

The Tales Of An Enchanted Twelve



THE TALES OF AN ENCHANTED TWELVE

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Oh Madeline

The rhythmic melody of the seductive sirens' whispering chant rode upon the midday wind. Inviting, enticing, hexing, seizing hold of mortal mind, invading the very heart, and capturing the very soul. It was a low whisper, it was at first, then it increased in it's gradual volume, until the very curiosity aroused, and one's resistance to it dulled just as gradual.

This rhythm continued in perpetuity; enticing, hexing

mesmerizing, and there was no escape into the secular world about. Indeed, no matter where the physical body raced to find solitude, there was none. Be it down the street, into the cellar, into the secluded closet, behind closed doors of one's fortress walls; behold, even into deep and dark woods, there was *no escape!* The chanting rhythmic song sang on the very wind breathed into the heaving lungs, enticing, motivating, employing the brain, the legs, the arms....until there was no resistance. Yea, the desire to fight was literally vacuumed from pit of the very soul!

The legs were then forced, compelled beyond imagination, to move into a forced direction with the same compulsion that a magnet bears when near the opposing end of another. Even in spite of the very imagination desiring the body at a specific destination, the legs ambled forward as though going by their own free will, in absence of the mind. The hands may grasp and railings, the arms may wrap the light stands, but the allure grows with more intensity....and the eyes inform the mind of this new direction...in absence of the permission of the mind. Soon the song grows in volume and intensity until every sound that the ears behold is of an eerie haunting beckoning.

The eyes behold the sidewalk path that leads toward an ancient two story brick home that spoke of wealth and glory somewhat faded. The feet then transport the body forward to the direction in the song of the siren. Slowly they enter into the threshold, now into the foyer, and the eyes behold the large extravagant upward winding staircase. The hands feel and grasp the railing as the feet slowly...ever so slowly... slink their way upward to the rhythm of the haunting chant...that spellbinding, rhythmic chant that pulls even at the very heart and soul. Slowly....ever so gently...they walk...one foot in front of the

other...until they take that last step onto the ancient heartwood floor of the hallway....

Now the force of the song, the force of the melody, was so intense, so heavy, that any resistance was out of mind, no thoughts of such any where near. The eyes beheld the door ajar in the sacred distance, and the ears could hear the melodious song, that chanting melodious rhythm that so forcefully pulled the limbs forward. The very heart raced with an intensity as though it desired to leap from it's very seat inside the breast. The mind forcefully attempted to overpower the attraction of the song, the hands seized hold of the railing pulling the body backwards, now backwards toward the staircase, but the force of the song *always* prevailed.... yes it always prevailed....until the body found itself standing before the door.....yes, that very door! The heart raced with great intensity, to the point that the breath heaved, causing the mind to feel as though it would cease and the body grow limp.

The sweating trembling hands gingerly nudged the door, and the door silently.... thankfully silently....eased open, allowing the eyes to behold the specter of the nymph as she whispered her chanting song that rode forth on the heavenly wind. She sat about in a long sable satin dress upon the large lace covered feather bed mattress gazing into a bronze hand held mirror, gently caressing the solid gold crucifix that she bore on a chain of emerald and gold about her pale neck. As she spoke into the mirror, she moved her hands about the crucifix in a caressing, loving stroke of compulsion....as though she were speaking unto an unseen presence.

The eyes then beheld a vapor, a somber mist, that rose forth from the crucifix into the mirror, then moved forth from the mirror into the room surrounding. The mist, this

haunting terrifying mist....then assumed the shape of an apparition whose form the eyes soon beheld, and the mind comprehended. The form....the human form...that developed to the rhythm of the chanting, hexing song of the nymph....soon bore a chilling face - a face of intrepid evil, of wisdom but for the purpose of forever incarcerating those poor weeping souls of the damned.

The heart raced harder, and faster, the hands dripped with ice cold sweat, then mind and the legs desired a magnificent swift escape.....but now a strange curiosity compelled the body to simply stay put, for the eyes wished to observe in order that the mind might give divine interpretation.....

The apparition then slowly turned it's dark head until it's face met the concealed eyes at the door. It's face was of a horrid description, so dreadful that the eyes could not bear to see and flowing tears welled up to hide the face that stood before them. The baneful face had a mouth, a mouth that cracked into a smile, a smile that betrayed the fact that it had forced the body of the mortal to propel the soul forward into it's clutches. There was no escape, no where to hide, and now the body stood before that evil one, that nefarious mist of perdition, of Beelzebub and those legions of the damned.

The mouth parted, for those forces of evil had compelled the heart to love, to fall into the forces of adoration beyond all mortal knowledge and comprehension.

"Madeline," whispered the voice from within the breast, yea that fearful trembling voice. But her ears heard not and her mind made no response to acknowledgment of the existence of the body that stood by the door. The mouth parted once again.

"Madeline," but still no response, just the chanting

rhythm into the black stone mirror, a stone that was encased in solid brass. Her melodious chanting song still enticing the soul into her somber entwine as the mind beheld the vision of a greatly anticipated embrace.

“Madeline,” whispered the voice from the lips and the heaving breast, even though the demon of enchantment still stood before the body only to smile it's smile of successful capture, it's eternal grasp of mortal soul.

Still no response, no hint of knowledge that the nymph was aware of the body that stood concealed behind the door. That jaded nymph, that hazed damned jaded nymph, but the mind was innocent....innocent of the judgment and the desire thrust upon it born from the might of the demon....and the lust of the flesh.

The lust of the flesh now blinded those mortal eyes and the wisdom to discern that lay within the depths of the mind. The might of scorned desire now swelled within the breast....the increased racing of the the heart, the sweating of the hands, and the tainted sweat of the arms that stained and corrupted the silk shirt of the body....

“Madeline,” whispered the parting lips on the wind, but now with more compulsion, more desire. She rose from the bedside, her body turning toward the one that stood behind the door, her eyes now meeting those eyes, her pale face and blood red lips smiled....a smile of compelling desire. Her breath blew her enchanted whisper into the stirring wind.

“Christopher.”

Her mind knew not nor cared not about the demon who once stood before her, nor did it recall her beckoning the forces of darkness. Her pallid hands rose toward her neck as her feet seemed to glide toward the gently opening door. Softly, ever so softly, her glittering satin dress gently

glided from her breasts, now gliding upon her hips, and finally onto the floor at her gentle feet. Her nude body eased its way into the embrace of the mortal who now stood in the opened doorway.

The door now closed by itself behind him, this mortal, and his lips hungrily embraced those lipstick covered lips of that wanton angel of the damned. His heart now knew no resistance, the lure of her poison was that of the belladonna rose, the euphoria, the phantasm and thrill of the moment....in spite of the demon's presence. The eyes of the mortal gazed about, but the demon had vaporized and the mind sought to push the facts of what it so clearly beheld into the closet of deep repression. This nymph, this jaded, scorned angel of the damned, singing her mesmerizing song, compelling his feet and his heart forward into her tainted embrace.

She spoke of love, behold, she spoke of commitment; she spoke only of her soul commitment to him, her forsaking of the past and all others with it! In the mind of the mortal he knew that simply by being in that very place he was sealing his own fate, the fate of his future, the fate even of his parent's contentment and joy, that elderly joy of completion and fulfillment;.....but he could not resist the euphoria...the pleasures...the thrill that he at times so craved and never quite satisfied. Not so much the thrill of disobeying the rules of the preordained, but the thrill of experience, the thrill of just living the mortal's life in a secular world, and simply making the best out of it.

Her house was a nest of jaded angelic bliss, of nymphs uninhibited, of those of whom were damned but lived the sacred bliss of ignorance. That dreaded phantom, that angel of death, had seized up her father on the very day of her birth....or at least the one whom she was told had conspired

to give her birth.

Her mother knew no limitations, had made no commitments, and contented her self in the trance of herbs and fruitless pondering. She sold the herb of the ancients, and the pleasures of the flesh for a healthy farthing of gold, or necklace of precious pearl, or ring of gem or diamond decorate'. She bore no limitations, and so those of whom had delighted in her company were compelled to repeat the enchantment, the tingle of the crying delight.

The crash of the clear sapphire beach, the cool rise of the heavenly smokey hollows, the taste of the virgin agave, was all theirs simply by the asking; the sands of the warm island shores.....all for the simple asking and with no hesitations. Yes..... the demon was a skillful trapper!

All the while she whispered of love and eternal adoration, that jaded nymph from tarnished mansion glory. All around were mesmerized, hypnotized by the power of her spell. The glitter of her gold silenced any who knew the truth, and intimidated any of whom attempted to inquire.

By the riverside we walked for hours, speaking of time well spent, of future plans. My mind attempted to chastise my heart and my poor soul, but my heart would never listen to the urgent warning.... though the demon appeared right beside us, giving us his dark blessing. Though my eyes beheld it, but only to compel my mind to push it inside the dark closet once again. When my eyes glanced up from our nebulous embrace, the apparition had vanished once again. His task was well done, our fate well secured in his clutch.

In the holy temple she spoke of saintly acts, giving chastisement unto those of whom had so blatantly violated the sacred regulations of the preordained. Her lips spoke only of acts in the name of kindness, in the sacred name of

holiness, betraying no defilement in the company of secular men. Those among the holy delighted in her presence..as she hugged the children...as she spoke kind words unto the diseased elderly and those of whom humanity ignored and despised.

Behold she did give homage unto the holy cross, curtsying, bowing in humble sacrilege, kissing, caressing that most sacred of books while singing hymns of praise unto the glorious one on high. In daylight among the mortals she did praise with ardor and solemn vigor, clutching that most holy of holy books with her right hand....and with the drop of the sun, that dreaded demon of the damned in her left who gave her his own instruction for her part in his diabolical stratagem.

Our walks facing the rising sun gave limitless delight as we strolled about near sand and sea, speaking of glory found in the past, and of our pleasure in ambition toward the future. We both had our plans, and our plans were to merge as one, each benefactor unto the other, giving encouragement when there was none to be found, giving new life to perishing aims when it seemed that there was no longer hope.

As we lay face to face on those distant sands of our hearts delight, each gazing deeply into the others soul, the spirit of discovered fortune seizing the lacy boundaries of her soul... and that dreaded demon of misfortune and despair seizing mine. Oh how sly he was indeed, so sly that I was to never know until the last....that very last when all was lost to eternity.

Oh, that angelic nymph, Madeline, thou enchanting fairy of my soul, thou grasping child of perceived innocence, thou trickster unto the masses untold. Though my mind is embroiled in a colossal struggle with my body, still I try

with all my might.....I cannot resist, I cannot win, my fortune is doomed to lay among those lost. Behold, there is only this fleeting moment! I hold it, and only it, in my perpetual cringing grasp. Let all the earth here me! She is mine, oh Madeline, and I have her here.....right now....!

On that blustery wind came the gifts from venerates untold. There was fine wine, splendid bourbon, silk, lace and satin. My senses tingle from the spell of frankincense, myrrh, tincture of opiates, brass, and watches of gold. Unto Madeline, thou saint of the moonlight still, only to be betrayed by the light of the day....But of thee I love all still....in-spite of thy jade.....in-spite of the demon by your bedside....that demon who seeks to plunder my life and my soul, binding me into the raging fires for all future posterity! Behold, thou Madeline, my mind knows thy secret plot, but my enchanted heart embraces thou still...never to let go, not even by a pleading mother's beckoning call.

It was on the dreary twenty third of December, I so distinctly remember, that we made our way unto that decor-ant rose covered temple. It was immaculate, the blooms of holy spring time filled the majestic air with their life giving sweet scents. The spell was cast, the die now tossed, and my body, my dear heart and soul, knew no retreat; only my mind was left to yell. But my feet traveled anyway, my hand grasped her plush hand, graciously taking it unto my bosom as we walked down that blessed aisle.

Soon we stood before the masses, facing the majestic elder who gave us his honored blessing as we stood before the eternal spirit receiving his permission, hoping that he will only touch us as we speak the venerated vow. She wore the white of cherished purity.....she wore the coveted

veil of chastity.....she gazed forth into my very eyes promising to honor her words for all eternity. She stood before the masses speaking her forlorn words of honor and total commitment, and they standing as her eternal witnesses.....

So I placed that ring upon her finger.....that eternal endless bind, only to symbolize our commitment and the pledge of our hallowed cherished oath.....She was mine, eternally mine, and we sealed our pact with that fatal kiss, that kiss of immortal commitment, both in body and in soul.

We rode away into bliss, into sanctified euphoria, into the arms of each other, across the deep blue sea into hidden lands afar. We chose a castle on a lone hillside by the sea as our abode, intending to live in endless harmony.

The days turned into nights, and the new days into weeks and months, and soon our joys were multiplied by the happy cry of our new son. He was all of my joy and my pride rolled up tightly into a single unit, my true love, my eternal life and her's alike. Yea, our joys were like no other to be told, there just is no true picture that any mortal words can describe....

Oh Madeline... it has now been seven long years, and where is your heart today? In the disgusting arms of the demon, is it he of whom has always held you in his sway? Oh my Madeline, what about our time together, our travels and our good times? What about those bad times that life is so wrought with, when we stood by each other to give strength and counsel when they came our way? What about our son, our glorious son, who bears a head of flowing gold and the wisdom of the saints?

Hark ye, now....my mind knows thy secret lusts....I saw thy treasured gifts....the gold watch, the satin clothes, and

the host of Teddy bears! Though my heart refuses my eyes, my mind can still behold the truth...Oh Madeline! Must you sell yourself to the wealthy.....no? No you did not, your betrayal was in the very worst of ways! I know the filthy beggar...I beheld his repulsive sable arms in your embrace! You never knew I was there, did you? Oh Madeline, you not only betrayed my faith, but what about the faith of our son? Did you not ever consider him?

My hands opened the sacred book and my eyes beheld the honored instruction, my mind then knew just what it had to do. My feet walked up, my face now smiling it's smooth emotionless smile. My hands then seized her by her fallow throat.... from some unknown avenue sprang that cherished blade....that ever so thin a cherished blade...! Mine eyes never beheld the act, but my bare legs felt the steamy heat of her oozing blood as it ran down my right thigh, only to puddle upon the ice cold stone floor.

Oh my Madeline, what has thou now done? You have forced me to act in honored vengeance, to restore the sacred virtue of family and name, and that of our son as well. These walls have witnessed the act, behold, and the spirits bear the secret to tell. Oh Madeline, the choice that you left me was to forgo it, and the truth you'll never tell.

I drudgingly pulled her corpse into the wood, into that most secret of brush enshrouded clearings. I then proceeded to slice the flesh from the bone, then the bone from the ligaments. I completed the dreadful act in some thirty minutes, or maybe even less. Just as soon as the deed was completed the grunting pigs came a running, hungrily ravishing all of the bloody flesh and the bone, soon not even the earth itself bore no trace.

But the months passed... and I hold not Madeline, no not in honor nor disgrace. Oh Madeline, what hast thou

now done, to go from here forever in eternal dishonor and disgrace? How could you cause such pain to our son, did you not even consider how this might affect him? I now damn you into eternal flame and degradation, be consumed by your sins forever more.....!

They then came for me, my ears beheld their heavy knocks, my heart raced when they rammed in my solid oaken door. They have found me, I know not how. Did the pigs tell? Did some slight speck of blood on the forest floor? Did the spirits who witnessed the crime? Mine eyes beheld the blue of their dress, my wrists felt the clasp bite of their cuffs.... and they snatched me away into the somber mist, casting my quivering body upon the cold stone floor of my dungeon tomb.

So I stand tall here on a towering scaffold of new oak, awaiting my turn at the fall. As they placed my head into that scratching, itching loop of hemp, mine eyes beheld the demon who had engineered this diabolical scheme, and my ears beheld his heavy roaring laugh just before I fell.

Oh Madeline..... just what hast thou now done..., only to damn the flesh into the dust of the earth, and the eternal soul from heaven's radiant sun!

Magistrate's office
995 Morrison Drive
Charleston, South Carolina 29403

Incident report 505A

It was on the fifth of August, 1988, at 0900 hours, that I, Eudora Johnson, was walking along the beach by the battery park. As I walked, I came upon an oblong heap of sand, obviously some sort of heap heedlessly dug and cast aside by some child in play along the beach. The heap bore a strange oblong shape that first attracted me over to it; but what held my attention for the longest duration of time was the strange indigo aura that appeared as a slight mist, and floated just over the top of the heap. Though the mist was transparent, it behaved as if it attempted to conceal the mound from any view of the passers by.

The scent....oh, the enticing sweet scent....was of velveteen roses. Even though the mist gave the appearance, both the transparency and the smell enticed the desire for giving a much closer look.

I could not resist, though I was short on time and needed to travel back home. I then bent down and commenced to dig, first with my bare hands, then with a plastic bowl that I discovered approximately thirty yards from the mound.

I had dug down some one foot and several inches, when I suddenly struck something hard that obviously was not sand. At the same time, the grating sound made by the dragging plastic betrayed the fact that it was not concrete or stone, but subconsciously I knew it to be glass.

I dug with more passion and intensity, soon uncovering a slight blanket of sand that concealed the glass from my

view, only to discover that the glass was indeed a pile of bottles, some ancient, and some very modern, but all stuffed with a corn cob for a cork, or some sort of home made stopper. At this point, I was entranced, as though a strange hex had been placed upon my very heart and soul. I was compelled to continue my investigation.

I removed the bottles from the hole, dusting each one off very carefully as I lay them by my side. I quickly glanced around, and upon seeing no one about and myself being very alone, I continued in my labor.

In total, there were thirty bottles of a liter or so in size. As I inspected carefully, very carefully, I was shocked to discover that all were perfectly dry and very empty...except one. Inside this one there appeared to be a note of velum parchment, but I knew not if it was modern or very ancient. The lettering did not appear to be stained, or smudged, nor faded in any sort of way. I quickly pulled the cork from the opening, dumping the letter from the neck and the mouth, and into the opened palm of my right hand.

I quickly glanced around once more, upon seeing no one, my trembling right hand opened the note, and these are the astonishing words that I read:

Note to the finder of this bottle

Day one, according to my slighted reckoning:

My name is Sam Shepard. I am from Wilmington North Carolina. The date is May sixth, nineteen and eighty six. I know not the time, but I estimate that it is about 1200 hours. I am an outdoors man and adventurer by personal choice, a teacher and freelance author by trade.

I put in via canoe just above where the Ashley river and the Cooper river converge. I chose to follow the Ashley branch as I began my journey, to an island named for the

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