



THATHIN REBORN

SAMPLE

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Chapter One

Elizabeth Andrews stared out the window as the leaves fell from the trees. It had been 10 years since the fateful night where she lost her father, Jon Andrews. She was so young then that she barely understood what was going on, though it did cause her to grow up very quickly. And now she was at this point where almost everyone she had cared about had died, except of course for Megan and Jordan. They were like a family, Megan like her mother and Jordan like her grandfather. Still, it wasn't enough. She missed her father, she missed Hathin. He had died despite her and Megan's attempts to rescue him when Hell's Hill had caved in. It's strange to see nothing but rubble around the old caverns that once housed the evilest presence in town. Yet, at the same time, it was a relief to know that things were finally over.

"Are you doing okay, Elizabeth?" Megan asked as she walked into the room.

"I'm doing the best I can be." Elizabeth replied. "I just miss them all so much."

"I know. Me too." Megan ran her fingers through Elizabeth's hair and stared out the window with her. Elizabeth stared off into the distance with reminiscent thoughts going through her head.

“Megan, do you ever wonder what life would be like if we still had Hathin with us?” She asked. “Don’t you wish we could bring him back somehow?”

“Of course I do.” Megan answered. She loved Hathin very much and wanted more than anything to be in his arms again.

Megan and Elizabeth continued staring out the window as Jordan walked in. He looked at them and smiled. It was so good to see the bond that they have formed, like mother and daughter, and he knew that it was exactly what they both needed. Jordan was there to help guide them, and he knew that. Still, he had wished just as much as they did that Hathin would have survived the collapse of Hell’s Hill, so that the three of them could have been a happy family together, as it was meant to be. Megan turned and smiled at Jordan.

“You’re thinking about him too.” She said.

“I am. Hathin was a strong man, and sacrificed everything for us. I only wish he could have survived. You three deserved each other after all you have been through.” Jordan said.

Elizabeth stared quietly out the window, trying to block out what was being said behind her. She didn’t want to think about what she deserved because she was already so frustrated over everyone she had lost. Her father weighed heavily on her heart, as would a loving father to any daughter who lost their daddy at such a young age. She just wanted to hug him once again. Out of everyone who she had lost, she felt her father’s death was the most unfair of them all, as he was simply helping Hathin to discover who he was. That, in her opinion, did not merit any real reason to die. It wasn’t that she blamed Hathin for her father’s death, but she felt her father died for little true purpose or necessity.

The truth was, her father didn’t know very much about Hathin, and was simply assisting him in finding his past and remembering who he was. The vampires, labeled nightwalkers by the townspeople, knew who Hathin was long before he did, and knew of his destiny to bring them to an end. That knowledge

resulted in their attempts at preventing him from ever finding his past, which led to the death of Dr. Jon Andrews.

“Lizzie, why don’t we go out and do some shopping?”

Megan asked, seeing how heavy-hearted Elizabeth seemed to be that day. They’d all been trying to return to normal lives, despite everything that they had been through. It was the only thing left to do, to move on and return to the basic lifestyles of everyday citizens. Nobody in the town knew of their adventures, so blending in with the surrounding community shouldn’t be very difficult.

“Alright.” Elizabeth said. It would be good to get her mind off of everything, or at least healthy to try.

“Good. Jordan, are you coming with us?” Megan invited.

“You girls run along, I’ll stay here and watch over the church. I’m sure there’s some cleaning or something that could be done.” Jordan replied with a smile.

Megan and Elizabeth headed into town and saw that a festival of some sort was occurring.

“What’s going on?” Elizabeth asked curiously.

“I’m not sure.” Megan said, wondering what the festivities were all about.

“Step right up and play the game! You win if I can’t guess your name!” A man yelled. Elizabeth looked at Megan and smirked.

“That actually sounds like fun. There’s no way he could guess our names!” She said to Megan, grabbing her arm and rushing over to the man.

“Well hello there!” He exclaimed. “What do you say, do you want to play?” He asked.

“Yes!” Elizabeth said. She handed him some coins and he stared at her for a moment.

“Take my hand!” He demanded. She reached out as he grabbed her hand and closed his eyes.

“Really, this is just silly.” Megan said, rolling her eyes.

“Your name is Elizabeth Marie Andrews!” The man exclaimed. “Now would you like to give it a try?” He turned and grinned at Megan, who stared at him with disbelief.

“How did you...” Megan began to question him when Elizabeth interrupted.

“My name! He guessed my full name!” She yelled. “Do hers!”

“Elizabeth, I don’t think I...” Megan was again interrupted.

“Come on! I bet he can tell you your full name, just like mine!” Elizabeth said.

“Oh come on, he probably knows you somehow. He likely can’t even guess my first name.” Megan said with doubt. Just then, the man grabbed her hand and closed his eyes.

“Megan.” He grinned. She pulled her hand away with confusion and fear.

“You’re some sort of witch!” She exclaimed. Elizabeth stopped laughing and quickly realized this was something very serious. She looked at Megan and suddenly felt very concerned.

“I assure you, I’m no witch.” The man said. “I’m perfectly harmless. It’s just a gift I have.”

“A gift?” Megan stared closer at him and realized he truly did seem innocent and harmless.

“Yes, a gift. I don’t know how I can do it, but when I hold your hand and close my eyes, I can see everything about you.” He explained. “I never wanted to invade but I also knew I could make a good living from it, so here I am! A freak like me belongs amongst the clowns of the carnival!”

Elizabeth was amazed at the man’s talent, and it brought her to wonder what else was around the carnival. If this man had such a gift, what else could these people do?

“What’s this carnival doing here anyways?” Megan asked.

“It’s been 10 years since Hell’s Hill has crumbled! We are celebrating with a festival through the night because these streets have become safe once again!” He explained.

“What else can these people do?” Elizabeth asked, staring around at the other games and tents.

“They aren’t gifted like me. They do simple things like juggling and what-not.” He answered. “Bill Jennings over there can guess your age, but he’s wrong half of the time. I wish others had a gift like this, but I suppose it’s good that they don’t.”

“Alright then. You know our names. What’s yours?” Megan asked.

“My name is Isaac.” He answered. “And don’t worry, I didn’t look beyond your name, though I could if you wanted me to.”

“I’d rather you didn’t.” Megan said. “And I think it’s time we go. Thank you, Isaac.”

“What do you want to do now, Megan?” Elizabeth asked.

“If you want to see a real treat, go into the third tent over there.” Isaac suggested. “Camilla, she juggles swords like no other, and these aren’t show swords either. They’re the sharpest, most authentic silver swords I’ve ever seen.”

“Let’s go see!” Elizabeth said. It felt so refreshing to be out on the town, and the festivities were enough to keep her mind distracted from the memories of her father and Hathin.

As they walked into the tent, they saw Camilla, a blonde haired woman who was juggling the very sharp, silver swords that Isaac had informed them about. She juggled them as if she had no fear of them whatsoever. Elizabeth stared at the swords as they flipped into the air, their blades so sharp that you could hear them slicing through the air.

“Look at how those swords spin so lightly through the air, despite how heavy they must be.” Megan said with admiration.

“Listen to their blades through the air.” Elizabeth said.

“I hear it. You would think there was a sword fight happening right here in front of us.” Megan replied. The swords continued flipping through the air and Camilla seemed to have no fear whatsoever as the blades spun around her. Her long blonde hair seemed to dodge the swords with an eerie hint of synchronized

perfection. Suddenly, a loud shriek came from the crowd as one of the swords swiftly impaled the box in front of them. The crowd watched in shock and suspense as the swords systematically impaled each box along that wall until the act was completed. Camilla smiled with satisfaction at her successful act and took a bow.

“That was pretty amazing.” Elizabeth said. Megan grinned.

“Let’s see her do it with arrows and then I’ll be impressed.”

She said, laughing.

“Come back in a few hours and watch me do this show with my special hand-crafted silver tipped flaming arrows!”

Camilla said. Elizabeth grinned at Megan, finding much humor in the situation.

“I wonder what else they have here.” Megan said, trying to hide her humiliation.

Elizabeth’s focus was elsewhere. She stared off in the distance at a strange little boy who was staring right back at her. She looked closely but couldn’t figure out what seemed so off about the boy. The boy raised his arm and pointed out the opening of the tent, without looking. Megan looked at Elizabeth and could tell that something was wrong. She couldn’t figure out what Elizabeth was staring so intently at. Elizabeth began walking towards the opening of the tent.

“Elizabeth? Are you alright?” Megan asked. Elizabeth didn’t answer. She continued walking and looked out the tent opening. She saw a man standing outside looking around the carnival as if he was searching for something. She turned to ask the boy what she was supposed to see, but the boy was gone.

“He’s gone...” she said, softly.

“Elizabeth? Who’s gone?” Megan asked. Elizabeth looked up at Megan and realized she had zoned out.

“What?” She asked, confused.

“Who’s gone?” Megan asked. Elizabeth couldn’t remember anything that had just happened.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Elizabeth said. Megan looked at her with concern.

“I think we need to get you back home, Lizzie.” She said. Elizabeth didn’t want to leave. Going home to the church meant having nothing to do, and having nothing to do just meant thinking more about her father.

“I don’t want to. Can’t we stay here longer?” She asked. Megan could tell that Elizabeth was having a good time and needed this more than she had originally thought.

“Of course we can stay, Elizabeth. Come on.” She smiled at Elizabeth and opened the tent. “Let’s see what else is going on out here.”

Elizabeth stepped out of the tent and saw the spot where the man had been standing who looked lost or confused and she suddenly remembered the frightening experience she had just moments before. The man was gone now, but she couldn’t help but wonder if he was what the little boy was pointing at. She turned and looked to see the little boy, but he was gone too. She looked at Megan and smiled, not wanting Megan to know she was going through anything serious. Perhaps the lack of sleep and the stress from reminiscing over her father’s death had gotten to her and had her seeing things. She walked alongside Megan and looked around at all of the different tents and stands. The people looked so happy and joyous, so relieved. Just then, a man in a jester costume ran through the streets.

“Catch the big parade tonight! Catch the big parade tonight!” He yelled over and over. “Catch the big parade where we celebrate the end of the nightwalkers!”

“They seem so relieved. You can tell that such a large burden has been lifted from them.” Megan said.

“If only they knew the part you and I took in it.” Elizabeth said. It wasn’t so much that she wanted credit, but wished she could share her stories with the people. At the same time, she knew it was better off that they didn’t know just how evil those nightwalkers really were. The lives they had claimed were far

more than the death tally the town had seen, and the fact that the very gates of hell were opened at one point would leave these people fearing something far worse than the bloodsucking terrors they called nightwalkers.

“A parade sounds nice. They’ve not had anything like this carnival in quite some time around here.” Megan said. She was relieved herself to see the joy and peace in the townspeople again.

“Jordan’s missing a good time.” Elizabeth said. “We should go back and get him.”

“He won’t come.” Megan said. “He wants us spending time together, and he’s getting older so he prefers to sit there around the church. As if he won’t get enough time with God once he’s passed.”

“Jordan’s outlived us all already; I don’t think he’ll ever go.” Elizabeth said with admiration. She looked up to Jordan a lot for his faith and wisdom, but also his undeniable ability to somehow survive everything they’ve been through. A lesser man would’ve died just at the thought of it all.

“You’re probably right.” Megan said, laughing. “We’ll be stuck with him forever.” She joked.

“What do you think he’s doing right now?” Elizabeth asked, doing a floor-sweeping motion with her hands. “Cleaning up the ol’ church again?” She laughed.

“Of course he is.” Megan said grinning. “Dust, sweep and mop, all day long!”

They weren’t wrong in their jesting, as Jordan spent most of every day cleaning the church. It was a large church, but he cleaned it more often than not. On this particular day, however, he cleaned so that Megan and Elizabeth would go out on the town together and bond in order to strengthen their relationship and more importantly, to get their mind off of the events that haunted them from 10 years ago. At this very moment, he was cleaning off an old bookshelf when a book caught his attention. He pulled it from the shelf and stared at it in shock.

“This can’t be...” He uttered, fearing the very information he had just discovered. “It just can’t be...”

Meanwhile, Megan and Elizabeth were enjoying the sunset from the bridge near the small town carnival. It had been so long since either of them had gone out into the town and simply enjoyed themselves. It was even better to be doing that together, as it gave them a chance to talk about things they normally would not.

“I miss my dad. Megan, it seems so unfair that he died trying to help Hathin. It frustrates me. I know it wasn’t Hathin’s fault, but my father still didn’t deserve to die.” Elizabeth said, finally letting some of her emotions out.

“Hathin felt the same way, Lizzie.” Megan replied, sorrowfully. “Your father was a very dear friend to him, helped him to discover who he was and to find himself and to know about his family. Your father’s death was one of the hardest things Hathin faced through his entire battle with the nightwalkers.”

“It was?” Elizabeth never really knew just how important her father was to Hathin. It brought a slight feeling of peace over her to know that her father was a bigger part of Hathin’s life than she had thought.

“Your father’s death traumatized Hathin, left him feeling as if the entire world was against him. Your father was like a hero to Hathin.” Megan explained.

Elizabeth would have replied, but her attention was elsewhere. In the wooded area south of the bridge, she saw the young boy from earlier. She stared at him as he pointed back towards the town.

“Lizzie?” Megan yelled. “Are you okay?!” Elizabeth turned and looked at her with fear in her eyes.

“Megan, we have to go back to the carnival.” She told Megan, her voice cracking with tension and fear. “Something is wrong. I don’t know what, but something bad is going to happen.”

“Lizzie, what’s wrong?” Megan asked. “Where did this come from?”

“I saw a boy...” Elizabeth began to explain. That sentence sounded very familiar to Megan. “We don’t have time for it, Megan. We have to go, now!” She grabbed Megan’s hand and they rushed back towards the carnival.

Megan and Elizabeth arrived back at the carnival but nothing seemed to be any different. People were celebrating, and it appeared that the parade was about to begin. Camilla sat outside of her tent watching the festivities around her, and Isaac had apparently torn down his stand and gone home.

“Lizzie, what was supposed to be going on here?” Megan asked, confused. Elizabeth looked around feeling just as confused as Megan.

“The boy pointed, and I thought...” Elizabeth was interrupted.

“Stop right there, Lizzie. Tell me about this boy!” Megan insisted.

“I don’t really know.” Elizabeth began explaining. “He shows up, he’s some sort of ghost, or spirit, or...”

“Or a vision?” Megan interrupted. “Lizzie, Hathin used to have visions right before the nightwalkers attacked. He had visions of a little boy warning him of his future or something. I never fully understood it, but this sounds very similar.”

“What do you think it means?” Elizabeth asked, frightened and worried. “And why would he send us back here with such a terrible feeling if nothing is wrong?”

“I don’t know, Lizzie. I really don’t know.” Megan wished she had an answer for Elizabeth, but she didn’t have the slightest idea why Elizabeth was suddenly having these visions similar to the ones that haunted Hathin.

“It’s fine. Maybe I’m just losing it.” Elizabeth joked. “I’ve been thinking about my dad and about Hathin so much lately. My dad was your cousin and you worked for him, so did you know him very well then?”

“I knew him better than anybody did.” Megan said.

“Can you tell me anything about him? Elizabeth asked, pleading to know more of her father she was missing so tremendously.

“He was a good man, Elizabeth. He loved you so much, and he wanted the best for you. He was always willing to do good things for people even when he would get nothing back out of it. Just like when he helped Hathin.” Megan explained. “I’ll tell you what. The parade is about to begin, so why don’t we go watch it and I’ll tell you more about your dad on the way back to the church.”

“That sounds perfect.” Elizabeth said, comforted. They walked back towards the center of the carnival as she noticed the young boy again, this time pointing into Camilla’s tent.

Elizabeth ignored the vision and followed Megan, as they walked and sat by a fountain.

“This parade will be such a sight for sore eyes.” Megan said, forcing a smile. Elizabeth could tell how much Megan missed Hathin. Megan loved Hathin very much, he was her husband, and he sacrificed everything to save everyone. She wanted to say something. Anything...

The parade began, and they sat quietly as they watched. And then, Elizabeth said something that she quickly wished she wouldn’t have.

“Wouldn’t it be great if Hathin was here?” She asked. While the question was thoughtful and reminiscent, it hit a hard spot with Megan and brought tears to her eyes.

“I need a minute, Lizzie. I just need a minute.” Megan said, standing up and quickly walking off into the crowd. Elizabeth felt very bad, and was about to chase after Megan when the parade suddenly came to a halt.

“What’s going on?” She asked out loud. She stared towards the parade as someone stood atop a tall structured that sat on top of a vehicle in the parade.

“Attention, ladies and gentlemen. I come to you tonight with a message. You celebrate the end of my kind, but like a town of fools you do so prematurely! You think the terror has ended but the truth is, it has only just begun!” As the words were yelled from the top of the parade structure, an icy chill ran down Elizabeth’s spine as she realized what was happening. And at that very moment, screams cried out from among the crowds surrounding her, and shrieks of terror pierced her ears.

“Megan!” She cried, realizing Megan was in one of those crowds. All around her, she saw carnage and bloodshed as nightwalkers poured onto the streets. She wanted to run away, but she had to find Megan first. She looked around, frightened from the sudden attack that had fallen on such a joyous town celebration.

“Lizzie!” A scream came out from one of the crowds and through the bloodshed and she could see Megan yelling and looking for her, but Megan did not see her. She quickly realized that she had to do something quickly. She observed the crowds around her, trying to spot how many nightwalkers there were. She counted one to her right, one to her left, and the one on top of the parade structure.

“There are only three of them.” She said to herself. She noticed one of the nightwalkers jump onto Megan and attack her. Megan swung at the nightwalker but it threw her to the ground. Elizabeth quickly ran over.

“You’re not going to win this, you’re far outnumbered!” Megan yelled at the nightwalker.

“Our queen has a much bigger army coming your way, this is just a warning.” The nightwalker replied.

“You’ll never win.” Megan insisted.

“We already have.” He laughed. Elizabeth charged at him and tackled him. He hit her and stood to his feet.

“Leave her alone!” Megan yelled. They were helpless, no weapons or anyone to protect them. The nightwalker stood over Megan, laughing at her in the brink of her defeat.

“With the Archangel defeated, we can turn the younger girl into one of our own.” He laughed. “And then you’ll have nobody left. Your hero was already destroyed, and now the rest of you have come to your time to be dead with him!”

“No!” Elizabeth yelled out in terror as the nightwalker pulled Megan up to him and sank his teeth into her.

“She tastes delicious.” He laughed. “It’s just too bad that she has to die.”

“Please stop...” Elizabeth begged, but to no use. The nightwalker snapped Megan’s neck and her dead body fell to the ground. Elizabeth broke down into tears as the nightwalker stepped towards her and picked her up.

“Welcome to darkness.” He said, pulling her closer to him. And then he sank his teeth into her neck.