

Untitled One

By Eorge Dobbs

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Cold rings the bells of Newman, warm stops the bells.

Newman neither has citizens nor souls, it has buildings, but no residents.

It sits and waits to be reunited with the past, this is why it ring its bells.

The bell tower of Newman made a deal with the cold and the warm. The cold shall always ring the dissonant chimes during the night, the warm shall wake in the day and silence the looming sound.Â

The old people that once sat in the rotting carcasses that reside in Newman left. Their souls left the earth when they were all shot, their bodies are still inside the houses and lying on the streets, but not alive.

I am death.

I have told you what Newman is, a town, why it is desolate, a massacre and how Newman tries to bring the souls back during the night (for this is the only time they can travel) by ringing out its story.Â

I have left out two factors to this tale, where and who.

A massacre raged through the town nigh on seventy years ago, the sea roared with terror and the sky echoed the oceans call. The people of Newman were returning from a bacchic dance down by the ocean. It was cut short by the rising water.Â

These people, I think I should mention, are not at all human, this may explain the next scene.Â

As the Newmanian people stumbled through the streets, they met a firing line like no other. No explanation was offered, the line of absurdly dressed men opened fire on the party-goers. Their bodies trembled with the impact of each bullet. The others, who didn't attend the party, were shot in their own homes.

I carried five-hundred and thirty-seven souls in my scrawny arms that night, I took them away to heaven.

And you think you have it hard!

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