

CURSED  
FOR  
ETERNITY

Cursed For Eternity

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*This novel is dedicated to my family who has been an ongoing inspiration for my writing and comic creations.*

Front cover illustration by Darryl LeCraw

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## **Introduction**

The date was December 2, 1927. The setting: The Town of Salem, Massachusetts. The Veldersin family of Fitchburg, Wisconsin consisted of Eric Veldersin, his wife Madeline Veldersin, and their nine-year-old son Patrick, one of the most polite children you would ever want to meet.

The Veldersins had rented a mansion located on Zeldin Street, and were invited to a party being thrown by the Robbins family at their estate next door. Maurice Robbins was playing tunes on the baby grand piano in the living room.

Friends of the Robbins had also been invited to this party, and were singing along with Maurice as he played the piano. Everyone was snapping their fingers, drinking their cocktails, and enjoying a good time.

Madeline Veldersin was singing and swaying to Maurice's beat. When the song ended, she suggested another one, but Maurice was too tired to play anymore.

Eric Veldersin glanced at his watch, and took Madeline's hand. "It's getting late - we better head home."

"Play fair, Eric. You're an adult. You can stay up late." Bob Barbosa exclaimed, pressing his wife against him.

"It's not me. It's Patrick. He has a curfew every night." Eric said, yawning.

"Let him stay up, Eric! He really wants to!" Madeline giggled, spilling wine on her skirt.

"Forget it, you're drunk." Eric nodded in disgust. "What do you think I should do, Maurice?"

"The wife's right, Eric. Let him stay up. It'll be a treat." Maurice replied.

Bob Barbosa sat down at the piano and started playing a new tune that everyone began to sing along to.

Helen Robbins laughed, and shook her hips, pretending to dance. "Your family should come over again in a couple of weeks. It'll be smashing good fun!" she told the Veldersins.

Fast forward to December 20, 1927 in the evening. The Veldersins had rented the mansion to stay in for a few weeks, before returning to their own luxurious home.

Patrick brought homework with him, as he would miss school back home during the family vacation.

Eric was downstairs in the living room, reading the daily telegram, while Patrick was upstairs putting on his tuxedo for the Halloween ball tonight. Madeline was also upstairs, dabbing on her makeup.

"Honey, get ready quickly, we only have a limited amount of time before everybody gets to the Robbins. I do not want to be the last one to arrive!" Eric called to his wife.

"Hold on. I'll just be a second." Madeline told him, putting away her lip-gloss. "I don't know why I married such an impatient son of a...", but she cut off when she heard footsteps on her creaking floorboards.

Madeline turned around, but nothing was there. She turned back around to finish her makeup, when she suddenly saw a hooded creature

in the mirror. It was dressed in a black robe and standing behind her.

She gasped, and was so frightened she could not even let out a scream.

Patrick was sitting on the floor in his room, getting his shoes on, when Madeline barged into the room, carrying a sharp axe. Her eyes were glowing red.

"Mommy?"

Eric continued to read the newspaper, while Madeline snuck down the stairs, and hid behind the couch. She aimed and swung the axe at Eric, but missed him by an inch as he jumped off. The axe stuck in the couch.

"Are you insane??" Eric shrieked, his sweaty face turning dark red.

Madeline roared, and pulled the axe out of the couch. Eric noticed that the axe was dripping with fresh blood that stained on the hardwood floor. The blood wasn't from him, so whose was it? He suddenly had a horrible thought.

"Where's Patrick?" he gasped.

Madeline made a horrible smirk, and wiped off some of the blood from the ax. She rubbed her bloody fingers together, and her smirk grew larger.

***"You killed our son!!*** What in the name of god is wrong with you!" Eric wailed, shedding tears. Madeline swung the ax at him, but missed as he rolled to the left.

Eric sprung up, and made a run for it, into the kitchen, throwing things at her on the way. He frantically searched around with a weapon, and got out a butchers knife. He hid behind a table, waiting. Madeline puffed as she entered the kitchen, and observed the area. Eric gulped many times, pressing against the wall, and watching her feet move under the table. It was then he knew that she must be possessed.

Madeline spotted Eric from a corner, and suddenly kicked off the two front chair legs, making it fall over and revealing Eric. She swung the axe at him, but again, he dodged it by jumping away. Before she had time to swing again, Eric stabbed Madeline in the chest. She collapsed on her back, and dropped the ax.

Eric set the butchers knife down, and kneeled next to her, looking into Madeline's eyes. Suddenly, she bounced up, and hit Eric in the face. She wrung his neck, and stabbed him in the abdomen. Even with great pain, Eric was still able to punch Madeline directly in the face, and limp away toward the dining room. But as he limped, his vision got worse, and everything around him turned blurry. He felt dizzy, and helplessly dropped to the floor, covering his wound. Madeline kneeled down next to Eric, and stroked her axe. He screamed, and Madeline struck several times, instantly killing him.

Evil was suddenly sucked out of her, and she realized what she had done. Panicking, she got up and raced through the rooms, and up the stairs, dragging her skirt along. She pushed her son's door open, and saw the gruesome sight of Patrick lying dead on his bed in a puddle of fresh blood.

Madeline screamed with terror, and rushed out, only to be pushed back in the room by the hooded creature. It took out a long, sharp knife from beneath its robe, and approached the innocent woman as she begged for mercy.



## Chapter One

It was a dark and cold, overcast December afternoon in the Town of Acresbury. The sidewalks were filled with people, bundled in warm coats and scarves.

Karen Reale, a single forty-two year old woman, passed by Grove Street in her white Lexus. She was having a conversation on her cell phone, with her boss from work. He was angrily complaining to Karen about the work she was doing in the office.

"Your status report for the O'Brian case is still overdue, as are the auto claims that were supposed to be turned in to the supervisor, Bryant Barkley. I'm being firm here, Karen. This company will NOT wait another two weeks for those files to come in," Louis Duchene yelled.

Karen could hear him spitting into the speaker.

"Seriously Reale, this is turning into a circus, and you know I won't stand for it!"

As Karen was driving, a blue BMW pulled in front of her at the last minute. She honked her horn, and yelled. She swerved, and nearly missed having a collision with another car. "I know my work is overdue, and I'm trying my hardest to get it done."

Louis continued to ramble on, ignoring what Karen had just said. "You've already lost five clients, Reale! That's not good for our company," he explained. "God only knows if they'll sue us."

"Lou, I apologize for the inconvenience. It's just that I have a lot of other things going on right now, and it's impossible to stay on topic," Karen said, as her right hand gripped the steering wheel tightly.

"I don't care about your personal life outside this office. You have got to understand that. Karen, you're a friendly person and all, but you've got to stay on task with everything, and right now you're just not showing it. You're lucky I'm giving you one more chance to redeem yourself. Just get the work done by next Monday, or I'm going to have no choice but to lay you off." And with that, Mr. Duchene hung up.