

**THAT HALLOWEEN NIGHT
EXCERPT**

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What happened that Halloween night I'll never forget, it changed my life forever and trust me, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I would be like you and find it hard to believe. But it is, after everything we went through, I couldn't care if you believed me or not, it doesn't matter, but let me try to explain. Let me ask a few questions to help you understand what I went through.

What would you do if you were at home, doing your normal routine of things like watching your favourite program on television, eating dinner with the family, playing poker with your buddies, taking all of their money, when all of the sudden a supernatural encounter strikes you? Are you prepared, of course not, who would be right? You make a quick stand; most likely lose a few friends as you make a quick escape to fight another time, when you say so.

Most of us don't believe in the supernatural and those who do only think it exists in a world which is not their own. They believe that vampires, werewolves, zombies and ghouls do in fact exist, but these things belong in fictional events such as the movies, role-playing games and stories that have been passed on through generation upon generation, getting distorted just an insignificant fragment each time so it doesn't seem probable. This distortion isn't on purpose, just altered to make it more exciting, to create a story, to give it life, so that they too, will tell others and pass it on.

Or what if they do truly exist? Living amongst us like normal beings and they want us to believe they subsist, but only in these fairy tales that they've created for us? Over time, slowly taking us away one by one, so nobody notices and can't alarm the rest of us. What if something went wrong? They come across the wrong man, person, who will make a stand and not submit to their needs and will not let them take anyone else in his or her place.

Now, whatever it is that is out there patiently waiting for the perfect time to come out from the dark, because they won't wait forever. We as humans have mocked their very existence for the last few hundred years and they will make their strike to conquer the globe and reclaim what was once theirs...But now it belongs to us and we won't give it up without a fight... I just hope this explains what happened that Halloween Night...

Devil's night, 2003: The full moon engulfed the pitch black sky, shining a bright yellow but the gray clouds of the night made it somewhat difficult at times to see it clearly. The breezy wind blew the clouds along the sky and each one took a turn covering it throughout the night. If you stood outside, closed your eyes and focused, drowning out the sound of people, automobiles and random bells and whistles, you could hear the sound of a faint, but distinguish howl of a wolf, weeping at the moon as it came into focus from behind the clouds.

Inside an apartment on the top floor, looking into the window, a man, who stood at five foot ten, was roughly two hundred and thirty pounds, with a little beer belly. His hair was short but rough, looked like it hadn't been cut for several months, but the ball cap he wore disguised it anyways. His scruffy face looked somewhat intrigued as his cellular phone began to make a jingle; he peered at the number, grinned when he saw whom it was and answering it, interrupting the hockey game he was in the middle of playing on his game console.

"Always when I'm about to score" he muttered as he held the phone close to his ear, changing his pitch to a more cheery tone, he answered, "Hey Attila brother. What's up?"

"Hey Steve-O, still on for poker tonight?" and with Attila's voice confirming the night's events.

"Yeah buddy. I found a few newbie's from work who want to join, you know, so that we can take money from." Steve then let loose a tiny chuckle, it had a bit of a cocky pitch in it.

Attila, through the phone laughed along with him and added "Kay, I'll be at your house at seven-ish I'll bring some beer."

"Sure, but I already have a fridge full, for everyone to drink and lose their perspective so I can take advantage and steal all the money when I lose, but what the heck, the more the merrier." Steve explained his plan to gain the advantage to his friend "See you tonight, brother" then he hung up the phone and continued to play his video game. That was when he realized he forgot to put the game on pause and saw that the computer had scored. "Damn, there goes my shutout."

Later on that evening, when the festivities of a game of poker and gambling were about to begin at Steve's apartment on Plymouth court, the howls of the night grew more prominent.

A few knocks at Steve's door signaling someone was there, wasting no time he got out of the chair, went over and opened it. There stood a man, about six-three, one hundred and fifty pounds, clean cut dirty blonde hair and was clean-shaven, holding a case of beer.

"Attila, you made it!" Steve smiled as he greeted the man at the door, he moved to the side, motioning for the man to enter his home "Last to make it, but better late than never huh? Come on in, we're about to start."

"Well, I had to hit the bank, although, we both know I don't need to since I'm going to win all the money anyhow" a sly wink as Attila walked in, inside the man's apartment, there was a kitchen to his left and heading straight was the living room where four other guys sat at a poker table. Attila took the open chair, sat down as he set the beer down beside him on the floor.

"Hey Jay" he spoke to the man at the far end from himself; the man was six two, one hundred and seventy pounds and short brown hair, wore prescription glasses and had a goatee.

"Hey Bud" Jay peered up at the man; he was in the middle of reading a comic book and then pointed out in a firm tone "You're late."

Attila opened the case of beer "I brought beer though" and tossed one over to the unhappy fellow.

He caught it in the air, replied "Forgiven" as he twisted the lid off and chugged the entire bottle down and then released a giant ten second long belch. The smell of bad breath and beer filled the small poker area.

Attila changing the subject looked around "Where's your mom Steve, she working still?"

Steve walked into the odor left by his one friend, he cringed from the smell and gave the man a dirty look and answered the question "Yeah, something about a big order that she needs to figure out, I not too sure." Steve went over to the balcony and opened the sliding door, using his one hand to try his best to wave out the smell "It's a little warm in here or the stench that bad?"

He smiled while making a comment, he then remembered he was being a bad host "Oh yeah, Attila meet Alex, Andrew and you already know Nicolo." As Steve sat down at the table in his chair and lifted his beer, which was now empty, he seemed shocked, since he hadn't had a sip from it yet. He took a quick look at Jay, who was reading his comic with a grin.

"You guys work at the old penguin too?" Attila asked Alex and Andrew as he grabbed a beer from his twenty-four-pack and handed it to Steve.

"Yep" Alex replied as he finished his beverage. "Been a few weeks now."

"I'm back for the school year." Nicolo made mention, little small talk.

"I hope Steve isn't riding your ass too hard, he used to ride mine pretty damn hard, literally." Attila enlightened those at the table with stories no one wanted to hear and then asked, "We playing with chips or just straight cash tonight?"

"Ah just cash tonight, it's simpler and not to mention, easier to deal with." Steve told him as he pulled out a deck of cards and began to shuffle them. "We got topless ladies tonight boys."

“He is quite the jokester isn’t he Attila?” Nicolo smiled, creating small talk during the game.

“Oh yeah, I’m still surprised that anyone believes him” both chuckled and then took a swig of their beers “He pulls some awesome pranks though, making people do ice inventory, go to the basement to grab a bucket of steam.”

Nicolo shared the laughter as he replied after taking a breath “yeah. Or when he asks someone to go grab a dick-fore, man Steve buddy, one of these days, we’ll all team up and get you.”

“That’ll be the day to end all days” Steve smirked as he dealt the first hand.

“I know I’ve said this before, and many others have said it to you too, but just remember the little boy...”

Steve cut in with a sarcastic, but correct response, “Yeah, yeah, the boy that cried wolf, you see there’s a difference between the kid and I...”

“Oh yeah, what’s that; the fact he was young and innocent?”

“No, he actual was being attacked by a wolf, I don’t see any wolves close to here, do you?” Steve smirked and playfully winked as he looked down at his hand.

“You cocky prick” Nicolo smiled as well and peeked at his own hand.

Alex chuckled with all the fun and then asked his question, “So what’s it for?”

“What is what for?” Nicolo seemed confused as did the rest of the men at the table; no one knew for sure what he was asking about.

“That dick-fore you mentioned some new kitchen item?”

“It’s a new item for your mom!” everyone bust into an uncontrollable laughter except for poor Alex who finally understood the joke, his face met the palm of his hand, shaking his head with the upmost regret.

“Ah crap, can’t believe I fell for that.”

“Alright” Jay looked at some of the pictures and giggled like a child “boobies” apparently he was more interested in the pictures on the cards than the value in the game.

Nicolo leaned over to peek at the pictures and pointed out “You can totally see her bush.”

“Not on my brand new cards you pervs” Steve leaned over, grabbed them right from the men’s grasp and piled them on top of one another.

Nicolo giggled as he remarked “Look, an orgy of sexy ladies, those chicks are stacked.”

“Maybe you should invest in plastic card covers.” Attila grinned as he made a great suggestion as he tossed in some coins to make a bet on the hand.

When out of the ordinary, a large crash as the front door was forcefully knocked off of the hinges by an incredible energy, flew right by them and wedged itself in the hallway to the bathroom. There was a giant dent with wood chippings in the upper middle of the door.

“What the hell?” Steve replied with an inquisitive eyebrow raise, he was about to stand up, but Alex put his hand on his shoulder while muttering “Stupid drunk neighbors, they’re going to pay for that damn door.”

“Relax, I’ll see what’s up, no one needs to get their butt kicked for this,” as Alex got up and went quickly over to the entrance, something caught him off guard as he cried out “Holy sh...” as his decapitated body then flew back into the living room. Blood gushed out everywhere; all over the white walls, couch, chair and the end table. The remaining five baffled men quickly stood up from their seats and stepped back, preparing themselves for the worst.

“Alex?” Andrew questioned in tears, and then ran towards the front yelling “That was my brother you-” But he didn’t make it out of the living room; just before leaving he crossed paths with a massive nine-foot tall, very broad wolf-looking creature.

The beast let loose a commanding roar, very loud prominent voice; it shook the glasses on the table and blew the cards all over the place.

“You’ve got to be kidding me!” a confused Steve managed to blab out, “Is that what I think it is?”

“O-okay” Nicolo replied while frozen with shock “What the crap is that?”

“What the hell, man?” an agitated Attila commented as he spilt his beer from being bumped by Steve jolting out of his seat. He apparently didn’t notice the creature yet, but he turned to see what they all were gasping at, then remained silent, just blinking profusely several times.

“What the F-” Jay bluntly spurted out as the vast wolf beast took a massive swipe at Andrew, with its huge hand that resembled a wolf paw, clawed Andrew ripping him in half. The two Andrew chunks fell to the ground and made a bloody mess on top of the already gory clutter.

A cool-headed Steve made it over to the balcony, slid the screen door open and shouted over to his pals “Let’s get the heck out of here, boys!” Attila and Jay wasted no time, stumbled into one another as they eventually hopped out and started their descent down the railing as Steve turned to Nicolo; who in the mean time was grabbing everything in sight and throwing it all at the creature, trying to slow it down; it seemed to be working momentarily.

“Come on Nicolo!” Steve yelled as he began to climb down.

Nicolo grabbed a mighty hold of the twenty-seven inch screen television “Get going, I’ll slow this guy down and will meet up with you later.”

Attila along with Jay reached the bottom, stepping onto the parking lot concrete. Wasting no time, they ran towards a black Mazda Presidia parked in a visitors spot and jumped in. While fiddling about in his pockets, Attila located his keys and started the sports car; hitting the gas, shifting to first and peeled off.

Jay, bewildered on Attila intentions on ditching their friends, asked eagerly to understand why “What about the rest of them?”

“They’ll take Steve’s car and call me.”

An exhausted Steve finally made it down, taking some deep breaths and looked confusedly around the parking lot “Ok, where did they go?” He curiously asked himself, then shrugging his shoulders he ran towards a blue four door Cavalier. After nestling in, he started the car just as Nicolo’s body landed hard leaving an indentation on the hood, his face torn half off, blood gushed all over the windshield. “Holy God monkeys, Nic, no!”

Just then the huge beast jumped down and landed a foot into the pavement, right in front of Steve’s car. The man glared at the beast and in a deep angry tone he uttered “You’re dead meat” then he pulled back on the shifter, to drive and slammed his foot hard on the gas. The vehicle jerked forward, plowing straight into the thing and kept on going, as the creature rolled off of his hood, along with the dead body of his friend. Steve then pulled out his cell phone, frantically dialed a number while flicking the wipers on, the blades swiped across the glass, smearing the blood even more so than before, making visibility even worse.

“Hello” Attila’s voice echoed from the phone “You okay Steve?”

With a flustered tone he remarked “What in hell do you think?! You ditched me!”

Defending his actions he retorted with an innocent tone “I figured you would escape in your own car with the others.”

“There are no others” Steve informed him on the situation with a grizzled tone “Meet me at Tim’s on Silver creek to figure out what that was and what we’re going to do.” Steve looked in his rear view mirror to see the creature chasing after him; running with great speed, catching up to his car. His calm stated change drastically again as he replied with “You serious?”

“What?”

Continuing to panic, he checked out all his mirrors and explained “The damn thing is after me! And get this, it’s catching up.”

Attila replied with a simple solution “Go faster then.”

Steve looked at the speedometer, it read seventy-five kilometers “I’m going seventy-five and I can hardly see out the windshield, I didn’t fill up the washer fluid.”

“Where are you?”

“On Willow, just coming up on the hill, I think.”

Attila handed Jay the phone, then he yanked hard on the emergency brake and cranked the steering wheel to the left, causing the car to spin right around. After the car spun and performed a one-hundred and eighty degree spin, Attila slammed the gas.

“I’ve got a plan!” Attila yelled towards the phone as the accelerated at incredible speeds.

After fumbling about with the phone and almost dropping it, Jay informed Steve of as much of Attila’s actions as he could figure out “We’re coming Bro.”

Petrified, Steve’s eyes widen with sheer terror “What? No bloody way! Turn the heck around! His thing will just cleave us all into bites, get to safety and warn others.”

Just then, Attila drove the Presidia over the hill, at that speed, it flew through the air for several seconds as it came crashing down, the shocks caused it to bounce a few times, sparks from the bottom hitting the road flew, they drove pass Steve’s car and swerved into the running creature that was gaining close behind. The front end connected with the beast, changing its direction, Attila then hit the brakes as the beast flew sideways, away from the group, skidding, rolling uncontrollably into a grungy ditch nearby and out of sight.

Steve immediately rolled down his power window as he backed the car towards the others. Enthused, he remarked “Thanks man. I owe you one.”

“Make a tab because I’m sure you’ll pay me back soon.”

Jay, eagerly wanting to get out of the area spoke up “Come on guys we need to keep moving; that little messily hit won’t keep that bastard down.”

The other two seemed awfully bewildered as Steve curiously questioned the puzzled look on his pals face “Why won’t it? Attila hit that thing pretty hard. It’s probably a bloody corpse by now. Should call the police I guess...”

“Cause if I’m right, that thing is a bloody werewolf. So it’s probably using its regenerating ability to heal. And the longer we keep our asses here, the more likely he’ll jump back out and chow down on us.” Jay bluntly responded, he didn’t cover it with sprinkles, he spat out the truth.

“Werewolves, come on now, those things only exist in books and the movies” Steve muttered on, disbelieving the whole thing, he cracked a smile “I think somebody here’s been reading too many of those role-playing books and comics.”

“Well then you go tell the ten-foot hulking ass wolf-looking thing, that I’m wrong. And when he lashes out and maims your corpse, we will know that I was right.”

“I think we shouldn’t argue at this point” Attila jumped into the conversation trying to soothe the aggressive situation. “We should keep all options open. It didn’t look human, that’s for damn sure.”

Steve nodded, agreeing with the latter response “you’re absolutely right. Something is sketchy here, might be fictional, might be real, but its happening. So what do we do about it?”

“We should be moving; book it out of here!” Jay suggested in a panicked tone and then brought up “Who knows how many are out there on the loose.”

“Let’s head down to the police department” Attila calmly and rationally suggested “inform them about these, werewolves running around. Also, we’ll be safer there than anywhere else.”

“True, we’ll be safe” A concerned Steve looked beyond his pals and onto the humble city, “what about all of them?” He paused, allowing the others to look off to the distance, and then he pointed out using a sincere tone “This, whatever you want to call it, will probably kill anyone who gets in its way. If there’s only one, we can kill it before it gets anyone else.”

"This isn't a movie Steve. This is serious shit we're dealing with" Jay argued the notion "this isn't a make-belief character you can just sacrifice because you're feeling cocky and reroll another when you get brutally killed..."

"He's right; we're not heroes in some movie, that's what the cops are for." Attila enticed him to see rationally "I don't feel like dying today. Trust me, I see your point, but geez man, honestly though, who are we?"

Jay confined with passion as he added "Yeah Bro, enough of us have died."

Saddened, Steve turned away, trying to avoid eye-contact and was not pleased with Attila's speech as he forcefully muttered under his breath "we're nobodies." Then looking back to his friends with a spark of hope in his eyes "but I can't and won't leave this thing alone while we go get the cops." He thought for a second, erected a conniving grin as he exclaimed "I got it!"

Jay cut in, like he knew precisely what Steve was about to say "hell no man, that's suicide."

Steve continued to smile while explaining his plan "You go get the cops, and I distract the beast."

"That is outright suicide. No way are we leaving you to die" Attila disagreed, he obviously didn't like Steve's plan "We will all go get the cops and come back."

"Yeah bro, snap out of this action trip and back to reality, what are you going to do exactly?"

"Aggravate it and get it to follow me?" Steve spat out the first idea that came to mind, causing Jay to chuckle, just as he was about to say something, the gigantic wolf-beast leapt on top of Steve's hood and dug its powerful claws into the metal roof. Startled, Steve ducked down to avoid being cut by the sharp penetrating claws.

"Go! Go! Get the damn cops, I'll be fine!"

While shaking his head, Attila put the shifter into first, "meet us there in ten."

As they began to pull away, Jay hung out the window and yelled out "Silver might hurt him Steve, if it is a werewolf that is!"

"I don't think Steve carries silver on him Jay" Attila remarked as he drove the car at incredible speeds then asking "What's the quickest way down town?"

Jay just laughed as he replied. "Steve would know."

The supernatural beast used its one massive paw to beat down on the roof of the car, leaving a bigger dent with each commanding blow on the passenger side.

"Okay fur ball, round two." Steve sounded a bit more serious as he put the shifter from reverse to drive and hit the gas pedal all the way. Jerking the car forward, burning the rubber as it spun along the paved road, the vehicle peeled off and the inertia force jolted the creature back but still held on, using the claws that were dug into the metal. Steve drove the car further up the hill, the total opposite direction as Attila and Jay.

"What's he doing?" A concerned Attila asked the only other person in the car with him, as he observed Steve's actions through the rear view mirror "He's not following us."

Jay spun around his seat to look back, "he's knee deep in werewolf shit, that's why." He angrily commented as he banged his fist against the dashboard, cracking it. "Do you really think the pigs are going to help us? It does sound really retarded, don't it?"

"They're the only ones who can do something to stop it?" Attila, kept on driving towards downtown, the car must have been going almost a hundred kilometers by now. They were long gone from Steve's location, now out of sight and the area "We don't have any guns..." he paused to give Jay a rather puzzled expression, before adding "Right?" It was like he didn't know if he was speaking for the both of them or not.

"What? This is Canada; we don't have the right to bear arms!"

"I just know the kind of crazy self-efficient lunatic you tend to be."

“Hey, I’ve never committed a crime in my entire stinkin’ life alright.”

Then, a police cruiser appeared behind them, flashing his lights, signaling them to pull over. An agitated Jay commented as Attila pulled over to the side of the road “Ah shit the pigs. This is going to be a big waste of time.”

Attila remarked baffled, “No, no Jay, this is a good thing. We reached the cops without having to get to the station. We’ll just tell this cop what’s going on, he’ll radio for back up and we’ll get back to Steve sooner than expected.”

The police officer was patient, doing what officers do to speeders, took his time as he slowly stepped out of his cruiser, adjusted his uniform, he seemed rather restless. Taking in the cool night air, he slowly walked up to Attila’s window as he was rolling it down.

He pulled out his flashlight; shone the bright beam of light all around inside. “License and registration, going a little fast weren’t we? Let me guess, you speedometers broken, right?”

Attila didn’t waste time with small talk, he blurted out the predicament. “Listen, our friend’s being attacked by a werewolf and we were heading down to the station to get help while he distracted it.”

Jay searched for the papers in the glove box he mumbled rather clearly. “Just peel off Bud.” The cop didn’t hear him but flashed the light beam his way just as he found the papers.

“Your friends being chased by a werewolf huh, that’s a new one I must say.” The cop didn’t look too impressed. “Do I look...?”

Attila cut in, “I know it sounds childish, but it’s true. Go take a look for yourself, trust me, I don’t want to believe it either.”

“I’m not falling for it ok, just hand over the papers and let’s get this done.” The pessimistic officer of the law shrugged off the warning, pulled out his note pad and to begin to write out a ticket.

While scribbling down the information, a commanding “ROAR” echoed the streets as a werewolf leapt out from practically nowhere, taking a vicious swipe with its mammoth claws towards the unaware officer. With jagged slashing cuts, the claws hacked through and decapitated the cop; blood squirted out and splattered all over the side of Attila’s car some flew inside, onto his shirt and steering wheel.

“Holy Gees another one!?” Attila replied in shock as the cops head bounced several times across the hood of his car.

“Holy shit balls! Drive, drive, drive!” A frightful Jay cried out as the werewolf reached in and grabbed a hold onto Attila’s arm.

Frozen stiff from sheer terror Attila screamed out as Jay, knowing he had to act quickly, scurried about in the backseat and he found some body spray. While grabbing the can, he aimed it directly at the werewolf’s eyes, and released the mist. The werewolf immediately shut its eyes in tremendous pain from the impact of the mist, taking a staggering step back, releasing its grip on Attila who didn’t hesitate to take the opportunity to slam down on the gas.

“Wait! Go back; we can use the cop’s pistol against the werewolf!” Jay hesitantly recommended, perplexed by Jay’s statement, Attila gave him a, are you nuts, look and since he took his eyes off of the road, the car crashed into a parked truck that was illegally there anyways. The little sports car imbedded into the back of the pickup truck, flipping over several times before coming to a halt upside down.

Minutes had passed by and both men slowly got out of the damaged car, but by then the creature was already long gone. Reassuring themselves that they were safe for now, they quickly headed back to the policeman’s decapitated and mutilated body. The engine of the cruiser was still running, so Jay went over to the vacant car and popped open the trunk.