

SLASHER SAM

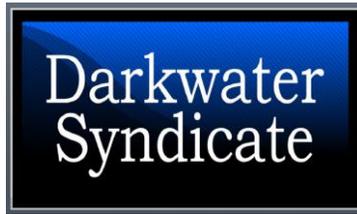
WHEN THE WEBPAGE LOADS
THE TERROR BEGINS



SIMON PETERSEN

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Slasher Sam
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Slasher: Noun (slang), much-loved genre of film in which heroic vigilantes bring errant citizens (primarily teenagers) to justice with sharp implements (primarily knives).

– Urban Dictionary

PROLOGUE

The book which you're about to read is a collection of some of the mad ramblings of a twisted, murderous soul; a real-life monster without conscience or even the most rudimentary sense of law and order, right or wrong, good or evil.

It's all the more tragic in that the events detailed here in these very pages are real, copied verbatim from the personal website of the worst serial killer of the 21st century. Only the names and dates have been changed and the pictures removed, to protect the anonymity and privacy of the victims and their grieving families.

In time, these blog posts and the website they were taken from would help lead to the discovery of some of the most bizarre and macabre crimes in the annals of human history: the Slasher Sam Murders.

This book is not for the faint of heart, the weak of stomach, or the soft of bowels.

You have been warned.

Simon Petersen

October 2016

HELLO WORLD!

By: slasher_sam

January 1

What if a psycho killer from out of a slasher movie started their own blog? What would they write about? And, more importantly, why would anyone want to read it?

As much as I'm a big fan of his work, no-one would ever want to read the incoherent ramblings of hulking man-child Jason Voorhees, that mummy's boy in a hockey mask who kills because his mother never gave him enough hugs when he was a boy. Assuming that Crystal Lake has Wi-Fi and Jason ever learnt to read and write, what's likely to be on his mind anyway, besides constant blood lust and his dearly departed mummy dearest?

There's no doubt in my mind that the other famously hulking slasher movie villain, Michael Myers, would start a genealogy blog to map out his entire family tree. He'd then proceed to hack off every last branch, twig and leaf with a very large knife. His blog would be a heart-warming story of family reunions, proving once and for all that blood (of which you can be sure there will be plenty) really is thicker than Halloween H20.

While we're on the topic of bad puns, depraved pervert and child murderer Freddy Krueger would be right at home on the Internet, where filth and perversion is always just a click away. His blog – about lucid dreaming, perhaps, or tips for parents about how to deal with wayward teens – would suffer from diminishing returns, as his posts gradually descend into a litany of horrible quips and brutal one-liners.

The blog by the ghost-face killer from the Scream movie franchises would be no better. It would eventually be revealed in a post that the killer was working from your home computer the whole time. How very self-aware and scary. It's just a pity that everyone stopped caring after Jay and Silent Bob showed up in the second sequel.

Finally – major spoiler alert – it'll turn out that the popular parenting blog that everyone thought was written by Norman Bates's mother, will actually be written by young Norman himself, in drag. Then we'll get yet another prequel TV show attempting to explain his psychosis. No thank you. Frankly, I'd rather watch Keeping Up with the Kardashians, which is far more terrifying and also happens to feature a disturbed transsexual.

I can tell you right now that my blog will be far more illuminating than all of that, as you'll soon see. Oh yes, that's because I actually am a psycho killer with a blog, and we have special work to do here, you and me. We may even become friends. Pals. BFFs. Friends 'till the end, just like Chucky and little Andy Barclay.

Now, I know what you're probably thinking: who is this person? And where do they get off comparing themselves to the likes of Michael Aubrey Myers, Jason Elias Voorhees, Frederick Charles Krueger, and Norman Francis Bates? (Now you're wondering whether or not I made those middle names up.) Let's just say that no-one takes slashers more seriously than I do.

Let's also just say that, if I could reach through your computer screen right now, I'd force-feed you this butcher knife. Then I'd eviscerate you in front of your entire family, who'll be forced to sit and watch as I play skip-rope with your large intestine.

Did I go too far just now? I'm really sorry about that, reader. Let me take a deep breath and rein myself in a tad. That's better. I was getting a bit carried away there for a minute; too hot under the old collar. Forgive me. I'd absolutely hate myself if we didn't get off to the best possible start, because, you and me, we're in this together now.

That's right. I'm bringing the slasher back into vogue, and you're going to help me do it. I'll send rebellious teens and sinful degenerates to meet their maker, and you'll read about my exploits right here on this very blog. You'll tell your friends about it, they'll tell theirs, and so my legend will grow like that nasty rash on your ass (the one you've been embarrassed to go see a doctor about).

In time, they'll make a movie about my dark deeds, and, like Halloween in 1978 or Scream in 1996, it'll be the harbinger for a slew of new slashers. Masked killers with sharp knives will once again roam the picture house near you, stalking and slashing anyone and everyone who gets in their way—especially those who break one of the fundamental rules of being in a slasher movie—and only resourceful final girls will be able to stop them.

It'll be you and me, both of us, complicit in this together. I'll be the stranger your parents warned you about; the black-hearted killer who punishes the drug abusers, the drinkers, the smokers, the pre-marital sexers, and the generally uncouth. I'll be a malignant tumour on the wicked, a slaughterer of misbehaving men and women—but especially teenagers.

Along the way I'll get some revenge on some old school chums of mine, the reprehensible malcontents who made me the ruthless killer that I am today. I'm going to hunt them down and thank them, permanently, with various sharp instruments of destruction.

But we're getting ahead of ourselves now. There'll be more on that a little later on. In the meantime, I'll do what I do best. Whatever you do, pray you don't cross my path—or the next blood-curdling scream you hear could very well be your own.

KILL 'EM ALL

By: slasher_sam

January 14

Like that alleged child molester, purported burn victim, and all-around creepy dude once said (Michael Jackson, not Freddy Krueger), it doesn't really matter what colour your skin is. I will straight-up murder you until you are dead.

Similarly, I don't care about sex—the act is a disgusting habit, but I genuinely don't care if you identify as a boy, girl, both, or neither. And it definitely doesn't matter which god you worship, because none of them will save you from me.

That's because I'm a politically correct, equal opportunity slasher movie serial killer for the twenty-first century, and you're all the same to me—just walking-talking sacks of meat in dire need of slaughtering.

And I am the butcher.

Honestly, I consider it a public service to thin out the herd. I'm natural selection personified, culling those who aren't fit enough to survive, who will only pollute the gene pool with their genetic diarrhoea. It's a hard job, but someone has to do it. Sure, I also get a kick out of doing what I do best, but it's important that you enjoy what you do—am I right?

You, the ugly person reading this blog post, you probably have a day job to pay the bills, some means of supporting your pathetic little family. Even if it's your dream job—you're the chief taster at a chocolate factory, say, or the executive beer drinker at a brewery—I'll bet you're never half as satisfied as I am when I dole out my special brand of blade justice. It's why I get out of bed in the morning, why I endure my own daytime job.

Oh, you never realised that I was a semi-functional member of society, did you? You assumed I was yet another loose cannon with a machete, living in a cabin by the lake; perhaps a mad cannibal miner who places the hearts of his victims in heart-shaped candy boxes; or a crazed lunatic in army fatigues, who kills by pitchfork, and doesn't abide graduation dances. Oh no, I am far more frightening (and/or mundane) than that.

By day, I'm just your average angry Joe who works in retail. You might have come into the shop I work at, or we might have brushed shoulders during our daily commute, but you'd never know it. By day, normalcy is my mask. I blend in because I am, for all intents and purposes, perfectly ordinary.

At night, though, I become something much, much worse—as I will demonstrate for you all right now.

You remember the start of the original Halloween movie when we see through young Mikey Myers's eyes as he so viciously stabs his older sister to death? (Frankly, if you haven't seen this movie you should drop dead right now.) Imagine my blog is like that. You'll see the world from my point of view and, like a particularly grotesque voyeur, you'll witness first-hand the carnage that befalls all the misfits, losers, and assholes that come my way.

Now, enough bragging, pull that proverbial mask down over your ugly face and let us begin.

* * *

It's a typical scene in a typical city. Chaos reigns as people spill out of office buildings and onto the streets, hurrying to their cars, their buses, their trains. It's just after 5 p.m. and an exodus is currently taking place. People are desperately evacuating the city in droves. No-one stops to mourn the end of another work day.

Oblivious to this mass migration, one man stands against the flow, like a lone grizzly bear during a salmon run. One very loud, very obnoxious man with a cellphone attached to his extremely punch-able face.

"I don't care what you say," says the loud-mouthed stranger. "She's just another woman who's got her knickers in a twist. Hell, it's probably her time of the month for crying out loud. My client will not settle. Not ever. You hear me? Now tell her to get back in the kitchen where she belongs."

He's a square-jawed Ben Affleck type, big and broad in an expensive-looking suit, shouting this obscene dialogue down the throat of the latest smartphone. Middle-aged and balding, he looks like a man for whom shouting on the street is no big deal, mostly because that's exactly what he's doing right now – shouting inane and sexist babble for all the street to hear.

I'm just another one of the plebs who shoots him a dirty look as we flock past on our way to somewhere else. But he doesn't care. He probably doesn't even notice. We're merely background characters in the story of his life.

I fall in behind him as he wanders upstream, against the flow of frantic commuters who are rushing home to their snot-nosed children, their spoiled pets, their leather couches and unmade beds. Naturally, they part around him, giving as wide a berth as possible. He's God's special little asshole, after all; why should he have to get out of the way of incoming foot traffic?

Following in his wake, my temper simmers as the asshat continues his loathsome, sexist tirade.

"Marty, women are like hurricanes. They're wet and wild, and then they take everything you own. Well, not this time, because we're taking a stand. My client has no intention of meeting her halfway. So you tell that po-faced bitch that we're going to absolutely annihilate her in court."

Just when I don't think I can take any more, he kills the call.

After following him in silence for another block – which proves tricky when he just walks out in front of oncoming traffic, expecting the evacuating commuters to merely drive around him – we arrive at the flashy offices of Oliver Alexander & Associates, one of the top law firms in the city, perhaps even the entire United States.

So he's a lawyer. That would explain the arrogant, condescending attitude and the smugly petulant nonsense he was spouting out there on the street. I hate lawyers (as if you needed me to tell you that). In a world full of scumbags, their profession is among the worst – along with used-car salesmen, politicians, real estate agents, and architects (don't ask).

I follow him into the brightly lit reception area, where everything – the tiled floors, painted walls and sparse furnishings – is eggshell, pearl, or just plain white. It's like being in purgatory. A lone receptionist – also as white as the Oscars – immediately snaps to attention. She's a sprightly young thing, with long platinum-blond dyed hair and a cream-coloured blouse that's only slightly too revealing, obviously eager to please the high-powered suits who work in this building.

"Mr. Alexander, the courier just dropped this off for you," she says to the balding angry man that I've been following for the last couple of blocks.

He snatches the package from her, gives it a cursory glance to see who it's from, and then continues over to the lifts.

"Is there anything else I can help you with before I leave for the evening?" she says.

His impatient banging on the lift's call button is his only reply.

When the elevator arrives to carry Mr. Alexander up to his luxury penthouse office on the thirteenth floor, I'm already back out on the street, striding in the direction of home. I already have what I came here for – a name to go with the face that I want to murder until it's dead.

So, it turns out that Oliver Alexander is the top divorce attorney in the state, having represented some of the most glittering of the glitterati in the very high-profile – and no doubt very lucrative – divorces from their better halves. It's kind of funny if you think about it, because it just so happens that I specialise in divorce too.

Divorcing heads from torsos.

* * *

Who still lists their name in the phone book these days? Don't they know there are psychos out there?

That maggot couldn't have made it any easier for me to track him down at home. All it took was a quick online search and, Bob from Twin Peaks is your uncle, I now have Oliver Alexander's home phone number, his street address, and even a picture of his house.

A short drive later, I'm standing outside of the same flashy two-storied bungalow. Nestled in a quiet cul-de-sac in an extremely well-to-do part of town, it's a lovely home—white picket fence, manicured front lawn, probably a swimming pool out in the back. It seems helping people screw their spouses must be a rewarding line of work. I briefly consider a career change.

It's the middle of the night, so none of the lights are on in the house. The only illumination comes from a street lamp a couple of houses down. It's eerie, even for a self-styled slasher movie serial killer, to be out-and-about on such a moonless, motionless night. I hate suburbia—it's too quiet here. I far prefer the hustle and bustle of the big city, where a kill or be killed mentality already pervades.

In the stillness of this sleeping street, I make my way up the driveway and past Alexander's two-car garage, careful to walk with confidence and purposefulness, just in case some random insomniac is watching. I pull my hood down when I get to the front door.

Because it was so simple to get this douchebag's name and address, I figure I'll ride my luck again and try the door. Damn. It's locked. Turns out he's not a total idiot.

So I check under the mat. No cigar either.

What about underneath the planter closest to the door? Boom—keys in hand. He is a numbnuts after all.

It seems some people are far too trusting. I guess big-time divorce attorneys who live in flashy houses on flashy streets and list their addresses in the phone book think they're above petty murder and mayhem. Guess again, bucko. Tonight's the night you die.

Opening the door slowly, I cross the threshold and just stand there for a moment, letting my eyes adjust to the darkness. It's a big place, without quite the feel of a family home, but it's obviously no bachelor's pad, either. Judging from the impressionist artwork on the walls, and the general tidiness of the entranceway, Alexander's abode is well maintained by a wife or girlfriend, perhaps a housekeeper or indentured servant. God knows he's probably rich enough to own a few slaves.

Closing the door behind me, I press on into the silent abode, careful not to bump into anything and spoil the big surprise. It's blacker than the Candyman in here, and wearing a mask will only impede my vision further, so I decide to save that for a little later, too. It's very exciting. I feel like I'm going to a surprise birthday party or something; perhaps I should yell "surprise" as I gouge him to death with a meat cleaver.

In the downstairs dining room, a portrait on the wall tells me I'm in the right home. Alexander's pearly whites pierce the darkness and, nearly, my self-control. Heat rises to my head and I feel like stabbing someone. Standing next to him in the picture is a slim, raven-haired woman with large eyes and a kind smile. His partner, I presume. Or a high-price hooker he's particularly fond of.

God knows he's probably rich enough to own one of those, too. Even the air in here smells affluent, like a heady mix of mahogany and lavender. I'd better not break any of these antique vases that furnish the mantelpiece; they look expensive. I wonder if that's a genuine Monet hanging on the wall over there.

More importantly, I wonder if the woman in the portrait is home. To be honest, I'm not sure anyone is at this particular moment in time. There are no signs of life so far and this place is quieter than a cemetery at midnight. I would know. So I decide to go upstairs, but, before I do, I don the gimp mask that I've been carrying around in my pocket.

Now, this is something they never show you in slasher flicks: how some masks can make it dreadfully difficult to see. If the movies were more realistic, there would be killers walking into things all the time. Ghost-face from the *Scream* movies must have no peripheral vision, and don't even get me started on Jason in *Friday the 13th Part 2*. A burlap sack with only one eyehole? The guy must have had no depth perception at all.

Fortunately, I can still see reasonably well out of this mask, but I must admit I find it difficult to breathe in it – until I unzip the mouth. That's a lot better.

I slowly, carefully walk over to the stairs and begin my ascent to the second story of casa Alexander. If this were a *Friday the 13th* flick, the signature Harry Manfredini score would be kicking in right about now...

Chi-chi-chi ha-ha-ha.

Like a ninja in the night, I tread gently, sticking to the edges because I don't want a creaking step to betray my approach. And as I climb, I slowly pull the stainless steel meat cleaver out of my belt.

Chi-chi-chi ha-ha-ha.

By the time I get to the upstairs landing I've got a huge smile on my dial – though you wouldn't know it to look at me because of the mask. I'm pleased, jubilant even, having made it to the top without causing any significant noise. There's still no sound in this house but the imaginary *Friday the 13* repeating in my head.

Chi-chi-chi ha-ha-ha.

I look down a hallway and see three doors. Only the one at the very end is closed. Buoyed by a surge of adrenaline now, I tread carefully towards it, my cleaver ready to cleave at the first sign of life.

Chi-chi-chi ha-ha-ha.

The first door on the left is a bathroom. Thankfully, I remembered to go before I left the house.

Chi-chi-chi ha-ha-ha.

In the second room, papers and books litter a desk that sits against the far wall. A jacket lies haphazardly on the back of a black leather business chair. A whiskey glass, half-full of amber liquid, sits solemn and sad on the desk, forgotten.

Chi-chi-chi ha-ha-ha.

There's just one room left now; the one with the closed door. Before I open it, I think back to what brought me here tonight – the obnoxious man on the street, his attitude, arrogance, the casual sexism, that very stab-able face. Now I'm ready to rumble.

Chi-chi-chi ha-ha-ha.

The door creaks open. Stale air that smells like sex seeps out like a quiet fart.

Chi-chi-chi ha-ha-ha.

Alexander pops his head up out of bed like a frightened meerkat, but nowhere near as cute. "What's going on?" he says. "Who the hell are you and what do you want?"

Chi-chi-chi ha-ha-ha.

There's no sign of the smugness from yesterday. Terror distorts his features into a wax mask, making him look like the inspiration for the painting *The Scream*, which I might have seen hanging on the wall of the downstairs living room. Sweat drips down his forehead. He doesn't look healthy, like he could drop dead at any moment.

Chi-chi-chi ha-ha-ha.

A pretty blonde who I haven't noticed until now stirs, awakens, then jumps up in fright. She squeals when she sees me, stumbling from one nightmare into another as she sits up in bed, pulling the sheets over her naked breasts, suddenly shy.

Chi-chi-chi ha-ha-ha.

I say nothing, of course. The killers in the best slasher movies are usually silent. Instead, I walk over to the bed, clutching the cleaver in my right hand, ready to thrust it into these adulterers.

Chi-chi-chi ha-ha-ha.

"Leave me alone... don't come near me... help! Help! Somebody he—" Alexander grabs at his chest as though he's having a heart attack, then I make the stabbing pain worse by actually stabbing him in his chest. The knife cuts to his core like a perfectly picked insult, only far more deadly and satisfying.

Chi-chi-chi ha-ha-ha.

He finds his voice again, screams like a lunatic, and then a cleaver to the jugular finally shuts him up for good. Ruby red gushes like a geyser, soaking the bed, and staining the white satin sheets.

Chi-chi-chi ha-ha-ha.

In a pool of blood beside him, the pretty blonde begs for mercy. But I'm on a roll now and there will be no mercy tonight for someone who's been sleeping with another woman's husband. I cut her off – literally and figuratively – with a cleaver to the mouth, smashing her front teeth, and rendering her filthy, whoring mouth bloody.

Chi-chi-chi ha-ha-ha.

No doubt blondie thought she was in for a relaxing night of adultery. Now she's gurgling on a cleaver – instead of her lover's you-know-what. Life sure is

funny like that. As I withdraw my bloody knife from her bloody mouth, her eyes roll back in their sockets. Then I end it as quickly as it began, with another deep cut across the jugular. More blood spills all over the once-white bedding. The cleaner is going to have a hell of a job trying to clean up this mess.

Chi-chi-chi ha-ha-ha.

Before I leave, I remove my gimp mask and put it over Alexander's now-dead head, remembering to zip up the mouth before I retrace my steps back out of his den of horrors and back into the street, where my modest little car is parked half a block away.

Can you imagine the look on Alexander's poor wife's face when she gets home to find all that mess? But at least I've spared her a lengthy prison sentence; she'd have likely stabbed them both to death herself when she eventually found out about their affair.

LOL.

TOP 20 REASONS TO KILL SOMEONE

By: slasher_sam

January 31

1. They're a teenager
2. They do drugs
3. They're drinking alcohol
4. Revenge
5. They're in the way
6. They just said, "Who's there?"
7. Premarital sex
8. Vengeance on the anniversary of a loved one's death
9. The devil made me do it
10. Mummy told you to
11. Because you had a bad childhood
12. Someone just said your name five times in front of a mirror
13. You're a dream demon
14. Blame it on the Curse of Thorn
15. Because you watched as a member of your family was killed when you were a young child
16. Wrong place, wrong time
17. Habit
18. It's Valentine's Day/Christmas/New Year's/Friday the 13th
19. It's fun
20. Because you're a slasher movie serial killer and that's just what you do

THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY THE 13TH

By: slasher_sam
February 13

On this, the most special day in the calendar besides Halloween, I like to ask myself one simple question: what would Jason do?

Behold the day when Jason Voorhees comes, cruel, with wrath and fierce anger, to soak the land in blood and to destroy its sinners from it. He cometh to punish the world for its evil and the wicked for their iniquity, executing judgment by machete on those who are deemed unworthy (Jason 3:16).

Thus, I've decided to don a hockey mask and do a little missionary work in Jason's name this Black Friday, to help spread His gospel to all the sinners and unbelievers out there in the woods. Pray for my prey, for there will be a righteous baptism of blood because the day of judgment is nigh.

I can do all this through Him who gives me strength, because those who put their faith in Jason will soar like machetes through flesh; they will stalk and not grow weary; they will walk and yet will always be there, to strike down heathens in unholy retribution for their sins (Jason 3:18).

Can I get a 'hallelujah' from the congregation?

Now, if you're not familiar with my lord and saviour, Jason Voorhees, then leave this blog right now and don't come back until you've consulted the Holy Bible—that is Friday the 13th parts two to four, then six through eleven. Only when you've accepted Jason into your heart may you read on.

Still here? Praise Jason. Now let us walk in His divine footsteps around a little lake called Crystal—you might be surprised exactly how many lakes in the continental United States share this murderous moniker—and let us punish the amoral and the depraved, forever and ever.

Amen.

* * *

A snap of a twig, a rustle of leaves, her head spins around in fright.

"Who's there?" she says. "Randy, is that you?"

Silly girl. She's just signed her own death warrant—as if she hadn't already when I caught her and her boyfriend smoking weed a few moments ago. I've been stalking these two for about half an hour, and now he's gone off to piss somewhere and she's about to be offed in the opening scene.

To be fair, she's exactly the sort of girl you hate to see get killed off so early in a slasher movie. Long blonde hair pours out of a red beanie, framing a face so pretty it could sell moisturiser. A tight white puffer jacket hugs her fantastic figure, and skinny jeans accentuate her long legs and ample ass.

I think I'm in love. But rules are rules. I don't make them; I just enforce them, and she's going to die tonight.

"It's not funny anymore, Randy. I mean it. Quit clowning around and get back here right now. I'm really scared."

I fight the urge to call back, "You should be." Instead, the rustle of the bush is her only answer as I move out from my hiding place behind a large evergreen and walk back to the well-worn hiking trail where she's standing, flaring her flashlight in all directions for any sign of her loser boyfriend.

When she sees me, her eyes grow so wide that it's comical. Rendered immobile by fright, we both just stand and look at each other for a moment or two—her on the verge of a nervous breakdown, me on the verge of killing her. The tension between us is so thick that you could cut it with my machete. I try. What I cut instead is her head open.

It's like one of Thomas Savini's finest special effects, but, oddly, less messy. Blood and brain matter abound, of course, but it's really more like piercing a coconut than splitting an overripe melon. Either way, the blade makes a satisfyingly heavy thunk sound as it punctures the cerebrum, ensuring that she'll never get to learn French, read another book, or do anything ever again.

When I pull the machete out of her skull, she plummets like the quality of the Friday the 13th film franchise after Part VII: The New Blood. But I don't have time to dwell on the disappointing Jason Takes Manhattan or the frankly unwatchable Jason Goes to Hell right now; I shouldn't have even brought them up, because I've got a boyfriend to kill. He's not my boyfriend, asshole. I mean the boyfriend of the girl I just killed. He'll be back here at any moment.

Propping the girl up against a nearby tree, I pull the hood of her coat up over her bloody beanie and the gaping wound in her head. Even in death, she's lovely. Now it looks like she's just having a wee rest. Well, if you're stoned or stupid anyway.

Fortunately, the boyfriend is a potent mixture of both. I hear him tearing through the jungle and spouting inane babble and sexual innuendo long before I see him from my hiding place in the black forest, opposite the sleeping dead girl.

"Hey babe, I just saw a really big snake," he says while he's still out of view. "Oh wait, it was only my penis. False alarm." He laughs at his own lame joke. "I'm really horny. We should fuck again, if you're interested. Seriously, you don't have a choice, let's do it."

Wait, didn't she call this guy Randy a minute ago? That's a bit on the nose, don't you think? It's like a guy called Bob who can't swim well, a dick called Richard, or if the parents of that blowhard politician who wants to build a wall to

keep the Mexicans out and likes wearing a bad toupee had christened him 'Racist Asshole'.

When I finally get a visual on this walking-talking meat puppet, he's strutting up the track like a man relieved. Dressed in a black puffer jacket and a trucker cap—in spite of the fact that it's the middle of the Goddamn night—he proudly wears a shit-eating grin through a stubbly beard like he won it in a contest. I just can't wait to end him.

"You sleeping babe?" he says, bending over the resting corpse of his dead girlfriend. "Come on, rise and shine sleepyhead. I'm horny." When she doesn't reply, he shakes her. "Come on babe, I'm not kidding around. You need to wake up right now."

Frustrated, he gives her a short, sharp shove and she flops over.

Impatience vanishes and terror takes control now. Whimpering like a sad puppy whose owners have abandoned it next to a busy highway, he slowly peels back her hood to see exactly the sort of damage that a sharp machete will render to a person's forehead. He lets out a prodigious scream that'll continue to ring in my ears a number of hours later, and then flurries around in fright when he feels a soft tap on his shoulder.

It's me, lumbering behind him in my very best Jason Voorhees impression.

Shock, horror and frank disbelief are plastered all over Randy's terrified face; for all intents and purposes he is face to face right now with the hockey mask-wearing psycho from the Friday the 13th series. What do you do in that situation? What do you even say?

"What the actual fu—"

But I guess we'll never know his final words, because I cut him off mid-sentence with a swing of my machete and punt his head away like a soccer ball.

* * *

Jason doesn't know how lucky he is to have the uncanny ability to pop up anywhere at any time. By the time I've hiked back to the small campground at the foot of Crystal Lake, I'm positively dead on my feet. So I decide to have a little lie-down, with my machete—not an arrow, unfortunately—underneath someone's bunk, while they lay on top of it. Fans of the original Friday the 13th movie should be able to see where I'm going with this. To everyone else it'll seem like enigmatic gibberish, but just go with it. I promise it'll be worth it in the end.

Now before those in the know start having a go at me about plagiarism in the comments section of this blog, remember it's called an homage, asshole. Not a rip-off. Just as masked serial killers and final girls are tropes, not clichés. Hell, I consider all of the above to be more like memes, elements of culture that evolve as they're passed around from person to person. That makes them fair game.

And the fact that the two young people in cabin four are currently playing a little game of 'burping the worm in the mole hole' makes them fair game as well.

A peeping tom in a hockey mask, I lurked from cabin window to cabin window, looking for signs of life to extinguish, until I came across these two young lovers, lusting and thrusting, bumping and humping, mingling limbs and doing the nasty. I vomit a little bit behind my mask.

They don't notice me at their window, of course; they're far too busy making 'the beast with two backs' to care about anything other than getting their end away. Nor do they notice when I enter through the front door and drop to my hands and knees and start crawling towards the bed like a deranged infant. It must look ridiculous—a hockey-mask wearing psycho with a machete down their pants (not another euphemism), on hands and knees, while two people 'bludgeon the flaps' in front of them—but I don't care. I concentrate on moving as silently as possible while they moan and groan in front of me.

Ducking under gyrating legs and the bounce of the double bed, I slide onto my back and push with both legs until I'm directly underneath the worst of it.

It looks as though no-one has swept under this bed since the golden age of slashers. And as I lie here among the dust bunnies and mouse droppings, with only this filthy old mattress separating me from the repulsive thumping of thighs above, I start to ponder what went so wrong with my life that donning a hockey mask and going on a killing spree would seem like a good thing to do on a Friday night. I narrow it down to two key moments: the flying nun at the orphanage, and then, despite my best efforts to get my life back on track again after that, the college prank that went horribly wrong, derailing my life for good (remind me to tell you more about these formative events from my past at a later date).

Now I'm literally the monster under the bed.

Finally, above me, they finish 'battering the sausage', and my dusty little world stops bouncing up and down like a kid on cocaine. Screams of ecstasy give way to moans and sighs of contentment. Like Mother Voorhees in the first Friday the 13th, I've let them have their fun—now it's my turn.

"That was great," says the young man on top of the bed, sounding tired and out of breath.

"It sure was," says the girl. Her voice has a throaty, husky quality—not unlike a young Kathleen Turner, before she turned into Nick Nolte.

"I'm going to take a shower. I'll be right back," he says.

"Can you get the cigarettes out of my bag before you go?"

"I thought you said you'd quit."

"I did. I will. Don't give me shit after I just let you fuck my brains out."

"Fair enough."

He springs out of bed and walks across the room, while I lie very still under the bed. Although I'm partly concealed by the sheets that they managed to kick off the bed during their carnal wrestling match, I can still see this guy's bare feet

as he gets her smokes, chucks her the pack and her lighter, then goes into the bathroom. He doesn't close the door and, a few seconds later, I hear the running water of the shower and the short flick of a cigarette lighter as she lights up above me.

Now, being very careful in this claustrophobic environment to manoeuvre the machete onto my chest without dropping it, I hold it with both hands and expertly assess all my options before choosing a steep upward angle between two wooden bed slats. Then I thrust it up through the manky old mattress with all my considerable strength.

Though the woman above me makes no sound, I know I've cut her when I pull the machete back down again and it's coated in sticky blood.

Crawling out of my hiding place to admire my handiwork, I'm met with the most graphic anti-smoking campaign you could possibly imagine. A half-clothed and wide-eyed youth gurgles in terror, as blood and tendrils of blue cigarette smoke escape from a pronounced slit in her throat. She's a goner all right, but at least she'll never smoke again. Cigarettes kill, kids.

Leaving her to her filthy vice, I now draw my attention to the near-mandatory slasher movie shower scenario. You know the one I'm talking about; it's a standard slasher trope to have a scene featuring someone – a killer, lover, friend, relative, anyone – descend on somebody while they shower, vulnerable and oblivious to the building tension and the person creeping up on them. Psycho did it first and best, of course, but there are also similar scenes in Friday the 13th Part 3, The Prowler, The Funhouse, Night School, The Burning, and the list goes on and on.

Now it's Slasher Sam's turn to give it a try. Clutching the bloody machete, which has already ended three misbegotten lives tonight, I amble into the bathroom, where my vision is obscured by a thick cloud of hot steam. Through the humid fog, I can see the profile of a man behind a shower curtain, singing a well-known song by British rock band Queen, extremely poorly.

He shrieks something about stormy weather frightening him, and then I literally have to bite my own tongue to keep from joining in on the following verse. Now really isn't the time for a duet, so instead of repeating the name of a famous Italian astronomer multiple times in a high-pitched squeak, I prepare to cut through all the bullshit and end this poor boy's miserable life before he even knows it's over.

While Bohemian Rhapsody would never have been my first choice for the soundtrack to this particular slasher movie shower scene, when my victim starts wailing about sparing his life before he even realises that I'm standing behind the shower curtain with a machete, I have to admit that it somehow works. But before the song gets to the good part where you get to vigorously bang your head up and down and give yourself a sore neck, I pull back the curtain and cut it – and the guy in the shower – short. The music continues only in my head now,

blocking out this guy's wretched shrieks and sobs, as I slash him across the shoulder, his arm, waist, and eventually his throat.

Though it's a violent death, it's not an overly messy one. The shower keeps washing much of the blood away. Conscious of conserving water, I turn it off once I've finished.

While only a moment ago this guy was doing only a vaguely passable impression of what Freddy Mercury sounded like on stage, now he's crumpled on the shower floor, doing a spot-on impression of what Freddy Mercury would sound like now. Silent, dead.

Too soon?

* * *

The night is young and I still have one final trick up my sleeve.

Not far from the entrance to this sad little campground is an even sadder and smaller caretaker cottage, resting on a mound of dirt that overlooks the rest of the campground. I'd like to say it's seen better days, but it probably hasn't. The old, dilapidated structure doesn't even look suitable for housing tools, let alone an actual human being.

Still, I saw a lamp burning in the window on my way in here, so I know someone is home tonight. Let's pay them a little visit, shall we?

I rap my knuckles quietly on the old door, causing chips of dark green paint to flake off into the cool night air. From inside, a dog barks. Someone tells it to shuddup as they noisily pick themselves up off a bed that sounds like it sorely needs its springs replaced and makes their way to the door, stomping and rattling the door on its hinges.

A moment later, I'm staring up at a hideous and dishevelled man, standing tall and barrel-chested. Nearly as big as long-time Jason, Kane Hodder, this ogre looks like he should be the one wearing the infamous hockey mask. Instead, he's wearing nothing but black boxer shorts with pink flamingos on them. Beside him, a scabby-looking bullmastiff bitch nips at his humongous heels and tries to escape into the night.

"What do you want?" he growls. His voice is so deep that it reverberates in my chest like I'm standing in front of a speaker at a My Bloody Valentine concert. Obviously, this isn't normally a man you'd want to mess with—his flamboyant pink flamingo boxers notwithstanding.

He looks me up and down, quizzically, taking in the hockey mask and then the machete, now washed clean from the shower. "Are your ears painted on, boy? I said, what the hell do you want? And it had better be good, getting me and Beauty here out of bed at this time of night."

Then realisation finally dawns on the big beast's face. "Oh yeah, it's Friday the 13th, isn't it? So you're wearing a Jason mask. That's very funny. Did Sean put you up to this? Because you can tell that bum that he'll get his."

I shake my head.
“No, then who?”

Jason Voorhees, motherfucker. Ramming my machete into his considerable gut like a medieval horseman might ram a lance into an opponent during a joust, I launch myself at the behemoth in front of me, forcing my way into his tiny cabin in the woods. He screams as if I’ve just chopped his balls off; it’s shrill, sharp and penetrating. He’s not a happy chappy right now, but his dog sure is. Beauty seems to be having a wonderful time, spinning around and barking, then jumping up and licking my exposed neck as its tail wags happily.

The dog’s owner has even less reason to be cheerful when I pin him against the far wall and leave him standing there, bawling like a big freak baby with a machete jutting out of its guts. I give the pooch a cuddle, then a good scratch behind the ears while I take a look around the hovel that it and its owner call home.

The cabin is so depressing that I immediately consider suicide. I’ve seen prison cells with more going for them than this miserable dwelling. It’s sparsely furnished with just a single bed along one wall, a modest set of wooden drawers, and a bookcase with a handful of moth-eaten Danielle Steel paperbacks resting on it. It’s also dank and dimly lit by a single candle on a shelf.

I knock it off the shelf and onto the bed.

The big guy howls as he attempts to free himself, and fails, spilling more blood onto the cabin’s wooden floor in the process. Helpless, he’s forced to stand there and watch as flames build on the bed and the room starts to fill with smoke.

I remove my mask.

When he sees my pretty face he forgets all about the unspeakable pain, the machete jutting out of his pancreas, and the fire that is already billowing up the curtains. Even his terror-stricken eyes momentarily stop leaking salty tears of pain. “But you’re...”

Totally awesome? Yes, I am. Grinning, I censor whatever he was going to say by placing the hockey mask over his awful, tear-stained face. I was right; he does make a good Jason—that is, if the infamous Crystal Lake behemoth would ever be caught dead wearing boxer shorts with pink flamingos on them (I wouldn’t bet on it).

“I will return,” he says through the hockey mask. “I will have my revenge.”

Yeah, right. Now where have I heard that one before? I leave him to the oppressive inferno that’s engulfing the shack and, by the time I find adequate cover in some nearby bushes, the campground is already a cacophony of panic.

Shrieking and yelling fill the smoky air, as the first campers on the scene begin to alert others. Soon, panicked people are screaming at the top of their voices for water and fire extinguishers, for firefighters and police, medics and ambulances.

What a lovely night for a bonfire. Pity I forgot to bring any smores.

* * *

As the 13th day of the month bleeds into the 14th and another Black Friday finally bites the dust, so must I finally end this blog post and move on with my life. I'm feeling jaded and weary, in dire need of sustenance and a decent sleep-in tomorrow morning. Plus now I've got a dog to take care of.

What? You didn't think I'd leave the dog in that blaze, did you? I'm not a total maniac. Besides, if there's anything I can't abide in this world – apart from anything else that'll get you killed in a slasher movie – it's animal cruelty.

I'm not sure about the dog's name, though. Beauty. Does that make me The Beast? I suppose it probably does. Just don't call me that to my face and expect to keep on sucking oxygen.

POLICE OPEN INVESTIGATION AFTER CRYSTAL LAKE MASSACRE

Authorities are investigating the deaths of four campers and a suspicious fire at the Crystal Lake Campground, sparking fears of a Friday the 13th-style copycat killer.

Camp caretaker Mayhew Cropsey, 54, was revived at the scene by firefighters and taken to County General Hospital where he remains in a serious but stable condition.

The bodies of two young hikers were later discovered on a nearby trail, triggering a search of neighbouring cabins that turned up another two corpses. The police are yet to name the victims.

A hockey mask and machete are believed to have been recovered at the scene – possibly linking the murders to the popular horror film series featuring a masked serial killer who stalks his victims around a fictional lake of the same name.

Local resident Walter Gorney said fans of the slasher film series were often attracted to the area because of the Crystal Lake moniker.

“Especially around Halloween or Black Friday you always get a bunch of teenagers around here wearing hockey masks and getting into mischief,” he said.

“If it were up to me, we’d change the name of the whole lake and be done with the supposed ‘Death Curse’ that seems to permeate this place.”

According to local folklore the curse stems from an ancient blood feud between two Native American tribes that resided in the McHarry County area until the land was seized by colonists in 1776.

McHarry County Sheriff Harold Warden would not comment on the crime’s alleged connections to the Friday the 13th film franchise nor the Native American land claims, which are ongoing.

However, he did say that forensic examiners had been called to the scene, which has been roped off to the public.

“We would like to speak to anyone who might have information relevant to this case, particularly anyone who might have been near Crystal Lake Campground and the surrounding area during the hours of 8 p.m. Friday evening and 1 a.m. Saturday morning.”

Anyone with information is encouraged to call the Sheriff’s Office immediately.

END OF SAMPLE

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Shadows And Teeth, Volume One
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A Moon Called Sun
By: Christopher F. Cobb

"This is intriguingly different science fiction/fantasy/horror, wildly ranging, sometimes hard-hitting, not for maiden aunts."

–Piers Anthony, New York Times bestselling author

A botched alien abduction sends modern-day Trace Jackson to north Florida in the year 1818, where he meets a beautiful Seminole woman, and the two strike up a relationship. Unfortunately, Trace's distant ancestor, General Andrew Jackson, is hell-bent on driving out the Seminoles by whatever means necessary. Can Trace survive to fulfill his destiny in another dimension where time no longer has meaning, on a moon called Sun?

Holy

By: Abbie Krupnick

Gus Stevens has the worst of both worlds. By night, he resides in the Dream World, a place steeped in magic and chock full of exotic dangers, with hardly a way to defend himself. By day, a giant snow-lizard, the ravenous personification of Winter, stalks him in the Real World, looking to make Gus its next meal. Author Abbie Krupnick blends the magical and the mundane in this avant-garde dark fantasy where nothing is as it seems.

The Man In The Forest

By: Michael Warriner

Vincent, a musical prodigy, is caught up in a concert rivalry with a former student. He travels to Romania to settle the score, but what he discovers is the horrific true story behind the song his protégé wrote, "The Man in the Forest." Supernatural phenomena and horrific sights abound, but the locals are tight-lipped about the mysterious goings-on. Can Vincent and his group upstage their rival, or will they fall prey to the man in the forest?

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Simon Petersen is an experienced journalist and popular blogger from Auckland, New Zealand. By day he writes about craft beer, world travel, and professional sport; by night he dreams up horror movie scenarios that'd scare the striped sweater off Freddy Krueger.

Follow him on Twitter (@themanvsworld), and keep up to date with what his co-author has been up to at SlasherSam.com.

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