

OCTOBER'S UNREST

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THE NEW BLOOD

Carol Lindon – She is stalked and then brutally murdered because of whom she is related to. Her death, late in the month of October, ignites a mysterious bloodbath.

Deputy Jamie Dart – After the gruesome dispatching of Stewart Hollow’s Sheriff, Deputy Jamie Dart is the man for the job, but refuses to take the title out of respect to his former colleague. He finds himself once again in the middle of a horrific October.

Agent Mark Boyd – The Portland FBI hub has sent Agent Boyd to keep an eye on things. His job is to stay hidden while assisting in any possible murder case, and to not panic the town by his presence.

Bud Lockwood – Now with blood on his hands, Bud is afraid of what he might have brought upon Stewart Hollow. But when someone throws a snag into the prophecy he was promised, he begins to doubt everything he believed in.

Tom Parsons – Tom works as a lumberjack, and is in a new relationship with Renee Black. He finds that his new relationship proves to be different than his previous ones, and comes with its’ own form of baggage.

Renee Black – She works at the Oregon Trails diner as a waitress, and is trying to support her ten-year old son on her own. She’s really into her new relationship, but she still seems to side with her past over Tom.

Eric Hughes – Tom’s friend, and fellow lumberjack, isn’t so sure about his friends’ new relationship. He feels it’s forced and moving too fast. Is he jealous, or just looking out for Tom?

Paul Hilton – An ex-lover of Renee, and father of her child, he’s come to Stewart Hollow to claim what’s rightfully his as well. But his initial interactions with Renee would be enough to keep an eye on him.

Jessica Morgan – She’s the young news reporter out of Seattle who was assigned a job in Stewart Hollow with her cameraman, Sean. She seems eager to get a good story out of the town.

Sean Nettle – Jessica’s shady cameraman from Seattle knows Stewart Hollow well; his family is from there, but he seems like he doesn’t want to go on the assignment at first.

Vivian Lowder – Another resident of Stewart Hollow who has a distant connection to the town’s past. She plays a crucial role in someone’s disturbing agenda.

Sharon Ferguson – Afraid that she is a target, authorities place Sharon in protective custody almost immediately. But in doing this, it seems the distressed mind of the mysterious psycho becomes more unbalanced.

Officer Dawn Coldwell – She’s a fairly new officer who is dedicated to serving Stewart Hollow. She proves to be more than helpful to Deputy Jamie Dart, who seems to be in over his head.

Brian Burnside – When a rainstorm threatens his work site, Tom and Eric’s boss decides to shut down and let his crew go for the remainder of the week. But it seems to be good timing when all hell breaks loose.

Dana – She’s the new, young receptionist at the Sheriff’s Department. Replacing the now deceased Harper Cole. She is worried about the prophecy, and believes that no man is actually capable of pulling off the recent string of occurrences.

Mayor Bernard Hopkins – The mayor’s age is catching up with him as he serves his last term as the town’s leader. He once again tries to calm his town down, and asks his people for assistance in catching the killer.

Darnell Thompson – The assignment editor out of Seattle is the one who really wants the scoop in Stewart Hollow. He trusts Sean and Jessica to get the story, but insists on checking in with them from time to time.

Ronald Nettle – Sean’s seventy-something year old father is quiet and reserved. With his wife, he kind of just goes with the flow.

Mary Nettle – Sean’s mother is feisty and jumps at the chance to give the news crew the scoop – turns out she knows more than the police do about Stewart Hollow’s past.

OCTOBER'S UNREST

The old Mustang raced across the town's boarder and into Glen Falls. It sped up the winding road, splashing through all the puddles that continued to form in the pouring rain, and into downtown. The car came to a screeching halt outside of Glen Falls Police Station. Dart hopped out from the drivers seat and scurried around to the passenger side. He reached in through the shattered window and unlocked the door, pulling the frantic Jessica Morgan out from the car. She was frazzled, soaked to the bone, and covered in cuts and scrapes.

Dart pulled her up the steps to the Police Station and they barged in, capturing the attention of everyone inside. A man in a suit and tie dropped the stack of folders that were in his hands and rushed to Dart and Jessica.

"What's going on here?" The man questioned loudly, noticing how distraught the two of them were. He noticed the bloody cuts all over Jessica, as well as the puzzling muddy handprints around her neck.

"Who's in charge?" Dart shouted.

"I am," the man said. "I'm Chief Roberts."

"I'm Deputy Jamie Dart from Stewart Hollow," Dart said, trying to catch his breath.

“What’s wrong?” Chief Roberts questioned, just as concerned as the rest of the office, who were slowly gathering around.

“You wouldn’t believe me if I told you...” Dart huffed.

ONE

October 28th – 6:58 AM - Monday

Seattle, Washington

Two Days Earlier...

The newsroom at KSWB, Channel 10 News was busy. There were stories breaking all over the place and so much to catch up on. The weather report needed tweaked, the sports scores were being input into the ticker, and the morning news anchors were preparing for their imminent screen-time.

Darnell Thompson sat in his office with a young reporter, Jessica Morgan, sitting in a chair in front of him. They were waiting for one more person, given the empty chair next to Jessica. Darnell checked his watch again.

“Okay, now he’s over a half an hour late.” Darnell spoke deeply and irritated.

“He can’t be trusted, Darnell. There are plenty of other photographers that can go with me.” Jessica was a fresh face for their news station. She was right out of college, appealing to the eye, and had just the right amount of spunkiness to keep the viewers attention.

“Well, Sean’s experienced, Jess – five years on the job already, plus he knows Stewart Hollow better than anyone else

here; his family is from there.” Darnell explained, just as the door to his office opened.

Sean Nettle walked in, seemingly out of breath. He had his camera bag in one hand and he sat it down next to the empty chair before taking a seat himself. Darnell stared at the scruffy-looking thirty-something.

“You’re late.” Darnell sternly stated the obvious.

“I know, I’m sorry. I overslept. Long weekend.” Sean said with an inappropriate smirk on his face. “So, what’s up?”

Darnell shook off his irritation, and tried to focus. “I’m sending you two to Stewart Hollow, Oregon for a few days.”

“Stewart Hollow, Oregon, home of the Harvest Slasher; home of ghosts, goblins and witches. The only thing missing is Bigfoot.” Sean rambled on with a smile.

Darnell stared at him. “What’s your deal, Sean?”

“Nothing. I just don’t know why you want us there. This year is different. It’s been a pretty quiet October down there. I think it’s safe to say that any murders or prophesized witchcraft would have happened by now. It’s a waste of our time and your money.”

“No it’s not. I want you two there for interviews and such. Get the residents opinions on the town, the Blood Coven, and everything else. People all around the country are going to be wondering about Stewart Hollow this Halloween, and we’re

going to be there to give them the scoop; or least give the greater Seattle area the scoop.”

Sean didn't respond.

“Plus,” Darnell continued, “If anything *were* to happen, we'd be the only Seattle news station on scene.”

“Are you hoping for something to happen?” Jessica asked, stunned by Darnell's last comment.

“Of course not. I'm just saying we'd be there for-“

“Ratings.” Sean said.

Darnell folded his hands on his desk. “If you leave in the next hour, you'll be there before noon. If you don't want to go, Sean, I can find someone more qualified.”

“More qualified? I've been here for five years!”

Darnell shrugged.

“Fine,” Sean said annoyed. He stood up and grabbed his camera bag and walked out the door, “I'd like to see my family anyway. They always have interesting things to say.”

Jessica looked at Darnell with a smile.

“Be careful, Jess.” Darnell said.

Jessica stood up and left the office.

8:00 AM

Stewart Hollow, Oregon

The Oregon Trail diner was packed full of the normal Monday breakfast crowd. Tom Parsons sat alone in a booth in the front of the diner, sipping his coffee. He kept glancing over at one of the waitresses behind the counter. He couldn't keep his eyes off of her. She was as tall as he was, blonde, and had the gentlest eyes. Anyone would be lucky to have her. Good thing she was his. Tom smiled at the thought of it.

Eric Hughes plopped down at the booth startling Tom.

"Jesus, Eric, you about gave me a heart attack." Tom said, setting his coffee cup down.

"Sorry, bro." Eric said. "Did you order yet?"

"Of course not, I was waiting for you."

"Sorry I'm late. Mr. Burnside called. He wants us in at 8:30 – this will have to be a quick bite."

"Alright," Tom said, looking up for a waitress.

"Is Renee working?" Eric asked

"Yeah, but she's working the counter."

Eric looked and saw Renee pouring a fresh cup of coffee for someone sitting at the counter. The man she was pouring it for was a good-looking, muscular man who seemed to be putting on

the charm with her. She smiled and laughed back at what ever he was saying.

“Looks like Mr. Muscles over there is flirting with Renee, man.” Eric said in defense of his friend.

Tom had noticed, but tried to ignore it. “It’s alright. She’s a waitress, man. She’s looking for tips.”

“I’m sure that guy isn’t seeing it that way.”

Tom shrugged.

“All I’m saying, bro, that if my girl was in the middle of a flirting match with some random guy for whatever reason, I’d want to rip the guys eyes right out of his face.”

Renee walked away from the guy and set the coffee pot down on the warmer. She looked over in the boys’ direction and waved, smiling at Tom. He waved and smiled back.

“See,” Tom said, “Everything’s fine.”

Eric rolled his eyes.

The Stewart Hollow Police Department was fairly quiet. The holding cells were empty, and only a handful of officers were on duty.

Deputy Jamie Dart walked down the hall and into the old Sheriff’s office where Sheriff Carter’s name had been removed from the door. There wasn’t much of anything in the office

anymore; just a desk, file cabinets and a few other essentials. All of Carter's personal belongings had been removed almost a year ago. Stewart Hollow had lost a good man.

Deputy Dart sat down at the desk and logged onto the computer. He began to pull up old files. Even though most of the case from a year earlier had been closed, Dart couldn't help but feel a constant sense of dread. He scoured the files, making sure every part of the case had been looked at. The Harvest Slasher, closed. Charlotte Sheldon, closed and locked away. The murders to bring about the Blood Coven – there remained the only mystery.

Knock, Knock.

Dart looked up from the computer screen to see of one his young female officers standing in the doorway. "What is it, Dawn?" he asked.

"There's someone here to see you. He said he's with the FBI." Officer Dawn Coldwell spoke in her normal soft tone.

Dart nodded and turned off the computer monitor. "Send him in."

Dawn walked away and in came a tall man dressed in a casual suit and tie. He had a short buzz cut and wore a light-colored goatee on his face. Dart stood up and shook the Agent's hand before they both had a seat at the desk.

“I’m Agent Mark Boyd with the Portland Division of the FBI.” He spoke firmly and direct.

“Deputy Jamie Dart.”

“I see your town hasn’t named you the new Sheriff?”

“It’s out of respect. Sheriff Carter was a good man. I didn’t want this town to forget his name or who he was.”

Agent Boyd nodded with a smile. “The Bureau sent me to stay in town for a few days. Just as a precautionary measure.”

“I think were okay, Agent Boyd. October’s almost over and we haven’t had anything worse than a couple parking tickets to hand out. I think were in the clear this year.” Dart spoke, trying to convince himself that everything was going to be different this year. But he wasn’t so sure; no one was. He was just as nervous and scared as the next person.

“Like I said, it’s just a precautionary measure. I’ll stop in once a day for the next few days just to make sure everything is all right and running as it should be. Other than that, you won’t even know I’m here. It’s best not to let the town see an FBI presence this close to Halloween.”

“I would agree. Did you just arrive?” Dart inquired.

“I drove down last night. I’m staying at a small inn right outside of town.”

“Okay. Well, as far as I can tell, everything is fine right now, so if you want to head back to your room until tomorrow, that’d be great.” Dart spoke with a sarcastic tone.

“Deputy, I know you don’t want me here. It’s obvious in your voice. Like I said, it’s only for-“

“Precautionary measures, I know. That’d make it the third time you’ve said that.” Dart stood up just as the phone on the desk started to ring. “If you don’t mind Agent Boyd, I have work to do. You can leave your contact info at the front desk with Dana, and we’ll call you if we need you.”

Agent Boyd stood up. The phone continued to ring and Dart picked it up while giving Boyd an obvious look to leave the office. “Sheriff’s office.” he answered.

Dart listened warily to the other line as he once again felt an all too familiar sense of alarm. Agent Boyd stopped before leaving the room, noticing Dart’s unnerving silence.

“Okay. I’ll be right there.” Dart hung up the phone. He started to feel warm and unsettled.

“Everything okay, Deputy?” Boyd asked.

Dart shook his head. “Come with me.”

Dart and Boyd arrived at 115 Marion Street minutes later. They pulled up in one of the new police cruisers and stepped out. A short, old man stood out on the sidewalk.

“Are you the man who called?” Dart asked, walking up to the old man.

“Yes, yes I am,” he stuttered. “Bob Bowers.”

“Bob, what exactly did you hear last night?” Dart asked.

“It was a little after ten, and I was in bed watching the news. I thought I heard a woman scream, and thought it came from next door, but I wasn’t sure. I had the TV on pretty loud.” Bob said, pointing to 115 Marion Street. “It made me feel uneasy, ya know, given all the Halloween stuff that goes on here. I looked out the window but didn’t see anything until maybe 20 minutes later. Someone walked out of her house.”

“Whose house?” Dart asked.

“Ms. Lindon. Carol Lindon. She lives here.”

The gears in Agent Boyd’s head started to turn. That name sounded familiar to him.

“Why didn’t you call us last night?” Dart asked.

“Well, like I said, I wasn’t sure if I heard it right to begin with. The TV was loud and I sometimes have a hard time hearing. I figured I’d just check on her this morning, but she didn’t answer the door. Now there’s a weird smell coming from the house.”

Agent Boyd stepped forward, “You said someone left her house last night?”

“Yes, sir. About 20 minutes after I looked out the window. I think it was a man, but I’m not sure. It was dark. He got into a car that was parked across the street and took off back into town.”

“Did you see what kind of car?” Boyd asked.

“No, sir. It was dark.”

“Okay, Bob, stay here for a minute.”

Dart put his hand on his gun and walked up the sidewalk to the house. Boyd followed close. Dart knocked on the door three times, and there was no answer.

“Deputy, isn’t Carol Lindon one of the-“ Boyd began before Dart interrupted:

“Hold that thought, Agent.” Dart put his ear to the door. It was quiet. “Carol?” he called out.

“It smells like something’s burnt,” Boyd said.

Dart stepped back and rammed the front door a couple times before loosening it up just enough to push it open. A strong odor instantly emerged from the residence and Dart and Boyd both covered their mouths and noses.

They proceeded into the living room where the tan shag carpet had been stained a dark red. With their eyes, they followed the bloodstains to the back corner of the living room where the charred body of Carol Lindon had been hung from the ceiling

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