

Guillotine

Horriſying Tales From The Dead II

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"Come one come all to the greatest show on Earth," says the ringmaster of the "Circus of Horrors." Every Halloween the town of Deadsville holds their annual "Circus of Horrors" that brings in tourists from all over the world. The "Circus of Horrors" was the only real money maker for the town of Deadsville. Deadsville had one post office, one church, one store, etc., so there wasn't very much excitement in this little town. Though the town of Deadsville wasn't dead, hence the name. Just like everything, this world has to offer in everyday life. Things can get rather boring unless you can think up new ideas that will stand out to make the tourist's want more. Deadsville's "Circus of Horrors"

attendance was dwindling because of no new exciting attractions, till one day when an eccentric old man pulled up in a dusty old van and asked to see the ringmaster of the "Circus of Horrors."

The ringmaster said, "What do you want from me old man? Can't you see I'm busy right now and don't have time to be messing around this place? This better not be a waste of my time. What is it you want to show me old man?"

"Come here, and I'll show you. I promise you won't be disappointed," said the excited old man.

The ringmaster followed the old man to his van to see what he wanted to show him. The old man opened the back door of the van, and the old man said: "What do you think?"

The ringmaster replied, "Looks like some wooden piece of furniture. You mean to tell me you interrupted my busy work schedule for this. I should have you thrown out of my circus right now!"

The old man yelled, "Wait! Don't leave yet; you haven't seen what this wooden structure you call a piece of furniture is. Just bear with me for just another minute, and I promise you won't be disappointed."

"Well, alright, make it snappy. I haven't got all day," said an angry ringmaster.

"Would you believe it if I told you this would be the best main attraction at your circus by far," said the old man.

"You've got to be kidding," replied the ringmaster.

"First, get a couple of strong men to help me get it out of the van, and I will tell you all about it," exclaimed the old man.

"Look, if this is some joke, you're going to be in a lot of trouble old man," said an angry ringmaster.

The ringmaster got two of his strongest men Hector and Ugo to pull the large piece of wood structure out of the van.

Ugo asked the ringmaster, "Where do you want us to put it?"

The ringmaster replied, "Bring it inside the tent behind you, and we'll let the old man tell us why this piece of wood is going to be our main attraction this Halloween."

The old man said, "Okay, are you ready, ringmaster?"

"I think I'm as ready as I'll ever be, you've only wasted about an hour of my time, what's a few more minutes," said a frustrated ringmaster.

The old man removed the cover from the wooden structure and said, "What do you think?"

The ringmaster laughed, "It's just a *guillotine*, I was expecting something better than this. I think you need to leave so I can get back to work."

The old man being frustrated with the ringmaster said, "I'm sorry that you feel that I've wasted your time and I see you're upset at me, but let me tell you about why this *guillotine* will be the main attraction and money maker for your "Circus of Horrors." This guillotine is from the mid-evil times and is the only one of its kind, which makes this a rare find. This guillotine has been used at every famous execution, and there's more."

"I'm listening old man," said the ringmaster with his arms folded together.

"With this guillotine, you get your executioner," said the old man.

"Where? I don't see any executioner," laughed the ringmaster.

"Oh, but you will. Could I have a word with you alone?" said the old man.

"Okay, Hector and Ugo, Come, back in about twenty minutes?" said the ringmaster.

"Okay, old man, we're alone, let's hear it!" said the ringmaster with anger in his eyes.

The old man handed the ringmaster an envelope. "What's this?" asked the ringmaster.

"Open the envelope and read what it says to me?" said the old man.

"Whoever says the incantation aloud as written in this letter word for word will receive an abundance of wealth. To receive an abundance of wealth, you must fulfill the Executioners demands. If not, the executioner will have your head," said the old man.

The ringmaster said with an excited look on his face, "What do I get to lose? Just my head," as he laughed out loud.

The old man said in a serious voice, "Go ahead and read the incantation, and your life will be rich beyond your wildest dreams."

As the ringmaster was reading the mantra aloud, something strange was happening. The tent filled with a fog of smoke and within minutes, the fog cleared, and the executioner appeared next to the guillotine.

"Who summons me?" said the tall, two hundred and fifty-pound executioner, with a black hood over his head with blazing red eyes, peering from the holes cut out from the mask.

"It is I," said the fearless ringmaster.

As the ringmaster turned to ask the old man what's next, the old man was already in his van with the key in the ignition ready to drive off. The ringmaster ran out of the tent, yelling "What's next? what's next old man?"

As the ringmaster was running behind the old man's van asking him what to do, the old man stuck his head out of the window of the van and said, "The executioner will tell you, the executioner will tell."

Then the van sped off down the dirt road leaving the ringmaster bent over with his hands on his knees gasping for breath. The ringmaster walked back to the tent to ask the executioner what his plans were and when he would receive this abundance of wealth.

The executioner's response was, "You will not receive any money until you meet my demands."

"Okay, let's get on with it!" said the ringmaster with greed in his eyes.

"First thing you need to do is search out people that are loners and tell them they will be part of the main attraction at the "Circus of Horrors," and also, tell them they will get a rewarded for their participation with the act," said the executioner with a deep eerie voice.

"Sounds pretty easy to me, I'll just tell Ugo and Hector to start rounding up some loners and let the money roll in," said the ringmaster.

"Not so fast, you and only you are to bring in these loners. If I find out that you haven't lived up to our agreement, I'm sure that my guillotine and I can come up with something if you know what I mean," said the executioner.

Then the executioner released the rope to the guillotine and the blade came down on the melon that he placed where the head goes, and the blade cut right through it as the executioner was laughing.

"You have one hour to bring in someone for the main attraction," said the executioner.

The ringmaster left the tent, and got into his car, drove to the local tavern to bring in someone for the main attraction. The ringmaster found an old drunk man sitting in the dark corner of the bar passed out from one too many drinks.

The ringmaster said to himself, "This old man will do just fine."

The ringmaster tapped the old man on his shoulder, and the old man raised his head off the table and started mumbling and lowered his head back down on the table and started snoring.

The ringmaster said eagerly, "Looks like it's going to take more than a tap on the shoulder to wake up this old drunk man."

The ringmaster got a pitcher of beer in one hand and a pitcher of cold water in the other hand and placed them both down on the table. The ringmaster picked up the cold water and poured it over the top of the old man's head.

The old man looked up at the ringmaster and in a slurred voice said, "Why did you do that?"

The ringmaster replied, "Because, I've got some good news for you and I bought a pitcher of beer just for you. You will be the main attraction at my "Circus of Horrors." Don't worry. You'll get paid for your participation so that you can buy lots of beer.

"Wow! That sounds like an offer I can't refuse," said the drunken old man.

"Okay, old man, do we have a deal or not?" replied the greedy ringmaster.

"You bet we do," belched the old man.

"Drink up, and I'll drive you to my "Circus of Horrors," said the money hungry ringmaster.

It only took the old man about five minutes, and a few belches in between and they were on their way to the first show of the main attraction (The Guillotine). When they arrived at the circus, the ringmaster had to get Ugo and Hector to bring the old drunk man into the tent for the main attraction. Hector and Ugo placed the old man's body on the guillotine and gave him a few more sips of beer then the old man passed out drunk. Mobs of curious people flocked to the tent with their tickets to get the thrill of their lives. It was standing room only. The ringmaster announced the main attraction of the "Guillotine." Then with a drum roll and everyone's heart pounding with excitement, the executioner released the rope holding the blade way above the old man's head, and within seconds the old man's head rolled into the bucket. The executioner pulled down a lever, and the old man's torso went down into the fiery pit of Hades. The executioner picked the old man's head out of the bucket to show the puzzled onlookers. Some ran out of the tent screaming while others were scratching their heads in disbelief that this could be real. The ringmaster reassured the crowd that its part of the act and not to worry, it's just an illusion. The ringmaster thanked everyone for coming to see the main attraction and to make sure to come to see the show again and tell your friends the "Circus of Horrors" lasts throughout October. The ringmaster questioned the

executioner about where all the people that were used in the "Guillotine" attraction had gone.

The executioners' response was, "Let's say they let the act go to their heads," laughed the executioner.

"Executioner, I'm getting a little tired of this act and besides I do believe we had an agreement, that if I met your demands, I would be rewarded with great wealth, but I'm beginning to think it's all just a lie," said a frustrated ringmaster.

The executioner replied, "You will be rewarded as soon as the complete run of the main attraction is complete. The main attraction ends at the stroke of midnight on Halloween night. The Guillotine and I will vanish, and a briefcase full of 1,000 dollar-bills will be yours for services rendered. How does that sound to you, ringmaster?"

"Well, if you put it that way, I guess the wait isn't so bad after all," said the ringmaster.

The ringmaster was tricked by the executioner to bring in innocent people to the attraction for the pleasure of cutting their heads off and then sending their bodies to Hades, the lake of fire. There would be no money, just death for the ringmaster.

Finally, October 31st came, and it was the last day of the main attraction. The ringmaster checked his watch and said to himself, "Just three more hours, and I'll be the wealthiest man in this town and won't have to worry about a thing."

The ringmaster's dreams were about to vanish as fast as they entered his mind. The ringmaster rechecked his watch and said to the executioner, "I am so excited to receive this wealth you are about to give me. I'm just at a loss of words."

The executioner laughed under his breath, saying, "A loss of words isn't the only thing you'll be losing, your head too."

The executioner placed the briefcase on top of the bucket where the severed head dropped into and said, "Ringmaster you've done a fine job for me, now it's time to get what's coming to you."

The ringmaster put one knee on the guillotine, and the executioner said, "Why don't you lie down on the guillotine and open the briefcase so we both can see all that money?"

Like a dummy, the ringmaster lay down on the guillotine and just as the ringmaster popped the other latch to open the briefcase to see what he thought would encase a wealth beyond his imagination. The executioner released the rope holding the guillotine's blade stationary and before the ringmaster had a chance to get out of harms' way his head rolled off of the guillotine onto the floor. The executioner was laughing hysterically, calling the ringmaster a fool then the executioner pulled the lever down, sending the ringmaster's body into Hades, the lake of fire.

The executioner opened the briefcase and picked up the ringmaster's head and said, "Look ringmaster there's no money, what a silly fool to believe an executioner could grant a wish."

The executioner and his guillotine vanished into thin air, and the entrance to Hades was sealed but will open back up when the next fool comes along and

meets the old man with the guillotine and is suckered in to do the executioners bidding. The ringmaster had no idea the executioner and the old man were in this little scheme together. The old man wasn't an old man. He was Satan doing what he does best to deceive people and taking their souls to the lake of fire Hades forever.

The moral to the story is if it's too good to be true, then it is.

