

# **The Red Room**

## **Horriſying Tales From The Dead I**

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Darren and his family had just gotten back from their vacation when they received a phone call from Darren's aunt, Matilda.

„Darren, your uncle Henry was found dead in the wine cellar, and I need you to come by the Mansion and help me straighten out my affairs. You are the only one I can trust with this matter. I hope your family doesn't mind if you come to stay with me for a while until I get this all sorted out,” said aunt Matilda.

„I will talk it over with my wife tonight, and I don't anticipate any problems. Get some rest, and I'll be there in the morning to start the process,” said Darren.

„I feel so much better knowing that you'll be helping me out. I know your uncle Henry would've wanted it that way. He was always proud of your accomplishments and cared about you so much that he wanted you to have the Mansion should he ever leave us. What do you think about that, Darren?“ said Matilda.

Before Darren had a chance to reply she interjected, „Before you say a word, there are no living relatives besides you and me, and we both know that my age and my health would not allow me to take on the huge task of making sure the Mansion is in tip-top shape. Your family belongs here. I know this place has a horrid past, but maybe you and your family can bring many years of happiness to it.“

She paused for a moment, „Your uncle should've never gotten mixed up in the occult with his father, Merlin. Henry said that if we were to get married, someday he would give up his father's wicked ways, but even when we were married, he was too far in it that he didn't honor his word too me. But I was so naïve, and in love with him that I didn't see the secrets that he kept from me until it was too late.

„Since the death of your uncle, I have now discovered hidden passages in some of the rooms that I never knew existed. The Red Room on the east side has a large pentagram in the middle of the floor, and a table with blood stains on it—where I assume was for human sacrifices. I also noticed when I touched the walls, there was heavy padding covering them, and the door was thick with blood. I would imagine the padding was done to soundproof the room so that if any visitors came by and happened to pass the Red Room, they wouldn't be able to hear any screams.“

She hesitated. „Darren, you're not going to believe this, but I found a diary Henry was keeping about the rituals that took place inside the Red Room... including all the gory details. The number of people that died inside that room is inconceivable. I can't believe I knew nothing about what went on. I did notice that the door was always kept locked. But whenever I would ask the maid, she would tell me that it was kept locked because Henry and his father were working on a breakthrough invention. It would bring the family a vast fortune, and they didn't want anyone to steal their secret.

„So, me being the naïve person that I was, I just left it at that and never brought it up again. If only I would have been the kind of wife that knew all of her husband's business, I might have been able to stop my him from getting too involved and moved away from this horrid Mansion. My husband may still be alive today...“

Matilda composed herself and continued.

„The damage is done. Now that Henry's father is gone too, there is no one to carry on their murderess deeds. It's all up to you, Darren, to destroy any remaining books, diaries, and anything else that could conjure up an evil presence. Please hurry. I can't bear to spend another night alone in this place!“

„I'll board the next flight to Savannah, I promise,“ Darren said, trying to comfort his distraught aunt.

He could hear her breathe a sigh of relief. „Oh, that sounds wonderful! Thank you...“ Her tone then turned somber. „Listen... Henry always was very protective of

you because he knew that you were the only true heir to the Mansion. You had no idea—no one did—that your uncle had planned for you to take his place.

„You see, when you were a little boy, Henry would enter the Red Room as you slept and perform certain rituals that went unnoticed until his passing. I only know now because of his diary. It was written on the very last page as if the process was complete, and it was your destiny to take over.”

Darren chuckled a bit, „Matilda, there is no way my uncle would have the power to choose another human being’s destiny! This is all hogwash, and that’s all it can be. I’ll prove it to you when I arrive! We’ll go through each room in the Mansion, and I’ll read all of his writings to show you that it’s all just words. There is no way there is any truth to any of this.”

„Real murders were committed in the Red Room, Darren. I have seen the blood,” Matilda replied.

Darren shrugged it off, „Please get some rest. I’ll be there before noon tomorrow, and I’ll put all your fears to rest once and for all.”

Matilda took his advice and tried to sleep it off. It only took about an hour before she had fallen into a deep sleep. Suddenly Matilda’s bed began shaking violently, and she could hear screams coming from the Red Room. The voices of Henry and his father were telling her she would die before sunset.

Matilda jumped out of bed and ran to the door only to find that it was locked. She screamed and beat on the door, hoping that the maid would hear her. Little did she know the maid had already met her end.

Then Henry’s ghost came into Matilda’s room and summoned her to the Red Room. Matilda rose from her bed and followed the voice to the Red Room. Henry and his father Merlin were waiting for her there.

Tears were flowing down her cheeks, and her body was trembling as she inched closer to the Red Room. All she wanted was to run out of the Mansion, but Henry had total possession over her will.

She took a deep breath and repeated to herself, „There are no ghosts in this place... there are no ghosts in this place... there are no ghosts in this place...”

All of a sudden, the room grew silent. Matilda slowly approached the door and turned the knob. The door opened without hesitation. Matilda slowly walked into the Red Room. As she stepped inside, her heart was beating out of her chest.

Henry and Merlin could now bury their secrets by killing Matilda. Then Matilda screamed at the top of her lungs and tried to run, but it was as though someone was holding her back. Matilda was fearful of what was going to happen next. Matilda’s eyes were blinded by a bright light coming from the Red Room. The door slammed behind her and was never heard from again.

The ghosts of Henry and Merlin left a note in Matilda’s handwriting explaining that she had to leave unexpectedly due to a family illness. The master keys to the estate were in the top drawer of the office. Matilda’s letter also stated that the lawyer would be by the Mansion the next day to pick up the paperwork enabling him to take over the estate the following morning. If only Darren knew what was in store for him, he would have declined the offer and auctioned off the estate to the highest bidder. Henry and Merlin wouldn’t allow that to happen. Their powers were too strong, even from beyond the grave.

Darren was excited to be living in a mansion and was glad that he could help his aunt with all the paperwork and save her a lot of headaches. Darren said goodbye to his family, drove off to the airport, and boarded his flight to Savannah, Georgia. Little did he know that this trip would change his life forever. He was the missing puzzle piece in Henry and Merlin's evil deeds.

Darren's flight arrived ahead of schedule, and the weather was beautiful. He gathered his belongings and loaded up his rental car and set off. The closer Darren got to the Mansion, the worse the weather became.

„It sure is getting dark and cloudy,” Darren observed. „I hope it doesn't start raining.”

With every mile he drove, the rain steadily beat harder, the wind blew fiercely, and bright lightning lit up the sky. It was the worst storm he had ever seen.

Darren glanced at the rearview mirror and thought he had seen something or someone in the back seat of the car. Seeing nothing, he attempted to shrug it off as though his mind was playing tricks on him. The storm continued to get stronger and stronger.

„Just a few more miles and I'll be there,” said Darren.

As Darren approached the entrance, he adjusted the rearview mirror and was shocked at what he saw in the back seat.

„Oh! My God! It's my uncle and my grandfather!” Darren shrieked. „This can't be real, can it?”

„Oh, but it is,” Henry replied in an eerie tone. „We've been expecting you.”

Darren was in utter shock. „But you're both dead! I was at my grandfather's funeral about five years ago! And you, Uncle Henry! You just died two days ago!” Darren exclaimed in disbelief.

„Don't worry,” Merlin said. „We both came here to warn you that Matilda was planning to burn the Mansion to the ground with you in it. She took out an insurance policy on you when you were young, and she had intended to collect it now. Your uncle Henry and I scared Matilda out of the Mansion. She'll never return.

„Now, when you arrive at the estate, there is a letter on the desk in the study. The letter will give you all the details about everything. Yes,” Merlin said with a slight chuckle.

As Darren pulled into the main entrance, he turned around and observed that his uncle and grandfather were no longer there. Darren rubbed his eyes and took a second look. Sure enough, there was no one in the backseat.

„I must have just imagined it all,” Darren mumbled to himself. „Yeah... I was dreaming.”

He tried once again to shake it off.

„I guess I'll get my things and check out this letter. Hopefully, this won't take too long.”

Darren finally arrived at his uncle's estate, ready to read the letter and claim his inheritance.

As Darren entered the Mansion, a voice guided him to the study where the message was lying on the desk for him to read. He picked up the letter and started reading aloud.

*Dear Darren, upon my death, you are the sole heir to my estate and all of its contents. Everything has been taken care of through my lawyer. The deed to the Mansion is behind the painting on the back wall of the study. There is absolutely nothing to sign; the keys are in the top drawer of the desk. There is one more thing, Darren. To keep this place, you must agree to keep the Mansion in the family. Sincerely, Uncle Henry.*

Darren picked up the phone to call his wife. Then all of a sudden, a faint voice whispered in his ear saying, „Come to the Red Room...” it called.

Suddenly Darren’s eyes were fixated on the door. The phone fell out of his hand, and he slowly walked towards the door in a trance. Henry and Merlin were ready to begin the ritual, making Darren one of them forever.

Darren opened the door to the Red Room and stepped into a world full of evil, deceit, and murder. The room was foggy, with bright red blood dripping from the walls and stench of death. Darren was too deep in the trance to know what was going on.

Henry’s voice led him to the sacrificial table, where the last ritual would be performed.

The voice said, „Darren, lie on the table and repeat after me,” Henry commanded. „I will carry on the family tradition at all costs, even if it leads to murder.”

„I will carry on the family tradition at all costs, even if it leads to murder,” Darren repeated.

Henry then cut Darren’s finger and squeezed a drop of his blood into a cup. Henry and Merlin then mixed in their blood with Darren’s. Henry told Darren to drink from the cup to seal the family tradition. Without hesitation, Darren gulped the bloody concoction down. The mixture felt like fire racing through his veins. Merlin cast a few more spells to make sure Darren would have no way of breaking them. They ensured stronger powers for Merlin and Henry, just in case Darren needed a stronger force in the future. Should anything go wrong, all Darren would have to do is summon Merlin and Henry. They would put their evil powers together to wreak havoc on anyone or anything that would get in Darren’s way.

„Well, I believe we’re done here,” Merlin concluded. „Now Darren can rise and start fulfilling the legacy we have left behind. Having two presences on the other side, Darren and us will all be able to unite as one. We will become an unstoppable force that will bring any non-believer to his begging knees for mercy,” Merlin cackled.

As Darren sat up on the table, he wiped his eyes and wondered what had happened to him.

„Where did I get these clothes? And what’s this necklace doing around my neck? I must have been sleepwalking,” Darren reasoned.

He stepped off of the table and was amazed at how much he felt at home in this room. Darren would not be feeling this way about the place if he was in his right state of mind. Darren even thought, being dressed in black from head to toe with a pentagram necklace felt right.

As Darren opened the door to leave the Red Room, a voice told him to go to the cellar. He obeyed. As Darren approached the wine rack, the voice told him to pull on the bottle three rows down, the fourth bottle on the left side. He pulled the bottle out, and the wine rack slid into the wall. The voice told Darren to find the book of spells. He quickly found the book and blew the dust off of the cover. He opened it and started reading way into the night with a bottle of wine by his side.

He finally passed out from too much wine and hours of reading.

When morning arrived, Darren raised his head from the table. All he could think about was trying some of the spells and rituals from the book. Darren took the book upstairs to the Red Room and started thumbing through the pages. He glanced through the window at the garden and noticed someone was stealing flowers.

„I think I can put a stop to this," Darren said with a smile.

Not knowing which page to turn to, a voice whispered into his ear the suggestion of page 23. He read the title, *How to Kill a Thief in Your Garden*. He thought it was surely a coincidence that the title fit the incident entirely, but he used the spell anyway.

As he began speaking the words, the thief in the garden started to choke. The flowers he had stolen were now inside his throat. He fell to his knees and collapsed, and the garden swallowed his lifeless body deep within its soil. If any relative or the authorities came by, they could search the grounds all day long and not find a sign of him.

Darren didn't realize that the pages were blank and that his Uncle Henry and Merlin were making the spells appear before his eyes. He thought he was a real sorcerer, but his powers were too weak to do something that evil. The thief in the garden was his first killing, counting towards his strength. He still has many murders to commit before becoming a full-fledged sorcerer.

A few days later, Darren's family moved into the Mansion. His wife and children were in utter shock at the sight of Darren. He looked completely different.

Many years went by, and many more murders took place in the Red Room. Darren's powers escalated and eventually surpassed Merlin and Henry's power. They couldn't believe how strong his skills were becoming. They both tried their hardest to take away his powers, but it was no use. All they could do was sit back and watch as Darren destroyed all the things he ever loved in his life.

His ways finally caught up with him and Merlin, and Henry's legacy died with him, never to be leashed out again on the earth.

The Mansion eventually burned to the ground. Because of the evil, it possessed in the Red Room.

