

The Castle Walls of Death

HorriFying Tales From The Dead I

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Shortly before leaving work for the day, George received a call from a distant relative telling him he was the sole heir of his great grandfather's castle in England.

„Wow, I've always dreamed of living in a castle ever since I was a little boy. The quietness of a castle far from society will give me time to work on my new novel. I can't wait to tell Henrietta and the kids about our new found riches. We will have to leave by the end of the week to be in time for the reading of the Will and sign all the appropriate documents,“ George said excitedly.

„I’m sorry about such short notice,” George explained to his boss, „but I have to be at the reading of the Will, or I will have to forfeit my inheritance.”

„You know if you leave, your job will no longer be here if you decide to come back,” the boss replied sternly.

„Yes, I know, but this is my calling, and I’m not going to let this chance of a lifetime pass me by,” said George firmly.

„Well, good luck to you and your family with your new found fortune,” the boss said rather dryly.

George cleared everything off of his desk and put it in a box. He grabbed his coat, shook his boss’s hand, and told him he would write soon to let him know how things were going. George loaded his box of stuff from his desk into the trunk of the car and drove home to tell his family the news. George stopped on the way back to pick up some roses for Henrietta and some candy for the kids. He was anxious to get home to tell them the great news. As his car pulled into the driveway, his heart was racing. He took a deep breath and put the car in park. He grabbed the roses and candy, walked up to the front door, and rang the doorbell.

„Honey, why the roses?” Henrietta asked when she opened the door.

„Go get the kids and bring them into the living room, and I’ll explain,” George said excitedly. „I was about to leave work when I got a call from a distant relative saying I had just inherited my great grandfather’s castle in England. They said that if I don’t come to England for the reading of the Will, I’ll forfeit my rights to the inheritance. The conditions were that whoever inherits the castle must live in it as the caretakers or the castle will be passed on to another surviving relative. So, darling, we must get our clothes packed and board a plane within the next day or two. We need to let the realtor sell everything in our house that we can’t take along to our new residence. Moving into the castle will be what I need to continue writing the novel, I so desperately need to finish. Then our family won’t have to worry anymore about not having enough to get by. Anyway, this two-bedroom house is falling apart, and I’m tired of not being able to provide for my family the way I’ve always wanted to.”

Henrietta got everything packed, and George took care of the plane tickets for Friday’s departure. It seemed like Friday would never come. George loaded the family’s suitcases into the trunk of the car, and they were off on their way to the airport. It was a beautiful, warm day with not a cloud in the sky. George was able to get first class tickets, and the stewardess made sure they were all well taken care of on their long flight to England. The plane finally landed. The lawyer was at the airport waiting to pick the family up for the reading of the Will. As they approached the old stone structure, they were in awe over the beauty of the castle grounds.

„Oh George, I didn’t realize how breathtaking a castle would be. I’ve only seen pictures in magazines!” Henrietta gasped.

The lawyer pulled the car to the front entrance of the castle and let everyone out. Three people were waiting outside to greet them. „Wow, servants,” George observed.

„You didn’t think you could take care of this beautiful castle with just two people living in it, did you?” the lawyer asked with a chuckle.

„The butler and maid will take your suitcases to your new rooms and unpack everything. The Chef will prepare our dinner, and afterward, we will go to the study for the reading of the Will. How does that sound, sir?“ explained the lawyer.

„It sounds wonderful. We’re all famished,“ George replied.

Everyone gathered around the table to eat when all of a sudden, the beautiful sunny day turned into a raging thunderstorm.

„It looks like we got to the castle just in the nick of time!“ Henrietta exclaimed.

Henrietta, being a very religious woman, told everyone to join hands so she could bless the food they were all about to eat. Afterward, George told the lawyer about the vivid dream about living in a castle he had when he was a child.

„It looks like your dream has finally come true,“ the lawyer said with a smile.

„Yes, it has! and I’ll finally have the chance to work on my novel and finish it,“ exclaimed George.

„May I ask you what the title of your book will be?“ asked the lawyer.

„Sure, the title is *The Castle Walls of Death*,“ George replied.

„You must be a fan of horror stories?“ asked the lawyer.

„Yes, I am. And I thought if anyone else can write a good horror story, why can’t I do the same? After all, I’ve always been fascinated with the occult,“ George said in confidence.

„Well, enough about me. Let’s eat and get to the study so the lawyer can read the Will,“ said George with a smile on his face.

When everyone finished their dinner, the lawyer escorted them to the study. They all sat down at the long, dark table, eager to hear what was in the Will.

„Okay then, let’s get down to business,“ said the lawyer.

„I, Thomas James Smith, hereby leave all my worldly possessions, servants, and castle to George Thomas Smith, the sole heir to my estate, should he still be living,“ explained the lawyer.

George turned and hugged Henrietta tightly. They were visibly overwhelmed with joy, and the children were jumping out of their chairs. The children couldn’t wait to run through the castle and do some exploring.

„That’s all. I need George to sign the necessary documents to make this all legal and then I can go home to my family,“ the lawyer said.

The whole family instantly fell in love with the castle and everything in it, but it wouldn’t be long before their dreams were shattered.

Everything seemed fine for a few months. One day when the children were playing in the dungeon, one child came across an old book. They were amazed at the pictures of demons, witches, and ghouls as they flipped through the old pages. The cover of the book was too dusty to read, so they just kept gazing at the pictures. They ran across some surely demonic words, but the children didn’t realize how powerful these words would be when reading aloud. These words would end up destroying the whole family and everything in these castle walls. As the children read the ancient chant, the thunder got louder, and screams and moans echoed within the castle walls. Henrietta went searching through the castle to find her children, but there was no sign of either child. It was as if the castle had opened up and swallowed them whole. The children didn’t realize the words

they had read were from the ancient Egyptian *Book of the Dead*. The local villagers said that the book was burned along with the witch that practiced black magic from its pages.

Henrietta went into a deep depression after many days of scouring the castle from top to bottom. She had hoped that the children had stumbled into some hidden passageway and would come out at any moment. But weeks went by, and there was no trace or even the smallest hint of their whereabouts. Things only worsened Henrietta's depression, and George had just finished half of his novel. The growing misfortune of his family caused George to start drinking heavily.

Every time Henrietta or George tried to either call for help or attempted to leave the castle, an evil force would stop them dead in their tracks. Somehow, the evil force would put them into a hypnotic trance and take over their bodies against their Will. The demonic force willed George and Henrietta to kill the Chef, butler, and maid.

Over many days, the servants were led one by one into the dungeon. The castle's dungeon was full of medieval torture devices like the Rack, Iron Maiden, and the Brazen Bull. The servants were tortured mercilessly until they took their last breaths.

Henrietta used the Iron Maiden on the maid. To lure her in, Henrietta had told the maid she thought she heard her children calling to her in the dungeon. She asked the maid if she would go down into the dungeon to help her find them. The maid eagerly agreed to help and followed Henrietta willingly into the depths of the dungeon. „I think one of them may be hiding in that large sarcophagus against the wall,“ Henrietta deviously suggested. The maid peered inside the Iron Maiden, and Henrietta pushed her inside. The many spikes pierced the maid's upper and lower body until she bled to death. No one could hear her screams. Henrietta went out of the dungeon to tell George that the deed was done.

„Take the butler and the Chef to the dungeon. I will knock them over the head with a board,“ George instructed.

„OI will put the butler on the Rack and put the Chef inside the Brazen Bull. When they wake up, we'll torture them to death, and then our duties will be fulfilled,“ explained George.

The Chef woke up first, so George lit the fire underneath the Brazen Bull. The Chef started screaming, making it sound like the bull was raging. But within a few minutes, the Chef stopped screaming and roasted to death inside. Shortly afterward, the butler regained consciousness and smelt something burning and asked, „What's that smell? It smells like flesh,“ asked the Chef.

„Yes, you're right. Your friend was roasting inside the Brazen Bull, and now it's your turn to join him in agonizing death,“ said George in an angry voice.

„No! No! Please don't! I beg you!“ the butler cried desperately.

„Don't you worry it will all be over in a few minutes? It is time to begin,“ George said with a devilish grin.

He proceeded to rotate the lever that would eventually cause the joints to dislocate and separate the muscle fibers, ligaments, and cartilage. As he turned the lever, the butler's screams echoed throughout the stone walls. It wasn't until his arms and legs separated from his body that the screaming ceased and the butler breathed his last breath.

„The deed is done, Henrietta, and we can rest now,” said George.

The evil force told them that if anyone comes to the castle, they were to welcome them in and offer them something to drink. Should they refuse their hospitality, the force would put them into a trance and lead them to the dungeon. Henrietta would be made to escort them to one of the devices, and the torture would begin. Anyone that entered those castle walls from that day forward would be escorted to the dungeon, never to be heard from again.

