

A NECESSARY EVIL

I guess I've always been a pushover being so quiet and shy. At school I was bullied by bigger boys. They picked on me because I was a well-dressed plump boy who wouldn't stand up for himself. The more I didn't stand up to them the worse the bullying became.

I hated it of course and used to dream of bad things happening to the bullies: one drowning in a river, another having his head chopped off. The worse the bullying the more intense the dreams I had of death to these people.

When I left school and started work I was still shy, but at least there was no bullying, not of the school type anyway. The bullying in the workplace was more subtle, but essentially the same: if you didn't stand up for yourself it intensified.

After many years of waking in the middle of the night with the bullies laughing at me I eventually managed to put the thoughts of bullying out of my mind and had settled down to something of a normal life.

One night I took a new girlfriend, Helen, out for a drink. All was going well as we strolled up Arbroath's West Port on a warm, autumn evening. I seemed to be impressing her with my tales of pranks at work as tears of laughter rolled down her perfectly formed small cheeks.

We entered the West Port Bar and I nodded to the two doormen who were dressed in black. They just ogled Helen and then went on talking to a group around the door area. I froze when a voice from the past shouted: "Hey Robertson, you still that spineless little shit?"

I turned and watched in horror as Jake Connor, the main bully from my past, stepped out from behind the two bouncers.

Helen tugged on my sleeve, "come on Ross!"

I shook my head as I entered the place and found a seat for Helen then headed to the bar. I ordered two drinks as the band on the stage beside a large window launched into 'Rock 'N' Roll Damnation'. After I was given the drinks I sat next to Helen. "Sorry about that Helen – someone from my past!"

"Let's not let it spoil our night," she said giving me a kiss on the cheek.

But, as I took a sip from my pint, I watched as a figure strode through the crowd at the bar and then stood in front of our table. The horror of the school years flooded back into my thoughts as the menacing Connor, now with shaven head, looked down on me.

"Right Robertson, you and me outside - now!"

I saw something change in his eyes as I stood up, but he laughed as I sat down again. He poured the remainder of the pint glass over my trousers before departing back to the bar.

"Come on let's go!" Helen said as she put her bag over her shoulder.

Later that night as I watched Helen walk away, I had reached a new low in my life and swore that I would never again allow that to happen. I had to do something to rid the menace of the bullying from my mind and the bullies from my reality.

That night unable to sleep I gazed up at the ceiling of my bedroom and remembered, as a youth, reading books on the occult by Denis Wheatley where he implicitly stated that he would not willingly enter into any ceremony. *But perhaps*, I thought, *the power from such things could be controlled and used as desired.*

After work the next evening I rushed home and had some food before reading a book on the occult I had borrowed from the library. I read the chapter on invocation and then pulled the curtain, put out the light and lit a candle on a saucer in the middle of the floor of my small living room and prepared myself.

I closed my eyes and began to clear my mind, which was difficult at first, but after a while I began to see the candle in my mind. I concentrated for what seemed like an eternity before chanting the name Belianth – an angel of retribution. I didn't want to deal with demons I thought it better to contact an angel even if he/she *was* far removed from God. I didn't know where angels crossed into demons.

I came out of the invocation after about forty minutes with nothing more than a slight headache. I blew out the candle and then switched the light on, grabbed the book and looked at it with doubt as I stretched out on the couch, then dropped it on the floor and fell asleep.

I strolled across an open meadow in bright sunlight and marvelled at the wild flowers, all of which were in bloom. There was a wonderful smell of honeysuckle in the air.

A figure of a man walked toward me from out of the glare of the sun. When he came closer I realised it was a friend from school whom I hadn't seen for years. I struggled to say something, but nothing came out. Suddenly his eyes opened unnaturally wide and he said: "Why do you want to contact me?"

I staggered back realising who I was dealing with and that I was dreaming. I tried to awaken, but couldn't. The figure came closer and said again: "Why do you want to contact me?"

"Because I have need of your service." I eventually said in a faltering voice.

"You realise that if I do indeed help you I will need something in return."

With a sinking heart I asked: "What?"

"Ah but you already know," he said with a cruel laugh. "I want your soul. I will rip out the good part of your soul and it will be mine every night!"

"No!" I shouted. "No..."

His eyes became red and he came even closer; still outwardly my friend, but I could sense the inner menace. "Think of what I could do for you. Why live in fear of mortals when you could live like a king!" I was about to discard this, when Jake Connor's sneering face entered my mind and I instantly agreed.

I woke up the next morning and couldn't remember anything of the dream I had the previous night, but that was nothing new as I couldn't remember many of my dreams. I showered and dressed then sat with a cup of coffee as I read the newspaper. I left for work feeling...different!

That night, as the dark crept over the town, I felt energy levels in my body rise and bloodlust course through my mind. I could hear the pathetic ramblings of individuals in neighbouring flats and houses. The light of the room hurt my eyes so I extinguished it and saw what looked like to two red-hot coals reflected in the mirror above the mantelpiece. I laughed realising the red orbs were my eyes. I glanced at the digital clock read out - it was after eleven – time to go; so I grabbed my long black coat and headed out into the night.

A mist had drifted in from the sea, and an eerie orange glow encircled the street lights. I walked along the High Street keeping to the shadows as I passed people who were leaving well-lit bars. The street ended by the hidden dark mass that was the North Sea; so I turned right along Old Shore Head, which had a river on one side, and waited in a passage just past The Caledonian Bar.

A foghorn sounded as laughter exploded from the opening of the pub door and then footsteps came toward me. I knew who was coming! Stepping out behind, after he had past, I put one hand over Connor's mouth and wrapped my other arm around his chest and pulled him into the passage. His struggling turned to paralysis as he twisted his head round to gaze in horror at my crimson eyes.

I stuck a hand between his legs, ripped his jeans, and then twisted off his genitalia and dangled them in front of his eyes. I then pushed my head close to one of his ears and growled: “This was what you wanted Jake wasn’t it? You and me outside!”

He squealed as I watched tears roll down his creased face before I snapped his neck like a twig. I then lugged his corpse over the road and dropped it into the river. Then I disappeared into the swirling mist as the foghorn blew another sombre note.

The next morning I woke up on my settee with a headache. I couldn’t remember where I had been the night before until I found my black coat lying in the hallway spattered with blood. Then the full horror of what I did thundered into my mind and I ran into the toilet and threw up.

What Had I done? I asked myself as I sat at the kitchen table and stared out at a sky where ragged clouds were being pushed along by a strong wind. *Maybe it will just be for one night*, I thought – hopefully. I decided to carry on as if nothing had happened. But I had taken a life. All I had wanted to do was frighten the guy!

I stood up and took off my clothes from the previous evening and threw them into the washing machine then I got ready for work. I left the house willing myself to forget what I had done; or what the angel had done.

At lunchtime the phone on my desk rang.

“Yeah, hullo?”

“Ross, its Helen.”

“Hi. How are you doing?”

“I’m fine. Have you heard about the body that was found in the river?”

“Ross, the word is that it’s Jake Connor. You know? That guy that bothered us the other night. There will be a formal identification later I expect.”

“Oh,” I said, trying to feign indifference.

I watched as the last of the team left the sports pavilion in the park and the lights were extinguished. Another football training night had come to a close. After a while a lone figure appeared and locked the double doors then strode through the dark park toward the street lights in the distance.

I felt myself rise into the air from behind a tree and land in front of Dave Thomas a muscled sportsman at the school who bullied me because I couldn’t kick a ball. He jumped back and began to tremble.

“Jesus! What’s this?”

“Hi Dave. I’ve come for you.” I said in the unworldly voice of the angel as I rose into the air. “Oh, and I’ve learned to kick,” I continued as I kicked his head clean off his shoulders, which then flew through the air and hit the doors of the pavilion with a dull thump. His headless body then wavered and finally fell backwards with blood spurting from the carotid arteries.

Later that night I opened a bottle of whisky and sat on my couch in blood spattered clothes and decided it was time to stop this before it went too far by handing myself into the police. I drank half the bottle and fell into a deep slumber.

I strolled across a semi-dark wasteland. Thunder rumbled as lightning streaked the sky. Stinking gasses hissed from holes in the ground. A figure came toward me, not walking, but levitating over the sand and dirt.

The figure – not my friend this time, but a man dressed in a dark suit with short styled dark hair – stared at the ground until he was next to me when he raised his head.

“I’m not what you expected. Maybe this is what you expected!”

A thrashing beast with huge red eyes and large pointed teeth suddenly appeared in my mind. I jumped back at first, but quickly regained my composure, and nonchalantly said: "Maybe."

I felt myself rise into the air and spin round 180 degrees until I was hanging upside down looking into his eyes.

"You will not hand yourself into the law. You are no good to me sitting in a prison cell!" he said in a sombre voice. His eyes flickered between blue and red as he spoke. *I wasn't going to let this bastard win*, I thought, so I mustered up the demonic power that he had given me and managed to send him flying into the distance with a mind pulse.

As I watched him come roaring back my mind screamed "Wake up!"

The next day with the talk of a serial killer loose in town I handed myself into the police. I was eventually tried and convicted of the murders and sentenced to life imprisonment.

I just hoped no one bullied me in prison!