

The Impaler

HorriFying Tales From The Dead I

by Drac von Stoller

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During the reign of King Drac Von Stoller in the 14th century, a war was brewing between the Drac's and the Berclays. Even though the Drac's and the Berclays fought against each other, both kings knew that one of them would ultimately die in the end.

The Drac's were barbaric men who would rob, torture, and finalize things by impaling every living thing in the village. Drac's men would roast the village people alive while they were still impaled. Then, after the bodies were roasted to Drac Von Stoller's liking, it was time to sit down for a feast. Drac's men would cut pieces off of the roasted bodies and eat and drink wine as Drac Von Stoller was cutting out

the hearts of his impaled victim's squeezing every last drop of blood into his mouth. The Drac's were cannibalistic by nature, and this was what made the villagers more fearful of the name Drac.

Whenever Drac Von Stoller's authority was questioned or just hungry for blood, he would squeeze the blood of a human heart into his mouth at least once a day, so that no one would question his authority. If someone was going to bring harm to him or anyone associated with Drac Von Stoller, they were immediately impaled, and their heart was cut out of their chest. After Drac squeezed the blood of their hearts into his mouth, he would stand up and shout out, „Whosoever questions my authority will have the same fate as this poor soul!”

As Drac was eating the arm of a man that killed one of his men, one of the Berclay men rode on horseback to Drac's castle and shot an arrow with a message over the top of Drac Von Stoller's castle. It read: „The Berclays have waged an all-out war on the Dracs.”

One of Drac's men came running down, shouting the message. „Well it's about time,“ Drac said with a chuckle. „I haven't been at war with the Berclays in over ten years. Let's not waste any more time. Let's prepare for war, men! Take what's left of this body that I've been eating on and fry the skin. Cut it into pieces so I can have something to chew on in battle. Put one thousand pointed spears into the ground as preparation for victory against the Berclays.“

Morning came, and with it came a great war. Drac's army was just too strong and loved the taste of the enemy's blood. Just as Drac had envisioned, Berclay's men were all impaled. All of Berclay's army was set on fire where their torn bodies were impaled. Drac watched with his blood red eyes, licking his chops, savoring every moment. He anticipated the self-satisfaction he would get out of cutting all the Berclays men's chest's open and ripping out their hearts. The rest of Drac's army sat at tables outside, ready to cut into the bloodied bodies and have a feast to celebrate their victory.

After defeating the Berclays, Drac Von Stoller's impaling lasted another fifty years. His fatal mistake was holding a masquerade party at his castle. This was a golden opportunity for the descendants of the Berclays. What better way to show up as the Grim Reaper and carry a scythe to finish Drac off.

Everything went as planned. While Drac was squeezing a heart and drinking every last drop from it, the Grim Reaper came up behind Drac and swung his scythe. In one swift swoop, Drac's head flew off, and the Grim Reaper held his head high in the air and said, „This is for all the Berclays that were impaled during the reign of Drac Von Stoller!” declared the reaper.

Since Drac was no longer the King, Drac's army surrendered to the descendants of the Berclays. Drac's men were taken back to the Berclay's castle where they were either beheaded or impaled, just like the Berclay's descendants were.

