

The Journal

(A short story about “The Raven”)

By Gerald Ong McNally

This is a work of pure fiction none of what is written in this is true it is all comes from the author’s imagination.

This is the first horror thing that I have ever written for fun so when you read it please do not think to harshly. And I would appreciate it if you would write a review for it and tell me how you think it can be improved. So my next piece will be even better.

If you would like to have a certain book made into a horror fan fic send me a message at mcnallygerald@gmail.com with the subject horror fanfic.

The other books that I have written are “Race to earth: tales of the gooran book 1”

Thank you for taking the time to read this and I hope you enjoy it.

October 31, 1999

This is the first time I have ever written in a journal. I am doing this because my lovely Lenore told me to write this. So she could see how I am feeling because I do not like talking about my feelings. I really do not want to do this, so I am going to get my revenge on Lenore. For this unnecessary madness that she has caused me. I am going to do one of three things and they are get rid of this, not show her this, or get rid of her completely.

I finally have figured out how I am going to get my revenge on Lenore. I am going to either stab her to death or poison her. But in my opinion poisoning is too nice for her because of all the pain she has caused me.

Also stabbing is too quick, in my opinion, so I am going to look into a better way to kill her.

November 1, 1999

This is what I found about ways to kill her. There is strangling, decapitation, and setting on fire, these are just a few of the many ways that I found. There is strangling with many things that you can find around the house. But the one that is most appropriate for her is the one where you cut the person's stomach open and then wrap the intestines around their throat. Oh yes it is perfect. Even though it is the bloodiest way of them all but it is perfect for her. And it will allow me to get up close to her and see the fear in her eyes. And see the realization that she will die dawn on her in her last moments as the knife enters her stomach.

Now I am ready to do this but the thing is I am starting to doubt what I am doing but I am hearing this voice in my head and it is telling me not to do this but. There is another voice that says to kill her look what she has done to you. I really don't want to stop this. Next time I write in this I will have gotten rid of Lenore.

November 2, 1999

It is finally done, though I had to get rid of all of my clothes and the bed clothes. For the fact that the blood had gotten on my clothes and on the bed clothes. The bed clothes were no longer white at the same time they

were not just red either, they had some black and some brown from the dirt that I had gotten on my clothes from when I buried her. The black came from the bile that came out of her stomach as I cut her stomach open and it was so black that it was like the night had climbed on my clothes and decided to stay. The blood started pouring out of the cut and that was like a rapids that would not stop. The intestines felt like a worm that I could not get a good grip on but in the end I finally got a hold of it and she was squirming very weakly. So I had to hurry or else she would die before I got the chance to actually kill her. It was such an elating feeling to be free of her control.

November 2, 1999

Oh, I cannot ever forget the amazing feeling of my knife entering her stomach and then piercing her skin. The feeling of it piercing the skin at first had some resistance and then after it actually entered it was easier.

The sound of her screams even though it was muffled by the sock that I had put in her mouth to muffle her so no one would call the police. Once she was dead I realized that I had one major problem where would I hide the body.

After I figured it out, I went and cut each limb off of the body and that was rather hard at first because of the fact that I had to cut through bone

but once it went through with a sharp crack. I then looked at the knife and somehow it came out unharmed. And once this was finished I went into my basement and pulled out a few of the boards in the wall to get to the passage that was hidden in there and then threw her in there unceremoniously.

November 2, 1999

I then went and resealed the wall to hide it, now every month I have to go down there and throw a bit of lime into there to cancel out the smell of the rotting corpse and it is such a beautiful sight. I hope never to

forget the sight of her dead body until my dying day. Which I hope will not be for a long time. But if it must happen then I would want it to be quick and painless.

November 31, 1999

I never regretted my decision to kill Lenore until that dreaded night, one week ago this night, when that raven came and would not leave I fear that it is Lenore's soul coming back to exact its revenge. Oh the pain of this regret, why will it not go away? I know why not just rip the raven's head off and then eat it and just be done with it. No that is not the way to go about it. Why not it would be no harder than strangling Lenore with her intestines. That is true, you know what I am going to look up recipes for raven if I cannot find any then I will eat it raw.

December 1, 1999

Oh sadly no good recipes for raven so it looks like it is going to be eaten raw. Oh my mouth is watering in anticipation to eat it. As soon as it flies in I am going to grab it and rip its head off. Oh it is almost time I better get ready. And I better go throw some lime down into the tunnel. For the body is starting to smell again. It is a very pungent smell that you can taste. Let me tell you, it is not a smell that you want to smell unless it is there for a good reason.

December 2, 1999

Oh when it arrived I grabbed it right out of the air and bent its left wing back and forth until I felt the bones snap. I then felt the wing go limp in my hand and then I did the same with the other wing. Then pulled its legs right from its body and the blood burst out like a shaken bottle of soda. Then quartereized the wounds so it would not bleed out. Next I pulled the feathers off the wings and body one at a time and reveled in the squawking it was making. Each squawk was like music to my ears. After all the feathers were gone I went and got a spoon from the dining room knowing full well that it could not go anywhere, because its wings were broken and its legs were being drained of blood in a pot. When I

came back with the spoon. I heated it up so that way when I dug its eyes
out I knew it would not bleed out.

December 2, 1999

As the spoon slid into the eye socket, the room was filled with more squawking and once it was underneath the eye. I pushed down on the handle of the spoon, and with a quiet pop like a champagne cork coming out of the bottle, the eye flew out and landed in the pot with a splash. To which I cheered and shouted hole in one let's see if we can do it again. And the same thing happened with the other eye too. By now the raven was no longer squawking in pain because now it was unconscious. So I left the room to wait for it to wake up and decided to write some more this has been going on since yesterday with the wings. I am so tired now I may tie it up and go take a nap. You know what I am going to do that I am so tired I am falling asleep on my feet.

December 3, 1999

Wow I slept a lot longer than I meant to. Now then back to work

So as I went in I grabbed the hammer that was hanging by the door and went and smashed the raven's beak into pieces it broke as if it was glass being thrown against a rock. Then I grab the body with one hand and the left wing with the other and pull it from the body. And then the other wing and then ripped it off so now the wings are in the pot. By this point the raven's body cannot take any more so I grab the head with one hand and the body with the other hand and pull the head right off. Laughing the entire time like a complete mad man. Enjoying the felling of the skin coming apart until it reached the muscle at that point I had to twist while

pulling the muscle slowly came undone with a sound like nails on chalk board. Soon I could see the neck bones of the raven so I yanked it apart. And I tossed the body into the pot to collect the blood and once the body was drained of blood, which took about an hour. I took it out and put it all on a plate and ate it the flesh breaking beneath my teeth and the muscles so juicy. After I ate the rest of the raven I stuffed the head and put it on my mantle. I savored every last bite there was. The regret that had been there for many days was finally gone. I was finally happy once again and nothing could end that happiness not even death could.

December 31, 1999

I am so paranoid every time the door gets knocked on I grab a knife and cautiously look through the peephole. I then open the door quickly in

case someone sees us. I then yank the person inside, if I think they know what happened to Lenore or they ask questions about her, I kill them.

Now there is a huge hole in my basement with fake floor boards to cover the bodies. In the hole there is about 20 maybe 30 people that I killed because they asked too many questions. Now I need to find something stronger than lime to cover the smell. Sure this journal is the cause of my madness but now it is the one thing that is keeping me sane. That is a curious thing that it once was the cause of my madness, now it is the one thing helping me stay sane. Jeez I have used up all the space in this journal I am going to need a new one soon. And I probably should burn this one so no one can find out about what happened. I cannot believe

that I have grown so attached to this journal even though it is the reason
for my killing of Lenore.

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