

The Death of a Writer

Horriſying Tales From The Dead II

by Drac von Stoller

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Daniel always dreamed of being an aspiring author that would make him the envy of every horror fiction writer. Daniel was an avid horror reader that knew every character in his books. Daniel loved to show off to his friends about how much he knew about the characters he read about in his writings. Daniel's life was about to change very soon. Daniel liked to read his horror books down in the family crypt. Daniel would say to himself, "If I'm going to be a famous author what better place for me to be inspired, the family crypt." Daniel would spend hours down in the family crypt reading book after book until his eyes were too heavy to see what he was reading.

One night when the wind was blowing and the trees were swaying back and forth. Daniel felt inspired and told his parent's that he wanted to spend the night in the family crypt. Daniel's parents weren't big horror fans, but if Daniel feels that spending the night in the family crypt will inspire him to write, then so be it. Daniel thanked his parent's for being so understanding. Daniel's parents packed him some food and gave him a lantern and sleeping pack so he would be comfortable during the night. Daniel's father walked with him to the family crypt so he could make sure Daniel was safe. "Daniel if you need anything, just call me on your cell phone," said Daniel's father. "Don't worry father, I'll be alright, it's only for a night," said Daniel. "See you in the morning," said his father. "Goodnight father," said, Daniel. Daniel's father locked the door to the family crypt and went back to the house to get some rest for the night. Daniel said to himself, "This place looks a little creepy, hope no one comes out to get me while I'm sleeping." Daniel put his sleeping bag on the floor, sat down opened up his favorite collection of horror stories, *31 Horrifying Tales from The Dead* by author Drac Von Stoller. As Daniel was reading one of the stories called *Necronomicon*, a light was peering underneath one of the doors in the crypt. Daniel said, "I was getting into this story. I guess I'll put it down and see what the light in the room is all about." Daniel got up off the floor, and cautiously approached the door and took a deep breath and slowly turned the doorknob. The door made a creaking noise as he slowly opened the door. Daniel stepped inside the room and didn't notice anything strange right off until he started to turn around and head back into the family crypt. There was a strange looking book that had just fallen off of the bookcase. Daniel went over to pick the book off the floor. Daniel said, "What a strange book." Daniel clutched the book in his hands and blew off the dust from the cover. The more the book rest in Daniel's hands, the more the book felt as though it was coming alive. The book was getting hot, so Daniel dropped the book on the floor, which made him a little fearful of the book's power. As Daniel started walking towards the door, he noticed the door was not getting any closer. Daniel began running faster and faster as his heart was pounding out of his chest. "It's no use," said Daniel. "No matter how hard I try to reach the door, my hand can't reach the doorknob said, Daniel. Daniel stopped running and bent over, clutching his knees, trying his best to catch his breath. Daniel turned towards the book and noticed it was glowing bright red and orange as though the writing was on fire. Daniel said, "Well since I'm not getting anywhere, I might as well see what this book is all about." Daniel picked the book off the floor and noticed a pentagram on the front cover of the book.

"What a strange looking book?" said Daniel.

Daniel slowly turned page after page in the book, but there was no writing in the book. Daniel was about to close the book and put it back on the shelf when a black pen with a pentagram etched on the barrel of the pen fell to the floor. Daniel picked the pen off the floor and looked the pen over and put two and two together and said, "This book and pen is going to make my stories come to life on paper. Then I'll be more famous than my favorite author, Drac Von Stoller."

Daniel couldn't wait to get into his sleeping bag and start writing a horror story. Daniel's dream of being a famous author was only a dream that would alone die in his pen strokes. Daniel opened the book to the first blank page and started writing

for hours. Daniel said, "This is a piece of cake; it won't be long before everyone is saying Drac who?" Daniel had no idea that every pen stroke was draining the life out of him, but he was too high on writing that he didn't even notice he was slowly dying. Morning finally arrived, and Daniel's father came down to the family crypt to see how Daniel's night of writing went. Daniel's father unlocked the door to the vault and sat beside Daniel, who was still writing like he had accomplished what he set out to do.

Daniel said, "Look, father, I've written some of the best horror stories ever written, not even Drac Von Stoller could have written such a masterpiece that I have written."

Daniel's father said, "Do you mind if I read some of your stories?"

"Not at all, be my guest," said Daniel.

Daniel's father turned to page one, but there was nothing on the page, so he kept turning the pages, but they were all empty. Daniel's father said, "Daniel, I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but there are no stories in this book. I think you need to come outside and get some fresh air and some breakfast." Daniel grabbed the book out of his father's hands and said, "Let me see for myself." When Daniel turned the pages, his stories were all there, but only Daniel could see them, not anyone else.

"Is this some trick, father?" said Daniel.

"No, son, I don't see any stories that you claimed you wrote. Why don't you put the book down and come back to the house for some breakfast and you can write your stories in your warm bedroom."

"No, I'm not ready to leave yet. I'm working on my last story, guess what it's called?" said Daniel.

"Let me guess, how about, *The Tarantula*," laughed Daniel's father.

"No, silly, it's, *The Death of a Writer*," said Daniel smiling.

"Just give me one more night, and I'll come home," said Daniel.

"Okay, only one more night, and that's all," said his father.

"Thanks! Dad," said Daniel smiling.

Daniel was so excited about his latest story. He turned the blank page and started writing away. Then all of a sudden, the door swung open so hard it came off its hinges and fell to the floor. Daniel pulled the sleeping bag over his head and said, "This is a dream, that's all." But this was no dream. It was a Sorcerer coming back from the dead for the book Daniel thought was just a journal to write in.

The Sorcerer approached Daniel and said, "Why have you stolen my book?"

Daniel said in a nervous tone, "I found it in that room behind you came out of and didn't know it was your book. If I would have known that, I would have put it back. That's the truth. I meant no harm."

"Silence, I'll be the judge of your innocence," said the Sorcerer.

The Sorcerer grabbed the book out of Daniel's hands and started turning the pages. Every page, the Sorcerer turned Daniel's writings were covering the original spells that were in the book. "For this evil deed you have done, I sentence you to death by writing," said the Sorcerer.

Daniel pleaded for his life, but it was no use. The Sorcerer never turns back on his word. The Sorcerer pulled out his wand and cast a spell on Daniel that would cause him to write nonstop until his heart stopped beating.

The next morning Daniel's father came by to tell Daniel to wrap up his writing and come home because breakfast was ready, but there was no answer. Daniel's father pulled back the top of the sleeping bag that was covering Daniel's head and was shocked at what he saw. Daniel's tips of his fingers were bloody from writing nonstop, and the look on his face was of fear. Daniel's father took the book from Daniel's hands and turned the first page, and all that was in the book was the title of his latest writing, *The Death of a Writer*.

Daniel's father called the police to investigate what may have happened to Daniel that caused his death in the family crypt. But they couldn't find any explanation, so Daniel's death was ruled death by natural causes. Daniel's title of his last story led to his demise. Too bad Daniel wouldn't live to see his novel *The Death of a Writer* sell millions of copies and become a famous author he always dreamed he would be.

