmask and a large hard hat. Was this figure a fireman?

As he inspected the figure further, he noticed the fireproof clothes, the gas tank on his back. Where did the fireman come from?

“It's ok, we're getting you out of here.”

## CHAPTER SIX

The examination room was cold and very sterile. Jasper was sat on a bed with his hands together, staring at the floor. What had just happened to him? The Lakeview Hotel was gone. Burned to the ground, and it was lucky that the fire fighter got to him when he did. But what had happened in that hotel? Those strange creatures, and where was Danny?

The fire fighter had dragged Jasper from the bar and took him to an ambulance outside the hotel, which took him to Alchemilla Hospital, Silent Hill's general hospital. Now he was sat wasting time. He needed to leave now.

The door opened, and in walked an old looking doctor. His coat was pristine white, his stethoscope hanging carelessly around his neck and his well groomed bushy beard gave him a warm, calming sort of air to him. Jasper felt a little comforted by him, something he hadn't felt since he arrived in Silent Hill.

"Hello there Jasper. I am Doctor Richardson." He said with a warming voice. "You had a lucky escape back there. The firemen said that had you stayed any longer the roof would have come down on you."

Jasper smiled, but immediately stopped. He hadn't found his brother yet, and this was wasting time. Jasper felt fine and wanted to get back to the amusement park as soon as he possibly could.

"Now lets see. If you could just follow my torch please."

Doctor Richardson did the usual check up. He got his pen torch out, made Jasper follow it. Everything was fine besides the growing irritation that was rising inside him. He wanted to yell at the doctor, but he knew doing so wouldn't help his cause, so he sat silently and responded only when he had to.

"Ok, you seem fine. The police want a quick word with you first before I let you leave. Take care Jasper. Officer Riley will be with you shortly."

Richardson left the room and Jasper began to ponder. How long would the police keep him? And where would he go next? The amusement park was locked tight and Danny had the key. He had no clue where to find him.

He remembered the note he found in the kitchen. It was all torn and scrawled in a child's handwriting.

*"It's not right. It's not natural. Change your ways or leave us alone..."*

He couldn't make sense of the note, but for some reason it seemed familiar to him.

The door opened again, and a 40 something year old police officer entered. He looked very professional and didn't remove his hat. He closed the door and took out his notepad.

"Good evening. I am officer Riley and I want to ask you some questions about the fire."

"Ok" Jasper said flatly.

"I know this is difficult and you've undergone some stress. We just want to know what you saw."

"You wouldn't believe me if I said."

Riley looked suspiciously at Jasper and he made a note on his pad.

"What was your business at the Lakeview Hotel this evening Jasper?"

"I was looking for someone. I'm in town looking for my brother, and I went to the hotel looking for clues."

"Your brother was at the hotel?"

Jasper looked up impatiently.

"No. I think my brother is in the Amusement park. I went to the hotel looking for Danny who has the keys to it, and Danny left me in his room. That's when the fire started."

"So you think this Danny started the fire?"

"I don't know. He left the room and two minutes later there was fire everywhere. There was a body strung up in the bar too. I think there was a murder."

Riley gave another suspicious look towards Jasper and scribbled more notes on his pad.

"There was no one in the bar but you Jasper. When you say strung up, what do you mean?"

"I mean he was tied to the ceiling with barbed wire. The room was covered in blood and it spread up the walls and tried to consume me. Look, I just need to get to the Amusement Park. Please you have to understand. My brother has been missing for five years, and I know he is at the Amusement Park!"

Jasper was standing up now, his fists clenched and anger filled eyes. Officer Riley remained calm, continuing to write down more notes on his pad.

"Now Jasper, there is no need to get angry. I can understand this is difficult for you. And I know about your brother being missing, I was in charge of that case. And we didn't find anything. No foul play, nothing. Your brother must have wandered off into town. We followed every lead possible and he didn't turn up. I'm sorry. And there was nothing in the bar Jasper. The fire fighter who got you out was doing a check to see if everyone was out and he heard you banging. The bar was empty. No one was tied up. The smoke must have got to your head."

"I know what I saw officer. And I know you didn't turn anything up. Look, I have my reasons to be here, and I don't know any more about the fire. Please, I just need to get to the Amusement Park. As soon as I have looked around there then I will leave. You have to understand."

A loud screech of static came over Riley's radio, followed by a voice.

"Officer Riley, can you come to the station, we have a situation here."

"On my way."

Riley put away his note pad and looked back at Jasper.

"Get some rest Jasper. Come and see me at the station later. We can chat more about your brother there."

Jasper sat back down rubbing his face in frustration. Riley left the room. All was silent. He needed to leave now. He got up and went over to the

door. He reached for the handle just as it opened again, almost knocking him off his feet.

Danny walked through.

"Did you get your answers?"

Jasper was stunned. He wasn't expecting to see Danny this soon.

"What the hell happened at the hotel? Did you start that fire? I saw some strange and horrible things."

"You're being affected too I see. And I did not start the fire. I only just got out of the hotel when it started. Something to do with an old heater I heard one of the firemen said."

Jasper glared at him.

"How did you get hold of Daniel's diary? It had an entry in it after he disappeared."

"Yes. He isn't dead if that's what you think. He is safe. Or rather he was. Now he's getting himself into some real trouble."

"What kind of trouble?"

"The bad kind. He's been messing with things he shouldn't be. You've seen what he can do."

"What do you mean I've seen?"

"The hotel. That was Daniel."

"Daniel started the fire? Why?"

"No, you don't understand what I mean. You saw things at the hotel didn't you. Things that shouldn't be there. The fire was just a catalyst, and if he doesn't control himself, it is going to spread. He is pushing away something he doesn't want to see."

"What are you talking about? Where is he?"

Danny opened the door again to leave.



"Go to the Police Station. Officer Riley won't want to be kept waiting. Don't worry, you will get to the Amusement Park eventually."

Danny quickly left the room leaving Jasper frustrated and angry. He immediately opened the door and walked into the corridor.

The hospital seemed fairly quiet. Only a nurse passing him as he walked around the corner to the small reception room. A young man stood behind the reception desk, his hair was dark and slicked back. He had soft looking lips and a chiselled jaw line. He gave a quick glance to Jasper and smiled. Jasper smiled back and walked over to him.

"Hey, I need some directions."

"Sure." Said the man with a cheeky grin. He was clearly enjoying looking at Jasper.

"I was wondering if you could tell me how to get to the police station. Officer Riley needs to talk to me."

"Oh, you've been a bad boy?"

Jasper smiled. He had a flutter in his stomach, something he'd not had for a while. Not since he and Robert kissed for the first time.

"No, not this time. It's about the fire at the hotel. I was in it."

"The Lakeview Hotel? Yeah, I heard. I can't believe it. I used to work there before I got this desk job. The station is on the corner of Sagan Street. Just head out of the Hospital and make a left onto Crichton Street, then head north and make a right onto Sagan. You'll see the station there."

"Thanks."

"Keep out of trouble mr."

Jasper left the hospital with a smile. Nothing like a cute boy to cheer him up, but that happy feeling left him. He began to think about Robert and how he had just left him. They hadn't had a fight in years. He felt bad that he just rushed out. He didn't even kiss him goodbye. When he got back home he would have a lot of making up to do, but now it was back to business. Danny said to go to the Police Station, and seeming like

Danny actually wants to help Daniel, Jasper thought he would give the police station a shot.

The streets were cold again. The fog had returned and once again there was a loud silence. Silent Hill felt dead again.

Jasper looked back to the hospital doors through the window to catch one last glimpse of the receptionist, but the reception area looked empty. Confused, Jasper left the hospital courtyard and made his way to the Police Station.

There was no one around in the streets. Cars looked abandoned on the sides of the road, shops looked stagnant and empty and the fog clung to the air like a thick veil made of cotton. It was hard to see more than five feet in front of him.

The Police Station slowly grew out of the fog. It's front doors slightly ajar. It didn't appear to have any lights on and there didn't seem to be anyone around. Why did people keep disappearing? Jasper was beginning to feel very anxious again. How could it be that fog rolls in and out at random, and how can an entire town become deserted just like that? Jasper hoped he would find out soon.

"Daniel, where are you?" he whispered.

He pushed the doors to the station open and went inside. Being a small town, the Police Station wasn't very big. Its entrance hall was quite small with a marble floor. The reception desk was built into the back wall and it looked rather dated. A few black leather benches lined the walls, tears from use present in most of them.

Jasper walked up to the reception desk but didn't expect to see anyone.

"Hello?"

No answer. He tried the door next to the desk, which, led to the back area of the room, but it wouldn't budge. The handle wouldn't move at all. There was another door to the right of the reception desk. Jasper tried this one which opened with ease. The sign on the door said "Sheriff's Office." He stepped inside and found a small office. A desk was pushed up against the window and was littered with papers and folders. A large black board was against one wall with lots of scribbles over it. Pinned to the board was a white envelope. Jasper walked over to it and pulled it from the board. The words "For Jasper" were written on it.

He opened the envelope and inside was a missing persons report with Daniel's name at the top, some parts had been scribbled out.

"What is this?"

*Missing Person is described as a 17 year old male with short black hair, blue eyes of medium build. Person reported by Janet \_\_\_\_\_ton on Saturday \_\_\_\_\_. Last known location of D\_\_\_\_\_ was at Toluca Forest on outskirts of Silent Hill. Elder son Jasper \_\_\_\_\_ was present at time of disappearance. Noted ties to \_\_\_\_\_ who are present in Silent Hill. Family history related to town.*

The rest of the report has been burned up. What ties do his family have to the town? And why was it scribbled out? Jasper's parents never spoke of Silent Hill other than his grandmother living there one time.

There was a hand written note on the back of the report.

*Daniel Carrington safely returned. Many thanks to yourself for keeping the affair quiet. Payment will be delivered to the usual place at the Amusement Park.*

"What the hell is this? Safely returned?"

The door behind Jasper opened and he turned around startled. Danny was stood in the doorway.

"Danny! What the hell is this?"

Jasper threw the report at him. Danny did not flinch.

"It is the missing persons report filed by your mother five years ago. And it's all the information you need for your search."

"But it hasn't given me any information. And what is this about him being returned?"

Danny took a step closer.

"He was returned, but not to you. He was returned to his other family. His protective family, a family that has made him what he is today. They keep him away from your sin."

Jasper clenched his fists and grabbed Danny by his collar.

"Tell me what the hell is going on right now or I'll smash your face in!"

Danny began to look worried as Jasper held him up against the wall.

"You need to get to the amusement park before Daniel finishes his ritual."

The light outside began to dim.

"Ritual? What ritual? What is he involved in? What is my family involved in? What sin are you on about?"

"Faggot." Danny spat harshly.

An air raid siren began to wail. It got darker and darker outside making the sheriff's office very dim. Jasper let go of Danny.

"Danny, what's going on?"

"It's happening again."

Danny pulled a small torch out of his pocket and switched it on as the room went pitch black.

The room's walls began to dissolve away revealing rusted grating. The furniture began to bend and buckle and the marble floor transformed into wire mesh. The air raid siren got louder and Jasper ran out of the room into the reception area which had also changed.

Bodies were pinned to the walls covered in blood stained canvas, and the wall surrounding the reception desk were wrapped in barbed wire and the ripped leather seats were gone.

The siren stopped and Danny and Jasper stood quiet in the dark and offensive room.

"What the hell is going on Danny?"

"He's getting more powerful. He's learning, adapting. Jasper, you must get to the amusement park as soon as you can. I'm going to try and stop this."

Danny threw Jasper a key and made for the door.

"Hey, wait! Where are you going?"

Danny had left and Jasper was stood alone in the dark. He picked up the key and noticed the white paper tag that was attached. It read "Lakeside Amusement Park." He finally had a way into the amusement park.

He needed a torch, and something told him he might need a gun too. He didn't want to spend too long in here.

He walked over to what was the reception desk, his feet clanking on the metal grating that had replaced the marble, and he walked through the doorway that lead to the back. The door was now gone. A dim light was shining from under the desk. Jasper had a rummage and found himself a torch.

"Brilliant."

He took the torch and he shined it around the room. A menacing brown hue glowed from the decayed walls. The strung up veiled corpses casted distorted shadows around the room. There was a cold damp hanging in the air.

Before he left the police station, Jasper walked across the room to another door. It looked all rotten as if it was about to fall off its hinges. He gave the door a slight push and it swung violently open. He stepped inside the room.

The storage room was even more disturbing than the entrance hall. In the middle of the room there was an open metal locker. Flames surrounded it and a writhing fleshy mass thrashed around inside letting out a loud, blood-curdling wail. Chains hung from the walls and the walls themselves looked like they were pulsating with blood and a whitish liquid.

Suspended from one of the chains was a small gun. Jasper walked over to it, avoiding the flaming locker, and pried it from the wall. BAM! The locker fell over, spreading the flames to the walls. The fleshy mass began to slither out of the locker towards Jasper.

"Shit!"

He ran out of the room and back into the reception hall, which looked like it had changed again. The reception desk looked like it was melting into a brown fleshy ooze that began to fall through the grated floor into nothing

and the bodies on the walls had spears being slowly inserted into them from below.

Jasper darted for the door. He wanted to be out in the open air and away from the hellish Police Station. He pushed the door open and stepped out into the street.

The streets of Silent Hill had changed. It was pitch black and Jasper couldn't see the sky. The floor was the same wire mesh from the Police Station that looked like it was suspended over nothing, the buildings all looked decayed and there was a gentle rainfall which was as unsettling as the sounds of distant groaning in the distance. Thank god Jasper found that torch.

He took out his map and shined the torch over it. How did he get to the amusement park from here? He didn't think he could call a taxi and he didn't want to stay outside.

He was far from Lakeside Amusement Park. It was on the other side of the river to the south and it looked like a long walk, a walk Jasper didn't want to make in this hellish version of the town. He didn't know if this was another nightmare he was having or something else. Either way he wanted out. He wanted to wake up in his bed at the Riverside Motel and go home.

"What am I doing? Could he really be here after five years of nothing?"

Jasper was starting to lose himself. Will this whole trip be for nothing? What was Danny talking about? Was that diary at the hotel really Daniel's? Jasper let out a big sigh and began to walk down, what resembled Crichton Street, his torch in hand illuminating the few feet in front of him.

There was a muffled grating sound that sounded like it was getting closer. Jasper slowed down, his feet still making the mesh road rattle as he walked. The grinding got closer, and out of the darkness appeared a large, brown fleshy figure. It's arms looked like they were large shanks of rotten meat with blades protruding from the bottom of them, it's legs were short and stumpy, and it's head was just a mass of yellow teeth. No eyes or other distinguishing features to show it was indeed a head. A torn rag of cloth loosely strung over it's shoulder in what could only be described as an extremely filthy, worn toga.

"Holy shit!"

Jasper jumped back, startled. The creature, jolted, twitched its head and sped up towards Jasper, its blades grinding on the mesh floor. Jasper ran around it and down the street, the sounds of the creature behind him not getting quieter.

He stopped suddenly as his torch lit up the end of the road, quite literally. The wire mesh was broken, twisted. The road had been destroyed, even the rotten buildings ended there too. It was as if this was the edge of the world, and only a black void remained.

“Fuck!”

Jasper turned around and the creature was right in front of him. It lifted one of its arms and Jasper managed to duck just in time. He scurried behind it but its arm came down on top of his leg. He let out a shriek of pain as he tried to get back on his feet.

Suddenly he remembered the gun he picked up from the police station. He prayed it was loaded. He quickly turned around, pointed the gun at the monster and pulled the trigger. BANG BANG BANG. The gun was loaded and the monster collapsed to the floor with a loud thud. Not wanting to wait and see if it was dead, Jasper ran back to the junction where the police station was. There was a bridge across the river he could take into Old Silent Hill. From there he could take Bachman Road to the lake.

He wanted this nightmare to end and he was starting to fall apart. What if this whole trip had been for nothing? What if all of this darkness was real and he had literally travelled through hell to end up with nothing? He couldn't think like that, not now. He had to find a way to the Amusement Park before he ran into any more of those monsters, but how long would this darkness last?

He stepped onto the bridge and began to stride in a brisk walk. He didn't want to run as the bridge was also made of the same metal grating as the roads, and he didn't want to attract any more attention to himself.

The air was still. The gentle rainfall still lightly, and uneasily pattered on his face as he walked over the bridge and over the river. He began to feel an intense heat as the bridge extended over the river. Steam appeared to be rising up from the grate. Jasper didn't stop though, he couldn't, not now he was so close to finding the truth.

Looking down through the grating, Jasper saw the source of the steam. Parts of the river below were aflame. Thrashing bodies littered the water and flames below, the screaming muffled by the sound of the roaring fire and the rushing of the water.

Jasper quickened his pace, he didn't like this at all and the bridge felt unsafe. The darkness blanketed the other side and he didn't know how long the bridge was.

His feet stumbled. The floor didn't feel flat any more; instead, Jasper thought he was walking up a gentle slope. And then it came. A loud roar of twisting and snapping metal rose into the air, and the bridge lurched up and twisted sideways, throwing Jasper to the railing.

"Holy fuck!"

The bridge settled for a moment and then it began to rise up and twist even more, tilting to the side as Jasper struggled to hold on to the soft, damp railing. With one more lurch, the bridge fell, taking Jasper with it, into the fiery river below.



## CHAPTER SEVEN

He landed hard into the river. Jasper only narrowly managed to avoid the falling fragments of the rusted bridge that had brought him into the river.

He was swept along at a rapid pace. The flames and bodies racing past him, still screaming and thrashing.

Jasper felt like he couldn't breathe. The water was ice cold, and he felt like it was crushing all of the air out of him. Was this it? Was he done for? He tried to swim but it had no effect, the river's current was too strong. He was being swept along into Toluca Lake. His head was dipping below the water too often.

Many thoughts raced through his head. His brother, his parents, Robert. Robert, the man who cared for him. The man who loved him. The man who Jasper wanted to spend the rest of his life with. He worried that he would never get to tell him how much Robert meant to him. A wave of sadness erupted over him as he floated helplessly along the river with the sounds of screams and rushing water filling his ears.

The surface of the water became more turbulent as he was swept further and further along. His head was disappearing under the water and coming up again. He managed to keep his eyes open as he bobbed up and down. With each resurfacing, Jasper noticed that the darkness was beginning to lift. The fire was getting smaller, and the screams were dying out.

A thick fog rolled over Toluca Lake and the black sky had turned into a cold gray once again. Was it over? Silent Hill had once again returned to its cold, dead foggy state.

Jasper began to slow down as the river began to calm, and with a gentle thump, he had hit something solid.

"Oh my god! There is a man in the water!"

Jasper felt some hands pulling him up.

"Are you ok sir?"

A man looked curiously at Jasper, who sat on the cold concrete floor, his head on his arms and listening intently to gather his senses.

"A bit too cold for a swim isn't it?"

Jasper looked up into the man's ice grey eyes. He had fair greying hair combed over neatly to one side. The collar on his brown raincoat turned up. Jasper shivered.

"Do you want me to call someone? You should get to the Hospital. You'll catch your death."

"Maybe that would be welcomed."

Jasper didn't know why he said that. He was beginning to lose all hope. What else would he have to go through to see his brother again?

"I'm sorry?"

Jasper got to his feet fast and looked around. He was stood at the foot of the Lighthouse. It's door looked well and truly rusted shut, it's red paint struggling to stay on the door.

"Look, I haven't got time. I need to get to the Amusement Park, it's important. I don't need a doctor. Please can you just show me the way?"

The man took a step back and looked puzzled. He looked Jasper up and down and said,

"Everything points to the Amusement Park. You're not far now."

Jasper was getting angry.

"Please! Which way is it?"

The man simply pointed to the end of the thin pier that they were standing on.

"That way."

"Thank you."

Jasper began to run. He was cold, wet and his soaked clothes weighed him down, but he was so close. Nothing was going to stop him now. He ran to the end of the Pier and then came to the main road. To the left of

him was a building marked West Garage. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a soggy map.

He found where he was on the map. The Amusement Park was just along West Sandford street. He was nearly there. He quickly checked to see if he still had the key. Thankfully it hadn't fallen out of his pocket in the river.

He began to run down the street. The fog seemed to get thicker as he got closer to the amusement park. He passed a large billboard sign advertising the park. He was so close.

And there it was. Jasper had made it back to the amusement park. Along the short path were the ticket gates and the ticket booth where he had met K. He started to walk along the path when he heard voices. It sounded like Danny, and was he speaking to a woman?

"He's going to be here soon. Let him through."

The woman sounded confused in her response.

"I don't want to do this any more Danny."

"He will set us free if we do. Jasper is returning home. Once he does this will all end. I promise."

"He scares me. All this talk about the new world and putting things back the way they are meant to be. And those monsters."

Danny gently caressed her cheek and gave her a kiss on the head.

"Katherine. I promise this will be all over soon. You've been so good. I'm going to get things ready. Once you let him through go straight home. Lock the doors and wait for me there. I love you."

Danny stepped through the gates into the amusement park and Katherine stepped into the ticket booth.

Jasper made his way up to the booth where Katherine was trying her hardest to look like nothing had happened. Her blue eyes full of fear and regret.

"He's waiting for you."

Katherine simply pointed to the gate, her tone very flat.

"I'm sorry for this Katherine. Thank you."

Jasper pulled out the key from his pocket and unlocked the gate. With a loud creek, the gate opened and he stepped inside.

A cold wind blew across his face. It was never this cold the last time he was here. It was never this silent either. The last time he came here, it was bustling with people, the loud noises of the Mountain Coaster and the Merry-Go-Round used to rise into the air coupled with the screams of joy.

That was all gone now. Now, a thick, lonely fog covered the entire amusement park and Jasper was clueless where to go next. The amusement park was fairly big. He didn't even know what Daniel could even do here but he knew this was where he was meant to be.

A flood of emotions suddenly came over him. It had been so long since he and his brother had spoken. Standing in the middle of the amusement park took Jasper back to when everything was great. His parents were still together, Daniel was still around and he was happy.

Jasper hadn't been happy for a long time. It was only now that he had realised just how unhappy he had been since Daniel disappeared. Going by day to day, not really living, but coping. He had thought that moving away to Boston to live with Robert would help things, and in it's own way it did for a time, but even that brought its complications.

Robert had always had a thing for Jasper, and living together started all sorts of tensions, but ultimately, Robert had always been there for him. He knew that when, or if, he got back home safe, he would embrace him the moment he got back.

Then his stomach sank. Robert. He had left Robert on a bad note. He hadn't even thought about how he might feel. That was another thing Jasper would have to deal with. Robert was pretty much all Jasper had left in the world and he didn't want to lose him as well. Could it be that he actually loved Robert?

Now wasn't the time to think about that. Right now he had to find his brother. And he knew he was here in the Amusement Park. But where the hell did he go?

Jasper pulled out the photo of Daniel again and looked hard. Then he noticed.

“The rollercoaster!”

He stuffed the photo back into his pocket and ran over to a park map. Thankfully the Amusement Park wasn't that big and Jasper vaguely remembered the way there.

The Mountain Coaster was Jasper and Daniel's favourite ride in the park. They rode on it ten times on the day they visited. Jasper smiled as he remembered when Daniel threw up all over their mother's new shoes.

A lump rose in Jasper's throat. Would he really see his brother again? He shuddered and set off to the rollercoaster, passing rides as he went. The teacups, the Haunted house, all looking worn out and still.

He could hear the sound of his brother's laughter echoing in his mind. He could see his family, his mother and father stood watching the two of them run around so excited. How he wished things had not changed. He wished that he had waited just a little longer to tell his brother about the way he was.

Jasper closed his eyes. He remembered the day they went camping and how he had told Daniel that he was gay. He remembered the look of shock on Daniel's face, not saying a word. Slowly processing what he had just heard. Then he remembered something. Daniel held onto something tight that night. A necklace.

“The one Danny had? Could it be the same one? It can't be.”

Jasper's head began to hurt. Did he cause all of this? Did he cause Daniel to run away and be captured by some cult? Did Danny know of this?

“He called me a faggot? How did he know?”

Jasper heard footsteps behind him.

“First sign of madness, talking to yourself. You made it I see.”

It was Danny. Stood near the entrance of the Mountain Coaster. His coat was open revealing a green hoodie. He slowly started to take off his coat.

"Welcome to Silent Hill Jasper. I've missed you I have to say." Danny was speaking differently, a voice Jasper recognised.

Jasper slowly started to walk towards him.

"What are you talking about Danny? Where's Daniel. I made it here now where is he? Tell me where my Brother is!"

Danny took a step forward.

"Right here."

He looked up at Jasper and his face changed. The scar was gone. He looked like Daniel.

"What?"

Danny flicked his arm forward like he was throwing something towards Jasper. Then trails of darkness rapidly spread towards him. Peeling away at everything it touched.

"Danny! Stop this!"

Jasper started to run and the sky went dark again and the Amusement Park started to dissolve into decay. A siren began to wail again. The rides screamed, as their metal parts bent and twisted. The floor crumbled away to reveal the mesh again.

Jasper saw Danny running towards the carousel, which was surprisingly illuminated. He quickly followed. He wasn't going to let him get away this time. Not now he was this close.

Danny stumbled a little as he stepped onto the carousel which began to rotate. Jasper was getting closer and closer.

"You can't keep following Jasper! You can't live the way you do!"

Out of the darkness a large arm reached forward. It was a golden brown colour and it looked like it was covered in plastic wrap. It slammed to the ground knocking Jasper off his feet.

"Take the hint Jasper. You're dead to me!" Danny shouted.

The large arm pulled forward, a mangled body was loosely attached to it, moaning and crying. It dragged itself towards Jasper, desperate to take hold.

"No! Not this time! I won't run from you this time!"

Jasper was screaming. He pulled out his gun and fired. The bullets bounced off the arm as it continued to pull forward.

"Danny! Stop this now."

Danny didn't respond, the carousel was picking up speed and Jasper continued to shoot. His heart was pounding in his chest. He didn't want to give up. He couldn't. He was not a quitter.

He pulled himself back on his feet and began to walk towards the monster. The mangled body had a small eye on the front, which was twitching and looking around frantically. It locked onto Jasper and pulled towards him once more.

"I'm doing this for you Daniel!"

Jasper aimed his gun at the eye and shot. The monster gave off a shriek and its arm flung around, destroying a nearby display. But it didn't stop. It began to move quicker. Jasper had no choice but to run.

He looked back at the Carousel, which looked like it was starting to descend. He ran for it, the monster closing in behind him.

"You can't continue Jasper! You can't!"

Jasper managed to jump onto the Carousel before its descent got faster. The horses were violently moving up and down. They looked alive. Their hooves were moving in a gallop. They were also shrieking.

"No, you can't live like this! You can't deny who I am Daniel!" Jasper was screaming now. His throat red raw.

"Finally you see." Danny, or Daniel, said with a slight smile.

"I get it now! This is all because of me isn't it. All because you can't handle the truth!"

The carousel began to slow. Daniel was holding onto the central column looking angry.

"You are disgusting. That's why mum and dad left you after I left. They didn't want to live with a faggot like you!"

Jasper charged over to him.

"Fuck you Daniel!"

Jasper punched Danny hard in the face! Danny began to laugh.

"So this is what it comes down to. You hurt your own brother. Don't you even know why I brought you here?"

"You wanted to cure me? Is that it? With your sick cult? Why did you choose them? Why did you leave us for them?"

Daniel threw Jasper off him and he slowly pulled himself up.

"I went back to them! Jasper, they helped form our Family. You were born in Silent Hill! Our parents moved not long after because they wanted out. That's why Gran stayed too. But they were wrong. The Order gave life to me. They helped me survive. They helped me escape your disease."

Jasper went to lunge at Daniel again. The carousel was slowing even more. The horses calmed and the darkness began to lift.

"I'm glad you left Daniel. I don't want to be a part of you any more."

Jasper punched Daniel again and again. The Carousel came to a halt and the creek of an opening door filled the shaft that the two had descended into.

They stopped fighting for a moment.

"Where are we? What happened to the darkness?" Jasper asked.

"I don't know. I'm in control of it! I am!"

Daniel was looking around frantically. He began to look at his hands and then pull at his hair. Desperation was setting in.

"No, no this isn't right. You are still here so the darkness should be! Why did it go away? Jasper you've ruined everything!"



A figure stood at the open doorway, which was at the side of the carousel. A plume of what looked like fog came from the open door. The figure stepped forward onto the carousel and walked towards Daniel.

"This ends now Daniel. You have abused your power and turned Silent Hill into hell."

The voice was familiar. The figure had a robe on with a hood. The figure lowered the hood to reveal long blonde hair. She looked familiar.

"Katherine?" Jasper said.

She looked at him coldly.

"This is all your fault. Coming here, making up stories of post cards and lost memories. We warned you to stay away. Your brother is not stable. Now leave us alone!"

Her voice was cold and hard, not like it was when she spoke to him earlier.

She turned back to Daniel.

"And you. You used me for the last time! I won't be a pawn in your games any more!"

Daniel looked worried now. Jasper was confused. What had Daniel got himself into? And did he really control everything that was happening here? He didn't want to believe it. He wanted all of this to be made up in his head. A car crash, that's what must have happened. He had had a car crash on his way here and now he was lying in a coma somewhere. The doctors would wake him up soon and send him back to Boston so he could be with Robert again.

"Katherine. Why did my power break? How can you know this?" Daniel had a quiver in his voice like a child caught red handed in something they shouldn't be doing.

"It broke because your will was broken. When Jasper saw who you really were."

She took a step closer to him, tears rolling down her face.

"We can't break the bonds that tie us to our family Daniel. Nothing can."

"He's not my family. Not any more. I won't be a part of a demon! Of filth like him."

Daniel got to his feet. He was taller than Katherine but that didn't suppress the fear he felt right now. He didn't want to hurt her.

Jasper felt a stab to his chest when he heard what his brother was saying. He couldn't believe it. He had never shown this kind of hostility towards him when they lived at home.

"And now I have seen the truth of you and I want nothing to do with you."

She turned to Jasper.

"You're better off without him." She said through sobs.

Daniel took a step closer to Katherine. He looked angry now.

"How dare you! Katherine I told you to stay at home! Do not disobey me."

Daniel lifted his arms and the world began to peel into darkness once more.

"You've been holding me back since the start! I don't need you any more."

The darkness surrounded Katherine. She slowly started to back away as the world transformed at her feet. The carousel's floor changed into the rusty wire mesh that lined the dark streets of Silent Hill. Below was a gurgling growl.

"You've summoned him. The dark one. Daniel no! Please no!"

Below the floor was something horrific. Jasper couldn't quite see what it was, but clawed fingers pushed up through the mesh just below Katherine. She was panicking but somehow couldn't move.

"Daniel Please!" She screamed.

The claws ripped through the floor and a dark brown, fleshy arm reached up violently and grabbed Katherine. The claws ripping into her legs. She screamed loudly as the arm pulled her downwards into nothing.

"Oh my god Daniel!" Jasper shouted.

“Now it’s your turn.”

Daniel pointed his arms towards Jasper and out of the hole climbed a huge demon. It’s legs looked like that of a ram, hooves and all. Large horns protruded from it’s head and large tusk like teeth hung below the creature’s snout. Its skin was all brown and looked rotten. It headed towards Jasper.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

Jasper jolted back. He didn't want to die like this. Not at the hands of his brother. What had happened to him? The brother he once loved and adored was now a monster, and this large demonic thing was racing toward him.

"Daniel please!"

The huge demon was coming closer and closer. Daniel's face was fixed on it. He looked excited, like a child about to see his favourite part in a film.

Jasper began to run. There was nothing else he could do. He could try to fumble for the gun he had found earlier but he couldn't risk slowing down.

The Mountain Coaster was up ahead. It's rusty staircase didn't look that inviting but if he could get higher he may have a chance. His legs pushed with all they had, the sound of the demon's hooves clattering off the rust grating that was the floor was loud in his ears. He had never been so scared in his life, almost as scared as when he came out to his parents.

His feet touched the bottom step of the staircase. It shook with every step he took as he bounded up to the top.

He looked back and saw that the demon was close to the bottom, Daniel was no where in sight. All he heard was the manic laughing in the distance. He climbed higher. He felt a large shudder and felt the steps beneath him give way. The demon had swiped it's huge claws against the structure and it buckled. Jasper could feel himself falling. He couldn't fall, not now, not like this.

He managed to hang onto what was left of the stairs and pull himself up to the roller coaster station. He didn't think the rides would be working in this hellish version of the amusement park.

A sudden sense of nostalgia washed over him as he stood on the station platform. He rode this roller coaster so many times with his brother when they were last here. But it didn't feel the same. All of those happy memories seemed like a lie. It couldn't be the same Daniel back then as it is now.

The platform had felt soft. The wooden planks were green and covered in what looked like mould. The control cabin looked as if it was about to fall apart with its door hanging off the hinges. An electrical hum emitted from inside. He couldn't pay attention now. He needed to get out of here before the demon destroyed him.

Without thinking any more, he ran onto the tracks. He ran along them a little, he didn't think the demon could get to him up here. Shortly along the tracks was a car of the roller coaster. He climbed onto it ready to jump over. As soon as he stood on it, it began to move.

"Shit."

He couldn't do anything but sit down and hang on. The car picked up speed. Taking corners tightly. The Mountain part of the coaster was coming up. He used to love this as a child but now it was terrifying. The mountain looked like it was made of rotting meat covered in a thick syrup of blood and puss. It looked like it had things crawling all over it. The car got closer and closer to it. Jasper looked to the left and could see parts of the Amusement Park lit up. Rides looked distorted, twisted and rusted. A large echo of grating metal and moaning equipment filled the air. It felt warm, oppressive, like the pressure of the atmosphere before a large storm hits.

The large claw of the demon swiped at the train car. Jasper saw it just in time to duck and the claw caught the back of the car, breaking it clean off.

"Get away!" Jasper screamed.

Suddenly he remembered.

"The Gun!"

He fumbled in his pockets and felt the solid, smooth feel of the gun he had taken from the police station. He hoped there were still some rounds left.

He saw the demon climbing up onto the tracks. They bent as it put its weight onto them. It was coming after him fast now. This was Jasper's only chance to stop it.

He pulled out the gun and tried to aim at the monster's face. The train car was taking all sorts of dangerous turns, and with the back of the car gone the whole thing felt like it was going to fall apart.

Just as he took aim, the train car flew into a tunnel. Pitch black.

"Fuck! Why now? Why this. All because I'm fucking gay." Jasper was screaming now. He didn't care any more. This was all too much for him to handle.

"You want me to die, fine. Do it. Kill me. But know this Daniel, my brother died five years ago. I accepted that."

The tunnel lit up with flames that had begun to line the tracks. The walls shimmered in the flickering light which reflected off the sodden surfaces. The fire felt the same as in the hotel. Not hot and no smoke.

Jasper could see the demon still in pursuit. He could hear Robert's voice in his head giving him words of support. How could he be so selfish. He couldn't die. He couldn't leave the best thing to ever happen to him alone.

"Fuck this." He said and picked up the gun. He aimed at the Demon's face and pulled the trigger. Once. Twice. Three times. The bullets hit the Demon in the face. Once through the mouth, then the neck and lastly the eye. The demon shrieked and began to flail. It's claws ripping into the fleshy walls and they began to collapse.

Jasper fired again, emptying three more rounds into the monster before he heard the gun click empty. He dropped the gun and began to cry. The train picking up more speed as the tunnel behind him began to collapse.

He lay on the seat crying his eyes out. The feel of heartache raced through his chest. He felt like he had lost Daniel all over again. He had lost his parents when they divorced and now Daniel was definitely gone.

"I just want to go home." he sobbed.

The tunnel started to get lighter. The loud noises of it collapsing had started to fade away and the tunnel grew lighter and lighter. A rush of air blew across Jasper as the train car broke out of the tunnel and back into the open.

He opened his eyes to see the sky was grey again and the fog had returned. The park was silent.

The train car slowed down and then suddenly halted. Jasper was lying with his arm over his face. He moved his arm slowly and sat up. He was back at the station. The stairs and tracks looked untouched. He climbed

out of the train car and stepped onto the platform. The wooden floorboards felt strong and sturdy, just like he remembered them too.

Stood at the top of the stairs was Daniel. He looked tired and slightly demonic himself.

"I'm just trying to save you Jasper. Thats what is right." Daniel said in a low, desperate voice.

"And now I'm going to save you." Jasper said. He raced over to Daniel and pushed him with all that he had.

Daniel stumbled back and hit the railing at the top of the stairs. It broke. Daniel fell backwards and plummeted to the ground. He didn't scream. He did it smiling. He hit the ground with a thud, snapping his neck. Jasper walked over to the edge to see. Anger still in his eyes.

Something changed in his mind. His anger was ripped away and replaced by sorrow.

"Daniel?" He said with a worry in his voice.

He ran down the steps as quick as he could, they weren't broken at all, and ran over to Daniel's body. He dropped to the floor and grabbed his brother.

"Daniel! Why? Why did it come to this?"

He hugged him tight. The look on Daniel's face wasn't one of despair, but relief. He smiled, finally free.

"I'm sorry Daniel. I'm sorry for everything." He began to cry. The tears came like a flood and they wouldn't stop. He sat and hugged Daniel's body for about ten minutes before he finally closed his eyes and stood up.

All he could think about now was going home and giving Robert the biggest hug he had ever gave. He felt relieved that it was finally over. He could finally put his brother to rest.

He reached the front gates of the Amusement park and they lay open. He stepped through and back at the main road. A few cars drove past and the fog began to lift.

He looked up and felt a drop of rain on his face. Then another, then another. The rain began to pour now and Jasper enjoyed the feel of it on his skin. It was cool and refreshing. Somewhat comforting. He closed his eyes for a moment. He could see Robert's smile.

The sounds of children screaming with enjoyment filled the air.

"Excuse me sir." Said a male voice.

Jasper opened his eyes to see a man with a woman and two boys.

"Are you in the queue to the park? I guess it's not the best day to go on the roller coaster but the kids love it."

Jasper looked confused for a moment. The two boys looked up at him excited.

"It is the best ride in there." Jasper calmly said. "And I'm going home. Enjoy the park."

"We will. Thank you." The family shuffled past him as Jasper smiled on.

He made his way back to the Motel to check out. His visit to Silent Hill was over.



## EPILOGUE

Jasper stepped out of the dated Reception room of the Riverside Motel and walked over to his car. Silent Hill was still quiet, but the hum of the light traffic on the roads gave him a strange sense of comfort. He pulled out his keys and unlocked the car door. He had left the gun in his room. He wouldn't need it now.

He put his keys in the ignition and the car started straight away. Relief ran through him. He was going home.

He pulled out of the Motel's car park and made his way to the highway. He wanted to get back as quick as he could. It was starting to get late. He probably wouldn't be home until near midnight but he was sure that Robert would wait up for him.

He plugged his phone into the hands free and dialled Roberts number. It only rang once before Robert answered.

"Hey Robert, I'm on my way home. I'll be a couple of hours ok."

"I've been worried sick about you. I tried calling but I couldn't get through." Robert said with concern in his voice.

"I know. Bad reception. I'll see you soon ok."

"Ok. Was everything ok? Did you find your brother?" Robert asked.

"I'll tell you about it when I get home. I love you."

Robert breathed a smile. Jasper could tell.

"I love you too." Robert replied.

Jasper hung up the phone and then rolled down the window. He pulled out the post card and letter from his brother and dropped it out of the window. It was carried away in the wind, instantly forgotten. Jasper began to cry. But this time it was tears of happiness. The drive home wouldn't last too much longer.

Jasper eventually pulled into his street and slowly drove onto his driveway. It was quite late but he looked over at the house and the bedroom light was on. Robert was waiting for him.

He hurried into the house and up the stairs.

"Robert." Jasper shouted as he walked into the bedroom. Robert was laid on the bed face down in just his underwear. He was asleep. Jasper walked over to the bed and sat beside him. He gently ran his fingers down his cheek to rouse him. His eyes slowly opened and looked up at Jasper.

A huge grin spread across his face. "Jasper!" he said as he jolted up to wrap his arms around him. "I'm so glad you're home. I missed you so much."

Jasper looked him in the eye. "I missed you too. Robert I love you so much. I want to be all yours. Always."

Robert smiled. "That's all I've ever wanted too. Are you sure?"

"Yes. I am sure now."

"What about your brother? Did you see him?" Robert asked.

"My brother went missing years ago. I've accepted that now."

Jasper hugged Robert tightly. "You are my future now Robert."

They kissed. Jasper finally felt happy, the happiest he had been in a long time. He never spoke about his trip to Silent Hill again. No one needed to know and no one wanted to ask.

He called his mother the next morning to check in. It had been a while but it felt good to catch up. They met for coffee the next day and she had told him how proud she was of him. This was all Jasper needed. She finally was introduced to Robert the following week and she approved.

Jasper was happy again. He could live again and put his brother behind him forever.

THE END

