



HELL BIRTH

A Free E-Book

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ENTHEOGENIC LAB PUBLISHING

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HELL BIRTH

A putrid reek filled the aura of the room. A network of ancient pipe work dripped slowly into overflowing pails of water. The wood was swollen and water-logged, bowing from the excessive moisture. The ground was made of cracked and tarnished concrete. The walls were covered in mold and grime, adding to the filthiness of this cellar. This was a revolting, all-encompassing atmosphere of woe; a woman shrieked.

Her extremities strained as she pulled tight against the ropes that bound her. Like a fish, she flopped and flailed, her naked body smacking against the old wooden table. She cried out. "It's coming!"

He emerged from a dark corner in the cellar, appearing devilish in the light of the swinging hook lamp. He wore a filthy white undershirt tucked into old blue jeans. He was whistling a soft tune as he approached the nude and pregnant woman. At the base of the table, he bent and picked up a large leather apron. He put it on.

She continued to push and strain, hollering out as sweat poured down her face, neck and breasts. "Help me!"

"Shhhh, breathe sweetheart." He whispered as he ran his fingers through her soft hair. He pulled up a metal stool and positioned himself between her legs.

"Daddy, it hurts so much." She managed to get out before more screams took over. He held back tears; he hated seeing her in agony.

"I know hun, I know." He reached a hand out and gripped her knee. She continued to cry as the labor pains shot throughout her body. He reached down into a toolbox, which rested next to the table. He rustled inside it a little. "Ok, I need you to push sweetie."

"Daddy..."

"Push, darling. You need to push."

"I want to go to a hospital."

“This is not an option, sweetie. You know what the hospital will do. We take care of our own, now I need you to listen to me and push.”

“Oh god!” she pushed. Her wails pierced his eardrums. He felt his brain rattling inside his skull. The head began to crown. A smile plastered his face. He positioned his hands in place as the birth continued. He allowed the child to fall into them.

The baby cried out. It flailed its little arms and legs as it sucked in its first breath. She raised her head, desperately trying to see the baby. “Daddy, let me see.”

He ignored her, reaching into the toolbox. He pulled out some garden sheers and snipped the umbilical cord.

“It is a boy. Your first child is a boy.” He said excitedly. His daughter leaned up and smiled at her father.

“You mean our child.”

“That’s right baby...our child.”

“You can do it if you want.”

“No baby, you should do it.” He shook his head. “It is your first. With childbirth come great responsibilities.”

“We should do it together.” He didn’t need any more convincing.

“Ok.” He stood up and carried the baby over to a small steel table. He placed it on the cold surface as he returned to his daughter. He reached down to cut her ropes. “It is amazing to see you at this table. Your mother has given birth countless times on this exact table, as has your sister. Now you have become a woman, my sweet little girl.”

When the restraints were gone, she pulled her sore body off the table. She eagerly walked barefoot to the metal table. Her father was right behind her, his arms wrapping around her. She reached a hand back and rubbed his face as he kissed her neck. They looked at the little crying infant.

“He’s so beautiful.” She tried to hold back her tears.

“He is.” He wrapped her hand in his as he slowly guided it across the table to a hammer. She smiles as she runs her fingers over the small metal object. She felt a jolt of excitement throughout her body, similar to sexual arousal.

“I am wet.” She whispered as he blew into her ear.

“It is your first time. You will remember this forever.”

She wrapped her hand around the handle of the hammer, raising it high in the air. She felt his hand still wrapping around hers. Together they raised it above the crying infant.

“I love you daddy.”

“I love you, baby.”

And with this the two of them slammed the hammer down onto the baby. Its cries instantly ceased as the skull cracked open. Blood and brain matter spilled out from the hole and onto the table. They raised the hammer again and when it came down the abdomen burst like a piñata. The blood sprayed all over her nude body as she laughed hysterically. They brought the hammer down a few more times before dropping the weapon. She turned in his arms and looked excitedly into his eyes.

“I did it.”

“You did. And next time you can do it yourself.”

“I can’t wait for my next child.” He held her in the dark cellar, kissing her beneath the glow of the hook light.

Upstairs, in the kitchen, the mother hummed a soft tune. She was cleaning dishes when she excitedly turned to the cellar door.

“It’s done. My little girl is now all grown up.”

BIG JIM'S SECRET ROOM

When Big Jim Anderson finally uttered his final breath, well, King's Creek had lost a true legend. That son of a bitch was renowned for his ability to drink anybody under the bar. No shit. And when Big Jim started tossing back cold brew, there was no way of knowing whether you would get the friendly old man or the cocksucker who loved to tease. Regardless, it was all in good fun.

I swear to god, there had been this one occasion when these degenerate punk rockers rolling on through. Apparently, they had a show that night in the valley, their name was "The Shit Kickers" but they pulled into town and made a short pit stop off at Mitch's Pub to wet their palate. Clarissa had been tending the bar when the Mohawk weirdo began making a ruckus.

These punk rockers just love to get under the skin of working-class folk in the Bible Belt, and so there he was, spouting off obscenities and blasphemy for shock value. The spectacle was nothing more than the run of the mill asinine, juvenile behavior.

Big Jim heard the whole thing but felt that this wast his battle. So he ignored the punkers the best he could, but throughout the night they continued to get louder, drunker and more obnoxious. Enough was enough.

"I'm going to ask you boys to bring it down a notch or I'm going to have to ask you to leave." Clarissa spoke loud and clear so that there was no mistaking anything.

"Fuck you, redneck slut." the one with four lips rings responded before pouring his beer all over the floor. "You better clean that up less you want a lawsuit."

This made Big Jim get all crazy. That big fucker rose from his barstool, picked it up in a calloused mitt and began to bash one of those jokers in the back of the dome. The Punker went down like a sack of horse shit, I mean knocked out cold. Another pulled out a switchblade.

"Oh, so you want to play games."

Big Jim retrieved his large sheathed blade. The sight of this menacing bastard was sufficient enough to make a Civil War veteran shit his knickers and piss all over

himself. That fellow knew full well that he was fucked. Luckily so did Dennis Lee, who quietly got up and bolted shut the bar entrance, ominously flipping the sign around, letting patrons know that they were closed.

“Big Jim, carve this fucker up real nice.”

And he did, ramming that mean steel blade right into the city boy’s esophagus. He was deceased before he knew it. Big Jim then made his way over to the unconscious man, yanked his head up by his hair and slashed him ear to ear. That night Clarissa, Dennis, and Big Jim would haul those bodies to Robert Turner’s farm to get rid of them.

Yeah, Big Jim was no joke and when he passed from a heart attack, well it just brought every eye in town to tears. The funeral was held at his house. Understandably, the better part of the town showed up to pay their respect and all were in the bark yard where the service was being held. That is, except for Big Jim’s grandson Waylon. That’s because he had snuck off to the basement.

Big Jim had a heart, and he was an open book, more or less, that is except for his private room in the basement. This room is where he spent a considerable amount of time and when he was in the basement, the old man was not to be disturbed.

The mystery of that room captivated the young boy’s mind. What was in that room? All sorts of scenarios went through the kid’s head. Hell, at one time he thought that his grandpa had a space alien locked up in there. I’m serious, that’s how secretive he was about how he spent his time.

Waylon knew that the room was fastened by a simple padlock and luckily for him he knew just where to get a pair of bolt cutters, which he snuck over there and hid in the bushes close by. As he stood in front of that ominous door all sorts of shit went through Waylon’s twelve-year-old head but he knew that this was his only chance he’d get.

The bolt cutters worked like expected, but Waylon froze for a moment. What if something so awful was being imprisoned behind this door that his grandfather took it upon himself to shield his family from it? And what if, by opening this door, that evil were to escape and wreak havoc? There was no point of contemplating at this point. The lock was busted and his hand was already on the door knob.

Now, before we proceed any further with this story, there is something we should address about Big Jim. His wife was Bridgette and in her day she was hell on wheels. As Big Jim told the story, he fell in love one night way back when they were both in their early twenties. Bridgette was a Tom Boy and boy did she love to fight men. I mean, she was ruthless, and she had a particular distaste for pedophiles and rapists. That year Frank Reed had been arrested for molesting a sixteen-year-old girl, but since we all know that the court system is a joke, he got off on a technicality. Now Bridgette never would admit to it for obvious reasons, but it is presumed to be true that she went to Frank's house one night in the summer and cut his dick off. Frank lived, but she took the dick with her and fed it to her dog. The police never could get an answer out of that man as to who done it but when Big Jim caught wind of what Bridgette had done he knew that this was the woman for him.

Bridgette saw Big Jim as a wildcard with a heart, and that appealed to her. So when he announced that he was going to have a secret space for himself many years ago, she asked no questions. She trusted her husband was doing nothing more than blowing off steam, probably drinking beers and tinkering with the model cars he was obsessed with making.

Despite all the young Waylon's planning, he did not anticipate Bridgette's keen sense of awareness. So when she saw her son's kid sneak back into the house, she knew damn well what he was about to do. For fuck's sake, everyone in town knew about his secret room and we all wondered what was in it. Bridgette didn't care that her husband was dead, she intended to keep the promise she made to him years earlier, to never step foot in that room. She'd be damned if she was going to let some snot-nosed brat disrespect her deceased husband.

By the time she found an opportunity to slip away unnoticed, she took it. Once in the house she moved quickly to the basement but when she got there, it was too late. The door was open, and the boy had disrespected a dead man's wishes.

"Now you really did it Waylon."

He seemed unfazed by her voice. The boy wasn't even startled by the unexpected company, he was too focused on what he saw. As Bridgette descended the stairs her anger turned to curiosity. What was in that room to steal her grandson's attention so much that he couldn't even hear the ass whooping he was going to

get when she told his father? When she saw the tears in his eyes her curiosity turned to concern.

“Waylon?” she called out. He turned his head toward her and she saw trauma. It was that same look Frank had on him when she sliced off his willy.

“Grandma, I’m sorry, but I had to know.”

“Well, you went on and opened it. So what’s in there that has you so upset?”

“I can’t tell you.”

“Boy, you better tell me.” Anger was returning, but when she got to the doorframe she too froze. “Holy shit.”

Big Jim’s secret room was a secret no more, and what the two of them saw was nothing short of disturbings. The room contained a shrine of sorts. Every inch of wall space was covered in Polaroid pictures, and in those pictures were children. In some pictures she could see parts of Big Jim which she identified by his chest tattoo, which was of a confederate flag. In all the pictures, the kids are naked, some crying. As horrifying as these were, they didn’t compare to the ones of her husband performing various sexual acts. Big Jim was a pedophile.

How does one recover from such revelations? She knew that Waylon couldn’t be trusted to keep his mouth shut and once word go out that she was married to a kid diddler, well, she couldn’t bear the embarrassment.

“Waylon. I want you to go back to the funeral. Say nothing.”

The poor kid was so shocked that he obeyed without so much as a whimper, making his way back like a soldier suffering from shell shock. Once alone Brigitte dropped the touch act and began sobbing. Her entire life with Big Jim was a disgusting lie. She slept in the same bed with this filthy monster. There was no stopping this. Word was sure to spread but what she can do is make certain that nobody ever sees the contents of that room.

After getting back her composure, Brigitte made her way to the garage where she retrieved two cans of gasoline. With a broken heart, she poured it all over that room. Every inch was dripping with gasoline. Once both cans were empty,

she grabbed a box of matches from the kitchen. Without hesitation, she struck a match and tossed it into the room.

Brigette stood there, watching the room burn with all its contents until she no longer could stand the heat. As she made her way back to the funeral, the flames began to spread to the rest of the house.

THE SIREN OF SETTLER'S POND

While in my twenties, I experienced a brief period of humiliation and scorn from the asshats of my hometown. There was the name-calling, daily telephone death threats, and countless scandalous rumors which all stemmed from one summer night back in 1994. What happened was appalling, especially in a small "God's Country" town like Chatham View.

Eventually, I would be pushed out of my hometown where I would move on to Banner Creek. Here nobody could ever have known of that fucking story that had ruined my life and once I arrived, I decided to never speak of it, that is until now. And why in the Hell am I exhuming this long-forgotten corpse?

I haven't figured that out why. I mean for fuck's sake, I have a pretty solid life, and what I'm about to tell you can fuck it all up. I have a wife, three grown children, and a solid reputation around town, so why unravel a good thing?

I guess there comes a time in everyone's life when the years of pressure build inside, and like a tumor, you are forced to remove it or it will kill you. So that's where I'm at. What happened way back then had cast a black cloud over me for too long now and I guess that I don't want to die before clearing the air.

I'm fairly certain that the people of Chatham View continue their tales about the loon who killed a couple of people and walked free. Lies about me being some lunatic who spun a ridiculous, unbelievable lie and lived in solitude for a year. Sure, I'm miles away from them now but the thing is that I never did kill anyone, and that absurd story happens to be true. I can't stand the fact that people, after all these years still accuse me of a crime I didn't commit.

The whole thing happened in late July. It had been a bastard of a sticky summer night when I found myself stumbling around shit-faced at the Shawney Tavern. This shithole was an old dive which sat just on the outskirts of town.

The hours which lead up to that night had proven to be uneventful. Not long after Rebecca denied my advances, shattering my ego, I mumbled to Chad, the bartender, that I was heading home.

Back then I was a drunk and as far as I know, that ain't no crime. It was pretty common for me to shit my pants and pass out on someone's lawn only to be discovered the next morning still unconscious and covered in palmetto bugs and leeches. I was pathetic but I swear on a stack of bibles that I haven't taken so much as a sip of whiskey since

My apartment was in town and the road was such a detour that I decided to cut a path through Settler's Pond. I stumbled along the wooden path, barely able to keep a straight line when I heard it. There, among the night crickets and long croaks of fat toads, I heard something that didn't belong to the Alabama wilderness; it was the enchanting vocalization of a woman's voice.

The melody was low, soft, and alluring. I zeroed in on the song and allowed it to drag me into its orbit. To say I had lost total control may be misleading however I'm fairly certain there was no room for objection, so I carried on through the brush toward the pond where I found her.

I stopped suddenly, nearly losing my balance and falling head over heels into the mud. At first, I had a hard time making the shape out, be it the low light ambiance or the whiskey, but eventually, to my surprise, I could see the faint outline of a nude woman.

She was alone, sitting on a rock upon a small island in the center of Settler's Pond. I remember her eyes, they were solid green with a bright glow that seemed to be calling me closer. I had to know if this was a drunken hallucination or if this was real, and if real why the fuck would a naked woman be out here in the middle of the night singing. Before I could even comprehend what I was doing I found myself submerged in the pond's warm water and making my way toward the island.

It disturbs me now that I'm aware of just how much control she was able to hold over me. My fight or flight instinct had been turned off and I continued to accept everything without question, no matter how out of place or odd it became. That melody caused me to make sense of the senseless, and so I continued to approach her.

There was nothing that I wanted more than to stand in the shadow of this woman and ask her why she was singing that song to me. These weren't just sounds being belched out between gulps of the gut burner, every note had been carefully selected and written for me.

"Your voice, it's so beautiful."

The moonlight intensified and I finally was able to see the naked woman resting on that rock. Her skin was unlike anything I had ever seen, a bluish-green tint and just below her naval the skin turned into the scales of a fish, continuing to form a finned tail. This was a fucking mermaid sitting on a slab of land in the middle of a still water pond, in fucking Alabama!

How in the ever-loving Christ did I not freak out at the time? Had this spell broken my brain? Surely anyone else would've taken off, screaming into the night yet I was steadfast and once onshore, I continued forward, determined to meet this mermaid.

"Come closer settler."

Her voice seemed disembodied and watery like it was being filtered through the murky pond. The closer I got the more of her features I could make out. She had a large mouth, much larger than a human and it was full of shark-like teeth. Her skin had faint blue strikes and her fingers were long and webbed. Despite how frightening I now describe her it's important to remember that I didn't feel fear at the time. The only emotion was one of warmth and love.

With her webbed hand, she reached out and grabbed me by the collar of my shirt, pulling me in close until I fell into her lap. I hadn't noticed just how tall she was, overall, I would guess seven feet. Her mouth was wide enough to wrap around my head with minimal effort. Beyond those deep blue lips were endless rows of sharp teeth.

None of this scared me. I laid there, nestled between her soft breasts, barely noticing the two dead bodies lying in the mud nearby.

I recognized one of them immediately, her name was Jubilee Thomas, a sexy woman who had vanished four nights earlier. The male body must've been that of

her boyfriend, Buff Sinclair, who she was last seen walking with, also a missing person.

Their dead bodies were covered in bite marks, and large chunks were missing, actually chewed off of the bodies. The siren's had song molded my brain to accept this scene without fear and only after had I considered just how close I had come to becoming a snack. To this day the thought of it keeps my arm hair standing tall.

she continued her song but this time she had added words. I can still hear every syllable.

"Beautiful traveler with fair skin I know that this land is cruel, hear my song and visit me and we can live in tranquility forever."

Lovingly I stared up at the predator as she opened her mouth wide, positioning above my head and waiting to snap down. With how wide her mouth got it would not surprise me that she could've decapitated me in a single bite. In those tense moments, I was hopelessly hers and I thought nothing would break the sorcery.

"Chatham View Police! Show me your hands!"

Sheriff Woody Spencer split my world in two as I snapped out of it. All I felt was a sobering terror, I was scared shitless and the siren could see this in my abrupt change of facial expressions. She closed her mouth and her green eyes glowed red as she pushed me aside and let out a banshee shriek. It was my fear which disgusted the mermaid. Why she stopped is a mystery but I speculate that maybe the chemicals associated with terror changed the flavor of my meat. Before the sheriff could shine his flashlight she had leaped into the pond, disappearing in the tranquil green waters.

The officers had been led by a team of cadaver dogs and when they found me I was on the ground in a state of catatonia right beside the mutilated carcasses of the two young folks they had been dispatched to find.

Later I'd ramble like a madman as I told my bizarre tale however the department couldn't find a lick of evidence to support my claim that there was a fucking mermaid. No, these men were never subjected to her song and because of this, they lived in the world of logic and reasoning and quickly concluded that I was not

only intoxicated out of my skull but the one responsible for the murders of Jubilee and Buff.

I spent a week in a psych ward where I stuck by my claims of being attacked by a mermaid. Nobody believed me and had it not been for the forensic team's lack of DNA evidence I would have found myself on death row. Nonetheless, despite my innocence, I was found unfit to return to society and it quickly dawned on me that the state had no intentions of letting me go until I changed my story. So, I did.

I told the doctors that after a long night of drinking I accidentally stumbled upon the two bodies and that there never was a mermaid. This creature, I explained, was made up by a drunken mind to cope with the shock of finding two bodies that had once belonged to people I had known. I lied to the staff and they did just as I expected, they let me go but outside the hospital. Waiting for me were the townsfolk of Chatham View who all saw me as the lunatic and a killer who got away with murder. Even Sheriff Spencer condemned me and told me that it was a matter of time before the truth would come out.

"The gas chamber is waiting for you boy, and I will be there to push the button when the time is right."

For months I was the target of pointing fingers and gossip. Everyone had turned on me, even my best friend, Calvin, had given up on me. He looked at me one day with no emotion and said, "Listen, pal, I know you ain't done that to them two but the whole town thinks you did, and I got to live here."

Months after I was released from the hospital, I would meet Monty Tyson, an elderly man who was respected and well known for his vast knowledge of the town's history and lore. While recovering from bronchitis in the hospital the old man heard my story but even after his discharge, he was still far too sick to make the journey to my house. Four months he waited impatiently while recovering in bed. Finally, once he was better, he made the journey across town. Although the old-timer had been dying of lung cancer he was determined to meet me and showed up at my front door one day, oxygen machine in tote. I didn't know what to think of him at first until he said those words.

"I once saw her. I believe you."

Monty explained that he saw the mermaid in 1937. He had been cutting through the woods much like I had been when he came upon Settler's Pond. The mermaid had been on the shoreline when he stumbled upon her where she was eating a deer carcass. As soon as she laid her eyes on him she began to sing her wordless tune and much like myself it drew Monty close. His fate would have been all but sealed had it not been for a local Native American elder taking a morning stroll.

The old man had raised his hands and shouted a command, ordering the mermaid to let the white man live, and reluctantly she obeyed before fleeing back into the water. Afterward, when Monty was recovering in a state of hysteria, the elder carefully explained to him that what he saw was a pure spirit which his tribe called a Kachina. For years he had been tasked to watch over her much like his father and grandfather before him.

"She is one of the Alabama Gods from the old world, we praised her in song and dance. She loved us and protected us until she no longer could."

The elder had explained to Monty that when the European settlers came to the area they burnt down much of the forests surrounding Settler's Pond and killed many of the peaceful tribesmen who had worshipped the mermaid.

"Kachina was angry at how the white man treated the forest and us and so she had declared war. To us, she was a beautiful spirit, one with the water, but to the white man she was a demon and on their pale skin she would dine."

Monty had launched a lifelong research project into Kachina in secrecy, under the guise that he was trying to preserve the town's history. He showed me a lot of it, not that there was much to go on after all those years, and we kept in contact for three months before cancer would finally claim his soul.

Now, without him I once again felt alone, lost among the accusation and vivid nightmares. Since nobody would believe my story they hadn't realized what a tremendous strain the trauma had taken on my psyche. Finally, a little over a year following the incident I had decided to start a new life outside of Alabama and made my way to Banner Creek.

At first, it was hard, I was suspicious of everyone, I thought that they knew my past and were talking about me but eventually, I realized that this had all been in my head. The crime never made national headlines, it was a blip on the radar and

there was no way anyone in this small North Carolina mountain community would ever learn about what happened back in Alabama.

I moved on, the best that a man could after something so disturbing, and although I raised a beautiful family and made lots of friends around town I still suffered from the nightmares.

Settler's Pond has been burnt into my DNA, it still haunts me, and the trauma causes me distress which I'm forced to hide. Even now, many miles away from the still waters of that pond I can hear the mermaid's gorgeous melody calling me back so she can finish her meal.

