

The Witch Finder General's Curse

HorriFying Tales From The Dead I

by Drac von Stoller

Published: 2011



Johnny, the embalmer, loved his job and loved to let the townspeople know he did. When Johnny was a little boy, he would hang out with his Father in their morgue which had been in the family for many generations. Johnny's Father never let little Johnny in on the family's dirty little secret. Johnny's Father felt that now was as good of a time as any to let Johnny in on the family's dark past since he had reached the age where his Father told him.

"Johnny," his Father said sternly, "I've got something to tell you that has been a secret to only our family. Whatever, I tell you doesn't leave this room, or there will

be grave consequences. The only way that this can be official is by a contract signed with your blood and sealed in the family crypt. Then I will show you."

Johnny sliced his finger with the Witchfinder General's knife. The knife was used on some of the Witches when the Witchfinder General would go on his hunts. In the 17th century Europe, Witchcraft was its height. Johnny signed the agreement.

"Now that this is taken care of," said his Father, "Let's head on down to the family crypt."

Johnny's Father placed the signed agreement in an iron safe and locked the door.

"Okay, Johnny, have a seat next to Bartholomew."

"Who is Bartholomew?" Johnny asked.

"Well, let me tell you all about him. He's an ancestor of our family that dates back to the 17th century. He was known as the Witchfinder General during the reign of Witches in central Europe. He was a good man that hated Witches. It became an obsession of his until he met up with a Witch named Sarah who he tortured, hung, and burned at stake. The very knife that you cut your finger with is the same knife your ancestor Bartholomew used to cut Witches to see what color their blood was.

"This story, I'm about to tell you is a love story turned deadly. Bartholomew was the town's hero. If anyone had the slightest inclination that they knew someone that might fit the description, Bartholomew the Witchfinder General was summoned. He was a very religious man and couldn't understand why anyone would go against God and perform black magic. So, one day Bartholomew was hot and tired and decided to rest by an oak tree just about fifty feet from a cabin. He dozed off for about an hour. As he awoke, he looked up and there stood the most beautiful woman in the world. Bartholomew was at a loss for words and couldn't get up the courage to ask her name. The woman handed him some water, and he drank it down. He thanked her and took a deep breath and said, "What is your name, may I ask?"

"Kind sir, my name is Sarah, and I live in that cabin right behind you."

He asked her if she lived alone, and she said, "Yes."

She invited him in for tea, and he joyfully accepted the invitation. Bartholomew followed Sarah to her cabin and sat at the table, waiting patiently for his drink. While she was in the kitchen, Sarah asked what he was doing in the area. He, of course, told her that he was on a Witch hunt and had decided to take a rest by the tree. She chuckled a bit at his response and assured him there were no Witches around here.

Bartholomew thought this woman was too pretty to be a Witch and left it at that. When he asked her if she had a man in her life, she blushed and said, "No, but that I could certainly use one." She knew if she could make him believe she wasn't a Witch she could continue to practice Witchcraft.

As Sarah was preparing the tea, she added one of her magic potions to make sure when he was around her. She wouldn't look suspicious. She let him know his tea was ready and gathered up the tray. Bartholomew drank all of his tea and asked what his chances would be for a special night with her. Sarah had no

objections but urged him to continue on his way since it was dark. Bartholomew agreed to depart. With a kiss goodbye, he continued.

Everything was going smoothly between them until Bartholomew got tired of hearing the town's people say that his Sarah that he adored was a Witch. Bartholomew decided he would arrive at her cabin around midnight and see, once and for all if what the town's people were gossiping about was true. Sure enough, when Bartholomew peeped into one of the windows, he saw Sarah dressed in black and reading from a book of spells. Bartholomew had seen the same book on another one of his Witch hunts. He burst through the front door in disbelief. When Sarah turned his way, he saw an old woman's face.

"Sarah, is that you?" he asked.

"It is I," the old Witch replied.

"Since you know now what I am, I must kill you," laughed the Witch.

Bartholomew pulled his knife out and charged at her, stabbing her in the back. He dragged her body outside and threw a rope around a tree branch. With her body dangling from the tree, he set fire to her. As she was burning, the Witch turned back into the beautiful Sarah he once knew and begged him to cut her down. He quickly pulled his knife out and proceeded to cut the rope around her neck. He was so frantic that he missed the rope and cut her head clean off her body. As her head was lying on the ground, Bartholomew rushed over to put her head back on her neck.

All of a sudden, her head turned, and her eyes were wide open and said,

"For what you have done. Your family and every generation to come will be cursed for all of their days on this earth. I can promise you this," the evil Witch declared.

Her teeth then clinched down on Bartholomew's hand, and their blood mixed, and this is how the curse came about and has been and always will be.

"Now that you know, Johnny, you will be cursed along with the rest of the family," his Father concluded.

"The reason for the morgue and the late-night hearse rides—which you will now be a part of—is bringing back beautiful women. Where you will be needed most is in the embalming process. While they are still alive, their blood is poured into the Witch's mouth so she can gain strength to become the beautiful Witch she once was—Sarah. The blood from these women only keep her young for about a week, and then she turns back into the old wrinkly Witch that she is. There have been many attempts to kill the Witch but to no avail. It will be midnight soon, my son, and it's time for another ride in the hearse and another trip to the never-ending embalming at the morgue. Unless someone can kill the Witch, this curse will carry on to the next generation and the next."

"Someone will kill the Witch, father," said Johnny.

"I sure hope so, my son," he said with little hope.

"Well, it's time to ride into the night," said his Father.

