

The Crematory

Horriſying Tales From The Dead I

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Delmer was an only child born into poverty. He grew up on a farm and sheltered from any other human contact until the age of seven. His father was an alcoholic, and his mother slept with every man in town. Delmer did not know what it was like to have a loving family and a stable home. He believed that every family must be like his until his mother sent him off to school for the first time in his life.

At first, everything seemed to be pretty standard for Delmer. He couldn't understand why his classmates were laughing at him all the time. He wasn't a bully, he didn't have the luxuries that other children his age had, and he had a smell to him. His clothes were slightly ragged, his hair was matted, his teeth were

crooked and yellow, he spoke with a lisp, and one of his feet twisted in so he couldn't walk a straight line. Instead of retaliating, Delmer decided to hold all the hurt and anger inside, just like he did with his parents.

One day he decided it was time to fire up his father's crematory and see if there was any life in the old furnace. His father's crematory business used to flourish until alcohol started consuming his life. He would beat Delmar and his mother daily.

As Delmar lit the furnace, the flames got higher and higher. It was as if the furnace was speaking to him. A sense of calm came over him that he had never felt before in his life. Delmar would sit beside the furnace and talk to it as if the furnace could hear him.

One day his father came down to the crematory where he hid his booze and stumbled upon Delmar sitting near the furnace. „Boy, what are you doing down here? I thought I told you never to come down here! I guess I'll have to teach you a lesson! Bend over, boy!“ his father growled as he pulled out his belt. He gulped down the last of his whiskey and started whipping his son uncontrollably. Delmar's cries echoed throughout the crematory and reached the farmhouse. His mother heard his cries and ran to the crematory where her son lay lifeless.

„What happened?“ his mother cried.

„None of your business women just shut up! This is between father and son and doesn't concern you,“ his father replied heartlessly. „Now get out of here before I beat you too!“

„You wouldn't,“ Delmer's mother snapped back.

His father opened another bottle of whiskey, turned it up, and wiped off his mouth as he shut the door. „This is for all the men you've slept with,“ he said sternly as he started beating her with his belt until she fell unconscious.

Delmar slowly regained consciousness and glanced up at the furnace. He couldn't believe what he saw in the raging fire. He could hear a voice calling to him.

„Get up, Delmar. Your father has passed out from alcohol consumption. He needs to pay for what he has done to you and your mother. I will give you the strength to put him in the fire and, if you wish it, your mother as well.“

Delmar accepted the strength and, as promised by the fire, he was able to toss his mother and father into the furnace easily. As he was walking towards the door, the voice called him back. „We're not through here, Delmer, not by a long shot. As long as you do as I say, you will be rewarded as you've never known,“ the voice rumbled. „Here is your reward. All you have to do is pull down the handle and pull out the metal drawer.“

Delmer obeyed and promptly pulled down the handle. He heard something drop down into the drawer, and he proceeded to pull it out. There were two shiny gold coins worth thousands of dollars. Delmar was ecstatic.

„So, all I have to do when I need some money just come to the crematory, pull the lever, and it will drop into the drawer?“ Delmer asked excitedly.

The devil laughed and said, „You silly fool, it's not that easy. If it were, everyone would be doing it. I chose you because of your terrible past and present forthcoming. The only way to reap the reward is to bring someone alive to me

daily. Should you fail to please me, you will die in the furnace just like the others have. Go out and find me some live bodies.“

Delmar had no idea who or what he was dealing with and he didn't waste any time though. He jumped into his dead father's car and set out in search of some live bodies to bring back to the furnace.

He started with people that wouldn't be missed. Since Delmar only had an elementary education, he didn't understand what he was doing is considered murder. He also had no religious background and knew of no devil or god. Delmar felt it was ok to lure people to the crematory to get a gold coin. Delmar thought these were bad people chosen by the voice from the furnace, and he felt like he was doing a good deed for the town where he lived.

A year had passed by, and Delmar had lured hundreds of innocent people to their deaths inside the crematory. Finally, the devil was through using Delmar for his dirty deeds and decided that the next body he brought to the furnace would be his last. After the body was inside the furnace, Delmar waited patiently for his reward, but there was none. He was agitated.

„Why?“ Delmer cried.

„I'm through here, but there is one thing you can do for me,“ the devil replied.

„What's that?“ Delmar asked eagerly.

„I want your soul. In return, you will have eternal life.“

Delmer replied without hesitation, „That sounds good. What do you want me to do?“

„Just open the door to the furnace and climbed in,“ the devil replied.

„I'm not going to climb inside the furnace and burn to death!“ Delmer replied, shaking his head.

„But you will!“ the devil roared.

Delmar ran to the front door and tried to escape, but the door slammed shut in his face. No matter how hard Delmar fought to escape, the devil's powers were too strong and the furnace door flung wide open. The devil put Delmar into a trance and led him to the blazing furnace.

„Step inside. There is a great reward waiting for you,“ the devil commanded.

Delmar climbed inside and was never seen or heard from again. All the innocent deaths were never solved. And as for the crematory, the devil burned it to the ground, destroying any evidence.

