SILENT HILL: FACES OF THE FORGOTTEN

 Written by Jonas Lear

 **Introduction**

 My name is Kyle Trent, and I can remember being a kid and my Mom always used to tell me stories about a haunted hotel that “used to exist”; just so she could scare me to sleep. She told a story of people who conducted a ritual within the hotel of a town where coal was big and it got out of hand; it then burned for days, killing everyone inside and, subsequently, burning and destroying most of the town. As I got older, the story seemed less like a fairy tale and more along the lines of maybe my Mom wasn’t all the way there. When I was 16, my Mom was forced to be checked into an asylum, she just wasn’t… there anymore. She was always mentally somewhere else. Never came to any of my baseball games, never addressed anyone, she slept constantly. After speaking with the Doctors, they told me that she kept repeating the same story to them. She was “stuck in a different place and time” and “they couldn’t bring her back to reality”.

 Needless to say, I grew up without her. However, I think her years of storytelling got to me. I started having moments where I would daydream and see a silhouette of a behemoth large building, covered in darkness and black. Then, out of nowhere, it would catch on fire; just a massive, titanic size building engulfed in flames. Then came the siren… when Mom mentioned this, she always teared up and never proceeded from there. It was those times where I would question the story that she told me; because she told the story as a whole and left out certain details. I would see what I believe are the details. I heard names, people screaming, it was vivid enough to the point to where I actually thought I was there. I could feel the heat coming off the building, the smells from the fires; I recognized the horror of what I was looking at.

 After having three psychiatrists tell me I have nothing to worry about, I lived my life with these constant reminders of the “stories” Mom told me. It wasn’t until I got invited along on a trip where all of this began to become real. My buddies, Jeff and Matt, invited me along on a backpacking trip in the country and told me of a place we can go to check out a deserted town; one that had been entirely evacuated because of a fire that started from a hotel.

 I didn’t want to believe it at first… too coincidental. My Mom loses her mind in an asylum and they both come up to me saying they found this place on the internet that has a big hotel inside of a small mining town? No way, it can’t be.

 Having to find out for myself, I went along with them. As of now, I honestly don’t know what’s reality and what isn’t. The.. things I’ve seen here. If I or my journal are found and my Mom is still alive, please tell her I’m sorry. Silent Hill is real.

**“***Welcome home...”*

I remember descending down the side of the hill. We had to get our rock-climbing gear out because that side of the mountain just straight dropped off – no decline, nothing, just a straight drop down. What happened afterwards is fuzzy, but I remember seeing Matt and Jeff in their harnesses above me. I dropped down again, and I heard the rock cutting into the side of the cable. Immediately realizing I didn't have my emergency tied on, I looked up and yelled out for them as the cable cut and I dropped. I must have fallen 20ft, I don’t know how I’m still alive.

I woke up, tried to focus my eyes to the cliff point and felt the pain of the fall as I tried to move. In turning over to my side, I coughed out some blood onto my hand, feeling my insides churn from the impact of the fall. Sitting up didn’t work well either, I ended up falling back down. Realizing Matt and Jeff didn’t come to help or call out, I coughed, cleared my throat and yelled out for them.. I didn’t get an answer. I rolled over and tried to stand and as I did that, the world began to spin; I must have blacked out. Don’t remember anything past that.

Regaining consciousness, I opened my eyes to see small flakes falling on me. Wiping them out of my eyes, I saw the trail they left on my arms, “its ash.” I tried slowly sitting up again and realized I did not feel any pain. As I stood up, I wiped my mouth and there was no blood from before either. Looking around, I suddenly realized I wasn’t laying in the forest by the mountain anymore. I looked around to see an intense fog everywhere and that I was in the middle of a road. Seeing and feeling the road going downhill, I got up, walked to the side of it and started aimlessly walking. It was unusual, before I had pain and now, nothing. My back wasn’t on fire, I wasn’t coughing up blood, I actually… felt fine. Looking around and not knowing where Matt and Jeff were, I yelled out again “guys, where are you!?” Starting to yell out for them again, I began to see an outline of what appeared to be a sign on the side of the road. I sped up and my jaw dropped as the lettering on the sign became clear. It couldn’t be. I got closer and fell to my knees, “no… no, no, no.” Everything I thought I knew about my Mom, everything I resented her for. What I thought was an idea that ripped her mind apart was actually real. I looked up to the sign with tears of regret; the faded lettering I would soon realize had sealed my fate “Welcome to Silent Hill.”

As Mom aged, she used to tell me the other details about this place aside from what she shared in the bedtime stories. She used to tell me about the fog, about the people lost inside the town. Even though I never knew for sure her stories were fairy tales, I never had the courage to ask her how she knew about all of it. Half the time she really didn’t seem certain when she talked about it.

The street eventually led to an opening where I could make out an entrance of sorts into the town. There was no one. No one on the street, no one inside the window facing shops. A whole town’s possessions and ways of life without the people. With the fog not letting up, I walked further down the street and saw a directory towards one of the corners. Not knowing my way around and noticing a small opening in the display holding the directory, I yanked it open and was able to get the map out. Remembering Mom talk about Main Street, I looked on the map and saw that Main Street was actually just a couple blocks away.

I put the map in my pocket and as I began walking down the street, I heard a clicking sound echoing down the street from me and what I thought was a person then started coming into view. As I began to waive my arms to signal for help, I realized this thing didn’t have arms. It then got closer, beyond the fog to reveal itself. It had no features; it was like it was burned from head to toe but left with no burns. It then let out a deafening screech and started running for me, forcing me to run the other way. I ran around a corner, looked behind me to not see it anymore and hid behind a car. Not having anything to defend myself with, I looked around and saw a sports supply store across the small street. Not hearing or seeing that… thing anymore, I quietly ran across the small street and as I opened the door, I heard it screech again to my right and spit something on the glass door. As it started walking towards me, I went in the shop and quickly grabbed a metal crowbar on the floor to keep the door from opening. With the door wedged shut, I ran to the back of the store towards the baseball stuff and picked up a bat from the rack. Before I had a chance to breathe, the thing at the door screeched again and repeatedly slammed its head into the door, breaking the glass into small chunks. Knowing it will be inside in the next few seconds, I hid behind a rack towards the side of store and just as I knelt down, I heard the rest of the glass door break, allowing the creature to come in. I peaked around the rack and saw the creature wobble in; the noises it made… it would switch from clicking and random breathing to screaming, like it was always in pain. As it got further in the store, I quietly got out from behind the rack and as I stepped on the glass, it got startled, turned around and saw me. Without thinking, I swung the bat, hitting it in the head only once as it collapsed. Still ready to hit it again, I stood there in front of it and smelled something burning. Looking down, I realized I was standing in its discolored fluid it spit at me on the door and it was burning through the soles of my shoes. As I started to lift my foot up to look, it sat up and began to screech. Before I would let it spit at me again, I repeatedly hit it in the head with the bat, eventually caving its head in. Out of breath, I stood over it with the bat where it’s head used to be. I looked at the bat being eaten by its blood and dropped it to the ground, looking at the rest of the creature. It smelled like burnt flesh… but no eyes, no ears, no features, how did it see me or know I was here? It’s body was littered with markings that looked like scratches, some even looking like markings or intentional burns. Seeing the bat on the floor now at half it’s size from the blood of the creature, I walked back to the back of the store, grabbed a metal bat and looked around. The store had been gone through, but I was able to find a good-sized knife that I was able to strap to my leg with a case.

I quietly walked out of the store and looked from left to right to see nothing; it’s amazing the screeches from the creature didn’t wake the whole town. Standing outside, I retraced my steps and pulled the map out of my pocket; Main Street was just two bocks up. I’m not sure why I was drawn to Main Street, it was just one of the few details Mom mentioned when she would tell me her stories. Her mind would wander off and she would mention the bakery, the bowling alley, places like that where people lived and worked. I guess my hope was I would find people there. Anyone that could tell me what the hell is going on. Like what the hell that screeching thing was.

 The ash started falling on me again as I made my way down the street. I’m still not sure if it’s the ash that created the fog or not, I just can’t understand how there’s so much of it. I got to another corner and looked at the map, that should have been Main Street. I took another step and a sound came through the air, the best I could describe it was the sound of air being sucked out of a room. It became so loud it knocked me to the ground and made me dizzy, forcing me to cover my ears. And just as quickly as it started, it stopped – followed by birds chirping. As my hearing came back, I looked up to see the sun shining and people living out their lives. There were people all over Main Street, just going about as if nothing was wrong. Why was everyone dressed in older clothing? I got up and looked around, I was standing right in the middle of two intersections and no one noticed me. I got startled as I heard the engine of a car behind me and it drove right through me! I could see the people inside and hear them as they drove through me, but no one noticed me. Now needing to catch my breath, I watched the car continue driving down the street and I felt someone take a firm hold of my shoulder. I turned around to see a woman in a panic, looking at me. She spoke but as she did, it sounded like everything around us got louder. I tried telling her I couldn’t hear her and as I yelled at her, the entire street and everyone on it stopped; everything went silent. She turned around as if someone was following her and turned back to me
“It’s Grandma! Your Mother is here in this town, come find me!”
“Wait! Grandma!”
I watched and as she spoke, her words quickly faded away as the fog slowly began to come back. She looked around to see the fog, looked behind her again, looked at me and disappeared.
Maybe I blacked out again and dreamt the whole thing? I woke up, still on the ground from where I fell before and immediately threw up. What the hell is happening here?

I looked down both sides of the street; no sun, no people, no Grandma. Needing to catch my breath and not be in such a vulnerable spot, I got up and walked to a sidewalk of Main Street and as I did, I passed a school supply store, where I thankfully found this binder I’m writing in. I guess these writings are to help me… keep my sanity. I’m not sure what I’m seeing here, but if anything else it can tell someone what happened here. Considering where I am and what I’ve experienced, I honestly don’t know what’s happening. Did I go back in time? How did Grandma see and touch me? What did she mean Mom was alive in “this” town? I have so many questions and there isn’t one person here. The only other living thing I’ve encountered was that thing that spit at me in the sports supply store. Even worse, where do I go from here? I’m in the back of a clothes store trying on shoes in an empty town.

 Maybe it would help if I write out some of the story Mom used to tell me. In a weird kind of way, with what has happened here, I feel like maybe she was trying to warn me. The version I remember goes there was a fire in a hotel in Silent Hill in… the 60’s? Wait. The people on the street, their outfits, the vehicles… no, it couldn’t be. Right? It was in the 60’s and the fire was started from a group of people from the town conducting a ritual in one of the large rooms in the basement of the hotel. The fire got out of hand and it spread to the gas pipes of the building, which went underground, igniting the coal they were mining for at that time. Many died. Many, many died. When they investigated what had happened, the people they deemed responsible were dead. The fire kept going and the town itself had to be evacuated… and there’s apparently still no one here now. She used to mention names, what were they? She said the Mayor of the town at that time was involved, her name was… crap, I can’t remember. They also blamed four of the city supervisors. All of them were dead.

 But if I really did see or temporarily exist in the time this happened, why was Grandma the only one able to see me? What was so special about her? She looked scared, like she was running from something. All I could see was her, but she kept looking behind her, like she was being chased.

 I hope tomorrow has answers.

*“What the siren brings”*

 I think I’m safe. I hope. I can hardly keep the pen in my hand from shaking. God… that poor woman. I was trying to get some sleep, and I got woken up from what sounded like a tapping. It wasn’t until a piece of the paint from the wall fell on me where I realized what was happening. More paint fell from the wall and then it came, that dreaded siren.

When my Mom told me stories of this place and the talk of the siren came, she always stopped and tried to find something to wipe her eyes. This is one of the things that is now leading me to believe that somehow Mom knew what came after. This wasn’t her repeating this to me from someone else, I remember her face… she somehow knew what the siren brings. Her face was a reaction from remembering. But Mom is not that old, how could she know what happened here? I think I remember Mom saying the fire and evacuation of the town began in 1967 or 1968, Mom would have been younger than four by that time, she wouldn’t remember any of this that well, would she?

As I stood up, the siren got louder, and I was rendered frozen in fear from what would come next. Managing to look up, the paint from the walls began to fall, revealing a burning, metal outline of the building. It was like the walls and ceiling were disintegrating on command to some type of cage. I, at first, thought there was a fire and looked around, but where was the smoke? Then chunks of the ceiling started falling around me, forcing me to run to the front of the store where the ceiling was already partially open. With it looking like the building was going to fall into the ground, my attention was taken when I heard noises coming from the street. I looked to the road and I could actually see across the street, the fog was just… gone. All the buildings on Main Street were disintegrating the same way. Within a minute, the buildings of the town were transformed into hollowed out shells that looked like they’d been through a fire. As I was watching the town crumble, I felt drops on my forearm and saw it was starting to rain; just as Mom used to explain. The moment that began, I heard the screeches from the… things… around here. You could hear them from every angle, it sounded like the rain put them in pain; like it was burning their skin. It almost became deafening. Hearing them scream, I held my arm out to have more rain fall on me and nothing happened, so was it the rain making them do that? How come it didn’t bother me? While looking at the rainwater, I felt the ground, for a split second, shake. I steadied myself and as I did, it was like the belly of the town grumbled and it started shaking more, bringing thunder and lightning from the sky with it. Then it really started pouring down. I have never heard a town roar so loudly, I was terrified.

 Thankfully some of the walls and shelves in the charred building I was hiding in lasted and I was able to hide this notebook and wait the rain out. A few minutes after it stopped, I heard what I thought were other people walking down the street and it almost sounded like they were doing a chant. I quietly went further to the front of the store and saw people on Main Street with torches walking away from me towards the opposite end of the street. I didn’t know if I was seeing things again or if they were real, so I grabbed a piece of glass from the dilapidated building and threw it in the middle of the street towards the back of the crowd; when a person in the back turned around and looked behind them, I knew they were real. Thankfully that person didn’t think much of it and kept going.

 When I snuck out of the building I was hiding in and got to the road, it was like the fog from earlier was replaced with darkness. There was no moon in the sky, no streetlamps, just pure darkness; I couldn’t see my hands in front of me. As I looked both directions and started walking towards the group, “Grandma” was in the middle of the road right in front of me, looking at me with eyes that didn’t seem like they were hers. Her image was transparent again, but her eyes were black and would not stay on me, they kept moving around; as if being controlled by something. If she really is my Grandmother, why was she not older? Just as I was about to speak to her, in the same filtered sound, she said, “go to 2816 Somers Street”. Before I could open my mouth, she was just gone. She appeared out of nowhere and disappeared just as quickly. Who the hell was this woman? Realizing I was standing in the middle of the street by myself, I ran and caught up to the group down the street. Not wanting to give myself away and not able to start a fire torch with anything, I followed behind the crowd and hid behind a partial wall of a building as they got to a three-way intersection in the street and stopped, right in front of a large building. They then started chanting louder… what the hell were they saying? As the group as one kneeled down, I didn’t understand what they were doing until I saw something massive coming out of the shadows. This could not have been a man; it was too big. This thing walked partially into the light and just stood there as the group chanted. Then it started walking closer and I was able to get a look at it. What was the triangle shaped thing on its head? You could see this thing as it came further into the light, it walked on two legs and had the chest of a man, but this was no man. It had something skin colored (I hope it wasn’t skin) wrapped around its legs and it had cuts and marks on it’s chest… what was it? As this thing got closer to the people chanting, a small group pulling a kicking and screaming woman approached it. Two people on each side of her restrained her in front of this thing. With the people directly in front of this monster, it put its size into perspective, it had to be at least 8ft tall! As the chanting of the group got louder, the monster held one of its arms out to its side and what sounded like a very loud buzzing noise filled the air; after looking around and hearing the sound becoming clearer, I realized it was coming from this monster. This is going to sound insane, but an outline of something began to appear next to him and after a moment of the buzzing getting louder, it abruptly stopped. I then saw what it was, it was a very, very large… blade. This monster had to drag it; it was so big. Something that large, intended for cutting, and he had to drag it… I will never forget that sound. The sound of the blade scraping the concrete actually echoed down the street. As the monster took a couple steps closer to the woman being restrained, the people holding her ripped off the dress she was wearing, leaving her naked. The monster looked at her, put two hands on the handle of its blade, raised it and sliced her in half! In fucking half! The blood from this poor woman was everywhere and the crowd actually cheered! What is wrong with these people!?

 The monster dropped this thing it sliced her in half with, leaned its head back and let out a roar that would have shattered glass if there was any left. The roar did not come from that thing, it was in the air, it was as if the town roared with it like it did when I was in the clothes shop. It was actually loud enough that it shook the ground again! As the roar stopped, the monster lowered his head and looked at the townspeople on their knees in front of him. The people that were holding the woman kneeled down as the monster walked towards her body and ripped her skin off one of the halves of her corpse. I could have puked right then but they would have heard me. The monster held up her skin to the townspeople, turned around and slowly started walking away. A woman then stood up from the group, waited for the monster to disappear from view and addressed the people. I could barely hear what she said but it was something like:
“Let it be known that our Dark Lord is now pleased again. With this ritual sacrifice, our magic will continue to grow stronger! Praise in the dark that our leader brings! Now let us disperse before the rain continues. Praise!”
I can’t believe they actually applauded and cheered for this... and why did she mention the rain? The screechers have an issue with it and now she does.

 As the crowd calmed down, they stood up, some dropped their torches and they all began to walk their separate ways. Where did all of these people come from? As a bunch of them started walking towards me, I had thankfully been at a point where I could hop the wall I was hiding with and hide behind it; another second and I would not have made it back here. With most of the people (from what I could hear) now out of the area from where I was, I peaked my head out from the crumbled wall and saw no other torches except for the ones they left. I hopped the wall and looked again; my heart had never raced so fast in my life. With no one I could see looking in this direction, I walked towards the area and saw the woman they cut in half by the light of the torch fire. I made the mistake of seeing a part of her where her eye looked at me… her intestines then emptied, and I dropped to the ground and puked. This poor woman was laying here in two pieces, but I realized I couldn’t find the blade the monster cut her with. He dropped it on the ground around that area somewhere, but it was gone; it was too big to miss, where did it go? I stood up, looked at the woman again and was about to leave until something on her forehead struck my attention. I looked around again to still see no one and nudged the torch with my foot a little closer to her. There was something on her other half the monster didn’t take on her forehead, it was a symbol; it looked like it was cut into her. It was a circle with three smaller circles inside it in the shape of a triangle. Was the shape of this connected to the monster and the triangle shaped thing on its head? This symbol looked familiar, I can’t remember seeing it before, but it felt familiar. It didn’t appear as strange; I just know it from something.

 Not wanting to get caught, I looked around again and started walking back towards the clothes shop. Making your way through a strange, cultist town in pitch dark is not as easy as I thought it would be. A million things ran through my head on the way back. Who was that monster? Why did it require a “sacrifice”? Was that woman who spoke afterwards connected to what was going on? When I was lucky enough to finally get back to the clothes shop, something else happened. As I hopped through the window to get back in here, I heard the siren again. Only this time it wasn’t as loud. As soon as it started, it was as if the deterioration that happened earlier was going in reverse. The paint that fell, the pieces of the building, it all began to float back to where it all was before. I watched walls rebuild themselves and the ceiling of the store just started assembling itself again. Before I knew it, everything was as it was, the fog was back, it was somewhat light outside, and everything was quiet again. Even the things inside the store, all the clothes they had hung up that looked like it all had been charred to a crisp before, it was all there as if nothing happened. I couldn’t believe my eyes. Not knowing what to make of it, I walked to the front of the store to see the rest of Main Street had done the same. Everything was literally like it was when I first got here.

 The fact that everything reverted after that monster got done with that poor woman isn’t a coincidence, is it? Speaking of that, I have an idea I’m going to try. If someone finds this journal and reads it in hopes of finding me, this town is fucking evil and you need to leave. I will come back to this store soon.

 It worked! It actually worked! When I heard the screechers going off when it rained, it gave me the idea that maybe water hurts them. Why else would they screech at that exact moment when it started raining? A bit ago, I had the opportunity to test that theory out. In the clothes shop, when the town was in the process of reverting back, I found a dress shoe full of rainwater on the floor. I took that and my bat outside, looked for one of them and found a group of them down an alley on the opposite side of the street. Thankfully there was a garbage bin I hopped up on and was able to get on the roof and make my way over. I have to admit, it had me shaky walking on roofs with what I just experienced with the town. When I finally got to an area where they were going, I got closer to an edge, laid on my stomach and waited for one of them to get closer. God they smell horrible; they were still several feet away at one point and you could still smell them. I don’t know what rotting skin smells like, but I imagine it smells like that. When I watched one of them get close enough, I poured the water on it from the shoe and its skin started smoking! The rainwater actually looked like it was burning through its skin and it started making the same sounds it made then. With the smoke intensifying, part of this things’ body began expelling fluids and dissolving; it’s skin and bones in the area just melted. No wonder why they hated the rain, it literally went through them like hot water on butter. Something so simple can actually be used as a weapon against them. Now that I said that, can it be used on the townspeople also? Why would that woman mention the rainwater if it wasn’t harmful to them? All these questions were running through my head while trying not to fall through a roof; thankfully I made it back alright.

 Okay… let me break this down. I first ran into the screechers. Then the moment when I was in the middle of the street. The townspeople came next. Then I saw the monster. The only connection these things have is… the hotel? The day this happened? I don’t know if I’m putting this together right. I don’t even know where I am or how to get out of here. Wait, what about Grandma? How is it she is reaching out to me? I hope I heard that address right.

*“Innocence so sweet”*

 This is the drawback of a journal, the only thing it records are the words and tears you leave on it. It doesn’t completely remember a memory or allow you to say what happened in ways that will do justice with what happened.

 I’m not sure what time I left the clothes store on Main Street or what time I finally got here; but part of me wishes it would have never happened. To minimize the time, before I left, I memorized the turns to get to here; that is the last time I underestimate Silent Hill. I left when the fog seemed like it was the brightest and started down an alley I found on one of the corners to avoid the street. It’s odd walking through a town where it seems like everyone just… left. All their belongings, their possessions, vehicles, it’s all still here; but no people. My attention was taken by a pair of very small shoes tied to each other, hanging on a fence post. A screecher took that moment to sneak up on me and spit that green stuff at me; thankfully I was wearing a full sleeve sweatshirt but got some of it on my neck. After it spit at me, I took my bat and swung it twice to the side of this things head, caving the side of it in. I watched it fall to the ground and rushed to take my sweatshirt off as this thing still moved. Finally getting it off before it burned through, I took my bat and slammed it into this things head at least a few more times. What actually stopped me was the little bit that got on my neck, it seemed to have the same effect on me as water does on them, it just eats and burns through everything. I picked my sweatshirt up and wiped away what I could, which didn’t stop it from burning, but at least there wasn’t anymore on me. With that thing down on the ground and not moving, I picked the bat up again and noticed more screechers had heard the commotion and were coming for me in this tiny alley. Not seeing a way out, I went into one of the small backyards of a house and of course the back door wouldn’t open. Thankfully they had a low, arched roof; which I was able to use to hop up to and pull myself up on. Just in time too, one of their spits came just below where my foot was.

 This is where things got… sickening. When I got to the edge of the roof and hopped down, I heard one of the town speakers systems from behind me come on. But it didn’t come on with a siren, it’s audio was just on; then a woman started screaming through it. I made the mistake of listening closer and when I did, you could hear ripping with the screaming. I lost my stomach again thinking about what was being done to this poor woman. Someone or “something” was ripping the skin off of her while she was still alive. As more of it came over the loudspeaker, the fog turned from a grey to a red and I then heard people cheering over town. When I heard some of them begin to come out of a house a couple doors down, I ran back onto the front porch, hopped down and hid behind the extended wall of the house. While hiding, I noticed drops beginning to fall on the ground that were the color red. Once this started, the man who ran out of the house a couple doors down started yelling “praise in the bath of life” as the woman with him then joined in. I peaked a bit to see the both of them naked and dancing in the rain drops as that poor woman continued screaming in the loudspeaker. I haven’t witnessed death that much in my life or how people choose to “celebrate” it, but, this cult was sick. Why were they doing all of this? Why would they do something so vile? Wanting to get away and noticing the couple dancing further down the street, I took my opportunity and hopped over the small yard gate and ran down the street. I felt for that helpless woman as I ran; I was praying that the dark magic that runs this godforsaken town wasn’t making these drops her blood.

 As I got to a corner underneath a building awning, I leaned against the wall and started using the drapes in the broken window to wipe my face. The audio then abruptly cut out from the speaker system and I couldn’t help but cry. The things this town has done in the name of whatever cult this is are unspeakable. I wiped my face and hands again and pulled the map out of my back pocket to find out where I was, thankfully I saw the street signs when I ran over there. When I finally found where I was and saw where I needed to go, the raindrops stopped falling like someone flipped a switch; they just stopped.

 Seeing an opening, I took off running again down a corner and immediately ran into two people in the middle of the street who were also partially dressed and had been enjoying the red rain. As they saw me, they knew I didn’t fit and immediately started running towards me. I started running the other way and before I got too far, one of them caught me and held onto me when they jumped to grab me, forcing me down. One of them turned me over and pinned me to the ground while the other got behind the one pinning me and watched. Their black eyes were doing the same thing I saw that Grandma’s eyes doing and while they had me pinned, they kept praying. As the guy pinning me leaned closer to my face, he gave me a sick smile and said, “maybe you can be on the radio next.” Knowing exactly what he meant, I head bunted him and forced him off me. Before the other one could get to me, I got my bat and hit him in the head with it. I took that moment to get to my feet again and swung the bat square into this guys’ head. Not at all phased by his “friend” being down, the one who pinned me got back up, started a sick laugh and started walking towards me, repeating “bathing in the water of life.” I yelled at him to stay where he was, but he didn’t listen. He lunged at me and I thankfully had the angle right and got him right in the stomach with the bat. After I hit him, he looked at me, smiling and laughing and said, “now you will meet the skin givers.” He gave me a twisted smile and his laugh got so loud it echoed down the street. When I decided to run, I turned around and was met with something I would give anything to forget. The skin givers he spoke of were waiting behind me. These people were naked with pieces of their skin and bodies missing, with their eyes blacker than anyone else’s I had seen so far, and they just stared at me. Their eyes and heads jilted and twisted by themselves with blood spewing out of some of their wounds, it felt painful to just hear them being close. Bones rubbing against each other, the sounds they made; it makes my skin itch thinking about it. This group of maybe 10 stood there, looking at me as one; their eyes jilted like their heads, but they were all fixated on me like they were told to. While I stood in horror of the sight of them, two of them in front started running towards me, forcing me to run the opposite way. I have never run so fast and so far in my life and I played baseball. Unfortunately I couldn’t outrun one of them who caught me from the back of my shirt and as he pulled on it, I swung around, put my hand on his chest to hold him back and swung the bat at him. As soon as he fell, the black in his eyes went away and he began crying in agony. When I saw the other skin givers coming after me, I looked at him again crying in pain and he actually reached out to me asking for help. Before I could think about it, the rest of the group was there already, forcing me to start running again. I heard the man screaming as the group got to where he was, but, what happened to him? I touched him, he fell to the ground and immediately started crying.

 Now by myself again and not seeing or hearing anymore of the skin givers coming after me, I took the map out again and tried to find where I was. I estimated where I thought I was and saw that Somers street was just one block up, so I started walking. I was on the opposite side of the town away from Main Street and getting closer to the hotel and the lake. Two places I really hope I don’t have to visit.

 The fog came back and instantly made navigating through the streets difficult, but I eventually got to Somers Street with the addresses starting at 1622; so I was at least where I needed to be. I followed the addresses up and when I saw the house, it made my jaw drop; it was the house I grew up in. The faded pink paint job, the front yard, I knew this house from when I was younger. I folded the map and while I was in the process of putting it in my back pocket, the front door slowly creaked open. I looked around to not see anyone following me and walked up the steps, not sure I wanted to actually follow through with this. Once inside, I felt a sense of calm. It was familiar… sort of. I closed the door behind me and looked to see the photos on the walls, the baby toys on the floor, no one had been here in years. I went to the hallway and walked down to the last room, which used to be my Mom’s. I opened the door and there she was, the woman who had twice found me. She was still transparent, but her eyes were now a brownish color and she didn’t seem panicked. As I approached her, she spoke and her voice still sounded muffled, but she was easier to understand “please, sit down, Kyle”. I sat down on the edge of the bed, looking around the room, seeing pictures of my Mom and this woman who says she’s my Grandma in different time periods. Because I had been traveling so much, it had been a number of years since I saw Grandma; I honestly didn’t know if this was her or not.
She walked in front of me and sat down in my Mom’s rocking chair, only the chair didn’t move. “Kyle, this may not be easy for you to understand or accept, but you are no longer among the living.”
I didn’t have any words and just stuttered “what do you mean?”
“The fall from when you were hiking killed you.”
I looked at myself and touched my arms and legs – it’s not every day someone tells you you’re dead when you’re able to live; I guess I wasn’t sure how to take it. “So… if I’m dead, how is this possible? Are you dead also?”
She adjusted herself and leaned forward “before we get to that, I need you to do something. Kyle, as you can guess by my transparency, I am not exactly here in the room with you.”
“So where are you?”
“In your time, it is probably close to the year 2020; in my time, because you’re here, the year is 1966 – the year of the great fire.”
As I started doubting what she was telling me, her form became less visible, causing her to panic. “Kyle, you need to believe me. I am not doing this to harm you, I’m doing this to help you, but you need to trust me.”
“How am I supposed to believe you’re telling the truth and you’re just not something the town sent after me?”
She looked down, exhaled and looked back to me “I can’t prove it until you choose to believe.”
I looked around the room again, seeing more pictures of this woman and my Mom. “How do you know my Mom?”
“Kyle, your Mom is my daughter and you are my grandson. I realize I do not look the same as when you last saw me, but do you not recognize me?”
Her language immediately made me remember her, I thought I had recognized her face. I only remember seeing my Grandmother when she was older, and I loved her so much. As I remembered more thoughts of her, her form started coming back; to the point where she was no longer transparent at all. A moment later, she was as clear as I was and when she stood up from the chair, it rocked. She looked at her hands and around the room, as if she was seeing things differently. She then looked to me, smiled, walked over and hugged me. It felt unbelievable to have someone like her here.
“I’ve missed you, Grandma.”
She tightened her grip on me “I’ve missed you too, sweetheart.”
“Grandma, what’s happening? How are you here?”
She sat back down and began to explain; “Kyle, I was born in Silent Hill and know a number of the Ladies here who conduct magic. Rituals, spells, potions, the things that created the dark magic that has us in our current situation. One of the things I learned was channeling the dark magic to see into the future.” She then pointed on the bed behind me. When I turned around, I saw her laying on the bed, older and frail; how I remember her last.
I immediately got up and walked around the bed, looking at her “Grandma…”
I looked back to her sitting in the rocking chair with a faint smile on her face “don’t be alarmed, child, I’m okay for now. You see me here talking with you, when in actuality, I am comfortable on my bed.”
“Wait… if the year for you is 1966, why are you young here and older there?”
“How you see me on the bed is how I looked when you last saw me in your time, because here in Silent Hill, we’re in your time. But, I’m reaching out to you in 1966, this is how I looked then. The energy you bring helps make the transition of me helping you from my time easier.”
“The energy I bring?”
“You and I are related; we’re bonded through blood. This creates a stronger connection to others in this world. That and your energy is strong because you are young and haven’t been taken by the cult yet. You’re an outside problem with pure blood.”
“When I saw you the first time on Main Street, what were you running from?”
She gave me a look like she was trying to think of a way to avoid the question “let’s just say that everyone has something here they’re running from.”
I looked at the picture behind her of her and my Mom, “Grandma, where’s Mom?”
She cleared her throat and began to tear up “Kyle, I have done many bad things in my life.”
I could see she was trying to dodge this too, so I interrupted her “Grandma… where’s my Mom?”
She wiped one of her eyes, “she’s trapped here. She has been for many of your years.”
“How could she be here if she was alive in my time?”
“She is physically alive, yes, but her spirit is here in Silent Hill. I… I made the error of teaching her magic. She became obsessed with it, learning everything she could. The last time she was able to be here, her spirit was captured.”
“Her spirit was captured? How?”
“When you’re in Silent Hill, unless you are a member of the cult, you are always a target. Their magic always has ways of finding you.”
“So, I would see her as I’ve seen you?”
“Correct.”
“Where is she?”
“Kyle, she has been here a long time, I don’t know. The only thing I know is her spirit is here. I know this as I knew you had arrived here. Up until you came, she was the only reason I come back here.”
“Do you have an idea on where I can start looking?”
She hesitantly but slowly nodded “the hotel. She always had a strong affinity for that hotel. We stayed there a while when your Grandfather and I came here and were looking for a home – she loved it there. We stayed in room 211.” She thought about what she wanted to say next and wiped another tear away “how was she when you saw her last?”
I didn’t want to answer her, but I forced her to answer me. “She was… gone. As you said, she was physically there, but she wasn’t. All she talked about when she did talk was Silent Hill.” I had a question I wanted to ask and even though I was afraid of the answer, I needed to know, “Grandma, if I… die… *here*, what will happen to me?”
She got a somber look on her face “Sweetheart, I honestly do not know. But that’s why we need to find your Mother, I fear she doesn’t have long left; if her time has not run out already.”
“What do you mean she doesn’t have long left?”
“The body can only exist so long without the spirit. After too much time, the detachment will become permanent and she will be trapped here.” She raised her hands and looked at them as her image began to flutter a little. “Kyle, I must go. But I will be back, I just need to rest.” She reached forward and took my hands “Kyle, find your Mother; if she is not in the hotel, check the cemetery, her father is buried there. Because her spirit has been away from her body for so long, I don’t know what shape she will be in. If you find that she’s… not herself… talk to her about something personal; something you know she’ll remember. She has an innocence so sweet, just be gentle with her.”
“I will find her, Grandma, I promise.”
As she has done in the past, she reached out and put her hand to my cheek “such a strong boy. Please be careful.”
As she said that, her image in front of me completely vanished and as I turned my head to her older self on the bed, that slowly dissipated as well.

 Now that I got caught up in what was happening, I took the map out again; thankfully it had the main places in the town outlined on it. Unfortunately, the hotel was the closest. In this case, I doubt it, but I really hope Grandma is wrong and this is just a dream. A really… vivid, sick, haunting dream. I’m just at home, sleeping in bed; inside the house I lived in 20 years ago. Being tired and sore, I cracked my neck and as I did, the skin pulled on the area where I got spit at from that screecher; pain sure does hurt when you’re dead. Even if I come out of this “alive”, I’m not sure I want to know what’s going to happen to me.

 *“The Forgotten Faces”*

 I really wish I would have known Mom was not in the hotel before I went. I did not want to see any of that or get hurt again in the process. Excuse the blood stain on the page, let me wrap this up better.

 I keep reminding myself I need to write in here, so I don’t lose my sanity. So I don’t stuff down what I’ve seen and not confront it. Through all the years Mom had therapy, that was one thing the Doctors insistently told me, “make sure she confronts her problems and fears”. How do I confront and deal with all of this? I wake up in the middle of the road, I realize I’m now living my Mother’s nightmare, I get told I’m dead by my Grandma who is (in this world) my age, then I unintentionally set the entire fucking hotel on fire only to come to find out it never happened.

Okay…

 Somehow I had managed to get some sleep on Grandma’s floor when the other siren woke me up, the quieter one. I don’t know if the entire town is affected when that happens or if it’s only particular areas where the cult goes, but I was able to avoid that instance of it. When I started collecting myself, getting ready to go to the hotel, I had an idea. I got a handful of rags, soaked them in water and put them in my back pocket. If the screechers (and possibly people) were affected by water, then I could periodically wet the bat to help me get rid of them.

 Really, really not wanting to do this, I peaked out the window to see no one on the street and memorized how to get to the hotel. I quietly walked out, shut the door behind me and ran towards the opposite side of the street and down the block towards this mindf\* of a building. Thankfully I hadn’t encountered any screechers along the way and actually got to the hotel in just a couple minutes. When I ran out of an alley and got to the street, this building was immediately menacing. It’s not a taller building, it only stands three stories I think; but it’s titanic. When I got to the street and stood in front of it, the size almost made me dizzy; I couldn’t see the ends of it from the front. I looked around and with the little daylight in the town, the shadow of this building just went cold to your core; I really did not want to go in. I hesitantly got one of the rags out, squeezed some water on the bat, spread it around and walked inside. My first mistake was letting the door slam shut behind me, I think that alone woke the whole building up. I walked inside into the large reception area and this part of the hotel was trashed; it looked like a hurricane had gone through it. Furniture, clothes, bags of things… it just looked like the hotel got ravaged. After crawling over the trash and finally getting to the receptions desk, I smelled something I was getting all too familiar with – the smell of death. I hopped over the counter and just about tripped when I landed, having to catch myself on the counter. When I looked to see what I landed and stumbled on, I was startled to see a body with a bellhop outfit on; it had been there a while. However, luck must have been on my side as while I was looking at it, I must have been at just the right angle because something below it was shining; come to find out, it was a set of keys, which I took. Behind the receptions desk was one hallway on each side; the left had the odd numbered rooms; the right had the even numbered rooms. Not sure which way to go, I noticed a plaque just above the key slots behind the receptions desk of a map of the hotel; so, as quietly as I could, I climbed up, pulled the plaque off, got back down and took the map out of it. The room Grandma mentioned, 211, was upstairs on the left; good a point as any to start. Oddly enough, once you got past the trashed entrance, the hallways and things generally seemed fairly clean.

 When I made it about halfway through the hallway and was about to go up the stairs to the second floor, I heard a door creak behind me; it was directly across from the stairwell. I checked the bat to make sure it was still wet and walked up to the doorway, peaking inside. When I saw someone moving in one of the far corners, I opened the door and went inside; immediately being tackled to the ground. When I landed on my back, I put the bat up in front of me, holding up the maniac that tackled me who was then hovering over me. He looked like another one of the cult members and when I saw he had the same markings on his head the woman had, I turned the bat to the wet side which seemed to burn his hands; forcing him off me. I quickly got up and looked at him, he was covered in black soot and was also praying the same way the others had. He stared at me with a smile on his face while he shook his hands to cool them off. What is it with all the cult members being creepy to just look at? I was already in a swinging stance when he charged me, and the bat connected just under his jaw and I got another good hit on the back of his head when he leaned over. Now on the ground and not moving, the hair on his head began burning off along with some of the skin on his face. I leaned over him for a closer look and got the impression I knew him from somewhere, but he didn’t look familiar. Seems to be a pattern of that in this town. I had another look at him and looked around the room for anything useful but couldn’t find much. He had no water, no food… nothing he could “exist” on. Come to think about it, I haven’t eaten anything since I’ve been here, and I haven’t been hungry.

As I got towards the top of the stairs to the second floor, I heard my Grandma’s voice coming from down the hall. Thinking she was calling me, I rushed up the stairs and saw something towards the end of the hall; it looked like how I saw Grandma the first time. It was transparent, but I could make something out. I followed it and it led me straight to room 211, where the door was slightly open, and I could hear more voices inside. I opened the door further to see inside and… the best I could describe what happened was it was as if I was there, watching them in 1966. The room was as it was then… decorated, clean, you could see the sunshine coming in from the window. I heard speaking again and saw my Grandma and Grandpa come out from another part of the room. They looked so young. I guess they had just gotten there and were talking about what they were going to do for money. When my Grandma went to hug him, she faced me and when she did, she noticed me. At that moment, everything froze – the curtain in the window was frozen in midair, things just immediately stopped. My Grandma kept her eyes on me, let my Grandpa go and walked over to me. Not exactly sure what was happening, I held the bat up to get her to stop, but she gently moved it out of the way and got closer to me to where she was right in front of me. While looking at me, she faintly smiled, tilted her head and put her hands to my cheeks. What got me panicking was when I saw her eyes begin to fill with black as they are with the cult members. Her smile then went wider, her eyes went full black and she let out a horrific, deafening scream. At that moment, the windows broke, and it was like the room just caved in on itself; it dropped me to the floor. Her scream continued as the room shook and walls cracked, causing what felt like the entire building to move. I closed my eyes, held my ears tighter and yelled out “stop” as loud as I could. As quickly as this started, it did stop. I opened my eyes to see the room in the same shape as the previous room I was in and took my hands off my ears. Seeing everything was now quiet, I grabbed the bat and stood up, looking around to make sure I didn’t have anyone coming for me. Not hearing or seeing anything, I shut the door and looked around. The room was trashed like the others I saw, and I couldn’t see anything to indicate Mom was there. I moved a lot of the furniture around, mixed up the trash, etc. She wasn’t there and hadn’t been there recently, if at all.

Realizing the room was a dead end, I left and went back to the stairwell. As I was about to start walking down, someone from behind pushed me; forcing me to slam into the middle of the stairwell before it begins to go down. Seeing three more cult members, I got up as quick as I could and just started swinging. At some point, one of them must have knocked me out; because I don’t remember anything after that. When I woke up, I was tied to a chair in a very large room with a circle of cult members around me, staring at me with smiles on their faces like I was a piece of meat. One of them, a woman with normal eyes, reached forward, took the rag out of my mouth and asked me what I was doing there.
“I’m looking for someone.”
“You are in Silent Hill; you are looking for no one here.”
The woman leaned closer to me and kept smelling me as I lied to her “I must have gotten lost.”
Not satisfied with my answer, she squinted her eyes while giving me a look and kept smelling me. As she continued sniffing me and my clothes, the others with black eyes behind her started getting closer, smelling the air.
She met me at eye level, and I asked her where I was.
“You’re inside the hotel. Surrounded by those who helped build it.” She turned around as the others behind her circled closer around me and then turned back to me “the faces of the forgotten people.” She gave me a final smell, stood upright and looked to one of the cult members at her side and said “he needs to be checked.”
Before I could say anything, the cult member took out a knife and stabbed me in the arm with it. I don’t think I’ve ever yelled out in pain so loud… it actually gave them pleasure to hear me scream. With the knife still in my arm, they smiled as he slowly took it out and slid it along his tongue. The cult members’ eyes widened as he looked at the woman and she then looked at me “so you are pure.”
Since I’ve been in Silent Hill, I have witnessed a number of things I cannot explain; what happened next is no exception. As I reeled in pain, I heard my Grandma’s young voice as clear as day, as if she was talking right in my ear; “Kyle! You are alive in this world, you are much stronger than they are, do not let them capture you!” It’s moments like what happened next where I’m thankful I’m a bigger guy. As the woman turned to the cult member, I lunged forward, breaking the back of the chair I was tied to and head bunted one of the members in the face. The ropes fell around me, I punched another member and ran through the group circled around me to see more of where they had me. We were in the basement of the hotel that they had converted into a meeting place with pillars of fire, their cult banners where everywhere along with remnants of other sacrifices; I think I also saw a cow’s head on the way out.

As I backed further up, watching the cult members pull knives out of their cloaks, I looked around to find a way out and the only way out of that room was a large, concrete stairwell dressed in more banners on the opposite side of the room. While trying to find the way out, two of the cult members approached me and missed with their knives as I dodged out of the way. As one of them took another swing, I blocked and held onto his arm, ducked as the other tried and stabbed him in the stomach with the guy I was holding and then punched the first one multiple times. Seeing my opportunity, I darted towards the other side of the room and one of them caught me at the bottom of the steps. Not thinking, I picked up the metal pillar and hit him in the face with it; not knowing the burning coals in the bowl on top fell, catching fire to one of the banners. The fire quickly started spreading to other banners and drapery they had, which provided an opportunity for me to hit another guy in the face with the pillar and run to the top of the stairs. By the time I got to the top, the fire had spread to another wall and as I looked back to the bulk of the cult members, still calmly standing there in the middle of the room, they turned their attention to a corner of the room. I looked where they were looking and there was that… monster with the thing on its head, just walking towards them as if nothing was wrong. As he got to the group, he looked at me and pointed at me; as he did that, the rest of the cult members came for me. I turned my attention back to the door, took a firm hold of the pillar and slammed it into the lock, no luck. I gave a bigger swing and the door busted open just in time for me to get behind it and wedge the base of the pillar in the tore up floor, preventing the door from opening. Just as I was about to run away, one of the cult members busted the door a bit so his face could peak through and yelled “boy” at me to get my attention. I turned around to see his sickening smile looking back at me and he says, “we will find you, we always find you.” At the same time he said that, I could see the fire through the broken door getting closer and I started running up another flight of stairs to get me back to ground level. Hearing screaming coming from the room and tripping on the stairs because of it, the fire had now consumed that room and was beginning to spread even further. The speed at which the fire moved was unreal, it spread so fast and I don’t know how.

What happened next is something else I will never forget for as long as I “live”. I made it to the ground level to see the fire had gotten there as well and was beginning to get worse. Hearing yelling coming from behind me and seeing it was more cult members, I ran towards the front door, grabbing a long lamp in the process. I burst out through the front doors and slid the lamp in the handles of the doors to keep them from opening. Thinking I was (for the moment) safe, I closed my eyes and briefly leaned my head against the door; before I flew forward from the impact of something pounding on it. With another echoing pound, the upper part of the door caved outwards, allowing me to see the pyramid monster behind it and the fire getting closer. I saw it turn its head and disappear as smoke began coming out the door. Beginning to hear glass and other things inside break, I quickly got up, ran across the street and turned around to see the hotel now engulfed in flames. God that fire moved so fast. Mom always told me the fire started and spread quickly because of how and what the hotel was built with and she was right, the entire building looked like it was on fire in a matter of minutes. Here’s where things got stranger. As I was watching this behemoth burn, that same sound I heard when the monster got his big blade filled the air and the fire on top of the hotel immediately subsided. As the noise got louder, forcing me to cover my ears, the hotel slowly got the flutter Grandma had, then it got more consistent. It looked like the hotel was a mirage that was being reverted in waves. Then as quickly as everything started, it stopped, and the hotel looked exactly like it did before I went in. No burn marks, no fire damage, the lamp light I slid in the handles of the door was gone. Even now, my hands are shaking just remembering what happened and my arm is bleeding again.

The thing that my brain is refusing to accept about this is I know I saw that building on fire. I wasn’t dreaming, it wasn’t something paranoia created, I saw this… I saw the burning, I smelled the fire. Great, now I’m questioning reality, just like Mom used to do. Okay, I need to stop. This is what got Mom institutionalized to begin with, she couldn’t distinguish reality. But I’m really not in reality anymore, am I? Grandma said I’m dead, the fall from the hike killed me. So what if this town and things that happen in it are my new life? How the hell do I get out?

*“The Brave One”*

 You have always been my only grandson; and you basically grew up without a Mother, because of my bad choices. You, through all of your years, have been the rock in our family. You have been the voice of reason, compassion and empathy. And it brings tears to my eyes knowing I did this to you. Kyle, I am so, so sorry.

 When you were a boy and your Mother was… mentally present… I used to watch the two of you. You were her most precious thing in the world. She used to hold you close to her cheek, close her eyes and weep because she couldn’t believe she could make something so beautiful as you. You never gave her, your father or myself any grief. You never cried and you were always so happy to see all of us. Watching your Father hold you when you were a baby was so special to your Mother and I, we knew you were going to be like him.

 Your Mother probably never told you about your Father, who is probably the other half of the reason you’re here; he was from Silent Hill as well. Your Father was… the purest of a good man. He never raised his hand or his voice to you or your Mother, and he loved the both of you more than anything until the moment this town took him. One night, when your Mother used her gifts to come here, there was an accident. Something saw her and followed her to the point where when she tried to come back, this something reached through and killed your father when he tried to save her. What she described chasing her and murdering your father is the monster you described with the big blade. If she never told you, I am so sorry, sweetheart. How could we explain what happened to him to you or the police? We hid what happened from the rest of the world and honored his request to be buried in Silent Hill; which the caretaker, being a long-time friend, assisted with. Your Father was the best man I knew, and your Mother and I wept long after he was gone. Then you began to grow up and we saw his light in you. You are just like your Father and we could not be happier or prouder of you.

Your Father was a writer, like you. He would always say his works were not that good, but that man was beautiful with his words and you saw this when he wrote about your Mother. He once wrote a poem about her that made her cry when he read it to her at their wedding… that was such a beautiful day. They did truly love each other and when she saw him die, I think that’s what may have been the start of her regression. She was never the same after that… she didn’t end up talking for days. I thought about registering her for counseling or some direct method to help her talk about these things, but the more I pushed for that, the worse she got. Losing your Father greatly impacted the both of us, we were not the same afterwards.

 I look at you, asleep on the floor, and wonder what it would be like if you met your Father now that you’re older. I often times imagine it would be like the both of you looking into a mirror of yourselves. Both of your graceful approaches to life are so similar, I know he would be damn proud of you, Kyle. Do excuse the tears on the page, my dear, weeping is really the only thing an old woman is good at anymore.

 Kyle, I have lived a life full of mistakes that others have had to pay for; primarily yourself. In my time, being 91 and not able to live as you once did, you spend a lot of time reflecting and looking back on your choices. Thankfully one of my choices has allowed me to help in fixing some of my mistakes and I’m able to communicate with you here. This much I am truly thankful for. But I need to ask you again to please look for your Mother, I know she is here. If you do happen to make your way to the cemetery, as soon as you pass through the gates, make an immediate left and his marker is towards the western wall. He is the only Trent in the cemetery, you won’t miss it.

 Look at where I’ve put you… your life has been nothing but tears and tragedy. You’re gone from the living, stuck in a world you don’t want to be in, risking your afterlife for someone who may not remember you. My heart and my world breaks for you sweetheart, I will forever be sorry.

 Please, please continue to be brave, Kyle. I don’t know what will happen after this; I don’t have the slightest indication, either. However, I know things for you will be alright. If your soul stays in Silent Hill, you will be okay inside these walls; even after I am gone. Silent Hill may not be the happy and peaceful town it once was, but it’s our home and still can be, even in this life.

 I am going to let you rest for a while and go back to my time. You are loved, Kyle, don’t ever forget that, please. You are loved so much and have so much light inside you. Learn to harness it and use it in this world, it can be your greatest strength. Please be careful out there and come back here if you ever need sanctuary.

 *“The Origins of Brave”*

 I… I am not sure how to put what happened into words. As has been most of my time here in Silent Hill – trying to find words to describe what happened.

 Mom told me when I was young that my Dad had passed, but that’s all I knew. I never knew his name, never knew what he did for a living, what kind of person he was. I was always curious, but when I got old enough to start asking questions, Mom was just not communicating anymore; so I stopped asking. Looking back at it, part of me believes she was intentionally avoiding the questions so she wouldn’t have to answer them. Her face always gave her away with what she was thinking.

 I woke up on Grandma’s floor, she had changed the dressing for the cut on my arm and put a pillow under my head. She wasn’t here when I woke up, but I read what she wrote. After what happened afterward, I went back and read it again. I’m still not sure I’m okay.

 The cemetery seemed like the only other logical place left to find Mom, but, she wasn’t there either. I’m not doubting Grandma when she says she is here, but where else could she be?

 As I did the previous time, I quietly came out of Grandma’s house and made my way to the cemetery a few blocks away. Of course that trek didn’t come without a couple screechers and cult members; thankfully I’m getting better and better at swinging a bat at people. Seems like such an odd thing to say, but in this instance, I’m happy it’s true. After dealing with them and getting to the outside of the cemetery property, I realized I had gone to the wrong side. While walking around the block to the entrance, as normal as it sounds, I heard voices inside the cemetery; but I never saw anyone. Some even sounded like they were just a few feet away, but when I looked through the gate, there was no one there. Hearing the children as I passed that part of the cemetery was not easy, either.

 When I turned the last corner and got to the big, black gates of the entry, I pushed them open and immediately noticed the gravestone just inside the entrance with “CARETAKER” written in bold on it. I walked up to it and wiped the dirt off to see the grave belonged to Norman Nightly, he must have been the caretaker Grandma was talking about. Seeing the immediate left she mentioned, I walked down that row, looking at all the tombstones. Some of the dates were so old they weren’t legible anymore, makes me wonder how long that part of town has been around. As I walked further into the cemetery, the fog and clouds become much denser, making seeing directly in front of you almost impossible. However, when I saw the part of the gate I walked by previously, I started looking around and found his marker, John Trent was his name. My Dad’s name was John Trent and he was killed in 1983. When I found his marker, I knelt down and brushed the twigs and leaves off and just stared at it – wondering what he was like. The silence and sounds of the breeze in the town going through the cemetery actually made this moment peaceful. While looking at his tombstone, I heard steps coming to my left and saw a faint image of a man walking towards me. As I got the bat ready, the image came into view and got clearer, and I knew… I knew he was my Dad. I don’t know how, but his energy seemed too familiar; he wasn’t a stranger and I immediately thought of my Dad when I saw him. He got closer, looked at me, smiled, and said “hello, son.” He came closer, put his arms around me and I couldn’t hold it; I just put my arms around him and started crying.
He patted me on the back a few times, let me go and looked at me. “You have grown so much, look at you.”
“Dad? It’s really you?”
He smiled and slowly nodded “I have waited a long time for this, Kyle.” He looked at me and put his hands on my shoulders “Kyle, I have proudly been watching you since you arrived; you have exerted more instances of bravery than I ever could.”
Still crying, I laughed and wiped some tears away. I still cannot believe he was standing right in front of me. He could touch me, I could touch him, I could smell him when he hugged me. I looked at him and asked how it was possible he was there.
He looked around, shrugged and looked back to me “Silent Hill, I suppose, has it’s own magic for those who have roots here.” He looked me in the eyes and began to tear up himself, “the last time I saw you, I was holding you in my hands.” He looked down and then at his hands, full of scars, “then I heard your Mother scream.” He looked back to me, “I don’t remember anything after that. Death seems forgiving to allow me to be here, but now that I’m here with you, I don’t remember anything of where I’ve been.”
My whole life I had thought of different questions I would ask him; now that he was right in front of me, I had literally nothing.
He put his hands on my arms “you have so much spirit in you, Kyle, that is the one thing these monsters here want from you; your ability to shine through the dark. Something brought you here, but it cannot control you; you would be marked if it could. Your Grandmother was right; here, you have more strength than you think you do. Perhaps enough to end Pyramid Head.”
“You mean that monster with the steel thing on it’s head?”
He laughs and smiles “it was your Mother’s name for him, but yes, him.”
“He’s a person?”
“Part of him still is, yes. His followers give him a God type treatment, but that thing is still half a man and can be killed.”
“How do you know this?”
“Your Mother found out. She was able to corner one of his most dedicated followers who told her that the blade he summons has something inscribed on it; something that would hurt or kill him if used against him. When he forced his followers into slavery for him, they rebelled and were able to hurt him with it – anything else they tried never worked.”
“Dad… what if I can’t stop Pyramid Head? What if I can’t find Mom? What will happen with everything?”
He faintly smiled at me “son… I never understood much on how or why this works. But you were brought here for a reason, for some type of purpose. If it’s the same thing that made you coming here and talking to me happen, I doubt failure is in your future.” He looked at his hands and we saw they were slowly starting to disappear. He looked back at me, put his hand on the back of my head and put our foreheads together “I have waited so long to say that I am beyond proud of you.”
I closed my eyes and just couldn’t keep it in and before I had a chance to say anything, I opened my eyes and he was gone. I probably stayed there for a few minutes, crying and looking at his tombstone before I noticed what was happening. While standing there, my hands began to glow a very bright white; the glow actually shined through the dense fog. Looking at my hands, they pulsated this energy, whatever it was it made the surrounding area glow. I felt like something was going to happen when I touched someone again, I just wasn’t sure what; but I had to find out.

 I walked out of the cemetery and ran down the street back to Grandma’s house, looking for more cult members. Not seeing any, I remembered the two that came out the other day when I hid by the house during that sacrifice; they seemed alive to me. I’m not sure what drove this idea, but something was telling me to find these two. I decided to run down the street towards the house and as I reached what I thought was that block, it began to look familiar. I walked a little more, found the house I hid behind, and they were exactly two houses over from there when I watched them. I stood outside their house, looked at my hands still glowing, walked up the steps and knocked on the door. The man answered, his eyes widened, and he looked at the woman with him; yelling “he’s here!” to her. Before I could take a second to assess the situation, I barged in the front door, put one hand on each of them and they began to violently shake. After a moment of full body compulsions, they fell to the ground and I heard the woman start crying as I saw my hands stop glowing. I looked at them and they seemed… different. They weren’t violent or erratic as I saw them before, they were submissive and confused; much like that other cult member was from the other day, actually. I quickly shut the door and knelt down, looking at them. They were scared – they had the same look I did when I got here. Realizing *something* had happened, I put my hands up to signal I’m not here to harm them and asked them what their names were.
“What are your names?”
The woman stayed in a fetal position as I took one of her hands, “I’m not here to hurt you, it’s okay. What’s your name?”
“I… I was just running with a friend and I… where am I?”
I looked at the man, now coming to, looking at the both of us; he looked lost as well. I addressed the both of them as best as I could “my name is Kyle, the both of you are in Silent Hill and I think the both of you are no longer living.”
The woman wiped tears from her eyes “we’re… we’re dead?”
The man instantly got scared “what do you mean we’re dead?”
“Silent Hill is… a limbo type of place where people like us come after we die.”
The woman sat up “what do you mean people like us?”
“The three of us have links to this place, whether it be directly through us or our family members. That’s why we’re here, because of that reason.”
The man stood up and offered to help the woman up as she hesitantly took his hand.
I looked at the both of them as they looked at each other “do the two of you know each other?”
They both simultaneously shook their heads.
Since they had been through enough, I hid that bit from them, “I won’t tell you how I knew the both of you were in here, then. What are your names?”
The woman spoke first “I’m Cathleen… I was just running with a friend of mine; I saw a bright light… then I don’t remember anything after that.”
He then introduced himself “I’m Mike, I was just on my way to work and…” he looked to Cathleen and then back to me “the same as her, I just remember being in my truck and nothing after.”
“Cathleen, Mike, I believe we’re all here for the same type of reason. Are either of you familiar with Silent Hill? Do either of you have any connections here as far as you know?”
They both gave blank stares and shook their heads “okay… well, let me fill you in.”

 I told them about Silent Hill. About the cult that runs the town. About the monsters outside, about the things I had seen. At first they didn’t want to believe me, then I quietly took them out and showed them the town. When we finally found some screechers, we coincidentally found some other things that had been living here. I thought the screechers were bad. Once the sun goes down (granted it never really comes up to begin with), Silent Hill has a host of monsters that call this god damn town “home”. Once they realized we’re all in the same situation, things became clearer on sticking together and trying to find a way to defeat the evil that runs the town.

 Since they were only just down the street from Grandma’s house, I told them to remain where they were, and I would come and get them tomorrow. Oddly enough, some of the towns resources like water and power still work in certain areas; thankfully their place and Grandma’s house were two of them – figured I would let them wash up and get their bearings.

 When I got back here, I found Grandma in the living room. When I told her about what had happened, she said she knew as she had been watching me the whole time. She explained to me that what happened may have been a gift or an “unlocking” from my Father. She figured when our situations were put together, something happened with my energy and presence here. She actually made a joke and told me I had been upgraded lol. Maybe she was right? Apparently what happened with me made it easier for her to be there as well, she made a comment that it wasn’t taking nearly as much energy for it to happen.

 We spent a good part of the night talking about how I saw my Father for the first time and what it was like. Even now I find it hard to believe that it actually happened. However, the more time I spend in Silent Hill, the easier its getting to believe things like that happen. I wonder if it would be able to happen again?

 After Grandma reminiscing and telling me stories of us as a family when we were younger, the conversation switched to how to continue with the town.
“Maybe the two people I found today can help?”
“They are strangers, but now they’re aware of what’s happening, so it is possible.”
“You don’t trust that they’ll keep their word if they help?”
“It’s not that, Kyle… it’s just… this town has influence beyond what we’ve seen. I’m not saying this is a trick, I’m saying this will not go unnoticed.”
“Maybe we can use that then. If the town is going to want retribution for this, maybe we can plan for that.”
“How so?”
“Well, the… not so alive ones… don’t seem to like water; so we can use that. The ones that are alive and able to function like the two I found today will hopefully have the same reaction?” I looked at my hands, and as I did, Grandma asked me something that put what happened into perspective.
“Before you put your hands on them and they changed, what were you thinking about?”
“I felt as if something was driving me to do it. I wasn’t hearing what I was supposed to do anything like that, it’s just something kept telling me to go see those specific two people.”
She got a look on her face as I replied to her, followed up with “hmm…”
“Grandma?”
“Your Father used to do things like that.”
“What do you mean?”
“It’s kind of hard to explain, Kyle, but he had a gift with people. You would be crying, he would pick you up, you would immediately stop. Your Mother could have been having the worst day; he would come along, run his hands through her hair or scratch her back, it was like it never happened. I saw him do it a large number of times, it was the most bizarre thing.”
“…I guess the fact that all of this started after I met with him is no coincidence either.”
“That is what I’m beginning to believe, Kyle, yes.”
“Grandma, is it possible to bring things over from your side to this one?”
“It takes an absorbent amount of energy, but it is possible with smaller things, yes. What were you wanting to bring over?”
I remembered washing my face the other night in Grandma’s sink “balloons.”
She looked to the sink and back to me as she got a grin on her face “such a smart boy.”
“What is it with the water being so effective anyway?”
“Water is the natural purification of the body and soul. When it comes into contact with something that does not want to be purified, the water is rejected, and instead, harms. You know what would help that even more is adding salt – I believe there’s still a thing of seaman’s salt in the cupboard.”

 I really hope tomorrow works out.

 *“Untitled”*

 I am not particularly fond of writing in Kyle’s journal; the horrors he has described in here are things that keep me up at night. But, being his Grandmother, and knowing what he is going through, his actions need to be told – especially if, God forbid, he doesn’t make it. That poor boy has earned so much more credit than he’s received; that idea about the balloons being a prime example. So simplistic, but effective. I was able to get a box of balloons for him which he took over to the house he found the two strangers in. I’m still amazed at how quickly he got them onboard with everything.

 The more thought I put into writing in here, the more calming I see how it can be. Reasons why Kyle has kept up with this journal are clearer now. With that, as I “follow” him, I will relay in here what it is he’s doing; he’s actually just getting to the strangers’ house and they invited him in. My apologies for the formatting, I’m not sure exactly how this is “supposed” to be done.
Kyle: “were you both able to get some rest last night?”
Cathleen: “we did, actually, we were just talking about what we’re going to do.”
Kyle: he sets the box of balloons down on the table. “I have reasons to believe water may help us in what we’re going to do. Your water is still running, yes?”
Mike: “yes, I just got out of the shower not too long ago.”
Kyle: “perfect”. He opens the box of balloons and puts handfuls on the table. “We don’t need much water per balloon, just enough for it to pop.”
Cathleen: “why water?”
Kyle: “when I first got here, I followed the cult you two were a part of and overheard a woman twice mention getting back in doors before it rains. When I got some water from the rain and threw it on one of the screechers, the water burned its skin. I’m not sure what it does to cult members, but I would imagine it would have some type of effect.”
Mike: “is there a way where we can test out to see what happens?”
Kyle: “that’s a good idea.”
…

 Okay, they filled a few of the balloons up and they’re heading outside.
Kyle: he handed the balloons to Cathleen. “Cathleen, as soon as we find a cult member and we’re able to restrain them, pop one of the balloons on them and see what happens.”
Cathleen: “I’ll try, guys.”
They have gone outside and are looking for someone to try this on. They just turned another corner down the street and have come across a few cult members it looks like. These people always gave me the creeps; Kyle was right, they just look at you like you’re food. They’re hiding behind a building in an alley way, looking at the cult members.
Kyle: “Mike, you ready?”
Mike: “yeah, let’s do this.”
…
They have one- it worked! It worked again! Cathleen through one of the balloons at another member when Kyle and Mike had the first one. Damn, the third one ran away; I hope they don’t bring back any unwanted attention.
Kyle: is kneeling down, watching the two they just saved stop shaking. “There’s no time to explain right now, we need to get you both out of the street and we’ll explain everything, I promise.”
They’re helping to walk and carry the both of them back to the strangers’ house. Oh no, the screechers heard them! Kyle, pick him- there you go, he picked the man up he was helping to walk and they’re running back to the house. Cathleen just got a screecher with the last balloon, glad to know that works so well.
…
Oh no, Kyle, get up! He tripped in a pothole in the street and dropped the man he was carrying. Here come more screech- oh god. Kyle, get up! Wait, what just happened? Kyle put his hands on both of the screechers as they rushed him, but I only see them on the ground, I couldn’t see what happened; I just saw a flash of light. His energy is getting so much stronger… if I’m able to see this, I’m not the only one who can. Okay, he has the man back up and they’re running down the street, they’re almost there.

 They’re all back inside and safe now, with two more people that can help them. Way to go, Kyle, way to

 It’s still uniquely interesting to me how Grandma can see the things I do in this town. She knew we found two more people, she knew I tripped in that pothole, etc. She has a real gift.

 When I got back to her house, I found the journal open, but she was gone. I called out to her and she can usually hear me and “speak” to me from her world, but she isn’t doing that at all. I hope it’s just me being paranoid, but when I got back inside, I got the feeling of… never mind. Probably just the nerves from the past few days.

 With the two we rescued outside, that’s now four people who can help; hopefully soon to have a lot more since the water seems to be working well. Wait… if the bulk of them appear to be in the hotel where Pyramid Head is, maybe I can find a way to use water there; I think I remember seeing plumbing lines running along the ceiling. It would be nice if I could make all of this happen while the monster is down there. But how would I get in there? I can’t just waltz in to where they all are. What if I intentionally get caught? I know they would take me to go see him, they don’t do anything without him knowing about it; he controls them. I need to talk this over with the others.

 Someone or something just knocked on the front door and left a note that says, “come to the cemetery.” I really hope this isn’t another trick. Grandma, if you’re reading this, please let me know when you get back. I’m going to the cemetery to follow up on this.
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 I just saw my Father again at the cemetery, he was the one arranged the note at the door. He summoned me to let me know that Grandma has spent too much time in her spiritual form, and she appears to be catatonic in her world. He is not sure how much (if any) time she has left, and he wanted to make sure I understood what that meant.

 I don’t understand what being here means, how can I understand this? I don’t understand any of this. What’s happening to Grandma, how I’m able to talk to my Dad, this thing with my hands… I don’t know what any of this means or how it’s all possible. Grandma, please don’t go. Stay home if you need to, but please don’t leave us.

 Dad also told me something else that has me morbidly worried. He explained that he is now (at certain times) given permission to come here in spiritual form and be within the confines of Silent Hill in the cemetery and by the lake behind it. The thing that has me worried is he believes Mom’s body is in the bottom of the lake. While walking along the lakebed, he told me that he saw a vision of cult members tackling my Mom and drowning her when she tried to get into a rowboat. I… I feel like I’m going to be sick. I told Dad I would come back to the house, see if Grandma was here, grab a flashlight and come back. Please be wrong, Dad.

 *“A Bittersweet Goodbye”*

 I got back to the cemetery and found my Dad at the entrance, waiting for me. I followed him through the cemetery and towards the back where the river is; the whole time just hoping he was wrong. The river in Silent Hill stretches over a couple miles, so Dad walked me to the part where he said he saw the vision. As we got to the area, I walked in the water, turned the flashlight on and went under. The first few times I didn’t see anything, but the fourth or fifth time I went under, I saw the reflection of a hand… and it turned out to be her. Dad was right. Those god damn motherfuckers drowned my Mom in the lake.

 After swimming to the bottom and getting underneath her, I was able to carry her body out of the lake and sat her down on the shore. I’m not going to get graphic, but she had been down there for a while it looked like. Most of her skin and facial features were gone, but it was her. While Dad and I stood there looking at her, I looked at him and told him I need to bury her.
“Son, bury her with me.”
I picked Mom up and carried her back to the part of the cemetery where Dad is and thankfully found a shovel along the way. I set Mom down, went back and got the shovel, and came back to Dad’s grave. I wedged the shovel in the sand and rested my head on my hands, I had so much going through my head.
My Dad walked up next to me, “you okay, Kyle?”
“No, Dad, I’m not okay. I just pulled Mom out of the bottom of the river, you’re supposed to be dead but you’re here talking to me, I don’t know how the hell to get out of this town, and we may never see Grandma again.”
He put his hand on my back and we just… stood there.
I wiped my eyes, took the shovel and looked at my Dad “is this wrong?”
“Is what wrong?”
I nodded to his grave and looked at him “I’m digging your grave up, Dad, I don’t exactly feel this is right.”
“I asked you to – and, it is my grave, is it not?”
I thought about it for a moment and even though the situation was messed up to begin with, it made me feel better about that part of it.

 I got the grave dug up, put Mom in it and got done putting the dirt back. I fell to my knees and looked at my Dad’s gravestone “I just dug up your grave and buried Mom with you.” I looked at my Dad, about ready to cry and he had an odd look on his face. “Dad, what’s wrong?”
He looked at me like he was seeing something I wasn’t “stay here, don’t go anywhere, just stay here.” He walked away in another direction and dissipated, leaving me there to wish I was somewhere else. I closed my eyes and leaned my head back, taking in the faint breeze through the cemetery. As I exhaled, I heard footsteps walking towards me.
“Hello Kyle.”
I opened my eyes to see my Mom walking towards me with Dad, hand in hand, “Mom?”
She looked exactly how people described her – beautiful. I stood up as she walked up to me with tears in her eyes and gave me a hug. It was her. The way she smelled, how beautiful she was, it was really her. “I’ve missed you so much, sweetheart.”
“I’ve missed you too, Mom… how are you here?”
She looked at my Dad and back to me “to be honest, I really don’t know.” She laughed and looked at my Dad, at herself and back at me “something happened, and I woke up to see your Dad walking me to you.” She looked at me, then to my Dad and smiled; I don’t want to know where she has been to be so relieved.
In the cemetery of a town designated as hell for the limbo of the dead, the three of us shared a hug for the first time. I was finally with both of my parents.
We let each other go as Mom looked at me “Kyle, if you’re here, you know what that means, right?”
I looked to Dad and back to her “according to Grandma it means that I’m dead in the real world.”
She put her hand on my cheek “I’m so sorry, sweetheart. I’m so sorry for everything, this is all my fault. When you came into the world, I should have stopped. None of us would be in this mess.”
Dad put his hand on my shoulder “we both can’t say we’re sorry enough, son.”
I looked at the both of them “I think I have a plan that will put an end to this mess for all of us. I discovered how water works here and saw how they all meet in the hotel. I’m going to flood the basement.”
Mom looked to my Dad and back to me “but how will you get in there?”
“…I have to get caught, that’s the only way I know they’ll take me to see Pyramid Head; they answer to him and won’t do anything without his approval.” I looked at them with uncertainty afterwards. “But what happens even if I succeed or fail? What will happen to all of us?”
Dad looked to Mom who looked at the both of us “I honestly don’t know, Kyle. This is new territory for all of us – regardless of the outcome, I don’t know what’s going to happen.”

 As we stood there, I guess at some point it had begun to get dark and I didn’t notice. What made all of us notice was the siren going off. We all looked to the sky as the crows got up and flew away, signaling what was to come with the absence of light.
Mom looked to me “Kyle, get inside to Grandma’s house, you’ll be safe there. We have her home protected; evil cannot get in there.”
Dad took her hand and looked to me “if the situation has not changed after you succeed, come back here – we’ll be here if you call for us. Good luck, my son; please be careful.”
They both put their arms around me, then Mom looked at me and put her hands to my cheeks, about ready to cry and hugged me again; “we love you so much Kyle.”

 Not wanting to get caught outside during the night so far from sanctuary, I ran out of the cemetery and looked back to see them both holding each other, watching me. I ran all the way back to Grandma’s house to see that she had not been back here.

 I don’t… I don’t know how to process all of this. Some of this seems like it’s out of a dream and the other parts are just nightmares. I go from hugging both of my parents (who are dead), to running through a town with creatures in it that will end my life if given the chance. That and I’m basing a plan that could mean my and others’ lives off a flimsy plan.

 I need to sleep. I’m done with this journal for a while, don’t know why I write in it anymore.

*“Hope is Not Lost”*

 Hi Kyle, it’s Grandma. I am so sorry I’ve been away; things are not well for me. Bad enough, in fact, that you are not able to hear me anymore. When I was able to make the connection back here, I tried waking you up and I wasn’t able to touch you, either. My time is coming, Kyle, this can no longer be denied. I’ve spent too much time in a world that is not my own.

 With all that I’ve read that has happened with you, please do not blame yourself for any of this. Absolutely none of this is your fault – it’s ours. We started this as a game and it’s cost us everything we love in life, including life itself.

 It has brought tears to my eyes knowing your Mother and Father are back together again. If there is a God or some type of… person you answer to, that is the most precious gift I could ever ask them for. It relieves me to know that in a place ruled by evil that some type of happiness can exist. Maybe this town isn’t completely overtaken by evil after all?

 Kyle, I don’t have much time to do this, so I’m just going to say it. By the time you wake up tomorrow, I will be gone – from this place and most likely my own. This is in no way your fault, you hear me? You were put into a situation that we created, it’s our fault; you’re just bravely trying to clean up our mess. Please do not weep over me. Where I’m going is a place where I know I will be eternally young and vibrant again… as you see me. I will be happy and surrounded by the rest of our family that is not in Silent Hill. You and your Mother will be away from me, but as long as your Father has her, I am not worried.

 You have all the justifiable reasons to doubt every move you make. But, believe me when I say, Kyle, that you are on the right track. Water is the bringer of life and death (to those that refuse it); even if it won’t kill Pyramid Head, it will make the job easier. The power and energy you exert with your hands, you know where this power comes from, you feel it. Use it and harness it, it will be your greatest weapon against evil. However, I fear what may happen if you use it directly on Pyramid Head – half of him may be a man, but there’s no man controlling his mind. Your energy and power will come from your strength and concentration; stay focused and do not lose sight of what’s important. I know you can do this, Kyle, I have all the faith in both of my worlds in you.

 Remember how I told you all an old woman is anymore is a thinker and a worrier? In my final hours, you have given me the one gift that I have thought and worried over for so many years – you gave my daughter life again, Kyle. She is alive and with your Father because of you. I will forever be thankful for you. I love you, sweetheart, with all of my being. Now… go get that metal hat wearing animal and introduce him to *real* magic.
- Grandma

*“Untitled, Part II”*

 I woke up this morning and read what Grandma had written. I don’t know what it is, but I know she is gone; as she said she would be. The same thing that drove me to go see Cathleen and Mike is telling me that she is gone. Even though she says not to weep over her, I still miss her. But, if she were here, I know she would say exactly what she has – stay concentrated. So, I’m going to do what you told me to do, Grandma.

 I don’t know what’s going to happen today. I don’t know if I will live or die, and, even then, where will I go? This could very well be hell for all I know and if I die, I might just come right back here. I guess, at this point, it doesn’t mean much to argue the pros and cons; what needs to be done still needs to be done. Not just for myself, for the others here also.

 This journal has documented everything that has happened between when I got here and now – it’s the only surviving thing that will say what happened here. To make sure it stays in hands that will keep it safe, when I go over to meet with Mike, Cathleen, and the others, I’m going to ask Cathleen to stay behind and keep it with her. When I saw her last, she is definitely ready to do what needs to be done to help; but I don’t know what I would do if I saw Pyramid Head behead another woman. Or even worse, have his followers torture her as I’m sure they did with my Mom.

 Cathleen, if you’re reading this, I am truly sorry. I know you wanted to go, and you probably did all you could to convince me otherwise. And I know it’s not my place to ask that you stay behind, but the history with women in my life staying alive has been… they haven’t stayed alive. The guilt for all of this, despite what Grandma and my Mom and Dad have told me is too overbearing and I don’t want to put another at risk. Knowing you will be safe in Grandma’s house and able to keep this journal safe with you means the world to me. Not only does it contain my story, but it also contains Grandma’s last words to me and the rest of us. I have lost so much, please find it in your heart to forgive me.

 *“Anticipation of Living”*

 This is Cathleen. Kyle came over this morning and took Mike and the others over to the hotel while I ran over here to his Grandma’s house. During the time of waiting for him to come back, I read his journal.

Kyle, you have nothing to be forgiven for; as your Grandma said about your Mom, you gave me my life back, too. I’m not sure “being dead” is what I’d call it, but after I “died”, there was just.. nothing. It’s like your Mom and Dad said when you saw them, they were gone one moment and remember nothing after until they found you. The last thing I remember was running with my friend Jeanie and I woke up on the street next to Mike with you kneeling over us. It felt instantaneous, I’m not even sure how long I’ve been dead. It made me sick reading what you saw us doing while that poor woman was being tortured; I can see why you didn’t want to tell us and I’m sorry for finding out.

I’m terrified. I don’t know anything about Silent Hill or my connection here. I know Kyle and his Grandma insisted on safety within the walls of her home but being outside terrifies me. There are so many things out there that I don’t know how to begin to explain. I guess putting titles to the horrors you’ve faced so far has given you some type of understanding.. so I titled this anticipation of living. Even if you and the guys succeed, as you asked, what will happen to us? I may be “dead”, but can we die from here?

Please come back, guys. Please.

*“Appearance of Innocence”*

 I woke up for the third morning today since Kyle has been gone. I haven’t heard from him or any of the guys he took with him. But, something happened that has dramatically changed Silent Hill and how I will live my “life”. If living a life I guess is the way to put it?

 When I woke up this morning, for the first time, I woke up to sunlight with none of that weird fog. During the day in Silent Hill, you can tell it’s daylight; but I not once have seen the sun since I’ve been here until today because the fog has been consistently dense enough to block it out. I walked outside and felt the warmth for the first time in what has seemed like ages. Something else to add to that is since this change, the town has been suspiciously quiet. In my attempts to see what’s going on the past few days, I have not seen one screecher, monster, or anything other type of horror from this town.

 Yesterday I had an idea that unfortunately failed. I thought since Kyle hadn’t come back, that maybe I could call on his Mother and Father and they might be able to tell me where he is or if he’s alive; they never answered. I have gone to the cemetery and tried reaching out to his parents a number of times; if there is an answer, I have not heard one.

 I am not sure if Silent Hill has been “cured” of the evil or if this is just another attempt from the town to persuade the appearance of innocence. But, something else happened today.

 While walking down Main Street, I saw a shadow of someone walking towards me. At first glance, I got excited and thought it was Kyle, so I ran towards him. What I found was a man that looked like Kyle, but only older. He looked at me and asked if Cathleen was my name and I told him it was. He explained that he is Kyle’s “Uncle Lawrence” and that “there was a problem, and Kyle asked him to find me.”

 Lawrence couldn’t tell me anymore other than I needed to come with him to the other side of the town.. far from where we’re at now.

 Kyle, if you (by chance) come back to your Grandmother’s house.. I know I promised you I would keep the journal safe, but I cannot promise this with where Lawrence said he’s taking me. With that being said, this is going to be my goodbye. Kyle, I pray you come back and if you do and you’re reading this, I thank you, from the bottom of my heart for saving my life. Please forgive me.