

# **The Shadowman**

## **HorriFying Tales From The Dead I**

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Just down the country road, only a few miles from where Frank Dennison and his wife Jane lived, was a beautiful Victorian house with a for sale sign in the yard. Frank immediately pulled into the driveway to check out the house. When he saw that the house was locked, Frank wrote down the number on the for-sale sign to contact the agent. Luckily, Frank was able to get in touch with him and immediately phoned the agent.

"Yes, the house is still on the market. I would be more than happy to show it to you. The owner wants a quick sale and will certainly work with you to make your dream come true if you both are truly serious about buying," said the realtor.

"How about tomorrow at around 2 pm?" Frank asked, eagerly.

"That'll be fine. See you then," replied the agent.

Frank called Jane and to let her know about the appointment. The next day they met the real estate agent.

"They must be asking a pretty penny for the house," Jane said as she gazed upon the massive estate.

The house seemed too good to be true, and they were both very excited about the home. What they didn't know were specific details about the house that the owner had purposefully left out. The owner didn't want them to know that a ghost by the name of the Shadowman supposedly haunted the place. He feared they might become discouraged just like all the others who had expressed interest. Some took the owner's advice. Others did not and met an untimely end at the hands of the Shadowman. The owner had learned his lesson this time, however. He was not going to make the same mistake he had made with the other interested buyers.

The old Victorian home sat on sixty acres of flat land with a vast lake not too far from the back of the house. The house was tall and eccentrically beautiful. The home also had a wrap-around porch which added additional charm to the estate. It was indeed the house of their dreams, and this was a once in a lifetime opportunity.

Jane was in awe of the astounding beauty of the home and gave her husband a huge hug.

"I love it. When can we move in?" Jane asked with a smile.

"We need to fill out the appropriate documents and make an offer. If the seller accepts the offer, you and your husband should be able to move in by the end of next week. Now if you will both follow me to the study, we will sit down and discuss the asking price of the home. I'll give the owner a call, and hopefully, he will accept," said the realtor.

The realtor phoned the owner and told him what the Dennison's were willing to give for the house. The seller hesitated for a moment.

"Their offer is a little lower than my asking price," the owner said to himself. "But if I don't accept their offer, I'll be stuck with this house."

He decided to accept their offer and hung up the phone. The realtor flashed a big smile at the Dennison's.

"Congratulations! You are now the proud owners of this beautiful Victorian mansion! The owner will have all of his things out by Friday. You'll be able to begin moving in by Monday. If you don't have any further questions, we'll go ahead with signing the legal documents and collect your down payment and closing costs. After all that, I'll hand over the keys to the house."

The Dennison's shook hands with the realtor gleefully and drove off. They decided to celebrate at a nice restaurant.

"When we're through eating, I was wondering if you would like to see a movie with me before we call it a night," Jane asked her husband.

"I think that's a great idea, honey. We'll need to get a babysitter for Matthew and Sarah first," he replied.

After the movie, they went to a local café for some coffee to talk some more about their new home.

"Darling, I've never lived in a mansion before," Jane said.

"Don't you worry," Frank replied.

"I've never lived in one either, but I'm sure that we'll adjust fine. I think we better head home and get some sleep. We can pack our things in the morning," said Frank reassuringly.

After they paid for their drinks, Mr. and Mrs. Dennison got in their car and drove home. As they pulled into the driveway, Frank remarked, "Just think, in a few more days, we'll be driving to our new home."

The day of the move finally came, and the Dennison's were eager to live in their new house. The previous owner was equally as excited about the move. They packed their furniture and clothes into the moving van and headed towards their destination.

Moving in was easy until night fell and the Shadowman made his presence known. First, there were noises like footsteps and bottles smashing against the wall. During the daytime, the children played near the barn when they glanced over and saw a figure opening the door. Before he entered, he turned around with blazing red eyes and told the children to leave, or the Shadowman will get them.

The children ran as fast as they could to the house to tell their mother what they saw.

"Mommy! Mommy! There's a man in the barn that told us to leave or the Shadowman will get us!"

Their mother told them it was just the handyman they hired yesterday playing a trick on them. Jane tended to get her days mixed up, so she easily laughed it off.

"Go back out and play, and I'll have a talk with Mr. Nelson about his little prank." said their mother.

"Okay, mommy," replied the children.

As the children ran back outside to play, there was a knock on the door. When Jane opened the door, she found Mr. Nelson ready for work.

"Mrs. Dennison, sorry, I'm late. I had a flat tire about a mile down the road and thumbed a ride to the nearest gas station to get it fixed. It won't happen again, I promise."

"What did you just say?" Mrs. Dennison asked anxiously.

"I said I had a flat tire and had to hitch a ride to get it fixed," Mr. Nelson replied with a confused look on his face.

"Then who is the man at the barn that told my son to leave or the Shadowman would get us all?" asked the mother nervously.

"Whiskey Six," that's his name," Mr. Nelson explained.

"Legend has it that when he drank too much whiskey, someone was going to die, whether it be during a poker game, a fight over a woman, or a stagecoach robbery. Anyone who dared to ride shotgun with him might not come back alive. Whiskey Six's blood ran as cold as ice. If I were you, I would sell the house as soon as possible and never return. I'll let you in on a little secret the owner didn't tell you about this house is the real house that Whiskey Six was born in and died in."

Mr. Nelson leaned in closer and continued.

"It all started when Whiskey Six's father lost his job and started drinking heavily. Whiskey Six thought his dad was the roughest and toughest outlaw the West had ever known. That was, of course, until a stagecoach robbery went wrong and he killed one of the most notorious outlaws of them all: James Lynch of the Lynch Brothers gang. It only took two days to find Whiskey Six's father. When they did, they threw a rope around the beam in the barn, tied it around his neck and hung him high.

The next morning, Whiskey Six went searching for his father and stumbled upon his lifeless body hanging in the barn. Whiskey Six was furious and made a vow to avenge his father's death. He was only sixteen years old at the time. Whiskey Six got his father's six-shooter and would practice day and night for weeks on end until his nerves were steel. Then he began his hunt for the Lynch Brothers to finish them all one by one.

Whiskey Six got a good lead at the local saloon from the bartender named Sam. He told him the Lynch Brothers were staying at a farmhouse about a half a mile from the bar. The brothers broke into the farmhouse and lynched the owners in the barn just as they had done to Whiskey Six's father.

Whiskey Six got on his horse and raced to the farmhouse to finish the three brothers off with his six-shooter. He tied his horse to a tree about a hundred yards from the farmhouse. He pulled out his whiskey bottle and guzzled it down. He wiped the last drop from his mouth and walked up to the side of the farmhouse. Whiskey Six crept up to the window and peered inside. Sure enough, all three brothers were sitting around the table, playing poker and drinking heavily. He knew this was his best chance to get them all at the same time.

Whiskey Six kicked in the door and drew both six-shooters from his holsters and started shooting. Two brothers were shot right in the head, but the third was shot in the shoulder and pretended to be dead. Whiskey Six assumed they were all dead, so he immediately left.

He got on his horse and rode back to his father's farmhouse and fell fast asleep in his favorite chair.

The remaining Lynch brother got up off the floor to check on his two brothers, Johnny and Billy. He realized they were both dead and that he was alone. He stood up, put his hat to his heart, and said goodbye for the last time. He made a vow that he would track down their killer and lynch him just like all the others.

Bobby stormed out the door. He proceeded to the stable to mount his horse and began his hunt. Bobby stopped by the saloon where Whiskey Six frequented. Bobby knew that if he lost his temper, the poker players Whiskey Six played with wouldn't give him any information about what he was going to do after the game. Bobby calmly approached the table that Whiskey Six played at and pulled up a chair. He asked the boys if they would like a drink. Of course, they said yes. Bobby yelled out their orders, and the drinks kept coming. Many drinks later, he had them exactly where he wanted them.

"Whiskey Six is a pretty good player," Bobby said. They all nodded in agreement.

"You wouldn't happen to know what Whiskey Six was planning on doing after the game, would you?" Bobby asked the boys slyly.

They were all pretty drunk by now and didn't care what they said, so they were easy prey. Little did the men know that Bobby was one of the Lynch brothers. He had disguised himself before entering the saloon. One of the guys at the table told him Whiskey Six had a bone to pick with the Lynch Brothers and was going to avenge his father's death.

"Well boys, I think it's time for me to go visit a friend... a close friend," Bobby said as he got up from the table.

He walked out of the saloon and mounted his horse. Bobby rode towards Whiskey Six's farm to take care of their unfinished business. He stopped just a few yards from the house and tied his horse to a tree. Bobby got his rope, loaded his pistol, and slowly approached the window of the house. He saw Whiskey Six passed out in his rocking chair by the fire, whiskey bottle in hand.

Bobby slowly opened the door and quietly approached Whiskey Six. Then drew his pistol and shot him in both legs. Then he put a rope around his body and dragged him to the barn. Bobby threw the line around the rafter and put the noose around Whiskey Six's neck. He kicked the chair out from under him. After a few jerking motions Whiskey Six's lifeless body swayed from the rafter.

Just before Bobby walked away, he said, "That was for my brothers."

And that's the story of the Shadowman and why he still haunts the farmhouse and the barn," said Mr. Nelson.

Mrs. Dennison told her husband the story and about what the Shadowman had told their children.

"If what you say is true, then this is why the owner was so eager to sell the farm at such a low price," Mr. Dennison replied.

Mr. Dennison called his realtor and told him his family would be moving out the next day, even if they had to take the loss. His family's life was more valuable than his dream home.

"Are you sure you won't change your mind?" the realtor asked.

"Let someone else face the Shadowman," Frank said.

"Maybe they can remove his ghost from this place once and for all," said Frank in a nervous tone.

