

THE NEW CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE NOVEL

*WHEN THE TWO WORLDS OF FRIDAY
THE THIRTEENTH COLLIDE.....*

FRIDAY THE 13TH
**THE MASK OF
JASON VOORHEES**

*BY WILLIAM PATTERSON
WRITING AS
ERIC MORSE*

*THE HORRIFYING TRUTH IS FINALLY
REVEALED.....*

FRIDAY THE 13TH
THE MASK OF
JASON VOORHEES

A NOVEL BY
WILLIAM PATTISON
WRITING AS
ERIC MORSE

BASED ON THE MOVIE SERIES
CREATED BY
VICTOR MILLER
AND THE TELEVISION SERIES
CREATED BY
LARRY B. WILLIAMS
AND
FRANK MANCUSO JR.
AND THE YOUNG ADULT NOVEL SERIES
WRITTEN BY
ERIC MORSE

THE LEGEND OF THE ANCIENT ONES
AND THE NECRONOMICON
CREATED BY
H.P. LOVECRAFT

Hope you enjoy this special edition of my
novel....enjoy.....

William Patton
aka
Eric Morse

DEDICATION

I dedicate this novel to my mother,
Lorraine Pattison
Who believed in me even when I didn't.....

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I hereby acknowledge the contributions of the following people
who helped make this novel a reality.....

To Matt Caddy and A.J Urban

To the guys at Apex Information Services and Brass Services who
had to deal with all my questions and all the bloody details I was
trying to work out....

To the people at the San Mateo Assessor/Recorders office who at
times gave me inspiration, though they never realized it.

And to all the other people in my life who inspired me.....

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PREFACE
**THE FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH
YOUNG ADULT BOOKS**

My personal involvement in the FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH universe began when I was working a 6am to 3pm shift as a morning filler at my local Kmart. A coworker, and friend, named Charisma Jones approached me one day when I was at lunch and told me that her brother was working as an editor for Berkley books and that they were looking for a writer to work on a series of books based on the supposed final FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH film, JASON GOES TO HELL.

The reason Charisma said she came to me was because I'd shown her some of my writing and she thought I was an excellent writer. Also, we'd talked a lot about horror films, including the FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH series and I'd amazed her with my knowledge. She'd felt that I would be a perfect choice to put in for the job.

On the other hand, I wasn't so sure. I'd worked on two Hollywood scripts, just to be denied any credit for my work. Also, I'd had two scripts stole by people I trusted in the industry. And, I'd had three of my stories viciously criticized by a professional writer I knew.

Another concern I had was that at the time the FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH franchise was in essence dead. This was before the FREDDY V.S JASON thing started up. So, starting a book series was a real gamble

and I was honestly concerned about my reputation as a writer if the series failed.

Finally, both Charisma and my mother convinced me to take on the challenge. So I sent Charisma's brother a sampling of my work and some personal information and waited to see what happened.

Two months later I got a call from an executive from Berkley Books telling me that they were very interested possibly having me write their series of FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH young adult novels. The thing was that they wanted me to send them four treatments for the first four books in the series.

So over the next two weeks I came up with my four treatments. The first treatment was the original version of THE MASK OF JASON VOORHEES. This version was essentially the same story only the subplot of the documentary crew wasn't there and the killer in this one was the hunter, Joe Travers. Of course, at the end of the story Jason was reborn. This treatment was followed by the original treatments for MOTHER'S DAY, JASON'S CURSE, and THE CARNIVAL. As with THE MASK OF JASON, these were essentially the same stories, but they included Jason as the killer. So, with these finished, I sent them in and waited.

About a month later, I got a call from the same Berkley executive I talked to before. He told me that they liked the treatments. The thing was that they really liked the idea of the possessed hockey mask and having someone else besides Jason being the killer, so they wanted to hold off bringing Jason back to life and have me bring in a new killer in each novel. Also they didn't want to do a crossover between f13 the television series and the movies, so for now the MASK OF JASON treatment was on the back burner. So I was given

another two weeks to revise the remaining treatments and to come up with one more treatment. After this, if they liked the revisions and the new story they'd send me a contract and I could start writing.

It was at this time that I informed Berkley Books that I'd be writing the books under a pen name. I decided to use the name Eric Morse. The first name came from the name of Gaston Leroux's classic character of The Phantom Of The Opera, Eric Desler. The last name came from the mystery detective Inspector Morse. Surprisingly enough, I've since found out that there are at least three other authors named Eric Morse.

The reason for using a pen name was because at the time I was also working on a sci fi novel titled THE TRAVELER: A CONFLICT OF INTEREST and figured if the F13 book series failed I didn't want it to affect my chances of selling my sci fi book.

Nearly a month after I sent in the revised treatments I got another call from the executive from Berkley Books. He told me that in a week one of their representatives would be coming to town and they'd bring the contract for me to sign.

So, I ended up taking the day off (actually I called in sick) and met up the representative for lunch and signed the contract.

The next day I made the biggest mistake of my life. I asked a lady I'd known from work (I will not mention her name) for three years and asked her out for an Italian dinner to celebrate my book deal. Anyway, to make a long story short, three weeks later I was charged with sexual harassment and lost my job.....fun...

Anyway, as I was looking for a job I was starting the work on the novel MOTHER'S DAY. It was during

this time that my mother read my contract, and gave me a big surprise. She informed me that I'd misread the contract in regard to the amount of time I had to finish all the novels. I thought I had a year to finish each individual novel. The truth was that I only had one year to finish all four novels.

I nearly flipped when I found this out. I immediately contacted Berkley Books and tried to find out if this was a typo. They inform me that this was indeed what the contract said and that I needed to have all the books in final editorial form in one year's time or I'd forgo my money.

So rather than mess up my chance to be a published writer, I stopped looking for work and spent my days tied to the word processor writing. I managed to finish both MOTHER'S DAY and JASON'S CURSE in five months.

Then I started work on the forth novel, ROAD TRIP. The reason for this was that I thought while I was working on ROAD TRIP I could do some research on carnivals for the third novel. But that wasn't going to happen.

During this time Berkley Books sent me back the first two novels with piles of notes on what to cut and to rewrite. I was floored.

Upon reading the revisions I noted that the editors were cutting all my references to the films and all the subplots featuring the ghosts of Jason's victims. They also cut out ninety eight percent of the descriptions of the murders, which really pissed me off. I was actually surprised, given all the hard ball editing, that they hadn't cut Mrs. Voorhees' head out of MOTHER'S DAY. To put it simply, they were cutting out all the things I thought I was hired to provide. I mentioned this fact and

sent questions about these revisions to the editor assigned to me, but all my inquiries were ignored.

So, by the time I got started writing THE CARNIVAL I was both mentally and physically exhausted. With all the rewriting the only research I was able to do for THE CARNIVAL was watch the movies FUN HOUSE and SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES. I had four months to both write and edit this novel, while working on the editing for ROAD TRIP as well.

It was three weeks into the writing of THE CARNIVAL that I got sick and nearly ended up in the hospital. I had to stop work on the books for nearly two weeks while I recovered.

In the end I did manage to deliver all four books on time, though I was really not all together pleased with the final product. I felt that the editors cut out most of the material that provided links to the series of films. Also, I thought the subplots they cut would've added another dimension to these stories. But I had no control over these things because I was in essence just a hired hack writer who was being paid to put words on pages.

But, what about the pay, you ask? Well, for all four books I got paid fifteen hundred dollars. That comes to about three hundred and twenty five dollars per book. Not much for a year of sixteen to eighteen hour days working in front of a word processor. But I consoled myself in the fact that I was supposed to get a percentage of the profits from the books. The only thing was I never ended up seeing any profits.

The reason for this was because Berkley Books only advertised the books to the booksellers. When it came to the general public Berkley didn't do squat. They didn't even provide cardboard displays for the books.

So, to put it simply, the fans didn't even know these books were out there.

Of course, at the time I was unaware of this. I was under the delusion I was going to be going to horror conventions and doing book signings. Hell, I even thought there was going to be another series of four books.

After taking a month off, to get back my health, I wrote the treatments for four new novels. These were titled THE COLLECTION, MAD MEDICINE, THE DOCUMENTARY (Note: this was years before THE BLAIR WITCH PROJECT), and THE SCARCROW (Note: this one was a fall back in case I still couldn't convince them to do a revised version of THE MASK OF JASON VOORHEES).

Then, after waiting a few more months and not hearing anything, nor being invited to do anything in regard to the books, I called my contact at Berkley Books. I was informed my contact had been transferred and that Berkley wasn't going to do a second series of FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH books because the first series hadn't made enough sales even to warrant a second printing. I was devastated. So, I chalked up the whole thing to experience and tried to rebuild my life.

Then, eight years later, I was on the internet looking around at F13 websites, since I'd opened a F13 website of my own (FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH: JASON'S BLOODBATH), and came upon a website titled FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH: JASON'S LAIR. The website featured a section on my F13 young adult books, as well as a fan fiction novel (RETURN TO CRYSTAL LAKE) that the web masters, Matt Caddy and A.J. Urban, credited as being inspired by my work. I was overwhelmed.

I immediately sent Matt and A.J. an email telling them how much I appreciated them including my work on their site and to see my work as an inspiration. Matt and A.J. were equally thrilled to hear from me. Unfortunately, they were so thrilled that they posted that they heard from me and also posted my website. So, for the next eight months I was inundated with emails from fans. Hell, I was getting over a hundred emails a week. Many of the emails were from fans who were looking for my books.

Eventually, these emails inspired me to start THE OFFICIAL BRING BACK THE FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH YOUNG ADULT NOVELS SERIES CAMPAIGN. I started this campaign to convince Berkley Books and New Line Cinema to either reprint the young adult novels or start a new series of books based on FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH.

As a result of my campaign New Line hired Black Flame Publishing to create a new series of novels based not only on FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH, but also on JASON X.

Soon after I started the book campaign Matt and A.J. suggested that I write one last book to finish off the possessed mask storyline. I reminded them that neither Berkley Books nor New Line would authorize the work. They suggested I just web publish it as fan fiction. So, I decided I'd finally write THE MASK OF JASON VOORHEES, but I'd write it the way it should be written.

The following is the result of that decision. It's the novel I wanted to write when I first accepted the assignment of chronicling the events that happened after the events in the film JASON GOES TO HELL. I hope once this book is finished the fans of FRIDAY

THE THIRTEENTH will consider it the masterwork of the book series. If not, I'm still proud of the work I've done. It's been quite a ride.

William Pattison
San Mateo, Ca

An editorial from the CUNNINGHAM COUNTY
TIMES dated June 28th 1998:

Editorial:

THE CURSE OF CRYSTAL LAKE CONTINUES

By Gerald J. Fitzgerald, senior writer

All of us who live here in Cunningham County know the legend of Camp Crystal Lake. How, in the fifties, a boy named Jason Voorhees drowned in Crystal Lake because the camp counselors who were supposed to be watching him were off making love. And, how Mrs. Voorhees viciously murdered the counselors responsible a year later.

As the story goes, in 1980, when the camp was going to be reopened, Mrs. Voorhees went on a rampage and killed all the counselors, except for one. And, supposedly, Jason, somehow brought back to life, watched his mother beheaded by that very same surviving counselor.

The legend goes on to say that the girl who survived that Friday the thirteenth mysteriously disappeared a year later, the interior of her house splattered with blood.

We know that for years the woods around "Camp Blood" weren't safe. How anyone who dared venture into those woods met with a deadly fate.

We heard how a young boy, named Tommy Jarvis, supposedly ended Jason's reign of terror.

But, then a few years later, somehow, Jason came back.

And, let us not forget how less than three years ago we were told that the bloodbath of Jason Voorhees had, finally, been ended for good by, amusingly enough, his own niece. And yet still the killings continue.

Our sheriff tells us that these are copycat murders, perpetrated by nuts who want to cash in on Jason's legend. Yet we who have lived through all of this can see the hand of Jason. We know that somehow the evil that continually brought Jason back has found a new way to keep the killings going.

Why else would a local hunter suddenly go on a killing spree? And, what about Gabe and Ruth Gleason's idiot son, Big Red? Why would he, without warning, kill his parents and murder those campers at Camp Crystal Lake. And, what about the more recent tragic events at the traveling carnival that happened to pitch its tents next to Camp Crystal Lake? Was it mere coincidence that the carnie who did most of the killings wore a hockey mask just like Jason's?

We who live around Crystal Lake say "no". We say that the death curse of "Camp Blood" is still going strong. We know it's just a matter of time before it starts all over again. We know the legend still lives. And, we know that the killings will continue....

PROLOGUE

August 29, 1958

3:07am

Pamela Voorhees watched from the edge of the water as her brother, who was standing up to his knees in the lake, held a silver chalice over his head and chanted.

“Ancient Ones, masters of darkness, hear my pleas.” He chanted. “Nanna, Cythulu, Azagthoth, Lammasha, show this unfortunate woman that you are greater than the god who has betrayed her. Bring back that which has been taken from her. I ask this with the offering of the blood of vengeance.” Then he tipped the chalice and dumped its deep red contents into the water.

Overhead, clouds covered the moon. Then, a column of light shot down from the clouds into the lake just beyond the buoy. The water around the spot started to boil. Then, as fast as it came the column reversed itself and retreated into the clouds again.

Then, all was silent. Pamela noticed that even the crickets had stopped their strumming.

Pamela stood breathless and waited. She looked over at her brother, but he remained motionless with his back to her.

Then, she saw a shape bob up from under the water and start to move toward the shore. She couldn’t see it clearly, but she knew what it had to be. “Jason...” she said aloud, her eyes tearing.

Soon the figure swam within twenty feet of the shore and Pamela could make out the darkened shape of a head bobbing in the water, but it was still too dark to see it clearly.

Finally, the figure stopped bobbing and looked to be walking, the water hitting it just below the shoulders.

“Oh, Jason.” Pamela said, excitedly. “Oh, I’ve missed you. Come to mommy.”

It was at that moment the clouds cleared and the lake was bathed in moonlight. And Pamela Voorhees let out a scream when she saw the bloated abomination that was stumbling out of the water towards her.

THE BEGINNING...

CHAPTER ONE

MICKI'S RETURN

As she drove down the interstate, Micki Foster couldn't help but feel excited about the prospect of seeing Ryan again, even considering the reason for her trip to Crystal Lake Massachusetts.

It had been eighteen years since Micki had last seen Ryan Dallion, or Steven Freeman as he was known now. At the time, she recalled he didn't recognize her because Satan's dark angel, Asteroth, had turned him back into a twelve-year-old boy. Now Ryan would look nearly the same age he did before the spell was cast, unfortunately the same could not be said for her.

Eighteen years was a long time and the years hadn't been kind to Micki. She definitely wasn't the beauty her cousin had first met when she had come to Montreal to settle the estate of their Uncle Lewis Vendredi, and started this insane quest to retrieve possessed antiques. How could she be? She'd seen too much and done too much not to have it manifest as stress lines and wrinkles. Thank god for red hair dye. she thought, glancing up at the rear view mirror. At least she could hide the fact that her crowning mane of red hair was now heavily streaked with grey.

She wished she didn't have to get Ryan involved, but, unfortunately, fate had made the issue mute. Ryan was already involved. It had been Ryan who helped Jason Voorhees' niece, Jessica, to finally send that

murdering undead monster to hell three years before. Micki had heard about it months after the fact, due to the fact that she was abroad hunting down yet another of Uncle Lewis's cursed antiques.

Since then she'd heard about three other sets of murders. Two of them had been groups of campers who mistakenly decided to camp in the ruins of Camp Crystal Lake. The latest set of murders, which had happened just two months ago, had taken place in a carnival that had mistakenly decided to pitch its tents on that cursed piece of real estate. From what little was leaked to the press, men wearing hockey masks had done all the murders. *Masks, or a single mask...* she thought.

Could it be that once again she was on a hunt for a cursed item? Had the evil that had once been Jason Voorhees somehow been transferred to the hockey mask he wore to hid his monstrously deformed face from the world? At this point all she had was questions, but hopefully once she got to Crystal Lake she and Ryan could find the answers and hopefully put an end to this evil.

The road sign ahead read: CRYSTAL LAKE 10 MILES. Micki felt the feeling of excitement she always felt when she started a hunt.

Sheriff Lloyd Landis took off his hat and wiped the sweat from his brow. He was getting too old for running up hills, but it was part of the job. And, unfortunately, Crystal Hill was too steep and rocky for him to drive his patrol car up.

"It's right over there, Sheriff." said Depute Roy Turner, pointing at the mouth of the cave, which was

barely visible amongst the boulders scatter around the area.

Even from this far away Landis could smell the scent smoke and burnt flesh oozing from the cave. It was no surprise to him though. The two young people who survived this latest set of murders said the killer had burned to death in the cave. Unfortunately, some of the other things they said sounded like something out of the Twilight Zone. They had talked some crazy stuff about a possessed van trying to run them down, about giant mechanical vampire bats that were alive, and about a strange shrine to Jason Voorhees.

"This is totally gross!" Landis heard someone say, and saw the County Coroner's assistant; he thought the guy's name was Phil, coming out of the cave carrying a large clear sealed bag.

Phil saw the sheriff and came over. "Hey, Sheriff, this time we got the hockey mask the guy wore. Only thing is we're gonna have to scrape the guy's face outta it." Then he held the bag up for Landis to see.

Landis wished he hadn't done that. The run up the hill had made him nauseous, but now, after looking at the bloody mess inside that mask, he was gravely at risk of throwing up.

"Where's your boss?" the sheriff asked, trying to retain his composure.

"Oh, Doctor Bob? He's with John and Buck getting ready to bring down the killer's body. Now there's a real mess..."

"Thanks." Landis said quickly and moved on ahead. He really couldn't tolerate this idiot another second more. He'd really have to have a talk with Bob about his assistant.

Landis and Roy were just about to enter the cave when out came County Coroner Robert "Doctor Bob" Carey. Behind him were two of Landis's deputies, John Cort and Buck Mathers. They were carrying a body bag. The smell of cooked meat from the bag was overpowering.

Landis couldn't help himself. He immediately turned his head and vomited next to the entrance to the cave. He hated showing such weakness in front of his men.

Thankfully, John and Buck pretended not to see anything and continued down the hill. Doctor Bob and Roy held back and waited for the sheriff to finish.

When Sheriff Landis was finished he looked over at Doctor Bob. "You got something for me, Bob?"

"Not much, Lloyd. The body was pretty well cooked in there." But then Doctor Bob handed the sheriff a rather ratty wallet in a clear plastic bag. "I found this underneath the body. My guess is it fell out of his pocket as he was burning and he fell on top of it."

"Yeah, so we have his wallet, what's your point?"

"The wallet belongs to a Ted Bateman, but the body couldn't possibly belong to him."

"Why?"

"The body is too brawny and tall for it to possibly be Bateman."

"Then he must've stole the wallet from Bateman after he killed him." the sheriff surmised, though he really wasn't in the mood for guessing games.

"I guess, but it just doesn't seem to fit." the County Coroner pressed. "The killer didn't take anything from the other victims."

"Well, that's our job to find out these things." Landis told him. "Your job is to get that piece of roasted beef back to your office and get me an I.D."

"Gotcha, Chief." Doctor Bob said. That was one thing Landis liked about Bob Carey, he didn't have to tell him twice.

As Doctor Bob started down the hill after John and Buck, Sheriff Landis prepared himself for the trip into the cave. After taking three deep breaths, pointing away from the cave entrance, of course, he grabbed his flashlight from his belt.

"You gonna be , Sheriff?" Roy asked concerned.

"Don't you worry about me," the sheriff told him. "I've seen it all."

But, Sheriff Landis started to have second thoughts about that statement when he and Roy entered the small grotto and went through the hole in the wall that lead to the high ceiling cavern. The floor was littered with tiny pieces of bowed metal that looked amazingly like tiny bird skeletons.

"The other body was over there." Roy told him, pointing to a spot near a nearly flat, smooth, topped rock in the corner. "Surprisingly it wasn't burned in the fire, but it was pretty badly chewed up."

"Chewed?" the sheriff parroted, surprised.

"Yeah, but look at this." Roy said, flashing his light onto the cavern wall.

"Holy Mary and Joseph..." Sheriff Lloyd Landis said, in startled amazement. Though the cavern wall was dusted with black soot he could still make out the deep, scratchy, carved letters covering it. It was the name JASON written upside down over and over again.

Micki was just heading up the narrow dirt road toward the wood panelled house where Ryan, or she should call him Steven, lived. Thankfully, Crystal Lake was a small town, and everyone knew each other, or she would have never found this place.

When she'd arrived in town she'd headed to the small army and navy store Ryan's mother had said he managed in the town center. Unfortunately, it being a Sunday, the store was closed.

So, she went to a nearby coffee shop and asked around. Though the patrons were a bit leery of talking to strangers, that, she guessed, due to the number of reporters that had swarmed into town on a regular basis because of Jason Voorhees and all the murders since. But, thankfully, she was able to get the address of Steven Freeman from a kindly old waitress, named Betty.

Now, Micki was feeling nervous. What was she gonna say when Ryan opened the door? How was she gonna introduce herself. She remembered that when Ryan was changed he still remembered that he had a cousin Micki, but how could she possibly explain to him the age difference. She really didn't want to have to go to the trouble and frustration of trying to tell him the truth. But she knew she had to come up with something fast.

Parking her red eighty-five Mustang next to the blue Ford Ranger truck in front of the house, she headed up the cobblestone walkway toward the stone steps that lead to the hard wood front door. Then she pressed the lighted button on the doorbell and waited.

After a few moments she heard a shuffling sound from the other side of the door. The door opened, and sure enough there was Ryan Dallion standing at the

door looking at her. What was unexpected was what happened next.

"Micki?" he said, the moment he saw her. "My god, it is you." Then he took Micki in his arms and gave her a warm hug.

Micki looked up into her cousin's face and marvelled at how much he looked like the Ryan Dallion she'd known eighteen years before. If it wasn't for the gold colored, round rimmed, glasses he wore she'd have thought the years hadn't passed at all.

"But how, Ryan?" she asked surprised. "How can you possibly remember me? Asteroth took away your memory when he reversed your aging."

"It was a very slow process...But look at my manners." he said, and invited her inside.

The inside of the house had the same wood panelling on the walls. The living room, which was where Ryan led her, was decorated in a Native American style. The large overstuffed couch Ryan and her sat down on was decorated with Cherokee symbols. The walls were covered with paintings and posters of Native Americans, wolves, eagles, and hawks. Even the lamps on the hard wood end tables on either side of the couch had a Native American look to them.

What took away from these lovely furnishings though was the clutter. All around the room were beer cans, half eaten paper plates of food, crumpled papers, and several ashtrays loaded with half smoked cigarettes.

Ryan must have picked up on the look of concern Micki was giving him. "I'm not much for house work these days." he said casually. "Haven't really had a reason, not since Jessica and Stephanie took a hike."

"What happened, Ryan?" Micki asked, concerned. "Your mother had sent me a letter not more than six months ago saying that you two were doing fine."

"So she thought," he said bitterly. "Actually things between Jessica and I were never as rosy as my mother thought. Jessica was very sensitive about anything supernatural; to put it lightly, the woman was paranoid."

"After that incident with Jason I started getting these mind numbing headaches that somehow caused the blocked memories of my earlier life to be released. At first both Jessica and I thought it was just delusions caused by the trauma of dealing with Jason, but the pictures in my head were too detailed, too real. I started doing a bit of research and found some connections. Finally, Mom fessed up and told us about my other life."

"And Jessica left you because of that?" Micki asked totally surprised.

"No, it was actually that and the new murders that did it," he told her. "The murders at the carnival clinched it. Jessica decided right then that she'd had enough of Crystal Lake and Jason Voorhees."

"But, Ryan, why didn't you go with them?" Micki asked, confused.

"You nailed it right on the head there, Micki," he said with a pained expression. "I couldn't leave because I am Ryan Dallion, the same Ryan Dallion who chased Uncle Lewis' cursed junk all around the world. Because, I found as time went by I not only had the memories of Ryan Dallion but I started to think like him too. Unfortunately, Ryan Dallion couldn't let this damned Jason thing go, even if it cost him his wife and kid."

"I'm sorry, Ryan."

"I don't want your pity." he said, looking up at her sharply. "What I do want is answers. Like why the hell is it that you've shown up suddenly after eighteen years? What is it that you and Jack are up to?"

"Jack has nothing to do with this, Ryan." Micki said, sadly. "Jack's dead. He's been for the past ten years."

Ryan was struck speechless. Jack Marshak had been the center of their little group. He had once been Uncle Lewis's partner, and in many ways his equal when it came to the supernatural. If it hadn't been for Jack on many an occasion both Micki and Ryan would have met a horrifying end at the hands of some person twisted by one of Uncle Lewis's antiques.

"How?" Ryan asked, surprised.

"A heart attack." She told him. "Things were a lot harder after you were taken from us. Johnny Ventura helped out for a while, but things became too complicated..." Micki knew she didn't have to say more, Ryan had known about the mutual attraction between her and Johnny. He also knew that such relationships were impossible, if not dangerous, given their line of work.

"Since Johnny left Rashid's been helping me."

At least that was something. Ryan thought.

Rashid, who had been an old friend of Jack's, had proved himself to be a very powerful ally. Ryan had some very fond memories of the Egyptian mystic.

Ryan shook his head sadly. "Uncle Lewis and this damned curse. All it ever brings us and the people around us is heartbreak and death."

Micki silently nodded.

“Damnit, Ryan, you should’ve left with Jessica and Stephanie and said to hell with it.” Micki said. “After everything you’ve been through no one would blame you.”

“I understand that, but if this does have something to do with Jason it could affect Jessica and Stephanie, because they’re blood relations to that monster.”

“Still, there’s no proof these murders are anything else but copycats.” Micki pointed out.

“There’s the rumor that’s been going around about how all the killers were wearing Jason’s hockey mask.” Ryan looked up at her questioningly. “That’s why you came. You think it’s Jason’s mask, don’t you?”

“I think there’s a good chance it is.” Micki admitted. “If it is we can put an end to this by finding the mask and locking it up in the vault back at Curious Goods.”

“Easier said than done.” Ryan said. “From what I’ve heard the mask has a tendency of disappearing until the next set of murders start.”

“If my suspicions are right the next cycle of murders are due any time now.”

“And how do you know that, Micki?” Ryan asked sceptically. “Have you suddenly become psychic?”

“No, but I’ve done my research and we’re three days away from the third anniversary of the day you and Jessica sent Jason to Hell.”

“But the last set of murders happened three months ago.” Ryan reminded her. “I really don’t see the connection.”

“That’s because you’re looking at the murders individually.” She told him. “Once you look at them all

together you'll see a gradual increase of activity and a noticeable decrease in the period between the murders."

"So, what're you saying is that all these murders are leading up to something?"

"I wish I could say, Ryan, but I don't know." She admitted. "All I know is that mask is the key to all this."

"And how do you suggest we find it?" Ryan asked.

"If this situation's like any of the others, the mask'll find us." Micki said, though the thought wasn't a comforting one.

"What a piece of luck." Doctor Bob's assistant, Philip Raman, said, holding up the hockey mask and looking at it admiringly. "I never thought I'd actually be holding the mask of Jason Voorhees in my own two hands.

As he held the mask, even through the latex gloves he wore, Phil could feel an oddly electrical sensation in his fingertips. Though part of him wanted to tell Doctor Bob, another part didn't want to share it. The sensation felt too good. *Better than sex*. he thought to himself, suddenly feeling excited.

"Now don't go jumping to conclusions, Phil." Doctor Bob said, as he unzipped the body bag and uncovered the blackened body inside. The body looked unreal, like a demented sculptor's vision of art. The intense heat of the fire had left the limbs frozen the positions they were in at the moment of death. Even the front of the skull, though devoid of facial tissue, still presented a compelling vision of its owner's suffering. "We can't even identify our friend here at present, much less prove that mask is the genuine article."

“I understand that, Doc, it’s just that I’ve got a strange feeling about this mask.” He caressed the nose bulge. He started to wonder how the mask would feel on his face. “I know this is Jason’s mask.”

“That’s not very scientific.” Doctor Bob commented.

“I don’t think science has anything to do with Jason Voorhees.” Phil turned the mask over and looked with disgust at the mess of raw flesh that clung to the inside of it. It seemed like it was almost mocking him. Then he looked down at the scalpel on the metal table. *But this is a temporary situation.* he thought. Picking the scalpel up, he looked at it absently. “No, I think if we want to understand Jason we must look in another place.” The blade was razor sharp, perfect for the job ahead. *Soon you’ll be as good as new.* he thought as he started to carefully scrape Teddy Bateman’s face out of the mask.

CHAPTER TWO

BODY OF EVIDENCE

Sheriff Lloyd Landis drove up to the county coroner's building. As he was getting out of his patrol car Doctor Bob and Phil came out and met him.

"This had better be good Bob." The sheriff said, annoyed. "My wife isn't very forgiving about me taking off in the middle of dinner."

"I think this'll be worth it. Come in and take a look for yourself." Doctor Bob said.

"You know I don't have much of a stomach for that." Landis wasn't kidding either. He'd always had a weak stomach when it came to viewing autopsies, which was surprising given his choice of career. Yet it had only been in the past three years, since he'd had to deal with the final blood bath of Jason Voorhees that the condition had become intolerable.

"I know, Lloyd, and I wouldn't ask this of you if it was important for you to see this with your own eyes."

The sheriff shook his head "Fine, let's get this over with."

A few minutes later, the sheriff was fight back his own nausea as Doctor Bob showed him a grisly sight laid out in a tray. It was the ragged remains of the skin of a human face, or Landis could only guess it was human. It was a torn up mess.

"What's your point, Bob?" The sheriff asked, with a hint of annoyance. "Your assistant showed me that damned thing at the crime scene."

“Lloyd, Phil had to practically rip the damned thing out of the mask.”

“Yeah, the guy was burned. Flesh tends to liquefy and stick.” The sheriff said.

“The thing is this flesh isn’t burned.” Doctor Bob told him, taking a pair tongs and flipping the mangled flesh around for the sheriff to see. “It was more like his face was bonded to the mask. But I had Phil check for some kind of bonding agent and he couldn’t find any traces on the inside of the mask or on the flesh itself.”

“And this is what you dragged me over here for?” Lloyd Landis asked, his pallor definitely a few shades lighter than when he’d entered the examining room.

“No, there’s more.” Doctor Bob said, gesturing toward the covered body on the nearby table.

The sheriff reluctantly followed the county coroner to the table. Sensitive to the sheriff’s growing discomfort, Doctor Bob slowly pulled the sheet off the body. The smell of cooked meat, which had been a constant irritant since they’d entered the room, now intensified.

“The moment we got back here I had Phil x-ray the body.” Doctor Bob said, picking up a folder from the metal table next to the body and pulled out the series of x-rays from inside. Taking it over to the light panel on the wall he clipped the x-ray to the wall and beckoned to the sheriff to come over.

Grateful to get away from the sight of the blackened visage on the table Sheriff Landis came over. Though Lloyd Landis had no medical experience he did know what the human skeletal system looked like and there was something definitely wrong about the one shown in the x-ray.

“From what I can tell there has been an unbelievable increase in bone mass.” Then he pointed at a smooth section of leg bone in the image. “This is the original unaltered bone.” Then he pointed to a rougher and whiter section a bit lower down. “This is all new bone. From what I can tell, it looks much denser than the original and I can only guess it grew at an unnatural rate, thus the rougher texture present.”

“So you got any idea why, or how long this could’ve taken?” The sheriff asked. “Hell, this guy went from five foot five to over six feet, someone must’ve noticed.”

“If my suspicion is right several people noticed the change, but most of them are dead.”

“What you getting at, Bob?”

Doctor Bob turned back toward the table the corpse was laying on. “First I think I’d better show you something else.”

Reluctantly, Sheriff Landis followed Doctor Bob over to the table. He wasn’t sure how much more he could take. Though he knew Bob would understand if he threw up, he really didn’t want to do it in front of his underling. Even though he really didn’t know Bob’s assistant very well, he knew enough about human nature from all his years on the job to spot a gossip.

That would be all he’d need for the people of Crystal Lake to find out their sheriff had a weak stomach.

When Doctor Bob got to the table he picked up a scalpel and made a small incision on the top of the corpse’s left hand. Black liquid started dribbling from the wound.

“What the hell is that?” Sheriff Landis asked, his nausea forgotten.

“Would you believe blood?”

“You’re crazy.” Landis said. He’d seen enough blood in his lifetime, more than enough since starting this job, and in all that time he’d never seen anything like this. No, that wasn’t true, he realized. He had seen that once before. Black gunk like that had oozed out of his deputy’s, Josh’s, throat when Diana’s daughter, Jessica, cut it when she realized he was possessed by Jason Voorhees and was about to go after her infant daughter, Stephanie.

“How do you explain this, Doc?” he asked.

“Your guess is as good as mine right now.”

Doctor Bob admitted. “I checked this stuff under the microscope and I was able to identify human blood cells, but mixed in with those cells is a substance I simply can’t identify.”

“So what can you tell me, Doc?” Lloyd Landis asked, frustrated. At this point all he had was questions.

“Only that I’m pretty sure our friend here is the missing kid, Ted Bateman.”

“Excuse me?” Lloyd exclaimed. “How’d you come to that conclusion?”

“I had a suspicion about this from the start, so I checked Bateman’s blood type on the computer. Even though the blood from the body is seriously corrupted I was still able to type it as type A, which is Bateman’s blood type. Also, I was able to estimate our friend’s original height. Bateman was five foot four, a match to the original height of our friend here.”

“That’s still not enough evidence.” Landis reminded him.

“I realize that.” Doctor Bob said. “I’m gonna send Boston Medical everything I’ve collected. I’m sending the x-ray, a sample of the skin from inside the mask,

some blood, as well as a dental casting I've made. If I'm right they'll be able to confirm the identity."

"Well, I hope your right." The sheriff said. "At least that would be one thing solved. I've got a pile of bodies and no reasonable motive."

Phil Raman listened to Doctor Bob and the sheriff talk from the corner of the room where he sat on a stool next to the sink and scrubbed the last remaining bits of flesh out of the hockey mask.

For some reason it seemed important to him that every trace it's former wearer be expunged from it. *This is Jason's mask*, he thought, *and no pretender should soil it!*

"How's it going, Phil." Doctor Bob asked from across the room.

Startled, Phil replied, "...almost done."

"Good." Doctor Bob said as he and the sheriff started moving toward him. "The sheriff wants to take it with him and store it with the other evidence."

No, we can't do that! Phil wanted to scream. He needed to keep the mask for a little bit longer. He wanted to caress its hard shell for just a bit more. It felt good.

"Maybe we should keep it a bit longer." He tried to sound casual about it, which was hard. "I really think I should give it a couple more tests."

"There's no need." Doctor Bob told him.

"Finding out why the face stuck to the mask isn't important to the case."

No! his mind screamed. He needed that mask, it was important to him. He wanted to feel its hardness on his face just once. To feel the embrace of its straps on the back of his head. To look through its eyeholes. To

breathe through its air vents... “Doctor, I really think you’re making a terrible mistake.” He couldn’t help but let an indication of the irritation he felt creep into his voice.

“Phil, this isn’t like you.” Doctor Bob said, surprised. “I really think you should just calm down a bit...”

Phil was about to continue to argue but, to his surprise, a strange voice in his head told him otherwise.

No, it’s not time. The voice calmly informed him. *Don’t worry, when the time comes the mask will be yours...*

“I’m sorry, Doctor Bob,” He lied in a calmer voice. “I guess I’ve just been working too hard...and I guess the celebrity of the mask got the better of me.”

“You’re forgiven.” Doctor Bob said. “It happens to the best of us.”

Then, Doctor Bob told him to pack up the mask for the sheriff. Silently cursing as he worked, Phil slipped the mask back in its plastic bag. His mind was filled with rage at Doctor Bob and the sheriff. If he could have at that moment he would’ve grabbed the scalpel he’d been using to scrape out the mask and taken both of them out. But again the voice in his head held him back.

The time will come later for that. It told him. *I promise you when the time comes their blood will flow...*

Phil had to hold back the smile that threatened to come to his lips. The image of Doctor Bob and the sheriff hacked to pieces at his feet filled his mind. It was beautiful to him.

Soon, they would know his power. Soon, he wouldn’t be in Doctor Bob’s shadow. Soon, all of

Crystal Lake would say his name in cautious whispers....Philip Raman.

Yes....the voice told him. You will have all you desire and much more. You will have the gratitude of Jason Voorhees himself.....But when the time is right.....

Phil absently nodded his head.

Then, without an indication of the dark thoughts racing through his head, Phil turned to Doctor Bob and casually handed him the mask, now nicely bundled in plastic.

“You , Phil?” Doctor Bob asked him, eyeing him critically. “You seem a bit out of sorts.”

“I told you I’m fine, Doc.” He said, with a reassuring smile. “You know me, good old reliable Phil.”

Then the thoughts of blood and death filled his mind again.

In time....the voice told him,.....in time....

CHAPTER THREE

THOSE WHO WAIT

Phil Raman groaned and rolled over in his bed. His sheets were soaked and his blanket had been tossed on the floor. Though, he'd tried to sleep since he got home he couldn't. He just simply couldn't relax. He knew he wouldn't be able to relax until the mask was his.

Frustrated, he pounded his fists on the bed, got up, and started to pace.

"What's wrong with me." He asked the empty room in frustration. "Why do I feel so angry and why can't I get the mask out of my head?"

Because you are chosen. The voice in his head said. *The mask saw something deep inside of you, a hidden fire. Things you were more than likely unaware of. The mask found these things desirable and brought them to the surface. As for the hunger you feel, that too was there. The mask simply enhanced it was well.*

"So, this is all the mask's doing?" Phil said, feeling both frustrated and intrigued at the same time.

Relax, my friend. The voice in his head said, soothingly. *Soon the mask will be yours.*

"You relax." Phil said aloud. "I need the mask now. I can't stand to be without it."

Unfortunately, there is nothing to be done about that. The voice said, sympathetically. *Events must run their course.*

“It might help if you gave me a clue about what this is all about.”

I wish I could, but such information is on a need to know basis, The voice told him, *and at the moment your enlightenment is not a priority.*

“So let me get this straight,” Phil said, “I’m supposed to sit here and listen to a disembodied voice, which could be a simple manifestation of mental instability, and yet this voice does not even have to provide me with the minimal comfort of any explanations?”

That’s essentially correct. The voice told him.

“Then maybe you’ll want to explain this,” Phil said angrily, “why shouldn’t I just say fuck this and go to the sheriff’s office and get the mask now?”

Because such actions would have grave repercussions. The voice said over calmly. *It appears it’s time for you to learn a valuable lesson.*

At that moment Phil felt an incredible pain jolt his chest. It felt like someone had hit him in the chest with a sledgehammer. He started to hyperventilate. He knew at any moment his heart would burst from the stress.

“Please!!!” He croaked. “I won’t do a thing until you tell me!”

Oh, I know you won’t, the voice said menacingly, *because if you do the pain you just felt will be a mere pin prick in comparison to the exquisite agony I can put you through.*

“Fine damnit!” he said. “I just wish you knew how I feel.”

Oh, but I do, my boy, the voice sounded distant, I know the hunger that comes from the need for power. At one time I was so close to having everything I ever wanted, eternal youth, wealth, women... everything. But in a moment of weakness I lost it all.

Phil could almost feel for the voice in his head, but he was still reeling from the voice's 'lesson'.

But, enough of all this wallowing. The voice said. *There's work to be done.*

"What work?" Phil seemed overly excited at the prospect. This was mostly because he figured anything that the voice deemed as work would most inevitably bring them closer to their goal, the mask. And, if there was anyway to speed things up, he was more than willing to help.

If we're to know when the time's right we must observe the flow of events. The voice told him. *Therefore, my young friend, we have places to go and people to watch....*

Micki came in the living room and found Ryan sitting on the couch watching television.

"Is there any coffee?" she asked, yawning. Ryan had let her sleep in; it was well past noon.

Ryan looked up at her, surprised. "I can't believe it, Micki." He said. "You were right." He gestured at the television.

Micki looked over at the television. On the screen she saw shots of sheriff deputies and paramedics moving body bags. "...The sheriff's department has closed off Camp Crystal Lake and is currently going over the crime scene as we speak." The voice over said. Then a shot of a white haired and mustached sheriff came on screen. Micki recognized him as Sheriff Lloyd

Landis. "I assure the people of Cunningham County that the perpetrator of this heinous crime was killed while attempting to assault two more victims." the sheriff said, "Thankfully, both of the young people involved are alive and well."

"What about the story we've heard that these killings had something to do with Jason Voorhees?" came a voice from off camera.

Landis looked annoyed. "I don't know who's been telling you such things, but there's nothing connecting these murders to Jason Voorhees."

"What about the hockey mask, Sheriff?" came another off camera voice. "I heard they got it this time."

"I'm sorry I can not give out any details on this issue." This started a cacophony of voices and questions yelled from off camera.

Then the picture changed to a female newscaster. "We will continue to bring you updates on this latest massacre at Camp..."

With that, Ryan hit a button on his remote and shut off the television. "Well, I guess that's it for now." Ryan said. "At least with the mask in the hands of the sheriff there won't be any murders for the time being."

"I'm not so sure." Micki said. "Until we can get it in the vault back at Curious Goods that mask is still a danger."

"Well, there's nothing we can do for now." Ryan said. "I doubt the sheriff's gonna hand us the mask and send us on our way."

"Then we'll just have to find a way to get that mask, or figure a way to take the curse off of it."

"Either way is a tough order." Ryan admitted.

"Yeah," Micki said, "but you and I've handled tough orders before."

“But before we had Jack and we had some idea what we were dealing with.”

“I haven’t had Jack for the last ten years,” Micki reminded him, “but I’ve managed.”

“, oh pillar of experience, what you suggest we do?” Ryan asked, with a touch of sarcasm.

Micki ignored him for a moment and thought. “I think we should go see the sheriff and make sure he has the mask. Then we need to get more information about Pamela and Jason Voorhees, preferably anything that could clue us into how Jason was brought back from the dead in the first place.”

Ryan laughed “And who do you suggest we ask?”

“I didn’t say it was going to be easy.” Micki said, annoyed.

“You got that right.” Ryan said. Then his eyes lit up. “But I do know the one person here in Crystal Lake that might give us some clues.”

“Who?” Micki asked. She had little doubt about Ryan’s statement; after all he had spent most of his second lifetime here in Crystal Lake.

“Let’s go see the sheriff.” He said. “Then we can go see a very old friend of mine.”

There was still a large crowd of reporters and camera people in front of the Cunningham County Sheriff Office building when Micki and Ryan drove up to it in his blue Ranger. Ryan had to park a couple blocks away because of all the news vans.

“God, don’t they give up.” Micki said as she got out of the truck.

“Welcome to the quiet little town of Crystal Lake.” Ryan said.

As they approached the crowd a woman toward the front pointed at them. From her excited movements Micki could tell she recognized Ryan.

"It's Freeman.... Steven Freeman" the woman yelled. Then all hell broke loose.

Before Micki and Ryan knew what hit them the crowd of reporters came rushing at them and surrounded them. Some of the reporters pushed microphones in their faces. There were so many questions being yelled at them at the same time that they couldn't understand them, even if they had wanted to try and answer any of them.

Finding Micki of less interest than Ryan the reporters started pushing her to the side. Micki fought them but found she was still being separated from Ryan. "Ryan!" she screamed, but the yelling people around her drowned her out.

Then she felt a strong hand clasp on her shoulder. She was roughly turned and found herself face to face with a burly deputy. "Come with me." He told her, as he dragged her along with him out of the crowd.

As she was being pulled along she saw that other deputies were making their way towards Ryan. She wasn't sure if it was a good thing or a bad thing.

After they cleared the crowd, Micki and her insistent escort headed into the Sheriff Office building. Inside, she found Sheriff Landis waiting in the lobby.

"That was a stupid stunt." Landis said a few moments later when his deputies brought Ryan in.

"I heard you have the mask, Lloyd." Ryan said, as the deputies standing to either side of him released him.

Sheriff Lloyd Landis looked at him like he was crazy. "You're telling me you came down here and

nearly got torn apart by those buzzards out there just to find out if I have some freak's Halloween costume."

"That mask is an intricate part of what's happening here in Crystal Lake." Micki said.

"Damnit, Lloyd, you know I can identify Jason's mask." Ryan said. "Hell, I saw it closer than I'd liked to."

"What I know is there's no way this mask can be Jason's." the sheriff said. "You, yourself, said it went with him when he was dragged underground."

"I don't know." Ryan admitted. "Maybe somehow it resurfaced. I won't know until you let me see it."

"Unfortunately, Steven, I can't do that." The sheriff said firmly.

"Why?" Ryan asked, amazed.

"Because officially you have no connection to this case."

"What?" Ryan said, surprised.

"That's total bullshit, Sheriff," Micki said. "You know, Ry...Steven, is the closest thing you have to an expert on Jason Voorhees."

Sheriff Landis looked at Micki like he'd just noticed her. "What I know, little lady, is that I've got four sets of murders and not one of those perpetrators had any connection to Jason Voorhees."

"My god, is he dense or what?" She said, looking over at her cousin. Then she looked back at the sheriff. "They all have a connection to Jason, the mask."

"Who the hell is this woman, Steven?" The sheriff asked, frustrated.

"Oh, you've never met my cousin Micki." Ryan said, feigning ignorance.

“Figures.” Lloyd Landis said, shaking his head. “Now I got two of you to deal with.” Then the sheriff turned his attention back to Micki. “My dear lady, what we have here is a simple case of copycat murders.”

Micki’s eyes flared with anger. “For one thing don’t you dare address me in such a condescending way. I have a name. My name is Miss Micki Foster. And for another thing if you’re so sure these are copycat murders then kindly give me a motive!”

“Yeah, I can really see the family resemblance, Steven.” The sheriff said amused. “This ones got fire in her panties.”

Furious, Micki was about to respond to this, but the sheriff got in her face.

“The motive is standing outside that door, Miss Micki Foster. What we have is a bunch of losers who kept hearing the name Jason Voorhees in the press and wanted some of the notoriety for themselves.”

“What about Big Red.” Micki pointed out. “He and his family lived in a tar paper shack. They didn’t own a TV and, from what I could gather from my research, there’s a good chance all three were illiterate.”

“But, the family did own a radio and they hung out at Gabe’s brother’s fish and bait shop. Big Red could have overheard all kinds of crap about Jason Voorhees from tourists there. And, let me point out that there were rumors of abuse in that family, though none of it could be confirmed.” Lloyd Landis pointed out. “Miss Foster, don’t tell us our job. We’re not the country bumpkins you seem to think we are.”

“We never meant to infer you were, Lloyd.” Ryan said, trying to defuse the situation. “It’s just that Micki’s had some experience with situations similar to this.”

“And what kind of situation are we talking about, Steven? Ghosts? Curses?” the sheriff asked, with obvious disbelief.

“Actually, something very much akin.” Micki said.

“And you actually believe this, Steven?” the sheriff said, surprised.

“I trust Micki.” Ryan said.

“I’m sorry, Steven, but I don’t have the luxury of believing the amazing.” He gave Ryan a frustrated look. “I think you and your cousin have outlasted your stay.”

“Now wait a minute, Sheriff, we’re not leaving until we see that mask.” Micki said firmly.

“Would you rather I have two of my deputies put you out?” The Sheriff said. Then he called over his shoulder at the office. “Buck... John!”

Two deputies came out of the office area and stood behind the sheriff. One was one of the deputies that had escorted Ryan. The other was the brawny one that had dragged Micki out of the crowd of reporters.

Ryan put his hand on Micki’s shoulder and turned her toward him. He could see she had a determined look on her face. “Let’s go.” He said. Micki looked like she was going to argue, but gave her a hard look and she remained silent.

“I’d suggest you use the back way.” The sheriff said.

“Well, that went well.” Micki said as they headed back to the truck.

“I know, Micki.” Ryan said. “You just have to understand that Lloyd is in a difficult position here.”

“What I understand is your sheriff is either deluded or just avoiding the truth.” Micki said,

disgusted. “Why is it that people always have to be so difficult?”

“That would make it too easy.” Ryan said, as they arrived at the truck.

“So you said something about knowing someone who might be able to help us?” Micki said, after Ryan unlocked her door and let her in.

“Oh, yeah, I know someone who knows all the dirty secrets in this town and makes one hell of a mean chocolate sundae.” He said with a smile.

As Ryan’s Ranger drove off, a beaten up looking green van backed out of the parking spot three spaces away from the spot Ryan’s truck just vacated. Then the van proceeded to follow.

CHAPTER FOUR

OF FOOD, DRINKS, AND INFO

“He was such a nice boy.” Betty, the waitress said to Micki. and Ryan. “I remember Pamela used to bring little Jason for an egg and ham sandwich and one of my special berry sundaes.”

“See, Micki, I told you all we had to do is come see Betty.” Ryan said, as he scooped up another spoon full of French vanilla ice cream drenched in chocolate syrup. “She knows anything about anyone here in Crystal Lake.”

“It’s just a shame what happened to that boy.” Betty said absently. “You know Jason killed my husband, Ralph. That was five years after that young counselor girl chopped Jason’s mom’s head off. Ralph tried to warn them. He told them they were doomed. They didn’t listen. Ralph knew things. He knew about Jason...they never listened.”

“You said you knew Pamela Voorhees?” Micki asked.

“Pamela Voorhees?” Betty said absently. “I knew Pamela Voorhees. She wasn’t a very sociable woman, but she loved her son. You know they said Jason’s father wasn’t Pamela’s husband. I heard a rumor that it was her stepbrother. They had a strange relationship. Yeah, people said they were a little too close, if you get my meaning.”

“Incest?” Micki asked, surprised.

“Not exactly.” Betty said. “As I said, he was her stepbrother. Pamela was adopted. Can you call that incest? I know it didn’t look proper.”

“Betty, can you remember Pamela’s stepbrother’s name?” Ryan asked.

“Well, of course I can, Steven Freeman. I know things.” Betty said, her kindly manner now tinted with annoyance. “Uh, his name was...Laurence...no...Larry...no...no...Louie. That’s it. Louie, I think...”

“Can you remember his last name?” Micki asked. Her tone was urgent.

“Um...Vander...Van...Vandrefield.....damn.” Betty said, flustered. “He was even less sociable than Pamela.”

“Don’t worry about it, Betty. It’s not important.” Micki said. “Um...Steven, I think we should get going.”

Ryan looked up at her, his mouth full. It took him a few moments to swallow. “What? You got something?”

“Not here.” She cautioned. “Back at the house.”

“.” He said, reluctantly. Then he gave Betty a warm smile. “Another success, Betty.”

“You always had a good appetite, Steven. Though you’ve never gotten over being sloppy.” Betty used the edge of her apron and wiped Ryan’s lower lip.

Micki watched this with visible amusement.

Ryan looked at her embarrassed.

As they got up and said their goodbyes to Betty, Micki told Ryan she’d meet him at the truck.

Ryan headed to the cash register and paid the bill.

On the way out he caught sight of Phil Raman sitting at the counter absently stirring a cup of coffee.

“Hey Phil.” Ryan said causally, “How’s things.”
Phil gave him a startled glance and went back to his coffee without a word.

This caught Ryan by surprise. Usually, Phil would hit him with an amusing comment about how “dead” it was at work.

Ryan was about to ask Phil what was wrong when a young woman came up to him and blocked his way.

“You, Steven Freeman?” She asked.

“Yeah.” He said suspiciously.

She held out her hand. “Hi, my name’s Carol Martinez. Me and my friends, over there...” She indicated two young grungy looking guys sitting in the nearby booth, “...are doing a documentary on your local legend...Jason Voorhees.”

“Jason isn’t a legend.” Ryan corrected her. “I saw Jason. That monster nearly killed me and my family.”

“I know. That’s why I want to interview you. I want to get your unique perspective.”

“My perspective is I want to be left alone. That bastard cost me everything that matters to me. You want to talk about Jason Voorhees, there’s lots of other people in this town that get off on this crap.”

“But none of them faced Jason and survived.”

“Yeah, because most of the people who faced that asshole are either dead or permanently twisted by the experience.” He told her. “Get this straight, stay away from me with that Jason crap. Understood.”

“We’re willing to pay.” She said.

Ryan shook his head. “Unbelievable.” Then he pushed past her and headed out the door.

“So, how’d it go, Chief?” asked Shawn Carlyle, Carol Martinez’s shaved headed associate with the dark mustache and goatee.

“What an asshole.” Carol replied angrily as she came up to the table and sat down. “I was polite enough and he bitched me out, Shawn.”

“So, da’ man didn’t go for the money did he, Girlie girl?” asked the white guy with the dreadlocks lounging across from Shawn, in an overdone Jamaican accent.

Carol gave him an annoyed look. “Will you please stop that shit, Jerry, I’m not in the mood.”

“Da’ name is Jamal, and what ya on about, darlin?” He asked innocently, lifting his round rimmed, blue tinted, glasses revealing bloodshot eyes beneath.

Carol waved her hand at him dismissively and tried to calm herself. “Damn it, Jerry, if it wasn’t for the fact that you’re such a good cameraman I would’ve left you at home.”

“Confession is good for da soul, darlin’. Why don’t ya tell me what da problem is?”

“Well, besides the fact that you’re a friggin’ pothead, that damned Jamaican shit is really pissin’ me off. Damnit, Jerry, you’re friggin’ Irish.” She reminded him in frustration. “The closest you’ve ever been to Jamaica is Malibu beach.”

“Jamaica is in da’ heart and soul, darlin’.”

“Yeah, well the least you could do is back off the weed while we’re here. This isn’t California, these people have no tolerance for potheads....”

“I do my best work, darlin’, with da help of da smoke.”

Carol looked over at Shawn for support. Shawn looked back at her with an amused look. "Don't look at me." He told her.

She was about to say something, but the waitress came over carrying a tray of food. "I, who had the special?" The heavy built woman asked.

"Over here." Shawn said. The waitress placed a plate with a sizable steak and three eggs in front of him.

"Da' chili fries are over here, darlin'." Jamal said enthusiastically.

To Carol's disgust, the waitress set a quarter pound hamburger in front of her.

"What the hell is this?" She asked. "I ordered a garden burger."

"And that's what you got." The waitress told her. "See the garden greens." All Carol saw was that it was an ordinary hamburger with lettuce and tomato. "As you ordered, our California Style Garden Burger."

Carol's jaw dropped.

Both Shawn and Jamal snickered uncontrollably.

Red faced, Carol let out her breath and held her temper. "Take that thing away and just get me a green salad."

The waitress shrugged and took the burger away.

"So, what we gonna do now, Chief?" Shawn asked as he cut into the slab of meat before him. "I mean in regard to the project. You promised the professor an interview with Freeman."

"Oh, don't worry about it, boys." She said, glancing down at the empty spot in front of her disappointedly. "I promise you we'll get that interview. You know me. I don't take no for an answer."

Just then the waitress returned and put a plate of lettuce with two cherry tomatoes down in front of her.

“I forgot to ask what kind of dressing you wanted.” The waitress said blandly.

“This’ll be fine.” Carol replied. “But, uh...Mary,” she said, catching sight of the waitress’ name, which was stitched in red letters on the right breast pocket of her pink uniform, “how would you like to make a really big tip?”

“What would I have to do?” The waitress asked, suspiciously.

“Oh, nothing much at all.” Carol said slyly. “All you’ve got to do is tell us where someone lives...”

“Come on, Micki, spill it.” Ryan said as he drove down Main Street. “Betty, said something that’s got you going.”

“All I can tell you is I have a suspicion.” Micki admitted. “But, if I’m right, the proof I need is at the Voorhees house.”

“Proof of what?” he asked.

“Possibly, the truth about how Jason was able to return from the dead.”

“Then what are we waiting for.” Ryan said, turning the truck’s steering wheel sharply to the left and making a u-turn. Then he drove out of town and headed onto the dirt road that would take them to the abandoned house that had once been the home of Jason Voorhees and his mother.

Phil sat at the counter in the coffee shop and listened while the stupid California students went on talking about their plans for Steven Freeman.

Well, children, I’ve got plans for dear old Steven myself. Phil thought.

Given our dear Steven's past association with Jason, I'll expect you to be very creative and slow when the time comes. The voice said. And, I will expect no less for his lovely companion. Oh yes, Micki, you and Ryan have been a thorn in my side for far too long. The last part sounded to Phil like the voice was talking to itself.

Questions started flooding Phil's mind, but he knew he dared not ask them; not after the 'lesson' the voice had put him through earlier.

Smart boy. The voice said, obviously reading his thoughts. *All you need to know is that in the end they will both meet their ends by your most capable hands....*

CHAPTER FIVE

VOORHEES HOUSE

The sky had just started to get a ting of crimson when Ryan's truck approached the rundown mansion that had once been the home of the Voorhees family.

Micki took a deep breath when she caught site of the house. From years of dealing with the supernatural she had become attuned to the energies around her. If the Voorhees house had been a battery it would have been ready to overload. The feeling of evil was oppressive.

Ryan parked the truck on the gravel driveway in front of the house.

Getting out, Micki looked over the façade of the house trying to imagine how the house looked during a more happy time, when a young Jason Voorhees played on the jungle gym, which was now rusted and laying on its side in the corner of the front yard. But it was hard to associate this building with its broken windows and scales of peeling dirty white paint with anything pleasant.

Then she noticed the hole, which was nearby the jungle gym. Though it didn't look recent it still struck her interest.

Heading over to the edge of it she looked down and jumped back with a startled yelp. The hole was halfway full with large bloated white worms.

“The locals call those Hellworms.” She heard Ryan say from beside her, further startling her. She hadn’t even noticed that Ryan had gotten out of the truck. “People first noticed them about six months after we sent Jason to hell. Since, they’ve become a real infestation in the woods. They’re nasty little suckers. They’ve got pointy little teeth that hurt like hell if you get bit.”

“None of my sources mentioned them.” Micki admitted.

“I don’t doubt it. The locals have kept them as a sort of a dirty secret. Many of them think the worms are Satan’s revenge on us.”

“And what do you think?”

“Don’t ask me.” He said. “But they’ve definitely chosen an appropriate place to nest.”

Micki looked at him inquiringly.

“That hole’s right in the spot where Jason was dragged down.” He informed her.

Micki looked down at the hole with renewed interest.

“The question is why would anyone be out here digging in the first place.” Ryan said.

“Or what were they digging for.” Micki said, looking up at him knowingly. But she knew they both knew the answer to that.

“So, what’d you say we get this over with?” Ryan asked, handing Micki a metal flashlight he’d pulled out of his coat pocket. “I really don’t relish the idea of spending the evening rummaging through this house.” Ryan looked over at the mansion uncomfortably.

“If you’d rather you could wait out here and I could look around on my own.” Micki offered.

“You know me better than that.” He told her, pulling out a flashlight of his own and starting toward the house.

Heading up onto the porch and up to the front door, Ryan unhooked his key ring from his belt.

Micki looked at him inquiringly.

“Jessica gave me the key before her and the baby left.” Ryan said. “I guess she figured I’d eventually have to come back here.”

Upon entering the house they were immediately assaulted by the smell of dampness and mold.

The entry hall was dark so the two of them turned on their flashlights. Ryan found the light switch and tried it, but there was no power.

“I guess Jessica had the power cut off.” Ryan said. He remembered that when he, Jessica, and Creighton Duke went up against Jason in this house the power had been turned on. At the time he hadn’t realized how strange that was.

Looking around, Micki was surprised to find that the entry hall and living room were still fully furnished. There were even some very valuable looking paintings and family photographs still hanging on the moldy walls.

“Diana never had the heart to sell any of her mother’s things.” Ryan explained, after seeing the look on her face.

“I’m surprised with all the hoopla about Jason that souvenir hunters haven’t cleaned the place out.”

“Only the townspeople know the location of Voorhees house and after what happened to Robert Campbell and Josh in this place they want to leave well enough alone.”

“Well, at least that’ll make the search a bit easier.”

“You still haven’t told me what we’re after.”

Ryan reminded her.

“We need to find anything we can about Pamela Voorhees’ stepbrother.”

“How did I know you were going to say that.”

Ryan said, shaking his head. “All Betty had to do is mention anything close to the name Lewis.”

“It’s more than that,” Micki said. “I had suspicions long before Betty mentioned the name. Since I started researching these murders I saw definite similarities between the cursed items we’ve dealt with and the curse of Jason Voorhees.”

“How so?” Ryan asked, intrigued.

“I’ve noticed that like Uncle Lewis’s cursed items this curse has altered it’s form at times when it has come close to being defeated.” Micki said. “Think about it. Up until Tommy Jarvis supposedly killed Jason for the second time reports indicated that he was definitely a living being, though disfigured. Yet after he came back he was described as rotted and corpse-like.”

“Yeah, I know all about all this.” Ryan said. “So what’s your point?”

“When you dealt with Jason his body had been blown up and somehow Jason went from body to body until his body was restored through Diana.”

“Yeah, his heart turned into some sort of symbiotic snake thing.”

“Exactly, and now since you and Jessica sent Jason to hell the curse has altered yet again and now we’re dealing with people being possessed by Jason’s mask.”

Ryan contemplated what Micki had told him for a few moments. Though he still had gaps in his memory about his time at Curious Goods, he did remember an incident that seemed disturbingly akin to what they were dealing with here. It had to do with a mirrored compact. He recalled that when he and Micki first dealt with the compact it caused anyone caught by the light reflected from the mirror to fall in love with its carrier. Then, after they failed to get it the first time, it reemerged, but this time it had the power to give an aging model back the youth she desired. "I see your point." Ryan said, with resignation.

"Good." Micki said. "Then let's get started. I think the best place to look would be in Pamela's bedroom."

"Why you say that?"

"If Pamela was as close to her brother as Betty implied she'd keep any letters or pictures close by...it's a girl thing..."

"Well, in regards to 'girl things' you're the expert." Ryan said as he led her up the creaking staircase to the upper level of the house.

"I'd be very careful." Ryan told her as they walked down the upper hall; the floor they were walking on was creaking as bad as the stairs. "No one's been up here for years and I doubt these floors are in very good condition."

"That obvious." Micki said, thankful she'd decided to wear her Indian style boots, which allowed her to feel the give on the boards she was walking on. Ryan, on the other hand, was wearing steel-toed boots, so she was a bit more concerned about him.

"I think the master bedroom is here." Ryan told her, flashing the beam of his flashlight on an ornate

lacquered hardwood door at the far end of the hall as they approached.

The sculptured brass doorknob was green with oxidation. Ryan grabbed it halfway thinking that either it would break off in his hand or be rusted tight by years of disuse. But surprisingly, the knob turned and, when he pushed, the door creaked open.

The room was indeed the master bedroom, but it had seen better days. Moisture had caused the flowered wallpaper on the walls to bubble and come loose. The wood furniture had mold growing on them and had started to decay. Decay had turned the bedding into stinking tattered rags.

“Let’s check this place out fast.” Ryan said, looking a bit pale and sweaty. “I don’t know how long I can handle this.” Then he started sneezing.

Lucky for me I’m not allergic. Micki thought. Still, the smell was enough motivation for her.

While Ryan, who was periodically doubling over with sneezing fits, was dumping out the contents of the two large dressers along the wall in front of the bed, she checked out the closets. But all she found was moldy, moth eaten, clothes and shoes. She even tapped around on the back of the closets, but didn’t find any secret hiding places.

But then, when she started checking out the drawers of the bedside tables she found a couple items that struck her interest. In the drawer of the left bedside table she found a rosary and a Roman Catholic bible. This was interesting because she knew for a fact that Elias Voorhees was a non-practicing member of the Mennonites. As for Pamela, she was registered as a member of the Episcopal Church. So the question was why would she find Catholic items in a non-Catholic

household? Especially, one with as bloody a past as the Voorhees family's.

Picking up the battered bible Micki opened it. Picking up her light from where she'd laid it on top of the table, she pointed it at the bible and found the initials R. M. written in the inner cover. Now she had yet another mystery to solve in this ever growing tapestry.

"Micki." Ryan said, nasally, from the foot of the bed. "I've come up with nothing here. How about you?"

"Just more questions." She said, slipping the bible and rosary in her coat pocket.

"There's still this," he said shining his flashlight on a large hardwood chest sitting at the foot of the bed.

Micki came over and looked down at the chest. It had a very imposing looking rusted lock on it. "Can you open it?"

"I'll have to get the crowbar from the truck." He said. "I'm a little worried about that hallway floor out there. I don't think it can handle too many more trips."

"We'll have to risk it." Micki said. "If I was Pamela this would be the spot I'd put such personal items."

"You mean I'll have to risk it." Ryan reminded her.

Micki was about to say something, but Ryan waved her off. "At the very least it'll get me out of this damned room." He said, blowing his runny nose.

Then he headed for the door.

Micki followed him as far as the door and watched as he headed down the hall. She could hear the floor creaking as he walked across it. A couple times she heard the floor crack and feared Ryan might fall

through, but he managed to get to the stairs and head down them.

Standing alone in the doorway waiting, Micki looked around nervously. Without Ryan's presence to comfort her the feeling of pure evil around her intensified. It was like the very walls of the house pulsed with it. Then she took a deep breath to try and calm herself. It didn't help. "Please hurry, Ryan." She said, though she knew he couldn't hear her.

Ryan felt a flood of relief flow through him the moment he headed out the front door, off the porch, and started for the truck. Though he'd never admit it to Micki, being in that house again bothered him. It wasn't so much the fear that something would happen. It was more the remembered fear of what had occurred before.

Pulling out his handkerchief, he blew his runny nose. Even his nose was feeling a lot better

It was then he noticed the squishing sound as he walked. Looking down he was amazed to see that the ground beneath his feet was covered with writhing Hellworms.

"Holy shit." He said surprised.

Then one of the worms slithered over the top of Ryan's shoe and slipped under his pant leg. Before he could do anything to stop it the worm clamped its pointy teeth into the flesh of his ankle.

Ryan let out a yelp of pain and grabbed at his lower leg. But as he did another worm lifted itself up like a snake lunged at his bare wrist. But Ryan managed to swat that one away.

This seemed to agitate the other worms. They started to hiss at Ryan.

Ignoring the pain in his ankle, he started running for the opened backend of his truck. As he ran he could feel the pounding of lunging Hellworms impacting against his pant legs and shoes.

Then he took a flying leap and landed hard on his front on the hard metal bed of the truck.

CHAPTER SIX

DISCOVERIES

Micki heard a loud bang outside and knew something was wrong.

Swiftly, she made her way down the hall and started down the stairs. Halfway down there was a loud cracking sound and one of the steps broke under her weight. Micki lost her balance and started to fall forward, but, luckily, she managed to grab the banister. Though the banister groaned in response it held.

Taking a calming breath, Micki righted herself and continued down the stairs. Then she rushed out the door.

Outside, on the porch, Micki heard Ryan cursing. Shining her light around, though, she couldn't see him.

"Ryan!" she yelled.

"Stay back!" She heard Ryan yell to her. She could tell that his voice came from the direction of the truck, but she still couldn't see him.

"What's wrong?" she asked, shining her flashlight around again. She still couldn't see anything unusual. Then she heard the hissing.

Pointing her flashlight beam at the ground she saw a writhing, hissing, mass of Hellworms covering the ground in front of the house.

"My god." She said. Surprisingly, she noticed that though the worms were actively aggressive they were making no attempt to wriggle onto the porch after her.

She pointed her flashlight toward the truck and saw Ryan. He was throwing something out.

“Son of a bitch!” she heard him curse. Then she saw him jump out the back of the truck and come running through the worms and onto the porch.

Momentarily startled by this stunt, Micki was about to say something, but Ryan cut her off.

“Well, come on.” Ryan said, holding up the crowbar he’d grabbed from the back of the truck. “Let’s crack that thing open and get the hell out of here.” Then, before she could say a word, he headed inside the mansion.

Micki stood for a moment. Then she flashed her light one last time at the hissing, snapping, mass of Hellworms. *Just another night here in sleepy old Crystal Lake.* she thought as she headed inside after Ryan.

By the time Micki arrived back at Pamela Voorhees’ room Ryan was already busy prying the lock with the crowbar. Though the lock groaned in response, it held fast.

Then, after a few more minutes there was a loud squeal and cracking sound as the lock finally broke opened.

Ryan dropped the crowbar, grabbed his flashlight from the nearby dresser, and flipped the lid of the trunk open. Flashing his light inside, he bent down and pulled out a white wedding gown.

Micki came over.

“And this’s just the frosting on the cake.” Ryan said, shining his flashlight into the trunk again.

Micki looked down and quickly covered her mouth to keep from throwing up. In the trunk next to a

stack of books were two glass jugs containing two hearts pickled in, what she guessed was, formaldehyde.

Ryan covered the jugs with the wedding dress. Then he picked up one of the books and examined its cover. "Not exactly what we were looking for but useful nevertheless." He announced, handing her the book.

Looking down at the cover instantly convinced her. On the cover, in gold leaf, was the title DIARY OF PAMELA VOORHEES 1957.

Taking the book and laying it on one of the dressers, she started quickly looking through it. Then, after a few moments, she finally found a section that caught her interest....

July 28, 1957

Oh, god why have you done this to me? Why have you taken my precious little boy away? For the last three days I've stayed awake all night praying that you would find a way to make this all just a big mistake and my boy would be all right. But now I know that won't be the case. I realized this the moment the sheriff said he was ending the search. You bastard. You won't even let me have the closure of having his body to bury. Are you satisfied? You've taken the only piece of joy in my life...

Micki would have continued reading but Ryan distracted her by letting out a loud sneeze.

Micki looked over at him. While she'd been going over the diary Ryan had been taking the other diaries out of the trunk and stacking them on top of Pamela Voorhees' wedding dress. Now he was wrapping the dress around the books and started to tie the bundle together.

Ryan took out his handkerchief and blew his nose. He wasn't looking good. His face was rosy red. Perspiration was dripping from his face. He looked up at her with bloodshot eyes and asked, "Are we done now?"

"Actually, there's one more place we need to check out before we leave." She told him; aware of the apparent disregard she was showing toward his condition.

"Excuse me?" he said, surprised.

"We have to check out Jason's room." She told him.

Ryan's jaw dropped. "You're nuts." He said, wiping his runny nose with his coat sleeve. "Look at how bad this room is. I can only guess what kind of a death trap Jason's room must be."

"Still we need to at least make the attempt." Micki told him, a determined look on her face.

"I still say this is a mistake." Ryan said, as he and Micki came up to the door halfway down the hall from Pamela Voorhees' bedroom.

"Ryan, it would be a mistake if we didn't." Micki said. "If anything we'll get some new insights about who Jason was before he drowned."

Micki noticed that Ryan was looking noticeably better now that they were out of Pamela Voorhees' moldy bedroom. Still, she felt a bit guilty about pushing him into this, but she knew it had to be done. If they were going to put an end to this madness knowledge would be their best weapon.

Ryan tried the door, but this time he found it locked tight. "Now what?" he asked, though the answer was obvious.

“Well, we’ll just have to break it in.” she said.

“You mean I’ll have to.” Ryan corrected her.

Ryan threw himself against the door, but the only thing that happened was he hurt his shoulder. Cursing and rubbing his aching shoulder he repeated this a couple more times, but the door held.

Then he back up against the opposite wall in the cramped hallway and tried to give the door a running jump kick. The door still held, but he heard an unmistakable cracking sound. Encouraged by this, he continued pounding the door with more kicks. Each time the cracking sound became louder.

Finally, the door broke open. But, at the same instant the floor beneath Ryan’s feet collapsed and sent him falling into the room below, which turned out to be the kitchen. Ryan landed feet first on the kitchen table. Two of the table’s legs broke under the impact, sending him tumbling onto the floor.

“Ryan!” Micki screamed, dropping down to her knees and flashing her flashlight down through the hole, trying to find Ryan.

She finally found him sitting up unsteadily. “My god. Are you all right?”

“Great.” He said. “I really get a kick out of whole macho falling through floors thing.”

Micki found this strangely comforting. *If he’s feeling good enough to make sarcastic cracks then I guess he’s* . She thought.

Ryan slowly and achingly got up. “I’ll be up in a bit.” He yelled up to her.

“I’ll start checking out the room.” She told him.

“Hold on there.” He said, concerned. “You just saw me fall through the floor and now you want to just waltz into a room that’s been more than likely closed up

for over forty years. Doesn't that sound a little bit risky."

"You're the one who wanted to get this over with so we could get out of here."

"I'm not in that much of a hurry." He told her. "Just wait for me to get up there." Then he started to limp out of site.

Micki shook her head in frustration. *Typical Ryan Dallion. She thought. Even after everything we've been through he still thinks of me as a weak woman that needs to be protected.*

She looked over at Jason's room. Ryan has successfully kicked open the door. "Well, I can still have a look." She said to herself, shining the beam of the flashlight through the open doorway. What she saw amazed her.

The room, which she expected to be dusty and moldy, looked pristine. There weren't even any cobwebs. The darkened room looked like no time had passed since it had last been occupied.

"To Hell with waiting." Micki said aloud to herself, as she carefully stepped over the hole in the floor in front of the doorway and into the room. The moment her foot touched the floor in the room lit up with light.

Startled, Micki stumbled into the room. She had to blink her eyes a few times to get rid of the spots from the flash. Once her vision cleared she was amazed to find that the room was illuminated by sunlight shining through the window.

Then she heard a shuffling sound coming from her right. She looked over and saw a young boy, who looked about twelve, standing by the bed slipping on a pair of blue jeans over a pair of white swimming trunks.

“Jason!” she heard a woman’s voice call from the doorway. Micki spun around and saw a blond woman wearing a white T-shirt, with the name CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE written in blue on the left breast side, and white shorts. Micki recognized the woman from her research. The woman was Pamela Voorhees. *But how can this be?* Micki thought.

“Jason, you’re not ready yet?” Pamela Voorhees said from the door.

“I forgot my trunks, Mama.” the young boy said from the bed. He was now sitting on the bed, putting on a pair of white tennis shoes.

Micki realized that neither Pamela nor young Jason were aware of her presence.

“Yes, you definitely don’t want to forget those.” Pamela said.

“Bobby and Jenny said I could swim out to the buoy today.”

“I hope one of them is going with you.” She said, a note of concern in her tone. “Remember you’re still not that strong of a swimmer.”

Pamela Voorhees walked over to the bed, and right through Micki. *What am I seeing? Ghosts?* Micki asked herself, silently.

Pamela Voorhees sat down on the bed next to her son.

“Mom.” Young Jason said, irritated. “I’m not a baby anymore.”

“I know that.” Pamela said, introspectively, “Soon you’ll be all grown up and won’t need me anymore.”

“I’ll always need you, Mama.”

Pamela smiled at her son and gave him a hug.

Micki watched this sentimental moment and realized what she was seeing. This must've been the very last time Jason was in this room, the day he drowned. What she was seeing was a replay of those events. *It's a shame*. She thought, thinking of the insanity she could stop if she could only warn these two people of the outcome of this day.

She could only watch helplessly as both mother and son got up off the bed, walked through her, and headed out the door.

As she watched them leave Micki heard the sound of a woman weeping coming from the bed. Turning towards the sound, she was amazed to see Pamela Voorhees again. This time she was sitting on the bed holding a framed picture and crying. She was no longer wearing the Camp Crystal Lake shirt or shorts, but a wrinkled looking flowered housedress.

"It's enough..." Micki heard a man's voice say from behind her, causing her to jump. Turning around, she came face to face with a heavy built, red haired, man with a long beard, which lacked a mustache. The man looked to be at least twenty years older than Pamela. Micki instantly realized that this man could only be Elias Voorhees.

Like Jason and Pamela had done before Elias passed through Micki and went over to his wife. Micki noticed that though Elias had abandoned his Mennonite roots he still retained the look. Besides the beard and lack of a mustache, which were the typical style for Mennonite men, he also wore a plain white button down shirt and black pants that were held up with black suspenders. On his feet he wore a pair of beaten up brown work boots.

“There has been enough time spent on grieving the boy, my wife.” Elias said, putting a comforting hand on his wife’s shoulder. Pamela slapped it away.

“Enough for you.” She said glaring up at him.
“You never loved him.”

Elias looked away from her for a moment, a look of barely concealed hurt on his face. “That is not true.” He said, after a moment.

“You resented him because I loved him more than I ever loved you.” she said venomously.

“No, wife, I did not resent the boy.” He told her.
“The truth is you had an unnatural affection for him, much like that you have for your stepbrother.”

“What kind filth are you trying to imply.”

“I’m not implying anything.” He said. “I have eyes, is it not logical that I can see? And what I have seen has revealed much.”

“What kind of foolishness have you come up with now?”

“Oh, woman, be thankful for the sake of your son’s eternal soul that the sacrilege you have committed cannot be called incest but simply being unfaithful to me.”

“This is insanity.” Pamela Voorhees said. Micki thought she looked guilty as sin.

“Deny if you wish.” He said, emotionlessly. “It matters little to me. What is important is that this house return to a semblance of normalcy.”

Pamela laughed at him insanely.

“Normal....You want things to go back to normal. How can things ever go back to normal? My child is dead.”

“There will be other children, I assure you.”

Pamela looked at him with disgust. "You honestly think I'm going to let you touch me after what you've said to me?"

"You are my wife." He said, an icy smile on his lips. Without another word he headed for the door.

"You dare try to force me and I'll kill you!" she yelled after him. "You hear me I'll kill you!"

Then Micki watched as Pamela broke down and started crying again.

Then Pamela looked at the picture in her hands again. "Oh, Lewis, I need you. Where are you?" She said, placing the picture on the desk.

"Micki!" Micki heard Ryan yell from behind her. Turning around, she was startled find that the room had gone dark again. The only light she could see was from her and Ryan's flashlights.

"My god, Micki, don't move." He yelled at her.

Micki shifted her weight. She heard the floor beneath her feet creak. Shining her flashlight down she was surprised to see that the wood floor looked rotted. Then she shined the flashlight around the room and saw it had changed. Somehow in the last few seconds the room had grown old and rotted.

"Hold on, Micki, I'll figure out a away to get you out of there." Ryan said from just beyond the doorway, on the other side of the hole in the floor. "I can't imagine how you were able to get that far in there without that floor caving in."

"The room wasn't like this when I came in." she told him. She started shining her light over by the bed, which was nothing more than a rat eaten mess of rotted stuffing and a moldy wooden frame. She needed to see if something was still there. As the beam of her flashlight went across the top of the desk, which was

next to the bed, it caught a dull glint. *Yes*, she thought, as she saw that the glint came from a tarnished looking picture frame. *It's still there.*

Cautiously, Micki started to move toward the desk. The boards under feet started creaking dangerously.

"Are you insane!" Ryan screamed at her.
"You're gonna get yourself killed!"

Micki managed to make it to the desk. She picked up the picture frame and slipped it under her shirt.

Then she started back towards the doorway. The closer she got the looser the boards seemed to get and the more they groaned. Finally, she heard, and felt, the boards begin to crack under her feet.

Panicking, she started to run. That's when the floor decided to cave in.

Just as the boards beneath her feet started to drop out from under her, Micki leaped for the doorway, hoping she had enough of a kick off to make it the rest of the way.

As she flew through the doorway she made a desperate grab for the edge of the hallway floor. She let out a scream when the piece of board she grabbed onto broke and she started to fall into the gaping maw of broken and jutting boards beneath.

But then, she felt a hand firmly grab onto her wrist. Looking up she saw Ryan hanging partially over the side of the hole holding onto her arm with one hand. His face was crinkled into a mask of pain.

"I don't know how long I can hold on." He said, through gritted teeth. "You're gonna have to make a grab for the edge."

Ryan started to swing her slowly. As his swing gained more momentum, Micki tried to grab the edge of the hallway floor. After a few passes she managed to get a grip and Ryan was able to pull her up.

Exhausted, Micki and Ryan laid on the floor beside the hole that had once been Jason's room. "I hope it was worth it." Ryan said, groaning and rubbing his aching shoulder.

The picture! Micki thought to herself frantically. She grabbed under her shirt and let out a sigh of relief when she felt the edge of the frame.

Pulling the picture frame out, she started to dust it off, though most of the dust had rubbed off during all the excitement.

"Have you gotten yourself a death wish since you've been gone?" Ryan asked sarcastically. "You couldn't seriously have got yourself nearly killed over an old picture."

"This isn't just any old picture." She said, handing it over to him.

Ryan looked at the picture and gasped. In the photo standing next to a young Jason Voorhees and his mother, looking much younger than when Ryan had last saw him, was unmistakably Lewis Vendredi.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE KILLER INSTINCT

“So, Betty, you say people really don’t understand your husband, Crazy Ralph?” Carol Martinez said, speaking into her microphone.

In front of her was Jamal, standing behind the video camera, which was sitting on a tripod. Kneeling beside him was Shawn, who had a pair of earphones on his head and was tending to the sound equipment. To either side of them were two sets of lights, their beams refracted by white pieces of poster board.

“My Ralph was not crazy.” Betty said, clearly incensed by Carol’s question. “He knew things. He tried to warn people about the curse on Camp Crystal Lake, nobody would listen. That’s why all those young people died.”

“So, you’re trying to say that Crazy Ralf should be seen as a hero, not as a drunk with a hang up on religion.”

“Ralph was a soldier of the Lord. He might have had a weakness for the demon liqueur, but he cared for the people of this town. He cared so much that he died for them.” Betty said, tears running down her cheek.

Carol was less than sympathetic. “From what I heard the reason he got done in was because he was busy peeking in the cabins of female counselors and didn’t see Jason coming.”

“That is a fucking lie!” Betty burst out, her composure broken. “How dare you say anything as

disgusting as that about such a fine man. You fucking whore!”

“Oh, my,” Carol said, feigning surprise, “does Grandma have a truck driver mouth?”

“How dare you, after the terrible things you’ve said about Ralph, judge me.” Betty said, enraged. “You are not worthy to bend over and spit shine my husband’s shoes.”

“Oh, I bet a pervert like him would like that.” Carol said, amused. “I bet while he was quoting the bible he was looking up little girls’ dresses.”

“I’ve had enough of this. You’re not interested in the truth about my Ralph. You just want to say bad things about him.” Betty said, ripping the microphone from the lapel of her waitress uniform. “I hope you fucking bastards go to Camp Crystal Lake and die!” Then she threw the microphone at Carol and stomped back into the coffee shop, but not before giving them the finger.

“What was that all about, Chief?” Shawn asked surprised, taking off the earphones and standing up. “That wasn’t an interview, it was an attack.”

“I have ta agree with da brother man, girl.” Jamal said, looking up from camera and pulling his glasses down over his bloodshot eyes. “That was a bit on da aggressive side.”

“Boys, boys, that wasn’t a serious interview.” Carol said with a satisfied smirk. “That was simply a stepping stone on the way to a goal.”

Both of her associates looked at her with confused expressions.

“In order for us to get Freeman’s address that old hag insisted on me promising that we’d interview her about that drunken loser of a husband of hers.”

“So you humored her in the most sadistic way possible.” Shawn said, disapprovingly.

Carol looked amused. “We can still use the interview. With some creative editing we can have that old witch saying that her husband was a son of a bitch.”

“Oh, I love da sound of creative integrity.” Jamal commented.

Shawn shook his head. “You are such a bitch.”

“Keep with me boys and you’ll learn what it takes to make it big in this world.” Carol said.

“Then, what now, oh wise one.” Shawn asked.

“I promised the professor an interview with Freeman and I am going to get it, no matter what.”

“But we don’t got da address, Darlin’.” Jamal pointed out. “Or do we?”

Carol smiled at him.

Philip Raman watched as Carol Martinez and her associates proceeded to put their equipment into their beaten up looking green van. The voice in his head had instructed him to watch them. Though he questioned the reasoning behind this he didn’t dare do it outright, not after the, so-called, lesson the voice had given him.

In his head the voice chuckled. *Oh, yes things are going quite well, Philip. Soon all the pieces will fall in place and our drama can begin...*

“Drama?” Phil said absently to himself, wondering what it meant. Then when he realized what he’d done and became scared.

The voice became uncomfortably quiet for a second. Phil braced himself for the mind numbing pain to begin. *Yes, dear boy.* The voice said, amused. *Remember this, all of life is but a play and all of us are*

simply players. Though, in this case, Jason and our eternal masters are writing the play.

Phil let out his breath and relaxed a bit. It was obvious the voice didn't intend to punish him this time. But still the rather cryptic explanation given failed to shed any more light on what it was he was getting into.

It would be wise if you got the car, Philip. The voice reminded him. *We must follow them.*

Phil didn't need a second prodding. He headed down the street and got in his brown Galaxy. Once behind the wheel he turned, looked out the side window, and was relieved that he could still see the back of the green van by looking down through the row of windows of the parked cars next to his.

After a few more minutes the green van started to move. Phil started his car and backed out of his parking place. Then he proceeded to follow the van at a discreet distance.

Jamal sat with his back against the tree as he sucked in the smoke from the joint and felt the drowsy feeling flow through him. It seemed like hours since they arrived at the house the waitress from the coffee shop had said was the home of Steven Freeman. But, then it was hard for Jamal to estimate time, since he was totally fried.

Nearby, Carol and Shawn were stand near the pile of video equipment talking.

"So, how much longer do you expect us to sit here and wait, Chief?" Shawn asked.

"Freeman has to come home sometime." Carol said confidently. "When he does we're going to be here waiting."

“And then what? Freeman wouldn’t talk to you before, why should he suddenly change his mind now?”

“I’m not going to give him much of a choice.” She said, plainly.

Jamal chuckled. “I must say, Darlin’, if I was Freeman I’d be shackin’ in me bones. In comparison ta Jason ya be definitely more scarier.”

Carol shook her head and looked at Shawn. “Will you please jam some coffee or something down that pothead’s throat, he’s smashed. How the fuck’s he gonna handle a camera like that?”

“I told ya, Girlie Girl, da smoke helps me with ma work.” Jamal reminded her. “Da only thing was I didna expect ta be waitin’ so long.”

Carol was about to say something but Shawn cut her off.

“One thermos of nasty day old coffee coming up.” He said, lifting Jamal up and dragging him along with him back to the van.

Phil watched this exchange with amusement. He’d parked his car down the road from the house, making sure it was well hidden from view. Then he walked the rest of the way and hid in the bushes. Now that the sun had set it was dark enough that he didn’t have to worry too much about being seen. Through being heard was another matter and was something he was definitely being careful about.

I congratulate you on your choice of vantage points. The voice said.

Phil wasn’t interested in the voice’s praise. While he’d been able to fight down his hunger for the mask while he’d been running around town observing, now

that things had quieted down the hunger was hitting him stronger than ever.

Now all we have to do is wait, observe, and look for the signs.

Phil wiped the sweat from his brow. He knew if he told the voice of his discomfort it would be less than sympathetic.

Yes, the voice said, chuckling, it's only a matter of time.

Micki looked down at the picture she was holding for what seemed like the hundredth time. Though she'd had suspicions all along about Uncle Lewis's connection to Jason's curse, to actually see the proof still amazed her.

And, she wondered why she had somehow been chosen to see those scenes from the past. For some odd reason she sensed the hand of Pamela Voorhees in all this. Maybe it was that Pamela felt it was time for the truth to be revealed; that maybe somehow she and Ryan could finally put Pamela's son's tortured soul to rest.

. Ryan glanced at her and shook his head. "Will we ever be free of Lewis? You would think after being changed into a child, and given a second chance at life, I would finally be free, but even after all this the taint of Lewis' sins has found a way to draw me back."

"There've been times the last eighteen years that I've envied you that second chance. Now I can only pity you all you've lost." Micki admitted.

"You've lost far more than I have." Ryan said.

Micki looked out the truck's window at the onrush of trees. Over the years she'd tried to block the

memory of her fiancé and all the plans that had been ruined because Lewis's inheritance.

Now she knew that there had been other casualties neither her nor her associates had known about. She knew they could include Lewis's own sister and her son among those casualties.

Ryan turned the truck onto the dirt road that lead to his house. As they headed up the road they were surprised to see lights up ahead.

"What the hell." Ryan said.

"You expecting anyone." Micki asked.

Then they came within view and saw the beat up looking green van and it's occupants.

"Oh, crap." Ryan said, exasperated.

"Who are they, Ryan?"

"Trouble."

Shawn had been the one who sighted the headlights of the Ford Ranger that was heading up the road towards Steven Freeman's house. He yelled at the others.

Carol immediately went into action and started coordinating with her associates, but to anyone who didn't know better it looked like she was standing in the road with a microphone in her hand screaming and cursing at them. "Shawn, grab that fucking light and get ready!" she yelled. "Pothead, get that fucking camera off the tripod. You think Freeman's just going to stand there and let you shoot him. This is going to be done handheld, asshole!"

Carol watched as the blue truck came to a stop in front of them. She saw Freeman turn to the red haired woman sitting in the passenger seat and say something, but she couldn't hear it and wasn't able to read his lips

because of the reflection of Shawn's light on the windshield.

Then Steven Freeman got out of the truck and came limping up to her. "You have no right to be here. You're trespassing!"

"Steven Freeman, you remember me from the coffee shop. I'm Carol Martinez. We're shooting a documentary on Jason Voorhees."

"I told you young woman I will have no part in this!" Steven Freeman said angrily.

"But, Steven, you helped Jessica Voorhees send Jason to hell, or supposedly, if you want us to believe such a way out thing." Carol said chidingly.

"For one thing, Jessica's last name never was Voorhees. And, for another, there was no supposedly about it. I sent that monster to hell and in the end it cost me everything I loved!" Freeman said exasperated. "Now go away, damnit. I have nothing more to say. I want nothing more to do with Jason Voorhees!"

"That's interesting." Carol said, looking past him at his red haired companion, who had sneaked out of the truck and was cautiously heading for the front door of the house. "Then what is that your friend is carrying?"

With that, Carol faked past Steven, raced up to his companion, and blocked her way. "Hello, my name's Carol Martinez and I'd like to know who you are and what you got wrapped in what looks like a white dress?"

Jamal had followed after Carol and continued to film.

"Leave her alone!" Freeman yelled, running up to them. "You came here to harass me. Leave her out of it."

“We haven’t been trying to harass you.” Carol said, feigning a hurt expression. “All we want is for you to give us your unique perspective. You came face to face with Jason and survived, who better to give us the low down on him.”

“You want the low down?” Freeman said glaring at her. “When I looked in that monster’s good eye all I saw was hatred; hatred for everything and everybody. I saw a being whose only reason for existence is to kill as bloodily and as mercilessly as possible.” Then Freeman grabbed Jamal by his flower pattern shirt and roughly pushed him back. “Now get that damned thing out of my face and get the hell off my property!”

“But you haven’t yet told me what your girlfriend has here.” Carol said. With that, she made a grab for the parcel Freeman’s red headed associate was holding. The woman tried to pull away, but the knot binding the dress around its contents came loose. Before the redhead could react, the dress fell open and the hardbound books inside fell out onto the ground.

Carol looked down at the pile of books and saw the gold lettered title on one of the covers. “And to think just a few moments ago you said you wanted nothing to do with Jason Voorhees; yet you seem very interested in his mother.”

“My interests are none of your business.” Steven Freeman said enraged. “Now I’ve told you to get off my property or I’ll call the sheriff.”

“No problem, Chief.” Shawn said, grabbing Carol by the arm.

“We’re not finished here!” Carol said, outraged by Shawn’s intervention.

“I’d say we are.” Shawn countered.

“I second dat, brother man.” Jamal said lowering the video camera and turning it off. “I don’t relish da thought of bein’ in da lockup.”

“Let go of me!” Carol screamed at Shawn as he started to pull her away from Freeman and back towards the van. “I’m not finished. There’s something going on here....”

“And it’s not our business” Shawn said, cutting her off.

Carol looked back and saw that Freeman and his red haired associate had picked up the books and were heading in the house.

“Damnit,” she said. She tried to pull away, but Shawn had a tight grip on her arm. “Can’t you understand you’re letting this opportunity get away from us!”

“What I understand is that we came here to do a simple documentary, not so you could play investigative reporter. We got what we needed from Freeman. It’s time we move on.”

“I’m with da brother man on this.” Jamal said. “I be not relishin’ da idea of stickin’ me nose in dat man’s shit. It not seem very healthy to me.”

Carol glared at her associates. “You both disgust me.” She said, finally jerking her arm free from Shawn’s grip. “Here we could turn this documentary into something significant, but you two don’t have the balls to do it. That’s why you two will never make anything of yourselves.”

With that, she stomped off toward the van.

From his hiding place Phil Raman observed the scene in front of Steven Freeman’s house. Though he’d been slightly amused by it, he didn’t find anything

significant about it. The same could not be said for the voice in his head.

It was there all the time I should have seen it. The voice said.

“What?” Phil whispered, though he knew he could have said it with a thought. Thing was his head was hurting too bad from the renewed hunger for the mask that raked him.

For a time I thought that it was these foolish children that would be the key to getting the mask. Now I see that thanks to the Ancient Ones they have set us once again on the correct path.

“I don’t get it.” Phil said, “Are you saying you’ve seen some kind of a sign?”

You noticed those books Miss Foster was trying to protect.

“Yeah, so.” Phil said unconvinced. “And those were the sign?”

Oh, much more than that, dear boy. The voice told him as if he were a child. Those books are a key unto themselves, a very dangerous key. I’m surprised the Ancient Ones would allow Freeman and his cousin to get possession of them.

“Why?”

Those books hold secrets, secrets that could endanger our plans.

“Then what are we supposed to do, steal them back?”

No. The voice said with conviction. We must have faith. If the Ancient Ones allowed Freeman to find those books it has to be a part of a higher plan. Therefore we cannot interfere.

“Then what the fuck are we supposed to do? Sit on our asses and wait?” Phil asked angrily, while barely controlling his voice from going higher than a whisper.

Exactly. The voice said calmly. *Now that they have those books I feel assured that their path will intersect with the mask. At that moment we must be ready to take advantage of the situation....*

Phil didn’t feel very assured, but he knew he had no choice but to do as he was told.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE DIARIES

It had been over an hour since Ryan had gone to bed. Unfortunately for Micki, she was too energized from the events of the evening to even consider sleep. So, she sat at the kitchen table going over Pamela Voorhees' diaries. She figured given her own experience keeping a journal that if Pamela left any clues as to how Jason was originally resurrected then she would have written them here.

She'd decided to start with the entries just after Jason drowned. So far all she found was the emotional outpouring of a distressed mother. Then she read an entry that sounded uncomfortably familiar:

August 19, 1957

Today I sat once again in my child's room crying. But, today Elias barged in on me.

I can't believe the gall of the man. He practically ordered me to stop mourning my precious boy. How dare he.

Then to add insult to injury he inferred that I had done the unthinkable with my own brother, and that my poor Jason wasn't really his son.

What would put such thoughts in his head?

Oh, Lewis, I know, given Elias' horrid accusations, it is wrong, but I wish you were here. I need your comfort and understanding. I know you could make things better.

Micki started skimming through the entries in the hope of finding another reference to Lewis....

September 15, 1957

A sense of calm has overcome me. Today I got a letter from Lewis. Surprisingly it came all the way from Canada.

Lewis informed me that he'd started a business in Montreal with a friend of his. He said he was selling antiques for special clients.

To my surprise, he wrote that he had acquired an item that might be of some help to me, though he didn't go into what exactly the item was.

Though I doubt anything can help me, I must admit I'm curious as to what this item is.

A chill ran down Mick's back. She knew any item associated with Lewis had to be cursed.

Anxiously, she began to skim over the entries. She went through about a month and a half worth of entries before she found what she was looking for.

November 4, 1957

Today Lewis's parcel arrived. I had thought it would come through the regular post, but, to my surprise, it came in the possession of a teenaged Negro boy. I was salting the walkway to the house, because of

the coming of an early snow, when the boy arrived. It was like he appeared out of nowhere.

He very politely asked me my name and handed me the heavy paper bound parcel. He introduced himself as Creighton Duke and said Lewis had sent him. He also said that Lewis would get in touch with me shortly.

After the young man went on his way, I took the parcel in the house and opened it. To my shock, I found that underneath the wrapping was a book, the most horrifying looking volume I'd ever seen in my life. The book appeared to be bound in the flesh from a human face.

I opened the book and found the pages looked to be made of dried human flesh as well. As I looked through a few pages I found that they were covered in horrifying pictures with text written in a language I was unfamiliar with. I had little doubt that the ink used to draw these pictures and write these words was made from human blood.

After looking over the book some more I hid it in my trunk along with my other personal items, afraid that Elias might find it. Oh, to whatever gods created this abomination that that does not happen.

Now all I can do is wait for Lewis to contact me and explain how such a horror could possibly be of help to me.

Micki continued to skim through the diary, now more determined to learn more. She recognized the description of the book Pamela mentioned as that of one of the fabled copies of the Necronomicon, though she had thought they were pure myth. Obviously she had been mistaken.

After several more pages and near a months worth of entries she came upon what she was looking for.

December 6, 1957

Finally, my waiting has been rewarded, I heard from Lewis. Once again I was outside shoveling the walkway when the young Negro boy, Creighton Duke, surprised me again by seeming to appear out of nowhere.

Silently, he handed me a note and walked off into the snow again.

I opened the note and was excited to see Lewis' handwriting.

The note instructed me to meet him inside a cave on the western slope of Crystal Hill at midnight in two days from now. He also instructed me to bring the book with me.

A thrill went through Micki as she read these words. Quickly, she moved ahead three days, hoping Pamela would mention something about her meeting with Lewis. She was not disappointed.

December 9, 1957

Last night I met with Lewis. It was easy, since Elias and I have not slept in the same bedroom for months and he always turns in early. The only hard part was making the long trip through the snow to Crystal

Hill. Thankfully, when I finally reached the cave Lewis was there with a warm greeting. He'd had Creighton Duke prepare a comfortable fire in the center of the cave.

The boy was also present at our meeting, though he stayed in the corner of the room and silently observed us.

After seating me in a folding chair near the fire, Lewis asked me to give him the book. After I handed it to him, he explained to me that it was important for what we must do that I be in possession of the book.

After glancing through the book Lewis stopped at one page. He looked up at me and explained that in recent years he'd become involved with some ancient beings known only as The Ancient Ones. He told me that since God would not help me, he had convinced them to help me by restoring my son to me.

Then he went on to tell me that there was a series of rituals required to perform this miracle. I was aghast and fascinated as Lewis told me about the different sacrifices The Ancient Ones needed to help build the energy to do their work.

Though, I must admit to a strong feeling of satisfaction when Lewis told me of the final sacrifice. To bring my son back to me I would have to take the lives of the two camp counselors who let my son drown. It would be through their hearts and blood that things would be put right.

It was at this point that Micki stopped reading. She headed up stairs and got a yellow highlighter pen from her duffle bag, where she carried her research tools.

Then she headed down stairs and started reading again.

As the hours went by Micki went through and highlighted the shocking details of the various rituals Pamela had to endure.

Several of the rituals dealt with the gathering of various body fluids, skin and hair scrapings from both her and Lewis. Other rituals, which she was forced to do on her own dealt with the sacrifice of various animals, bugs, and birds. The blood from these sacrifices were gathered and put in an urn that was set near a stone she and Lewis used as an altar.

Then she finally came to the section dealing with the final sacrifice.

August 9, 1958

Tonight vengeance has been mine. Earlier this evening, during the bonfire at Camp Crystal Lake, I found the two counselors who killed my precious boy and killed them. After, as Lewis instructed me, I cut out their hearts and gathered as much of their spilled blood as I could with a bucket and sponge.

Later, back at the cave at Crystal Hill, I squeezed the remaining blood from the two hearts into a couple canning jars along with the blood I'd gathered in the bucket. When the jars were filled, I poured the remaining blood over the altar. Then I put the two hearts in two large jars filled with formaldehyde.

These jars, along with the jars of blood, I took home awaiting word from Lewis about when we can finally finish this ghastly business and bring my Jason back to me.

For the next several pages Micki couldn't help but read Pamela's entries that she wrote during the time she was waiting for Lewis to contact her. Micki's heart went out to this poor woman as she read of the many plans Pamela had for when she was finally reunited with her son.

Then Micki felt an icy chill run through her again when she read the entry when Lewis finally contacted Pamela.

August 27, 1958

I was putting out the laundry on the clothesline when Creighton Duke suddenly appeared behind me again and gave me another start. I still can't figure out how that boy does that.

He handed me another note from Lewis. Boldly, I asked him if the time had finally come. The boy simply smiled at me and ran off.

Excitedly, I opened the note. Inside, Lewis wrote instructions on what I needed to bring and that we were to meet on the shore near the boat launch at Camp Crystal Lake tomorrow night at around two in the morning.

To my surprise, though Lewis had listed the blood of the two counselors, he had not included the two hearts.

Though I'm tempted to bring the hearts as well, I know that I shouldn't because I must have faith that Lewis wouldn't make such a mistake.

Oh, thank you, who ever you are. Tomorrow night will be a night of joy. Tomorrow my Jason will come home.

The cold chill remained with Micki. Though she didn't know exactly what the next entry would tell, she had a good idea and she felt sorry for Pamela.

Micki started to read the entry, but felt a slow ache in her head...

August 29, 1958

Oh, merciful God in heaven, what have I done. What have I unleashed on the world?

Micki stopped reading for a few moments and started rubbing her temples in the hope of soothing the pain that had crept into her head.

Then she noticed that her hand started to feel a little numb as well. *God, what's happening to me?* She thought. She continued to read. This was the important part...

I can't believe that Lewis would purposely deceive me. More than likely we were both deceived.

From what I could tell Lewis did the ritual exactly the way we'd practiced it. So why did it turn out so wrong.

Micki had to stop, something was terribly wrong with her. The pain in her head was now stabbing and her hands were cold and nearly numb. She could barely

hold the diary now. She tried to yell for Ryan, but the only thing that came out of her mouth was a heavy gasp.

Then everything around her started to fade out and turn black. She felt like she was falling. Then she felt a sensation like a light impact, like she had simply fallen out of her chair. Her hands flopped off her lap and landed on dirt.

She opened her eyes, though she didn't remember closing them, and saw that she was lying on her side on the ground a short distance from the lake. She also saw she wasn't alone. Right in front of her, standing up to his waist in the lake, was a man in a hooded cloak.

CHAPTER NINE

FLASHBACK

Micki watched as the hooded and cloaked man standing in the lake held an ornate looking gold colored chalice over his head and began to chant. "Most ancient ones," the hooded man chanted, in frighteningly familiar voice, "I consecrate this place with this offering of the essences of myself and this woman. May this offering show you our diligence and dedication to the work at hand." Micki realized the hooded man was Lewis Vendredi.

Turning slowly the hooded figure of Lewis began dumping the powdered contents of the chalice slowly as he moved. Then when he was finished he began to wade to the shore.

Noticing some movement to her left, Micki looked over and was startled to see Pamela Voorhees carrying another gold colored chalice towards the water to meet Lewis. Once she got there she retrieved the chalice he was holding and handed him the other. Then she headed back to a nearby folding table where a young black boy stood by yet another chalice. She knew the boy had to be Creighton Duke.

Lewis waded out into the lake again. Once he was in position, he held the second chalice over his head and started to chant again. "I empower this place with the blood of the animals so that their primal energy may be harnessed and we may be witness to your glorious work this night."

Then Lewis dumped the chalice of blood into the lake and started wading back to the shore again.

Micki was still in shock over what she was seeing. Somehow, like in Jason's room, she had been transported into the past and was actually witnessing the resurrection of Jason firsthand. She had no doubt she wouldn't be able to change events. *Nope*, Micki thought, *you're simply a witness*.

When Lewis arrives back at the edge of the water Pamela was once again there waiting for him with the last chalice. After taking the other one from Lewis, she handed the chalice to him and he started wading out into the lake again.

And I can guess what's inside this one. Micki thought.

"Ancient Ones, masters of darkness, hear my pleas." Lewis began to chant. "Nanna, Cythulu, Azagthoth, Lammashtha, show this unfortunate woman that you are greater than the god who has betrayed her. Bring back that which has been taken from her. I ask this with the offering of the blood of vengeance." Then he tipped the chalice and dumped its deep red contents into the water.

Slowly and shakily, Micki got up off the ground and watched in amazement as clouds started gathering around the center of the lake. Then with a flash a pillar of light shot down from the clouds, just beyond the buoy. The water around the shot began to bubble.

Then as quickly as it came the light disappeared.

There were a few moments of complete silence, like the silence before a storm, but it was broken by the sound of a splash as something came up out of the water.

The clouds covered the moon so all she could make out was a bobbing movement coming towards the shore, though she had no doubt what it was.

Micki looked over at Pamela. Pamela was excitedly shifting from one foot to the other. "Jason..." she said, her eyes tearing.

Mick looked over at Lewis, but he seemed frozen in place watching the bobbing figure.

Finally, the figure stopped bobbing and looked to be walking, the water hitting it just below the shoulders.

"Oh, Jason." Pamela said, excitedly. "Oh, I've missed you. Come to mommy."

It was at that moment the clouds cleared the moon and the lake was bathed in moonlight. And Pamela Voorhees let out a scream when she saw the bloated abomination that was stumbling out of the water towards her.

Out of instinct Micki jumped in front of Pamela before realizing it was a waste of effort. She was just a shadow in this place and couldn't stop anything.

But then she was startled as Lewis stepped into the place she was occupying, which caused her to jump out of the way. "Damn!" she said, feeling totally weirded out by the experience. "I'll never get used to that."

After few moments she recovered and watched as Lewis stood his ground, held up his hand, and ordered the thing that had once been Jason to stop. But it had no affect, the putrid smelling figure continued to stumble up the shore towards his screaming mother.

Finally, Lewis turned to Pamela and yelled, "Run!"

That seemed to be all Pamela needed to hear because she immediately stumbled backwards and took

off toward the nearby darkened and abandoned cabins, still screaming hysterically.

Good. Micki thought, as she watched Pamela exit. *Now I'll be transported back to the kitchen and I can get away from this nightmare.* But, to her surprise, as Pamela disappeared from view nothing happened, she was still left standing on the shore watching this hideous replay of history.

As Micki watched, Lewis dropped his hand and the excited look on his face dissolved. What replaced it was a cold look of satisfaction.

He looked at Jason, who was now enraged and still slowly advancing toward him. "Jason." He said in a correcting tone. "You will be still."

Jason tried to say something back at him, but all that came out of his lips besides a stream of rancid water was a gurgling sound.

"My dear boy, I understand your pain." Lewis said, giving Jason a saddened look that Micki knew was faked. "But, you must understand that your mother was not ready for the change that has occurred in you."

The corpse-like creature in front of Lewis stopped and gave him a curious look.

"I know you haven't realized what has happened but your mother and I brought you back. You see there was an accident and you drowned a year ago to this very day."

A spasm went through Jason's twisted body. He turned and stumbled back towards the water again. Then he looked down at his reflection, which was lit by moonlight. Upon seeing it he let out a gurgling wail that turned into an inhuman scream as the water left his lungs.

“I know it’s horrible.” Lewis said, moving over to the figure crouching at the edge of the water. “But remember where there’s life, my boy, there is hope. And you are very much alive.”

Jason looked up at him and glared at him, pain and shock clearly visible on his bloated features.

“Don’t worry, your Uncle Lewis won’t desert you.” Lewis said. “If there is anyway I can find to help you I will.”

Jason looked up at him pleadingly. “Mmm...a, Mma.” He barely got out.

“Your Mother?” Lewis asked.

Jason nodded.

“I’m sorry, son, but you saw her. She’ll never accept you as you are.”

This initiated a strong reaction from Jason. He slammed his thin, rotten fists into the water causing mud to come to the surface and obliterate his reflection.

“But that might not always be true. Trust me.” Lewis told him. “You’re my family. I won’t abandon you.”

Jason stood and faced his uncle.

“But I need you to accept my help.” Lewis said, more demanding. “Will you accept my help?”

Jason nodded.

Lewis looked over at the young Creighton Duke, who was crouched down behind the folding table.

“Clean up this mess and meet us at the cave.”

The boy cautiously stood up and nodded.

Lewis turned back to Jason and said, “Follow me and I’ll take you to a place where you can rest and heal.”

Micki watched as Lewis lead his ghastly charge up from the edge of the lake and onto the path into the forest.

"If only I knew what I know now." Micki heard a female voice say from behind her.

Micki turned around and a figure moved stiffly out of the shadows of the woods. As the figure came into the moonlight she was struck by both recognition and revulsion. The figure was Pamela Voorhees, but this time it wasn't a vision of the past. This was the ghost of Pamela Voorhees.

As the figure, who was dressed in a blood soaked tan turtleneck sweater and equally soaked blue jeans, moved closer Micki could see that her head was severed at the throat and was being balanced on the stump of the neck by pure will. New blood dribbled from the slice in the neck.

"Please don't be frightened, dear." Mrs. Voorhees said. "I'm really trying to make myself as presentable as possible. As long as I stay straight, and the suction holds, we won't have an uncomfortable accident."

"You're the one who brought me here." Micki realized.

"Yes I did." Pamela admitted.

"Why?" Micki asked, standing her ground, though part of her wanted to run as far as she could from this walking dead woman.

"I need you to know the truth, the whole truth." Pamela said, stopping three feet away from Micki.

"But I had your diaries..." Micki started to say, but Pamela cut her off.

"Those don't tell the full story." Pamela said. "If only I knew then what I do now. I could've stopped all the bloodshed. It took my own death to really open my

eyes to my dear brother's treachery. He used me and cursed my son to this horrible endless existence."

Micki was perplexed by this turn of events. "If I recall wasn't it just a year and a half ago that Jason's mask brought your head back to life." Micki reminded her. "And, from what my research indicated, you were helping the mask."

Pamela looked taken aback. "What the mask brought back in that soulless thing was the madness my sin had drawn me into. I was forced to sit helplessly and watch Lewis and the dark ones use my remains like some perverted puppet."

"That sounds like a convenient story." Micki said, her distrust evident. "Now you seem perfectly able to take action."

"That's thanks to you, dear." She said. "You seem unaware of the power you possess. I sensed it the moment you walked into my house. I've been tapping into it to help me do this."

"You showed me that vision in Jason's room." Micki recalled. "You nearly got me killed."

"You needed to have proof about Lewis." Pamela reminded her. "Anyway, I trusted that your cousin would be able to help you."

"Still, how am I supposed to trust you after all the horrible things you've done."

"I can understand your reluctance." Pamela said, looking hurt. "All I ask is that you look at what I have to show you with an opened mind."

"There's more?" Micki said, surprised.

"Oh, yes, dear." Pamela said.

At that moment the lake and campground dissolved and were replaced by cave walls glowing in candlelight.

“What the...”Micki said.

“As I said there is more for you to see.” Pamela informed her.

Micki looked around the cave and understood where she was, inside the cave on Crystal Hill. But the question was when.

She saw Lewis standing over a crouching figure dressed in blue jean coveralls and a flannel shirt. Standing nearby as well was Creighton Duke, though now he looked to be about seventeen.

“Look at me when I’m talking to you.” Lewis said sternly to the crouching figure.

“Please, Master, don’t punish him. I was the one who didn’t keep a good enough eye on him.” Creighton Duke said with his head lowered.

“Don’t worry, you’ll get yours.” Lewis said, glaring at him. “But now I must convince our rebellious little charge here of the error of his ways.”

Hearing this, Jason glared up at Lewis; giving Micki a clear view of his fully healed yet hideously deformed, face. His facial features seemed scrunched together, with sporadic patches of stringy black hair covering his nearly bald scalp. His most prominent features were his jutting discolored teeth and his drooping right eye, which gave the impression of being lower than the other.

“Can’t you understand the danger you put yourself into by going off on your own like that.” Lewis told him. “What if someone saw you.”

Jason looked up with defiance in his good eye. “Mmma!” He said back.

Lewis closed his eyes and calmed his frustration. When he spoke again his voice was calm and soothing. “I know you miss your mother, but you have to

understand that your mother won't accept you the way you are. Please understand me. It's been five years, and she's moved on with her life. She even has another child to love."

This put Jason into a rage. He gave an inhuman roar of anger and began pounding on the cave wall.

Then he turned to Lewis, fire in his good eye. He lifted his arms above his head and let out another roar.

Lewis looked unimpressed. "You hurt me, boy, and you'll be alone."

Jason froze for a moment; a look of fear came to his good eye. Then he turned around and started pounding on the cave wall again.

"I know it's a painful realization for you," Lewis said, sounding sympathetic, "but it's a fact of life."

"Mmma...Nnnno...!" Jason screamed.

Lewis stood back and watched as Jason continued. After a few more minutes he finally slumped down and began to cry. His fists, which he held tightly across his stomach, were a cut up mess. Dark blackish colored blood oozed from the wounds.

"Clean him up." Lewis ordered Creighton Duke. "And this time keep an eye on him or the next person in need of the first aid kit will be you." Lewis glared at him in a way that made it perfectly clear he wasn't joking.

"But, Master, where are you going? The boy asked, nervously looking over at Jason's slumped form.

"I need to do some cleanup work of my own. It's obvious something needs to be done, something final. It appears we're going to have to advance things a bit sooner than I would like, but we've no choice."

"Are you sure that's wise, Master." Creighton Duke said. "It's true his rage has continued to grow, but

I don't believe it's strong enough to push him into murder."

With that, Lewis slapped Creighton Duke across the face. The slap was hard enough that it knocked the boy to the ground. "I didn't ask for your approval or your opinion. I think leaving you here to watch our charge has given you an inflated view of your position here."

The boy crawled to Lewis and got into a kneeling position in front of him. "I ask forgiveness, Master."

"Once you clean him up pack our things and be ready to leave." Lewis ordered, his voice lowered so Jason couldn't hear him. "It won't be safe for either of us around here once the plan is executed."

Micki looked over at the ghost of Pamela Voorhees, surprised. "What plan? I demand to know how we're seeing this. You couldn't possibly have known about this."

"But I could." She heard a male voice say from behind her.

Micki turned and saw a tall, slim, middle aged black man decked out in cowboy boots, blue jean pants, dark flannel shirt, blue jean vest, and a black cowboy hat come out of the shadows. The man also had a dark mustache and whiskers with several gray hairs in the mix.

"Creighton Duke." Micki said, stating the obvious.

"At your service, lovely lady." The black man in the cowboy hat said with a toothy grin and a tip of his hat. "My reputation proceeds me."

"What the hell are you doing here?" Micki asked.

"The same thing as poor Pamela here." He told her. "You saw for yourself, I also was involved in

bringing Jason back and I share the same punishment. I too will never find rest until this curse is ended.”

“It was Creighton who made me aware of all this. He showed me the same way that I’m showing you now.” Pamela told Micki.

“I don’t understand this, you helped Jessica and Ryan send Jason to Hell.” Micki said to Duke, surprised by this turn of events.

“Obviously that wasn’t enough.” Duke said.

“But now we’ve got a chance to redeem ourselves, thanks to you and your cousin.” Pamela told her.

Micki felt overwhelmed. Now she had the fate of these two souls added to the burden she already held.

“Lewis said something about a plan he was having to advance?” Micki said, looking over at the two spirits who were now standing together in front of her.

With that, the scene around her dissolved yet again.

CHAPTER TEN

THE MORNING AFTER

Ryan smelled the aroma of fresh coffee as he drowsily, and stiffly, limped down the hall toward the kitchen. His body still hurt from the beating it had taken the night before.

He silently chided himself for oversleeping. It was well after nine and he knew he needed to get himself together and take care of a few things.

One thing he definitely needed to do was call his partner, Will Peters, and ask him if he could take care of the Army/Navy store for the next few days. He figured he'd explain his need for time away from the store by telling his partner he wanted to spend some time with his cousin, which wasn't far from the truth. Though, he couldn't rightly tell him what he and his cousin were going to be doing together.

Upon entering the kitchen Ryan grabbed a mug from beside the sink and poured himself a steaming cup of coffee, thankful the auto shutoff on the coffee maker was broken. He was just taking his first eye-opening sip when he turned and saw Micki slumped over the top of the kitchen table, fast asleep. Her head was resting on an opened volume of Pamela Voorhees' diaries.

As he headed over to check on her, she started to stir. Groaning sleepily, she looked up at him with squinty eyes. "What time is it?" She asked sitting up and wiping a bit of drool from the side of her mouth.

“It’s a bit past nine.” He said. “Were you up most of the night reading these?” he indicated the majority of the diaries, which were strewn on the floor next to the table.

“I guess I must have been.” She said looking down at the scattered piles of books. “But, Ryan, something happened last night. I talked with the spirit of Pamela Voorhees herself and Creighton Duke.”

“Creighton Duke.” Ryan parroted back at her. “Are you sure it wasn’t just a very detailed dream.”

“It felt like the experience I had at the Voorhees house. You can’t explain that away as being only a dream.”

Ryan had to admit she had a point, yet he still couldn’t just take her word for it. “How did you know it was Duke?”

“Besides the fact that he introduced himself, I don’t know too many black guys these days who could get away with that urban cowboy dress style. Hell, the guy reminded me of Mr. Nightlinger from The Cowboys.”

Ryan was startled by her terminology. He had thought of that character from the John Wayne movie when he first met Creighton Duke.

“I know exactly how Lewis and Pamela brought Jason back from the dead.” She told him. Then she yawned and sleepily rubbed her eyes.

“That’s fantastic,” He told her, “and I’d love to hear about it, but right now I think it would be for the best if you went stairs and get a few hours sleep.”

She looked at him surprised. “What? But, Ryan, I have to tell you what I’ve found out.”

“Micki, you’re exhausted.” Ryan told her.

“You’re no good to either one of us like this.” Micki

tried to argue but Ryan waved her off. “Anyway, I have urgent business in town and while I’m out I expect you to get some rest.”

“But, Ryan this is important.” She pressed.

“I promise we will sit down when I get back and you can go over it with me to your heart’s content. But right now I have a business to worry about.”

“Your store.” Micki said, the realization hitting her. “What are you going to do?”

“I was just about to call my partner when I saw you.”

“You think he’ll be willing to help you out?” She asked.

“I’m sure.” He assured her. “Will ran that store for ten years before he took me on as a partner, and went into semi-retirement. I’m sure he’ll be itching to get his hands dirty again.”

“Then I guess I’ve got no choice.” Micki admitted, though she didn’t seem completely secure with it. “But the moment you get home you’re going to sit down and listen.”

“I promise.” He said, giving her a two-fingered scout salute.

Then he escorted her upstairs.

He was about to hang out and make sure she actually went to bed, but he didn’t have to. The moment her head hit the pillow Micki was fast asleep.

Ryan headed downstairs and went into the kitchen again. After refilling his coffee cup, he went to the white phone on the wall, picked the receiver, and dialed Will Peters’ number. After a few rings he heard drum music playing in the background as Will’s answering machine message came on. “You’ve reached the residence of retired Army Colonel William Charles

Peters. I am” Then there was a click. “Hello?” said a slightly out of breath Will Peters.

“Will?” Ryan asked.

“Hey, Steven.” Will said, sounding better. “You caught me just as I got home from my jog. What’s up?”

“I was wondering if you could watch the store for me for a couple days.”

“You need some reacquainting time with that lovely cousin of yours?” Will asked, surprising Ryan.

“How...?” Ryan asked.

“This is Crystal Lake.” Will told him as if that explained everything. But then he added, “Very little happens around here that people don’t know.”

“So what do you say about the store?” Ryan asked.

“Sure.” Will said. “I’d love to take care of the old girl for a couple days.”

After that they agreed to meet at the store in forty-five minutes.

After Ryan hung up the phone he drank down his coffee and rushed up stairs to get dressed.

Wake up, fool. The voice screamed in Phil Raman’s head.

“What!” Phil said quickly sitting up from behind the clump of brush he was laying behind. Due to pain his hunger for the mask caused him Phil had barely managed to relax enough to go to sleep in the first place. Now that he’d been jarred awake the pain nauseated him to the point where he nearly threw up.

Freeman’s leaving. The voice informed him. *We must follow him.*

Bleary eyed, Raman looked over at the house and saw Freeman heading down the path toward the blue truck.

Hurry, we must get back to the car before he gets away.

Phil didn't argue. He knew even if he wanted to it would be unwise to provoke the voice. So, he slipped through the bushes trying not to be noticed. Once he was out of sight of the house he forced himself to start running through the woods toward his car's hiding place.

Damnit, if he gets away I'll make you suffer for it! The voice threatened as he ran.

"I'm doing the best I can, damn you!" Phil cursed back, though he wanted to laugh. He doubted the voice could hurt him any worse than he felt at that moment, but he didn't want to bet on it.

Then he caught sight of the back of his car in the distance. He also saw Freeman's truck speeding down the dirt road not too far behind him.

Freeman's truck had just past his car's hiding place, the dust cloud still heavy in the air, when Phil reached the hiding place. After rummaging around his pants pockets for the car keys for a few seconds, Phil opened the car door, jumped inside, and started the engine. The engine groaned unhappily, but didn't die.

Slowly, Phil backed the car out of the bushes and took off down the road after Freeman's truck.

Hurry up! The voice pushed.

"We don't want Freeman to see us." Phil reminded the voice.

We don't want to lose him either. The voice said back.

“Don’t worry I know what I’m doing.” Phil said as he turned off the dirt road onto the main road. Freeman’s truck was barely visible in the distance.

You’d better be very sure about that, the voice said, *for your own sake.*

Phil sped up the car a bit, but still kept Freeman’s truck a good distance away. He kept this up all the way into town.

“I must say you’ve done wonders with this place.” Will Peters said, as he counted out the till.

Ryan was standing on the other side of the cash register watching him. Even after two hours he still hadn’t gotten used to seeing his former boss wearing a light blue jogging suit. In the ten years he’d known Will Peters he’d never seen him wear anything but military clothes. Even when he was Ryan’s best man at his wedding Will wore his dress blues.

“But then you always were the idea man, Eh, Steven.” Will continued.

“If I recall that wasn’t always an attribute you admired about me.” Ryan reminded him.

“Yes, it took some time but you wore me down.” Will said, laughing with amusement at the reminiscence. “But I must say I’m surprised that you’d get on the band wagon, so to speak, and have anything to do with all this Jason rubbish.”

Ryan was confused for a moment, but then he realized what Will was getting at. On the wall behind the main counter, near the door to the back stock, was a display of knives. Among the knives was a machete with the name CRYSTAL LAKE painted in drippy looking blood red letters on the blade.

Ryan looked over at the machete and waved it off. "Oh, yeah. The thing is I have the same distributor as Ross McCade at The Crystal Lake Souvenir Shop, so when I last restocked I got stuck with those. The distributor promised to replace them as soon as he gets some regular ones in."

"Good, I would have been very disappointed in you." Will said with relief. "Especially after everything that has happened."

"Hell, Will, you know me better than that"

"I don't know about that." Will said seriously "Mary at the coffee shop was telling me that you and your cousin were asking Betty about Pamela Voorhees."

"Actually, it was Micki who was doing the asking." Ryan admitted. "She's doing research for a book on Pamela Voorhees."

"Oh, really?" Will said, seeming a bit overly interested. "So brains as well."

This last comment caught Ryan by surprise.

"Well it was a smart idea to take her to Betty." Will continued.

"Yeah, I figured since Betty is the big ear around town she'd definitely know something."

"Actually, I meant because Betty was one of Pamela's best friends. Her and Ralph were closer to Pamela and Elias than anyone in this town, that includes the Christies."

"What you mean?" Ryan asked confused. According everything he'd heard it was the Christies the Voorhees had been close friends with.

"Though Pamela and Elias may have acted cozy with the Christies in public the truth was both of them thought the Christies were stuck up snobs. The only one

Pamela had any affection for was Steve Christie, and you know how that ended.”

Ryan nodded. He definitely did remember reading about how the sheriff found Steve Christie’s mercilessly butchered body hanging from the branch of a tree near the main cabin.

“Anyway, Ralph and Betty were constantly over at the Voorhees’ house.” Will continued. “In the old days you always saw Elias and Ralph together either going fishing or hunting.”

“That’s odd because Betty gave me the impression she barely knew Pamela.” Ryan told him.

“It’s probably a very sensitive issue with her. I recall she and Pamela went their separate ways after Elias had his accident.”

Ryan looked at Will, his curiosity piqued. “I’ve heard the story about how Pamela died, but I’ve never heard about what happened to Elias. You said it was an accident?”

“Yeah, Elias and Ralph were out hunting. It was right after we had four days straight of rain.” Will told him. “An old tree tipped over on top of him and he was impaled through the heart by a broken branch.”

“And no one questioned that story?” Ryan asked surprised. “It sounds a bit fishy to me.”

“I thought the same thing when I heard it the first time. But, the sheriff at the time did an investigation and confirmed Ralph’s story.”

Still, the story didn’t ring true to Ryan. He figured there had to be more to it.

“Oddly enough it wasn’t long after Elias’s death that Ralph started drinking, preaching, and claiming that Camp Crystal Lake had a death curse.” Will added.

“And what about Pamela?” Ryan asked.

“From what I heard, after the accident Pamela became more reclusive. It was less than a year later that she had her breakdown and was committed.”

“I hadn’t heard Pamela had been committed.” Ryan had to admit. “So that’s why Diana was raised by the Kimbles.”

“Pamela only got out of the institution three years before she committed the murders at Camp Crystal Lake.” Will told him. “I’m surprised you didn’t know.”

“If you recall my mom and I moved to Crystal Lake a few years after the murders.” Ryan reminded him. “By that time the townspeople were very closed mouthed about anything dealing with Pamela Voorhees.”

Phil Raman leaned against the wall next to the display window of the Army/Navy store drinking a cup of coffee out of a paper cup and eating a chocolate cupcake he’d gotten from the grocery store across the street. The voice in his head had been very angry with him for leaving his “post” just to stuff his face. But, Phil had been extremely hungry. The last time he’d eaten had been just after he and Doctor Bob had returned from the murder scene at Crystal Hill, nearly forty hours earlier.

Satisfied now? The voice asked.

Phil dropped the cupcake wrapper on the ground and pulled the Ziplock bag out of his coat pocket that held the two pickled eggs he’d bought as well. “Nearly.” He said aloud, bending down and putting his coffee cup on the small ledge under the display window. Then he opened the bag and one by one downed the two eggs. He hardly chewed and let the

sour tasting delicacies slide down his throat.

“Breakfast.” He said with a satisfied groan.

I hope it was worth it to you. The voice said, with disgust. *Be thankful Freeman was still here when you returned. You definitely wouldn’t have enjoyed the alternative.*

Phil bent down and retrieved his cup of coffee.

“Think of it this way, I wouldn’t be of much use to the plan if I let myself become weakened from hunger.”

“So there you are.” He heard someone say from behind him.

Startled, Phil turned and hot coffee from his cup sloshed over his hand. He yelped and dropped the cup, sending its contents splattering on the ground in front of him.

“My god, man, what have you done to yourself?” Sheriff Landis said as he approached.

“I’m fine.” Phil said, rubbing his reddened, stinging, hand. The burn looked worse than it was, but it would still be an irritant to him.

“Have you looked at yourself lately. You look like shit.” The Sheriff sounded almost concerned.

“I haven’t been feeling good.” Phil told him, allowing a trace of the irritation he felt to come through. “Is there some reason for your visit, Sheriff?”

Sheriff Landis seemed slightly annoyed.

“Actually, there is. Your boss has been looking for you. If you recall you’re supposed to be helping him with the autopsies of those kids from the latest set of murders.”

“I told you, Sheriff, I’m not feeling good. The only reason I’m out of bed right now is because I needed to get something in my stomach.”

“Well, boy, you really need to get on the horn and let Bob know.” The sheriff informed him. “He told

me he'd been calling your place and paging you all day yesterday."

"Fine, I'll call him." Phil said, annoyed. "Is there anything else?"

"Just that you should go see the doctor before what you have turns serious."

"I'm hoping it will." Phil said under his breath.

"What was that?" The Sheriff said.

"I said I'll look into it." Phil lied.

"You do that." The sheriff said, turning around and starting back to his patrol car, which was parked at the corner.

Phil watched him leave and imagined how satisfying it would be to stick a knife in that loudmouthed jackass' back.

In time, my friend, the voice said, in time.

"So since your cousin is researching a book, she'll probably be hanging around for a bit." Will said, with a nervous grin, as he walked Ryan to the front door of the store.

"Is there something you wanted to ask me about Micki?" Ryan asked. "You've been acting like a high school boy wanting to ask the most popular girl to the prom."

"I have?" Will said, his face turning crimson with embarrassment. "Actually I was interested in finding out if she would be around for The Winter Festival. I would be very interested in asking if she'd allow me to escort her to the Winter Ball."

This totally blew Ryan away. *Will and Micki on a date!*

But then Ryan realized that there wasn't all that much difference in Micki and Will ages. He realized he'd been seeing Micki through the blinders of his past. The truth was that while he had grown up all over again Micki had aged eighteen years. She was now a fifty year old woman.

"I'll definitely ask her about it." Ryan said finally.

"Thank you, Steven." Will said, a look of relief on his face. "So where you off to now?"

"To do a little research of my own." He said, as he headed out the door.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

INTERVIEWS

“...Yeah, that’s the place right over there.” Said Deputy John Cort, as he self-conscientiously pointed over his shoulder at the Big Kay Burger restaurant across the street. In front of him was Jamal behind the camera with Shawn kneeling to his side monitoring the sound equipment. To Cort’s right was Carol Martinez holding a microphone in front of her and looking at Cort with total interest. “That’s where Joey B’s Diner used to be.”

“Is it true, deputy, that only Steven Freeman, Jessica Kimble, and her baby daughter survived the massacre?” Carol asked

“That’s what I heard, Mam. But, I wasn’t assigned to the Cunningham County Sheriff Department at that time.”

“From what I heard that’s a lucky thing for you, deputy, because wasn’t it that TV celebrity Robert Campbell murdered everyone in the sheriff’s office except, of course, Sheriff Landis himself.”

“No, actually the sheriff, Deputy Randy Dorin, and our fileclerk Deputy Ed Marlin survived the massacre. Course, Randy actually died at the Voorhees house later on.”

“Don’t you mean he was murdered by Steven Freeman, who cut his head off?”

“Mam, Randy was possessed by Jason. The sheriff, himself, said that after Steven cut his head off

some sort of hideous critter came out of his neck.” Cort said, defensively.

“And you believe what Sheriff Landis tells you, even something as incredible as that?”

Cort gave her a confused look. “I...I...Of course I believe the sheriff. The sheriff doesn’t have any reason to lie about this.”

“I would say trying to help his girlfriend’s daughter from getting charged as an accomplice to murder is a good reason.”

“And I would say you are crossing the boundaries of a simple documentary about a local legend.” said Sheriff Landis as he walked towards the film crew from his patrol car, which was parked at the corner.

Nervously, Jamal and Shawn began to shut their equipment down, but Carol motioned for them to continue.

“Then I feel it’s only fair that we get your perspective on what happened.” Carol said, pointing her microphone in the sheriff’s direction.

“Miss Martinez, I didn’t come here to become part of your trashy documentary. I came here to issue you with a warning about harassing members of this community and making statements bordering on slander.” Then he looked over at Jamal and Shawn. “I would suggest you boys better shut that stuff off before I order my deputy to drag your asses in.”

Deputy Cort gave Jamal and Shawn a warning glance. That seemed to be enough for them because they immediately shut down the equipment.

“Excuse me, Sheriff, I was right in the middle of an interview.” Carol told him.

“Your interview is over.”

“Is this about your buddy Steven Freeman?”
Carol asked, now annoyed.

“Steven?” The sheriff asked, surprised. “No. But now I’ll have to get Steven on the horn and ask him what you’re talking about.” Then the sheriff smiled at her; but it didn’t look friendly. “No, actually this is about Betty Loomis.”

Carol looked undisturbed.

“From what she told me she agreed to do a simple interview and ended up having the memory of her husband trashed on camera by you.”

“Mrs. Loomis signed a waiver before she was interviewed.” Carol pointed out. “If she doesn’t like the way the interview turned out that’s tough luck. If I choose to use the interview in my documentary there’s nothing either you or her can do about it.”

“Legally you’re right.” The sheriff admitted. “But you see in a small town like Crystal Lake the community expects more from their sheriff than just being somebody to enforce the law; they want someone who will protect them from troublesome elements that disturb their peace. You and your friends just crossed that line.”

“You can’t arrest us for bad taste.” Carol told him.

“Did I say anything about arresting you?”

“Actually...” Shawn began, but stopped when the sheriff shot him a warning glance.

“No. I’m just here to inform you that your welcome here in Crystal Lake is growing a bit thin and I would suggest that you consider packing up your show and moving on.”

“And if we don’t?” Carol challenged.

“Then you risk becoming one of those troublesome elements I mentioned.” The sheriff said.

“Then what are you going to do?” Carol challenged. “You just said you couldn’t arrest us.”

“Actually, Miss Martinez, I didn’t say that.” The sheriff said, with cold confidence. “What I said was that I couldn’t arrest you for bad taste. But, if I had a suspicion about another violation of the law, such as the use of illegal drugs, I could bring you in on that.” The sheriff looked over at Jamal, but the cameraman was nervously fiddling with the controls of the camera and avoiding his gaze.

“You don’t have to worry about anymore trouble, Sheriff.” Carol said. “We’re done doing interviews and we’ll be finished shooting by tomorrow.”

“I would recommend you finish as fast as possible.” Landis said, turning and heading back to his patrol car.

Deputy Cort looked over at Carol. “We’re still on for tomorrow? Right?” he asked.

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world.” Carol told him seductively and snapped her teeth at him.

“You got some place you need to be, Cort?” The sheriff yelled angrily from where he stood in front of his patrol car. Cort stiffened.

“I’m on my way, Sheriff.” Cort said, giving Carol an apologetic look as he headed off towards his own patrol car, which was parked down the street.

“You really amaze me, Chief.” Shawn said, as he and Jamal started breaking down the equipment.

“You’ll do anything to get an interview, even go out with a geek like that deputy. Shame you didn’t get to finish the interview at least.”

“To hell with the interview.” Carol said with a smug look on her face. “We got what we needed. And, as for Deputy Do Right, by the time he realizes he’s been stood up we’ll be on our way back to California.”

Both Shawn and Jamal looked at her in total confusion. “Excuse me for being totally ignorant, Chief, but what the hell did we get out of this except a rather short introduction to the massacre at Joey B’s and a very slanderous and, unsubstantiated, accusation against the sheriff?”

Carol pulled a piece of paper out of the pocket of her blue jean jacket and handed it to Shawn.

Shawn looked over the paper, but still looked confused. “Yeah, these look like directions. But directions to where?”

Carol looked pleased by his confusion. “Our next destination...the Voorhees residence.”

“No shit.” This came from Jamal.

“As I said, you amaze me, Chief.” Shawn said.

“All it takes is knowing when to provide a little gentle persuasion.” She said, before she started to help them pack up the equipment.

“Back again I see, Steven.” Betty said pleasantly as she approached the counter. “What can I tempt you with? One of my special egg salad and ham sandwiches?”

“Actually, Betty, I’m looking for information.” Ryan said, as Betty filled his cup with coffee from the pot she was carrying.

“I’m surprised at you Steven Freeman.” Betty said. “This is the first time you’ve turned down one of my egg salad sandwiches. This information you want must be very important to you.”

“It’s very important.” Ryan admitted. Ryan looked around at the crowded coffee shop. This thing was though what he wanted to know wasn’t something the general public needed to know. “Could we go someplace more private to talk?”

“Actually, I’m due for a break. Give me a few minutes.” She said. Then she took an apple pastry from behind the counter, put it on a plate, and set it in front of him. “Here... eat something while you wait. I know a hungry boy when I see one.”

Ryan had to admit he was a little hungry. He had taken off from the house without eating breakfast. Hungrily, he tore into the confection.

“You don't look so good, Hon.” Mary, the waitress said, concerned, to Phil, who was sitting in the booth in front of her. “Are you sure you wouldn't like something more than coffee?”

Would you please tell that fat cow to fuck off! The voice in his head said, annoyed.

“I'm fine, Mary. I've already had something to eat.” Phil said.

“Then maybe some orange juice?” She asked, looking concerned.

Just tell that bitch to mind her own business. The voice complained. *Fucking hicks, don't know when to mind their own business. That's one reason why I hate this fucking town so much!*

“, that'll be fine.” Phil said, with a charming smile. “Please make that and my coffee to go, would you honey.”

“No problem, Hon.” Mary said, returning his smile.

After Mary went off to fill his order, Phil's expression darkened and he said under his breath, "Will you please stop yelling in my head. Between you and that bitch I can barely concentrate on what I'm doing." He said, looking over at Steven Freeman, who was just ten feet away, eating on the pastry that old bitch, Betty, had given him. He'd been trying to listen in on their conversation, figuring that Steven had come back to the coffee shop for more than something to eat. He'd been right.

Then he saw that Betty was returning. *Now the game begins*, he thought.

"Here, put your coffee in this and meet me out back." Betty said to Ryan, handing him a Styrofoam cup.

After pouring his coffee in the cup, Ryan left the coffee shop, headed into the alleyway along the side of the building, and went around to the kitchen door of the coffee shop.

About ten minutes later, Betty came strolling out the kitchen door carrying a tea cup on a small plate with a couple of cookies sitting on it. "Young man, what is it that you needed to know that was so important that it had to interfere with my morning tea?"

"Why didn't you tell Micki and me before that you'd been a close friend with Pamela Voorhees?" Ryan asked.

"It was none of your business." Betty said simply. "I may have the reputation of being the town gossip, but my personal business is just that, my business."

"But we had told you that this was important."

“Your cousin's book is not a good enough reason to further tarnish my dear friend's memory.” Betty said, sternly.

“I guess that wouldn't be.” Ryan admitted. “But what if I told you that Micki wasn't writing a book but was here to end the curse put on this town by Lewis Vendredi.”

“I never gave you Lewis' name.” she said, surprised. “How do you know about Lewis?”

“Because Lewis is my uncle.” Ryan said. “And, I know for a fact that he had something to do with bringing Jason back from the dead.”

“But, Steven, the curse is already over.” Betty said. “You sent Jason to Hell.”

“What? You must be kidding me.” Ryan said, surprised. “What about the recent murders?”

“But the sheriff said the murders weren't connected and were done by copycat murderers.”

“And knowing what you know about all this you actually believed that?” Ryan said.

“I guess I honestly wanted to believe you and Jessica had ended the curse.” Betty admitted, looking much older and tired.

“What about the rumors about Jason's mask?” Ryan asked.

“I thought people were just trying to keep the legend alive.” Betty admitted.

“Micki and I have been looking into these murders and can assure you these are not simple copycat murders. Micki has actually seen a pattern to these murders that indicates that they're building towards something major.”

“My stars, have you any idea what that might be?”

“We're not too sure at this time,” Ryan admitted, “But we know we need to be ready and knowledge is power.”

“Quite true, young man.” Betty agreed. “How can I be of help?”

“I asked Will Peters about what he knew about Elias Voorhees' death. What he told me didn't ring true. He mentioned that your husband, Ralph, was with him at the time. I was wondering if he told you anything about it?”

Betty took another sip of her tea and looked down at her cup in disgust. “If I had known you were going to ask me about something like this I would have added something stronger to this.” Then Betty downed the rest of the tea in one gulp. She sat down on the stoop in front of the kitchen door and placed the empty cup, saucer, and untouched cookies down beside her. “Ralph told me what happened. He was never the same after the incident. You're right when you say that the story that was passed around town wasn't true. The sheriff and Ralph came up with it because the truth was far more hideous.”

“Did Jason kill his own father?” Ryan asked, pointedly.

“Yes. He killed Elias because Elias was trying to stop him from killing his mother.”

“What!” Ryan said, stunned by this revelation. “But Jason loved his mother. Why the hell would he try to kill her? And what the hell was Pamela doing there?”

“Well, you see, Elias, Pamela, and Ralph had all gone into those woods to kill Jason.” Betty told him. “So you can see in some ways you could say it was self defense on his part.”

Phil quickly peeked around the side of the building at Steven Freeman and that old hag, Betty. He'd been listening intently to Betty's account when the voice in his head distracted him. *I should've gotten rid of that old biddy years ago.*

"Would you please shut up. I can't hear with you bitching in my head." Phil said, under his breath.

That old bitch's burbling is of no concern to us.
The voice said.

"It certainly got you going." Phil said, quietly, amused. But his amusement ended when a bolt of mind numbing pain shot through his head. " , I get the picture. You're the boss." Phil said, hoping his voice hadn't gone too high. Spittle dribbled from his mouth and he could taste the flavor of bloody snot touch his lips. He slapped his hand over his mouth to stifle the scream he was about to release. Then the pain ended.

I hope I don't have to remind you of your position again. The voice said.

"No,... no." Phil said, breathlessly. Then Phil quickly glance around the corner again, hoping Steven and the old woman didn't hear him. Luckily, he saw they were still deep in their conversation.

I need to remember to have you butcher that old bitch once we get the mask. The voice said, absently.

Phil slowly slid down the side of the wall and tried to keep from puking.

"That doesn't make sense." Ryan said. "Pamela went to all the trouble of bringing Jason back and then decided to kill him."

"You have no idea what that poor woman went through. All she wanted was to have her son back, not that monster that came out of the lake. She spent years

in fear, thinking that that thing might be watching her from the woods. Once she had Diana her fear increased because now she had to worry that he might do something to her baby. Finally, she'd had enough and contacted Lewis and asked for his help to end it."

"And what did Lewis do?" Ryan asked.

"Not much." Betty said, with disgust. "The bastard sent that black boy of his with a knife and basically told her to kill him herself."

Ryan was intrigued by this piece of information. "Did he give her any specifics about how to kill him?"

"As I said I got this information from Ralph and I don't think he knew too many specifics." Betty reminded him.

"Well did he tell you anything about the knife?" Ryan asked.

"All Ralph told me was it was big and fancy."

Ryan went over to a pile of boxes and ripped a flap off one of them. Rummaging through the pockets of his jeans he pulled out a pen and began to draw. It had been over three years since he saw the dagger Creighton Duke had given to Jessica, but he had the image of it burned into his memory.

When he was finished he showed it to Betty.

"Could this be the knife?"

"As I said, I never saw the knife." She said, squinting at the picture. "But, Ralph also said it was magic, that it changed from a hunting knife into a knife straight out of Hell itself. So this could definitely be the knife."

"Then this gives me yet another mystery to solve." Ryan said. "Did Ralph tell you if Pamela actually stabbed Jason with the knife?"

“Actually, he did.” Betty said. “He told me that she drove that accursed thing right into that boy's heart. The only result was that Jason went into a rage and attacked his poor mother.”

“That's odd.” Ryan said, looking down at the picture in his hand again as if it held his answers. “If this is the same dagger Pamela used why didn't it destroy Jason then.”

Betty looked at him quizzically. Ryan noticed this.

“This is the dagger that Jessica used to send Jason to Hell. Why didn't it work for Pamela? Creighton Duke told Jessica that only a Voorhees could kill Jason with the dagger. But if that is the case something is very odd here.”

“And once again, Steven, you run into a problem. Creighton Duke is dead and any secrets he had died with him.”

“That doesn't mean he can't tell us anything.” Ryan said, dropping the picture and heading for the alleyway. “Sorry Betty, gotta rush. I need to see a lady about a ghost.”

“I don't understand.” Betty said, looking totally baffled.

“Good. It's safer that way.” Ryan said, as he turned around the corner of the building and headed into the alleyway.

Then as he headed out of the alley and around the front of the building he nearly ran face first into Phil Raman. “Shit.” he said, startled. “Sorry about that, Phil. I didn't see you.”

“I get that a lot.” Phil commented, humorlessly.

“My God, man, you should go home and get some rest. You look awful. What? Is Doctor Bob that much of a task master?”

“That was right where I was going when you so rudely ran into me.” he said, with false sounding irritation.

“Well, I guess I owe you a coffee once you feel up to it.” Ryan said, with a friendly smile.

“I’ll hold you to that.” Phil said, amused.

“I’ll look forward to it.” Ryan said, as he continued down the street and back to his car.

Could you have been anymore clumsy? The voice asked. Freeman nearly caught us back there.

“But he didn’t.” Phil said, under his breath. “And if he had, you heard him, I look sick. I could easily make the excuse that I’d ran into the alley to puke. No law against a sick person puking.”

Still, it would be unwise for your continued health to take anymore foolish risks. The voice said coldly.

“But then Jason would have anyone to do his killing for him.” Phil reminded the voice.

Remember this, fool, you’re not inexpendable. The voice reminded him. *There’s always another candidate somewhere who could be more worthy than you to wear Jason’s mask.*

“No.” Phil said, excitedly. “You said the mask was mine!”

These things aren’t carved in stone. The voice said. *You will wear the mask if you prove yourself worthy.*

“Damn you, I am worthy.” Phil said, enraged.

*Then stop whining,. the voice said, and stop
tasking my patience. We have work to do. Freeman is
getting away.*

“Anything you say, Mastah, sah.” he said,
sarcastically. “I is your nigger,sah.”

CHAPTER TWELVE

REVELATIONS

Carol Martinez got out of the green van and looked over the decrepit house before her. *So this was where that freak Jason and his mom lived.* She thought. *What a dump.*

It had been difficult finding the place. That dumb hick Cord had forgotten to put on his map that the road leading to the Voorhees house was unmarked and was actually nothing more than a dirt path. They would have passed it if it hadn't been for Shawn, who'd caught sight of it.

"I have to say, Chief, though I don't believe in ghosts, this place is the spookiest place I've seen." Shawn said, slamming the drivers side door behind him.

"I second yea on dat, man." Jamal said, crossing himself as he crawled out the opened sliding door.

"Dare's definitely some nasty mojo here, man."

Carol shook her head. "You two are such children."

"Da say dat guy Jason, got sucked into Hell in dis very spot." Jamal reminded her.

"Yeah, and they also said Jason came back from the dead. So what?" She said. "How do you know all that stuff isn't just a bunch of bullshit."

"But that doesn't make sense." Shawn said.

"Those stories where on the news and in the newspapers."

“Yeah, Darlin, we know for da fact dat dat guy from dat TV show died because of dis shit. Da said he was possessed by Jason.”

“The thing is, Einstein, all we know is Robert Campbell died.” She reminded them. “For all we know the sheriff shot him. I mean look a how he roused us. Maybe he was about to leak it to the world that all that supernatural stuff about Jason was crap. Think about how much money that legend of Jason stuff brings to this town. Imagine what would happen if it was all proved to be bogus.”

Shawn looked over at Jamal. “The lady has a point.”

“I still say dis place has bad mojo.” Jamal said, looking uncomfortable. Then he pulled a joint out of his blue jean jacket's pocket. “If I'm gonna have ta spend anymore in dis place I'm gonna need a bit of comfort.” Then he lit the joint and took a deep drag. “Dat's better.” He said, coughing, noticeably more relaxed.

“Hey, Boss, look at this.” Shawn said.

To Carol's surprise she hadn't noticed that Shawn had left them and moved over to a hole that was near a rusty knocked over jungle jim that was laying over in the corner of the yard.

Heading over to him with Jamal in tow, Carol said, “What'd you find? The entrance to Hell or something.”

But, when she looked inside the hole a look of shock crossed her face. “Holy shit!”

Jamal looked in and crossed himself.

The inside of the hole was alive with hissing and snapping giant white worms. Carol had heard about these creatures the locals had named Hell Worms, but

this was the first time she'd actually seen the menacing beasts first hand.

"Are you so sure that all this supernatural stuff is bull now?" Shawn said, looking over at her. "The locals said these things showed up six months after Freeman sent Jason to Hell."

"What I'm sure of is that we need to get a shot of this." She said. Then she turned to Jamal, who seemed transfixed by the slithering apparition before him. "Get the camera, Pothead. We got a documentary to do."

This seemed to break Jamal out of his trance-like state. He headed back to the van in a sprint.

"You never answered my question." Shawn said.

"It'll take more than a hole full of freaky mutant worms to convince me that a killer can come back from the dead and later be sent to Hell with the help of an overblown store clerk." She told him. "To convince me I'd have to see Jason for myself. And, from what the locals say he's not around anymore."

Shawn shook his head. "The thing is, Chief, knowing you, if Jason was around, you'd probably get in his face and try to get an interview."

Carol giggled at this. "You know me too well." then she and Shawn headed to the van to help Jamal with the equipment.

Phil watched from the bushes as Steven Freeman's truck arrived back at Freeman's home. The voice had been pissed at him because of instead of actually following Freeman he'd passed Freeman on the way back and managed to hide his car and get back to his hiding spot well before Freeman had gotten home.

You're very lucky, my young friend, that you were right in your assumption about Freeman's destination.

The voice said. *It would have been very unfortunate for you if*

you'd been wrong.

Phil ignored the threat and watched as Freeman got out of his truck and headed inside. "I wish I could be a fly on the wall." Phil said.

I do as well. The voice agreed. *It would make our job that much more simpler.*

"Yeah, but aren't you some sort of ghost?" Phil asked. "What's keeping you from having a look?"

The problem is that you are my portal into this world, so I have no mobility at this time except for that given to me by you. The voice informed him. *Hopefully this will be remedied once we have the mask. So until then I guess I'm stuck having to experience the world through your eyes.*

"That sucks." Phil admitted. "Then how the fuck are we supposed to know when we're supposed to do something?"

I have faith that the Old Ones will find a way to make us aware. The voice said.

Phil was less than enthusiastic about the voice's answer.

Then Phil heard the sound of another vehicle coming down the dirt road. As the car cleared the trees, he saw that it was a rather beaten up looking yellow classic VW Bug. It was obvious, given the clanking and sputtering sound coming from the engine that this car was desperately in need of a tune up.

Well, it appears our Mr. Freeman and his cousin are about to have a guest. The voice said, stating the obvious. *Though the question is is this guest expected or is this a surprise?*

The Bug stopped in front of the house with a loud shotgun-like backfire and a stream of smoke coming from the exhaust.

“Boy, that thing is fucked.” Phil commented.

Then when the occupant revealed himself Phil's reaction was, “You must be kidding me.”

It appears our little game has become more complicated. The voice said in a less than enthusiastic tone

“Micki!” Ryan yelled from inside the entry hall.

“Where were you?” He heard Micki call back from somewhere upstairs. “You said you'd be back in a couple hours.”

“Sorry about that.” He said. “I came up with a lead and had to check it out.”

“Really?” Micki said from the top of the stairs. It was obvious she'd taken his advice and got some sleep. She was coming down the stairs wearing her white nightgown and a baby blue robe.

“Oh, and by the way I also got you a date.” He said, looking up at her with amusement. She gave him a less than amused look as she tried to smooth out her hair, which was sticking out in all directions.

“My partner thinks you're really hot,” He said, though he had to hold himself back from breaking into laughter, “and he wanted me to extend an invitation to the Winter Festival. Though, if I were you, I'd wear something a little less riske.”

Micki gave him a dirty look. “We have more important things to worry about....” But she was cut off by a loud banging sound from outside the house.

“What the hell.” Ryan said, startled. “That sounded close by.”

“Well, shouldn't you go check that out?” She asked.

Ryan had started for the door when he heard someone knock.

“You expecting anyone?” Micki asked.

“No.” he said, as he got to the door and put the chain on it. Then he partially opened the door and was surprised to see a familiar face on the other side.

“Rashid?”

The older gentleman in the fez smiled at him.

“Ryan. It is very pleasant to know you remember me. May I have the honor of entering your abode?”

Ryan closed the door and took off the chain. Then he opened the door again and let the immaculately dressed foreigner in.

Beside a bit of gray in his hair and beard, Rashid looked exactly the way Ryan remembered him, right down to the gray suite and red tie he wore.

“Weren't you supposed to look after the store for me?” Micki said, as she came up beside Ryan.

“A thousand apologies for that, Micki.” Rashid said, looking down uncomfortably. “But after you left I had a vision and knew my help would be required.”

Ryan noticed Rashid's discomfort and realized it was Micki's state of dress that was disturbing him.

“Micki, why don't we finish this after you go upstairs and get dressed.” Ryan suggested.

Realizing her condition she agreed and went upstairs to get changed.

“And why don't I get you some tea, if I have it.” Ryan said, looking over at the now relieved looking Rashid.

“That would be most pleasant and welcome.” Rashid said. “That drive was most fatiguing.”

Within ten minutes later Micki rejoined them wearing a baby blue sweater and a pair of blue jeans, with blue and white tennis shoes.

Ryan had set out Jessica's Rose china tea set and put out a plate of pizza bites and mini quiches.

Rashid, who was sitting in the recliner across from the couch, poured himself a cup of tea and took a couple mini quiches. Taking a sip of his tea, Rashid visibly relaxed. "Ah, Earl Grey, an excellent choice." he complimented.

"The only choice." Ryan said, pouring himself a cup. "Jessica and I aren't much into tea. I usually have it for when my mom comes to visit."

"And how is your mother?" Rashid asked, taking a small bite of one of his quiches.

"Fine. She moved to Boston about seven years ago." Ryan said.

"So, Rashid, what was so important that you left my business unattended?" Micki asked pointedly.

Rashid put down his plate on the coffee table between them. He looked tense again. "Actually, Curious Goods is being well taken care of. Before leaving I asked Mr. Johnny Ventura to take my place. He was more than happy to assist."

"You called Johnny." Micki said, clearly insensed.

"I didn't realize that would be a problem." Rashid said, noticing her reaction.

"It's not a problem." She stated, though it didn't sound sincere. "So, what about your vision?"

Rashid looked down at his quiches in the plate on the table with a wave of nausea. "I saw a great pustule form in the earth. Then I saw a powerful hand holding a

large knife, like a short sword, burst from inside. Then I saw a dark and powerful being emerge.”

“What did this being look like?” Ryan asked.

“It was hard to see because it was covered from head to foot with puss.” Rashid admitted. “But I could tell it was powerful and strong and incredibly evil.”

“Do you think it was Jason?” Micki asked.

“That is my fear.” Rashid said, lifting his cup with shaking hands and taking a sip of his tea. This time, though, it didn't seem to calm him.

“Did you get any sense of when this will happen?” Micki asked.

“It was a powerful vision so I can only guess that it will be very soon.” Rashid said. “That was the reason I came down here so hurriedly.”

“So now we have some idea of what we're facing.” Micki said. “Now the question is what can we do?”

“Did Pamela or Duke give you anything to go on?” Ryan asked.

“Pamela and Duke?” Rashid asked. “Are you talking about Mrs. Voorhees and Creighton Duke? Have you been communicating with the dead?”

“Actually, they've been doing all the talking and have been giving me quite a show.” Micki told him.

“I don't understand.” Rashid said. “Please explain.”

“They've been giving me a guided tour of the past.” Micki said.

“Interesting, tell me more.” Rashid said, intrigued.

So for the next hour Micki recounted her experiences at the Voorhees house as well as her

experiences when she was studying Pamela Voorhees' diaries.

"I will need to study those diaries." Rashid said, as Micki finished telling him and Ryan about the vision she saw of Pamela and Lewis resurrecting Jason from the lake. "From your account of what you read, as well as the actual ritual you described, I can tell you that Lewis had purposely deceived Mrs. Voorhees." Rashid told her. "The ritual Lewis performed was not a standard resurrection ritual. If what you saw was a true and accurate of what happened then what Lewis did was not only to bring the child back from the dead, but also infused his body with the life force of the Ancient Ones."

"Who or what are the Ancient Ones?" Ryan asked.

"That is a difficult question to answer." Rashid said. "To answer it I will have to put it in terms that you can understand, and even then it will be like explaining higher mathematics to a child of four."

"Well, I'll try to keep my ignorance from showing." Ryan said, slightly annoyed by Rashid's implication.

"The Ancient Ones are an ancient evil that is older than Satan himself. They were present long before your God established Heaven. They have been known by different names throughout time. To the Babylonians they were known as the Djin, which you are possibly aware of were the origin of the myth of the Genies. To those of us who practice The Art they are known as the Iad.

You see, when the elder gods established this and other realities they intruded on the Ancient Ones

territory and relegated them to a dark domain outside their realm.”

“That must've pissed them off.” Ryan commented

“Correct.” Rashid agreed. “The Ancient Ones have an intense hatred of all that the gods have created. It is their wish to undo their work and regain what they believe is theirs. To do this they have over the ages found ways to enter the gods realities. When they manage to get a foothold in a reality they open the floodgates, so to speak, and devour it. One of the ways they've found to enter our reality is in the form of a book, known as *Al Azif* or better known as The Necronomicon, that was created by a mad man named Abdul Alhazred.”

“Excuse me?” Ryan said, surprised. “Wasn't that just something H.P. Lovecraft created for his books?”

“And, thus most of the world believes in their ignorance.” Rashid said. “It is better for the world in general that they are unaware of the danger they face.”

“And you believe this is the book Lewis used to resurrect Jason?” Ryan asked.

“I'm sure it is a copy of the Necronomicon, but I cannot be sure if it is the original book.”

“What you mean there's more than one of them?” Ryan asked.

“Unfortunately, correct.” Rashid admitted. “Over the years other corrupt individuals have either created their own copies or did translations of the original. But these other additions though powerful in their own rights are not even close to being as powerful as the original book.”

“Is it because he was given the life force of the Ancient Ones that Jason is so disfigured?” Micki asked.

“Unfortunately, so.” Rashid admitted. “You see, one way the Ancient Ones invade our reality is by bonding one of their kind to a human body. There are many levels to this bonding. It can be a simple bonding of life essences, like what I believe happened in Jason's case, to a near full possession of the body. Either way the human body is corrupted by their foul energies.”

“Does that also account for his ability to heal so fast?” Ryan asked, downing another pizza bite.

“Yes it is.” Rashid said.

“Which is very interesting.” Ryan said. “Then why would something as simple as a dagger be able to really hurt him?”

“Unfortunately, even for we who know the ways of The Art there are still things that us as mere mortals are not able to understand.” Rashid admitted.

“Well, there's one mystery we will need to solve if we're gonna have any hope of ending this curse.” Ryan told him.

“And what is that?” Rashid asked, intrigued.

“Actually, I was going to bring this up with Micki before you arrived.”

“Does this have to do with that lead you mentioned earlier?” Micki asked.

“Yeah, it does.” Ryan said. “When I was helping Will with the store we started talking about Elias Voorhees' death. He told me some crazy story about Elias being impaled by a tree when it fell on top of him while he was hunting. I went to Betty and she told me that Elias was killed by Jason when he, Pamela, and Ralph Loomis went into the woods to track Jason down and kill him.”

“I saw it all for myself.” Micki told him. “It was one of things Pamela and Creighton Duke showed me.”

"I figured that." Ryan said. "The thing is that Pamela supposedly had the dagger Jessica used to send Jason to Hell with her. What I need to know, Micki, was if she actually used it on Jason."

"Yes she did." Micki admitted. "And it was because she stabbed him that Jason freaked and tried to kill her."

"But the dagger had no affect on him?" Ryan asked pointedly.

"Except for royally pissing him off." Micki said.

"And how can you be sure the dagger was the same one?" Rashid asked.

"Believe me when I say that that dagger was one of a kind." Micki told him.

"Unfortunately, since the dagger went with Jason we will never be sure of the answer to this." Rashid admitted. "So, we are limited in our ways to solve this situation. The only solution I can see to this is that we need to find and study the book Lewis and Pamela used."

"The finding part is easy." Ryan told him. "I already know where it is. The real problem will be getting access to it."

"Why is that?" Rashid asked.

"Because the book as well as anything that was thought pertinent to the case were hauled over to the evidence lockup in the sheriff's office."

"Then we must go and talk to the sheriff and get permission to view the book." Rashid said.

"That's easier said than done." Ryan pointed out. "The sheriff hasn't been too cooperative since the latest sets of murders began."

And the best way to get the door slammed in our faces is to mention anything about the supernatural. The

sheriff has definitely closed his mind on that subject.”

Micki added.

“This is intolerable.” Rashid said, frustrated.

“Wait a minute.” Ryan said after a few moments.

“There just might be a way.”

“Excuse me?” Micki said.

“One of the advantages of living in a small town is that you know everyone,” Ryan said, “and I happen to know someone who has the ear of someone who is good buddies with the sheriff. I just hope he's feeling up to this.”

Phil felt his cell phone vibrate in his jeans pocket. It had gone off several times in the past two days but he'd ignored it. More than likely it was Doctor Bob trying to get in touch with him to find out why he hadn't come to work. *Fuck him.* He thought. Nothing mattered to him except getting the mask.

Answer the phone. The voice told him.

“What?” Phil said, confused by the voice's order.

Don't question me, fool. The voice said, angrily.

The Ancient Ones sent me a message. Now answer the damned thing!

Phil could hear the urgency in the voice so he quickly took the phone out of his pocket and answered it. “Raman here.”

“Hey Phil.” He heard Steven Freeman say on the other end of the phone. “You feeling any better?”

“Uh... Yeah.” He said, surprised by the question.

“Good.” Freeman said. “You planning to see Bob later on today?”

“Well....I...” Phil began to say, but the voice cut him off.

Tell him you will. The voice said pointedly.

“Yeah...yeah I will later on.” Phil answered.

“Good.” Freeman said. “I need a favor. Could you ask Doctor Bob if he could pull a few strings with the sheriff and get me and a couple associates access to the items that were taken from the Voorhees house, specifically an odd looking book that was taken from the living room.”

“I remember that book.” Phil said. “Doctor Bob had me take samples of the binding and pages and we sent them to Boston. The results were that both the binding and the pages were made of human flesh.”

Stop babbling about that damned book and agree to help him. The voice said.

“Yeah, sure, whatever.” Phil said. “Why you so interested in that creepy thing?”

“My cousin is planning to write a book on Pamela Voorhees. Somebody told us that the book belonged to her.” Freeman said.

Stop asking stupid questions. The voice said, annoyed.

Then Phil felt a short sharp pain in his skull, and knew that this was a warning.

“Sure, no problem.” Phil said. “I’ll be seeing the Doc in a bit and I’ll talk to him about it. I’m sure he’ll agree to help.”

“Thanks, Buddy, I owe you one.” Freeman said enthusiastically.

“And I’ll make sure you pay me back.” Phil said as he hung up.

Excellent. The voice said. *Now all we have to do is figure out how to convince the doctor to help.*

Phil smiled sadistically. “Don’t worry about it. I know just what to do about it.”

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

COME UP INS

Phil felt the tingle of arousal in his groin when he entered the reception area of the Cunningham County Coroner's Office and saw the receptionist, Guadalupe Sanchez, dressed in a tight fitting black dress and black feathered boa, lounging behind her desk reading a magazine. This was nothing unusual for him except that this time mixed with his desire was hatred.

How many times had he made his feelings for her clear just to have her laugh in his face and brush him off, like so much dirt.

"Hey Lupe." Phil said as he approached the desk. "Is Doctor Bob in the back?"

"What you think?" She said, with pouty fire engine red lips, barely glancing up from her magazine. "The doc's been working his ass off on those autopsies of the jocks and cheerleaders because someone wasn't here to help."

"I was at home sick." Phil said.

Guadalupe looked up at him with stone eyes. "I called your place six times yesterday."

"Sorry. Whatever hit me really knocked me for a loop. I had to crawl to the bathroom to puke."

"I feel sorry for you." She said, though it was obvious that the opposite was true. "You still should've called. Then the doctor could've gotten some backup while you got over whatever was hanging over you." Then she went back to her magazine.

So that was it. He thought. So this bitch actually thought he was getting over a drunken stupor, which was amusing since he never drank liquor. *How little she really thinks of me.* He thought.

Well, soon both she and this town will know your true value. The voice said.

"Oh yes they will." He said, under his breath.

"What?" She said, glancing up from her magazine again, annoyed.

"Oh, nothing." Phil said. "Just talking to myself."

"Uh ha." She said absently, "Well, everyone needs to have somebody in their life."

"Well, as much as this has been the pleasure of my day," He said, sarcastically, "I have to leave you now. I need to see Doctor Bob."

"Whatever." She said, this time without looking up at him again.

Heading down the hall to the examination room, Phil cursed under his breath. "Fucking bitch!"

I see the lady has hit a cord with you. The voice said, amused. *What was it? Did that lovely rose back there catch you with her thorns and draw blood? Or was it that she didn't feel you were man enough for her?*

"That's none of your fucking business." Phil said, insensed.

Oh, yes, I sense the fire burning in you. I sense the anger that can only come from one who has been spurned. The voice told him.

"I said shut up about that." Phil said, his anger increasing.

Wouldn't it be a pleasure to show that bitch who's boss.

“Oh, I will when the time comes.” Phil said, with an unpleasant smile.

“What are you babbling about back there?” he heard Guadalupe yell from the reception desk.

“Oh nothing important.” He said, trying to sound pleasant.

“I don't doubt it.” She said dismissively.

Heading through the swinging doors of the examination room he saw Doctor Bob standing in the corner bent over a burned looking naked male, which was laid out on a gurney. “.....Though the subject is partially burned I've determined that this wasn't the cause of death. The cause of death was from blood loss due to nearly a thousand rodent-like bites covering the body.” Doctor Bob said into the micro tape recorder he held in his right hand.

As Phil approached Doctor Bob must have heard him because he turned off the recorder and put it on the edge of the gurney. Then the doctor turned toward him. “Ah, finally making an appearance I see.” Doctor Bob said, though his tone was less than casual.

“I'm sorry about that, Doc.” Phil said, trying to sound sincere. “Guess I caught something. I was totally out of it all day yesterday.”

“Really.” Bob said. “And what about today? You should've called.”

“Well, what can I say.” Phil said, picking up a long, thick, needle-like probe from a nearby instrument table as he passed. “I guess it totally crossed my mind.”

Then, before the Doctor Bob knew what was happening, Phil rammed the probe into the his gut. A look of shock mixed with disbelief and pain crossed Doctor Bob's face as he spasmed and jerked the probe free from Phil's grip. Doctor Bob stumbled backwards

and bumped into the gurney, sending it and its contents careening into the wall.

What in the name of Hell are you doing! The voice screamed in his head.

Doctor Bob fell to his knees, a look of terror on his face. "Why?" He asked, his voice a pained croak.

"Let's just say I got tired of living in your shadow." Phil told him before he pulled the probe out of Doctor Bob's gut, sending a stream of dark blood spilling on the floor. Doctor Bob spasmed one final time and fell to the floor in the puddle of his own blood.

Have you totally gone off your nut? The voice asked in disbelief. *We needed that man.*

"No. I needed that man to be just the way he is now, dead." Phil said, with satisfaction.

But the plan.... The voice said, now sounding thoroughly confused.

"The plan is going just the way it's supposed to. This way we don't have to go to the trouble to convince Doctor Bob to write out the paperwork to get Steven into the evidence room."

But who's gonna sign the order?

"You forget who gets stuck with all the paperwork around here and who, on occasion, has had to forge the signature of a certain lazy assed coroner." Phil reminded the voice, with pride.

And what are we supposed to do about the sheriff's signature?

"We have files cabinets full of documents with the sheriff's signature on them." Phil said. "All it'll take is maybe an hour and a couple pieces of paper and problem solved."

That still leaves us the problem of when we get to the sheriff's office and present the request. The voice said.

"And why do you think that is a problem?" He asked, feigning ignorance.

I'm thinking about the sheriff. The voice said, now intrigued.

"Oh, I'm sure the sheriff will be too busy to notice." Phil said, with an amused smile.

And what shall we do with your receptionist friend?

Phil didn't answer, but his smile widened and he felt that tingle in his groin again.

"Hey Lupe." Phil said, fifteen minutes later when he came into the reception hall dressed in a blood splattered surgical gown. "Doctor Bob needs you in the back for a moment."

Guadalupe looked up at him with a mix of surprise and annoyance. "You must be fucking kidding me."

"The Doc was very insistent." Phil said, feigning annoyance.

"I'm not going back there." she said. "I've never had to go back there."

"Well, now you do." Phil insisted. "And I'd get my butt back there if you want to keep this cushy job."

Reluctantly, Guadalupe got up out from behind her desk and slowly started down the hall with Phil following right behind her.

"I'm gonna want a raise if I'm going to be expected to do anything like this again." She told him.

"Oh don't worry I'm sure you'll get what you deserve." Phil said, amused.

Heading inside the examination room Guadalupe looked around the empty room and turned to Phil. "What the fuck's going on here?" she said, glaring at him. "Where the hell's Doctor Bob?"

"He was here just a moment ago." He said, sounding convincingly surprised. "Actually, he was right over here when I last saw him." He maneuvered her in front of one of the three examination tables. This one had a sheet covering its occupant.

"Can I leave now?" Guadalupe asked, clearly insensed by her surroundings.

"But I thought we were looking for the Doc." he said, heading over to the table and tapping on its metal frame a couple times.

"I want out of here." She said, as she started backing up. "You're freaking me out."

"Oh, I'm sorry." He said, amused. "Am I really freaking you out?"

"Where the fuck is Doctor Bob?" Guadalupe demanded, now frantic.

"Doctor Bob?" Phil said, tapping the table one last time. "Oh, I remember now. He's right here." Then he pulled the sheet off the corpse on the table. It was Doctor Bob. Phil had cut him open from his collar bone to his groin. Then he'd removed Doctor Bob's stomach, intestines, liver, and kidneys and placed them on the table next to the body.

Guadalupe let out a terrified scream and started to run for the door. But before she could make it to the door Phil was on her. He grabbed the ends of her feathered boa, which she had wrapped around her neck, and pulled hard, jerking her back. Then, before she could do anything to stop him, he looped the boa around her neck again and pulled it tight.

Gagging, Guadalupe started jerking around and clawing at the boa, which was now cutting off her wind pipe. Then she started pounding him in the ribs with her elbows and stomping on his feet, but none of this had an affect on him. He was committed.

Yes...yes..that's the way to do it! The voice in his head said. *I have to say, my boy, you are a natural.*

In his mind Phil was reliving all the Saturday nights he'd spent at Smokey's Pub watching Guadolupe throw herself at the low life loggers from the Ampex Logging Company. It had always bothered him because she always treated those scummy, sweaty, uneducated, tree choppers like gold while treating him like dirt. With every memory that passed through his skull he pulled the boa tighter. And, as he tightened the boa he found himself becoming more and more sexually excited.

After a time he noticed that her pounding on him became steadily weaker and her gagging deteriorated into a faint gurgle. Then she went limp, and her head rolled to the side. At that moment his passion burst in his pants.

Phil released the boa and managed to catch her in his arms as she fell forward. Then, leaning her against him, he slipped his arm around her waist and used his free hand to turn her face toward him.

Her face was frozen in an expression of terror. Her mouth was opened with her tongue hanging halfway out of it.

With his free hand, Phil softened her expression and closed her eyes. Then, putting his lips to hers, he kissed her and pushed her tongue back into her mouth with his.

Forget what I said before. The voice said. *You are more than worthy.*

This brought a smile to his face. He looked at his victim again. “And now, Lupe, I can finally get to know you more intimately.”

Then he bent down, lifted her up fully into his arms, and headed for the empty examination table next to Doctor Bob.

Ryan sat in his reclining chair and watched as Micki and Rashid looked over Pamela Voorhees' diaries. They had been going over the diaries together for the last three hours, and Ryan actually felt like a third wheel. Except for refilling the tea pot with fresh boiling water and putting on a new pot of coffee. all he was able to do was watch. It was clear that over the years Micki and Rashid had established a routine for researching and he wasn't included.

Finally, Micki closed the last of the books and shook her head. “How tragic.” she said, looking over at Ryan.

“Yes, I concur, most unfortunate.” Rashid said.

“Would you two care to clue me in.” Ryan said sitting forward in his chair.

“It's just it's clear that after Jason killed Elias the trauma drove Pamela insane.” Micki told him. “In her last entries all she writes about is her grief over Jason's death, yet she mentions nothing about Elias' death. It almost seems like in her mind she'd gone back before she and Lewis resurrected Jason. And, it becomes blatantly clear that when her mind erased her past it also erased her memories of having another child. She mentions Diana as Elias's bitch child, and even goes so far as saying that she had to be the product of an affair

Elias had. It seemed that no matter how strongly people insisted Pamela wouldn't accept the idea that Diana was actually hers. Then of course eventually Pamela gave Diana over to the state, because she felt she could never love another child as much as she loved Jason."

"That explains a lot about her behavior during the murders at Camp Crystal Lake," Ryan said. "But I still can't understand why the dagger didn't work on Jason when Pamela used it on him."

"I believe I can offer you an explanation on that subject," Rashid said. "Based upon my readings and upon my own knowledge of these things, I would say that the reason the dagger didn't work was because it was both Mrs Voorhees and Lewis that resurrected Jason thus for the dagger to work both parties would have to be there. In the case of you and Jessica you were both representative of the individual bloodlines, thus the requirements for the dagger to work were met."

"But Lewis should've known this," Ryan said.

"I'm sure he did," Micki said. "I think he wanted Pamela to fail. I also think it was his plan for Jason to kill Pamela."

"What makes you believe that, Micki?" Rashid asked.

Micki went on to tell Rashid and Ryan about the vision of the cave on Crystal Hill and Lewis' conversation with Creighton Duke. "... and Lewis said something about a plan he was having to advance and how they wouldn't be safe around Jason after it was executed. I later asked Creighton Duke about this and he showed me a vision of the incident where Jason killed Elias."

"That does make sense," Rashid said, after Micki finished. "It does sound like Lewis was trying to insight

a murderous rage in Jason, a rage that would destroy the last vestiges of his humanity and turn him into a remorseless killing monster.”

“And the one thing that would definitely do that would be the trauma of having his own mother try to kill him.” Ryan added. “What a total bastard.”

“So Lewis was using his own sister as a pawn.” Micki said with disgust.

“You should have realized by now that Lewis never allowed anything, even family, to interfere with his ambitions.” Rashid told her.

“But there's still something else odd.” Ryan said. “After the incident in the woods there weren't any killings until the ones in 1979 and Jason didn't actually start his killing spree until a year later when he supposedly killed the counselor who killed his mother.”

“The reason for that is quite simple.” Rashid said. “Upon reading Mrs. Voorhees diaries I got the distinct impression that Jason wasn't very close to his father. From what I could gather Mr. Voorhees was still very much a Mennonite in his attitude toward his son, so their relationship was very formal. Thus, I believe that killing his father didn't have the same traumatic affect on Jason that killing his mother would have.”

“So I guess you're saying that when the counselor cut Pamela's head off it was what finally set him off.” Micki added.

“We can only assume.” Rashid said.

“But...” Ryan started to say, but was cut off when the phone started to ring.

Ryan quickly got up out of his recliner and picked up the phone, which was sitting on the side table next to the couch. “Hello?”

It was Phil Raman. "Hey Steven, got some good news. Doctor Bob talked to the sheriff and he gave us the to check out the stuff."

"Great." Ryan said.

"Thing is you only got an hour and I've got to go with you. Which is fine with me, because I need to go over there anyway and check out something myself."

"That'll be fine with us." Ryan agreed.

"Great." Phil said. "How many people can I expect?"

"There's gonna be three of us. My cousin brought in an expert in antiquities to look at the book."

"Sounds interesting." Phil said. "Let's meet, say, at around seven o'clock in front of the Sheriff's Office."

"Sounds good." Ryan said.

"Great." Phil said enthusiastically. "I'll be waiting."

Phil Raman put down the phone, leaving a bloody hand print on the receiver. Others might have been concerned about leaving evidence, but Phil wanted to leave his calling card.

"I love it when things go my way." he commented half to himself.

He looked around at his handiwork and marveled. To him it was a work of art. He could only imagine what the sheriff will think when he sees it.

You surprise me, Philip. The voice said. *I thought you'd want to get this over with.*

"Oh, I do." he said, now fully aloud since he didn't have to worry about anyone hearing him. Well, anyone alive that is. "But I need a bit of time to make myself more presentable for my big performance." He

looked down at the blood soaked surgical gown and tennis shoes.

He figured he'd have more than enough time to go home and get cleaned up before the time came for him to call the sheriff's office and start the drama he'd so obsessively scripted to begin.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE SUPERNATURAL

The shoot at Voorhees house had gone very well and Carol was pleased with footage they got. She thought the material dealing with the so call “Hell Worms” added just the right amount of creepiness. Also, she felt the dilapidated old Voorhees house made an excellent backdrop for her monologue on the information she'd gathered on Elias and Pamela Voorhees. Hell, they'd even managed to find time to shoot some fill in footage of Shawn dressed up as Jason walking past the house and chopping through the bushes.

But now it was time for the part of the shoot that would finally bring all their work together.

Shawn turned the green van onto the dirt road next to the old faded sign that read, CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE.

“Welcome to Camp Blood.” Shawn said.

“Da home of da over sexed counselors an da ax wielding super killer, man.” Jamal commented from the back of the van. “Da party town U.S.A.”

“And you're forgetting our final destination before we can get out of this shit hole of a town.” Carol added.

“That is if we ever leave.” Shawn said ominously. “Remember the legend, very few people ever leave Camp Blood.”

Carol shook her head.

“Well, it appears we're not alone.” Shawn said, as the van cleared the trees and approached the horseshoe of weathered cabins. In front of the first cabin was what looked like a modified hearse with a spooky looking Grim Reaper painted along its side.

As Shawn parked the van in front of the second cabin a couple of dark clad Goths came out of the first cabin and approached the van.

“Well, Dorothy, we're definitely not in Kansas anymore.” Shawn commented.

“How long you two been here?” Carol asked the couple as she got out of the van.

“A couple hours.” The female Goth said.

“Are these two something we should know about?” Shawn asked, thoroughly confused.

“Oh, I guess I forgot.” Carol said. “This is Morgana.” The pale Goth girl smiled at him with deep red lips. “And, this is Julius.” The tall pale, thin, male Goth standing next to Morgana smiled as well, showing his glistening white, fanged, teeth.

“They're both mediums I hired to do a little séance tonight so we might contact some of Jason's victims,” Carol continued, “or even possibly Mrs. Voorhees herself.”

“Actually, I'm a mental medium, so the spirits will speak through me.” Morgana told him. “Julius is a physical medium, so he gets images of the past from objects and can be used as a conduit for the spirits to physically interact in our world, move objects and such.”

“Excuse me for my ignorance, Chief, but didn't you say earlier that you didn't believe in all this supernatural stuff?”

“Oh, it don't matter if she do or she don't, man.” Jamal said from behind Shawn, startling him. “It's all about da show.”

“Well, it seems you actually have some brain cells that aren't burned out in that noggin of yours, eh, Pothead.” Carol commented.

“Either one of yea wanna have a light with me, an party?” Jamal asked Morgana and Julius, pulling out a fresh joint from his jean jacket.

“But not for long.” Carol said, shaking her head.

“No thanks.” Morgana said. “In our line of work we need to keep a clear mind.”

Then suddenly Morgana began to shake. Julius grabbed a hold of her. “Oh my god, something's trying to come through.”

“Oh, give me a break.” Carol said, putting her hands on her hips and shaking her head.

Morgana's eyes rolled back in her head, so only the whites showed. She began to groan. Then her shaking turned into all out spasms, making it hard for Julius to keep a hold of her. Then a gravely, old, voice emerged from her throat. “You're doomed...you're all doomed. The death curse. Remember Camp Blood has a death curse!”

“Would you please save that shit for the camera!” Carol yelled at Morgana, annoyed.

This seemed to bring Morgana out of her attack. She slumped in Julius' arms. “You could've killed her by doing that.” Julius yelled at Carol hysterically.

“Just back off the drama.” Carol spouted back. “I'm not paying you two to entertain us. So back off the possession and warning of doom crap until I tell you to do it.”

“You stupid bitch.” Julius said, now enraged.
“This isn't a game and we're not acting. Something has given us a warning and you should listen.”

Carol looked over at Shawn and Jamal and saw that they both had startled expressions on their faces.
“What? Are you two actually going for this crap?”

“Da woman has da gift.” Jamal said. “And I meself feel da bad mojo of dis place.”

“Would you please back off that Jamaican shit for now.” Carol told him. “I'm really not in the mood for all this shit.”

Jamal popped the joint in his mouth, lit it, and took a deep drag. “I don't need dis shit either.” Then he started back toward the van. “Call me when you is ready ta shoot.”

“Make that the same for me.” Shawn said, as he headed for the cabins.

Carol looked over at the two mediums. Morgana seemed to be recovering from her 'attack.' *She's nearly got me believing this shit too.* She thought. It seemed to her like Morgana looked even more pale than before, if there was any way she could possibly be.

“Here let me help you back to the cabin so you can lay down.” Julius said to Morgana while giving Carol a cold look.

“I don't know why you even considered working with that bitch.” Carol heard Julius say as he and Morgana disappeared inside the weathered cabin.

Carol found herself standing alone in front of the horseshoe of cabins. She shook her head. “I'm stuck working with a load of friggin' freaks.” She commented. Then she rubbed her temples. She was starting to get a headache.

Phil got out of the shower quickly and toweled himself off. The blood from Doctor Bob's murder had soaked through his clothes and caked on his skin. Though it felt good, like a good sweat after a night of love making, it was definitely inappropriate for the part he had to play in his little drama. So he had to clean himself up.

Heading over to the mirror behind the sink he inspected himself. Though he definitely looked pale and had dark circles under his eyes, all it would take was a shave, hair combing, and some fresh clothes and he'd be ready for his big performance.

A few minutes later, after he'd fixed his hair and shaved, he'd headed into his bedroom where he set out his clothes. One at a time he put on a dark pair of Ben Davis jeans, steel-toed hiking boots, dark blue knit sweater, and his favorite black London Fog full length trench coat.

He headed over to the full length mirror in the corner and looked at himself. "Perfect." he said nodding at his reflection with satisfaction. "Just plain old, boring, Phil." He laughed at himself. It was the perfect disguise, himself.

We have no time to waste on vanity. The voice said. *Freeman and his associates will be coming to meet you soon.*

"I know what time it is." Phil said with slight annoyance, as he fixed a stray hair. "I've got everything under control."

But what about the distraction? The voice pushed.

"The office is locked up so no one can find my little display until I'm ready." he said, confidently "All I

need is to make one call.” he said, patting his jean pocket that held his cellphone. “Have some faith.”

“Pothead, keep your camera focus on me.” Carol said, as she straightened her hair and shook out all her nervousness.

“All ready, Darlin’.” Jamal said.

“Action!” Carol said, and immediately assumed the calm friendly expression she always took on when she was on camera.

“Around me are the charred remains of what had once been Vince Fantara's Traveling Funhouse and Carnival, which is right next to the main cabins of Camp Crystal Lake.” She waved her hand at the remains in the distance of a blackened carousel. “This ruin, once a place of joy and frolic, became a place of horror as carnie Mitch Deeever went on a rampage with his dog and murdered a large number of patrons as well as starting a fire that destroyed the carnival.” Then Carol moved closer into the camera. “Locals say that Mitch Deeever was possessed by Jason's spirit, which took control of him when he put Jason's hockey mask on. Mitch Deeever's case is only one of four such incidents that have happened since Jason was supposedly sent to Hell.” Then she let out a breath. “Cut.”

“How was that?” She asked.

“Rivetin’, Darlin’,...absolutely rivetin’.” Jamal said, putting down the camera and putting on his sunglasses. “I really think the Oscars are missin’ somethin’ here if they don't consider ya performance.”

“All right kiss ass.” She said.

“Oh, but I agree, Chief.” Shawn said, from his spot next to Jamal at the sound equipment.

“Two kiss asses.” She said. Then she looked over at Julius. “, Julian...,or whatever your name is, get over to the carousel and do your thing.”

Then she ordered Jamal and Shawn to move the equipment to the carousel. Then they quickly set up. When they were finished Carol was working the sound equipment while Shawn was holding a long metal rod with a microphone on the end, over Julius' head.

“,...Action!” Carol ordered. “Now Julian...”

“My name is Julius.” He corrected her.

‘Whatever.’ Carol said. “Anyway, *Julius*, after I introduce you you touch the horse next to you and do your spiel, and make it good.”

“It's not an act.” Julius told her. “I don't even know if I'll get anything.”

“I don't give a shit. You're wasting my film. Now stop yammering and do as I said.” Carol said, annoyed. Then she calmed herself. “Julius Blackwell is what is known as a physical medium, which means that he can read objects pasts, as well as supposedly allow spirits to move objects. Julius will now touch one of these horses from this carousel which was part of Fantara's Traveling Carnival. It is our hope that he'll be able to give us some insight into the events of that night so many months ago.”

Carol waved at Julius.

Julius put his hand on the horse's head.

Immediately a jolt went through his body. “I see a blond girl, with her hair done in multiple braids, walking up to me. She is wearing an orange and black cheerleader outfit.” he said, his voice slightly slurred and distant.

“She definitely knows me. I know her, her name is Misty.

She is not afraid of me, even though I'm holding a tire iron. I start twirling the iron like a baton. She is amused by my clowning. She compliments me. She calls me Buzzy."

"What the hell is this?" Carol commented, hoping it didn't get on the soundtrack.

"Then she starts talking to me about her boyfriend." Julius continues. "She is angry at him. He left her and she got lost.

I'm surprised by her actions. She hasn't commented about the mask I'm wearing. Actually, what she doesn't know is I'm wearing two masks. One inside the other. The mask on the outside is the mask I wear all the time, a bee mask with a stinger for a nose. It is the mask people laugh at. The other is the mask I found in the tree. It is an angry mask, a mask that wants to hurt." Julius went on to talk about how the person wearing the masks was named Teddy and that he had been a weakling that the football team picked on all the time. Then he talked about the angry mask and how it made Teddy big and strong. "Then Misty notices I'm different. She thinks I'm someone else, someone who is trying to trick her."

This freak is really good. Carol thought as she listened to him.

"She tries to get away, but I grab her. Then she sees my surprise. Her knitting needles sticking out of the nose of the bee mask." Julius continued, but it appeared he was getting agitated. "Oh, my god, I ram it into her neck!" Tears began to stream down his cheeks. "My god, the blood. The blood is...is Ah...ah!" he screamed. Then he let loose of the horse and fell to the ground. He started shaking and curled up into a ball.

“What the hell did you do to him!” Morgana screamed as she ran up to them. “My god, Julius!”

Morgana dropped to her knees and scooped Julius up into her arms. “Are you crazy? You should've stopped this the moment he started having trouble.”

“Everything looked fine to me.” Carol said.

Morgana glared up at her. “Look at him.” she said, angrily. “Does this look fine to you.”

Carol shook her head. “Will you get off it.” Carol said. “I'm not impressed with you and your boyfriend's theatrics. Have all the fun you like in front of the camera, but when it goes off back off the shit. I don't believe in all this supernatural shit and the two of you rolling around on the ground with foam coming out of your mouths isn't going to convince me.”

Tears began to well in Morgana's eyes. “This isn't going to end good I can feel it. We're playing with something that shouldn't be played with. I can't understand why I even got involved in this.”

“Because you're getting paid well to do it.” Carol reminded her coldly. “In the end that's all that matters, the payoff.”

Shawn dropped the pole he was holding and went over to Morgana. “Here.” he said, holding out his hand. “Let's get him back to the cabin.”

“Thanks.” Morgana said, thoughtfully, as they both tried to get Julius up on his wobbly feet.

“Hell, why aren't you helping the premadonnas too, Pothead?” Carol asked dismissively.

“I'm busy wid da camera, Darlin'.” He said, as he panned and followed the others as they headed toward the cabins.

“What, you're still shooting?” She said.

“Ya never said ta cut.” He said simply.

"I would assume you'd get the idea when all the trouble started."

"I don't assume nothin', Darlin'." He told her. "I be figurin' dat it be better ta waste da film then hear ya bitch because you figured I jumped the gun."

" , point taken." Carol said. "Then it's clear that I don't want anymore footage shot."

"Yeah."

"Then shut off the fucking camera!" She yelled at him.

Phil waited in the alley near the sheriff's office. The time had come to put his plan into motion. Everything was ready. On his way he'd stopped by the coroner's office and unlocked the entryway door. And, for extra affect he trashed Guadalupe's desk and knocked over one of the file cabinets.

Taking out his cell phone he called 911. Then he pulled out a handkerchief and put it between his mouth and the phone.

"911, emergency. What is your crisis?" a female voice said on the other end of the phone.

"Oh my god...oh my god, I need the sheriff right away!" He yelled into the phone.

"What's wrong, sir? You need to tell me what's wrong." The woman said.

"They're dead....oh my god. I found them. There was blood all over the place." He said, amazed at his own performance.

"Sir, where are you? You need to tell me where it happened.?" The woman told him.

"I just came to identify my brother. I didn't expect to find..." But the woman cut him off.

"Sir, where did you find the bodies?"

“The coroner's office.” He said, raising his voice hysterically.

“You would actually expect to find them there, sir.” The woman said.

“No, you stupid cow!” Phil screamed into the phone. “I mean the coroner and the lady from the front desk are dead. Someone cut them open!”

“How long ago did you find them?” the woman said, still amazingly composed.

“I just did a few minutes ago.” He said. “Get somebody over here. The killer might still be around!” Phil said.

Then he hung up.

I must commend you on your performance. The voice said.

“Yes I must say that was Academy Award material.” Phil said. “Just as long as it does it's job.”

Then he heard the wail of police sirens. “And now it begins.”

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

DRAMA

Ryan saw the flashing blue and red lights of the sheriff's cars as he drove his truck down Main Street. There was a large crowd of people gathering in the area of the occurrence so he couldn't make out exactly which building was involved.

"Is this a regular occurrence?" Rashid asked from beside the passenger door, next to Micki.

"Shouldn't we see what's going on?" Micki asked before Ryan had a chance to answer Rashid.

Ryan looked at his watch. "Phil said to meet him at seven o'clock and it's nearly that now."

"But what if it's something important?" Micki asked.

"It is imperative that we study the Necronomicon." Rashid said. "Anything else is of lower priority."

"But what if it's something related to the murders?" Micki asked.

"How could it be?" Ryan asked. "We've already figured out that it's the mask that's possessing people, and it's safely tucked away at the sheriff's office. So how could anything going on right now be associated with it?"

"I don't know." Micki said, looking concerned. "I've got a bad feeling about this."

Phil was waiting in front of the sheriff's office when Ryan and the others drove up.

"It's about time." Phil said, looking at his watch as Ryan got out of the truck. "I really doubt the sheriff would be willing to give you and your guests an extension if you were late."

"Sorry about that. We had to do a bit of detouring to get here." Ryan told him. "By the way, you got any idea what's going on back there?"

"No, not really." Phil said. "but you know how it's been with all the tourists around here."

"I would've thought you'd have had to go right through the middle of all that on your way from the coroner's office." Ryan said.

"It was really dead when I left there." He told Ryan. "But it's been a while since I left."

Just then Rashid came up to them.

"Oh, Phil." Ryan said. "This is Rashid. He's the antique specialist I mentioned."

"It is a pleasure." Rashid said, giving Phil a slight bow. "It is most unfortunate that I had to interrupt your conversation, gentlemen, but I believe it is most important that we proceed."

"I agree with Rashid." said Micki, who was standing just behind the Egyptian mystic.

"Well, then let's get this show on the road." Phil said, pleasantly, as he lead them into the sheriff's office building.

Sheriff Lloyd Landis honked his horn and turned on the flashing lights on top of his patrol car as he approached the crowd of people who had gathered in the street in front of the Cunningham County Coroner's Office. He saw mixed in with the tourists and onlookers

were a large contingent of reporters that had hung around town since his press conference the other day.

Silently he cursed. How the hell had they found out about this so fast? *My god*, he thought, *they're like carrion waiting for a feast*.

He honked again and the crowd parted to let him through. He swung his patrol car around and parked right in front of the entrance to the building.

He saw that Deputy Cort was standing beside the entrance waiting for him. “, Cort, give me the lowdown.” He said as he got out of his patrol car.

“I’ve called Buck and Roy and the new guy, Justin, and got all of them doing crowd control. I’ve also called in a couple of unites from the highway patrol and some help from Clear Spring as well.” Cort told him. “ And, I called the coroner’s office in Essex and they’re sending someone to, well, you know...”

“Understood.” Landis said, his stomach clenching at the thought of what happened to Bob. “And the crime scene?”

“I’m the only one who’s been in there, besides who ever found the bodies.”

“Don’t tell me our witness took a hike.” Landis said.

“Unfortunately, yes.” Cort confirmed. “But I don’t blame them, it’s really nasty in there. I had to run outside myself and puke when I saw it.”

Landis felt his stomach clench again. He knew if Cort couldn’t keep his lunch then he was assuredly not going to be able to keep control. The thought of doing it in front of this crowd and all the media outside the building was not exactly a comforting thought. Yet he knew it was his responsibility as sheriff to look over the scene.

“Would you like me to lock down the crime scene until the coroner from Essex arrives?” Cort asked, as if reading the sheriff’s mind.

“No, I really should check the scene for myself.” Landis told him, though he appreciated the out Cort offered.

“Are you sure about that, sir?” Cort asked, surprised.

Landis gave Cort a stern look. “I’m positive. You stay here and keep those vultures back. You got that, Cort?”

“Crystal clear, Sheriff.” Cort said.

Landis knew Cort got the message and would try his utmost to avoid an embarrassing situation.

Putting on his best authoritative facade, Landis headed through the doorway into the entry hall.

Somebody had some fun. He thought as he looked at the overturned file cabinet and scattered papers that littered the desk.

Heading down the hall, he entered the examination room. The sight that met his eyes was appalling. The floor was splattered with blood and tossed guts. The walls were decorated in bloody letters that read “JASON LIVES” over and over again. This particular touch made a chill run up Landis’ spine. It reminded him of the cave on Crystal Hill.

Of the eight bodies he could count scattered around the room, most of them on gurneys, only the two bodies on two of the main exam tables were uncovered.

“Oh my god, Bob, what kind of monster could do this to you?” Landis said, looking down at the body of his old friend. Not only had the killer split Bob open from chest to groin, and placed his internal organs on

the table next to him, but they'd also castrated him and sutured his genitals to his forehead.

Landis barely held back the bile that threatened to come up in his throat. One thing he didn't want to do was contaminate the crime scene. No, of all the freaks he'd brought down over the years this was the one he most wanted. This one was personal.

Landis moved on to the next of the killer's hideous displays. He recognized the woman as Bob's Mexican receptionist. *What the hell was her name?* He asked himself. *Luisa? Consuela ? Maria?* He couldn't recall. All he knew was that this killing really looked personal.

The killer had gone out of his way to show how he killed this woman by leaving the black feathered boa firmly wrapped around her neck. Though the killer had cut the woman open like Bob, they'd shown their disrespect for her by throwing her internal organs all over the floor. Then the killer had pulled the woman's eyes out of their sockets and laid them on top of the sockets to make them look bugged out. Then they'd cut the sides of the woman's mouth wider and formed it into a sardonic grin. The killer finished her off by taking the woman's red lipstick and smeared it around her mouth like some sadistic clown makeup.

Upon seeing this grotesque parody Landis found he couldn't hold back any longer. Luckily he managed to catch sight of some large specimen bags sitting on a nearby counter. He quickly grabbed the bag and got it opened just in time for the upsurge of bile.

Phil, followed by Steven Freeman, Steven's cousin, and Rashid walked up to the desk located next

to the door to the evidence room. Behind the desk was a fat, balding, deputy Phil knew as Ed Marlin.

“Hey Ed, I got an authorization here from the sheriff to let these people have a look at the stuff that was taken the Voorhees house a few years ago.” Phil told the deputy holding up his forged paperwork.

The heavy deputy looked up at him from his desk where he had a half cup of coffee and a half eaten glazed donut sitting in front of him. “Oh, could you come back in a bit. The sheriff’s on a call and we’re a bit under staffed at the moment.”

Phil was surprised by this. “Excuse me?”

“I said the sheriff’s out on a call.” Deputy Marlin repeated.

“And that matters why?” Phil asked, confused, with a twinge of sarcasm.

“It’s just that I’d feel more secure if I got the authorization straight from the sheriff.” Deputy Marlin said.

Well, that went well. The voice in Phil’s head said. *I would think of something fast if I were you.*

“I don’t give a flying...” Phil blurted out, but then he calmed himself down. “Look Ed,” he put the paper in front of Deputy Marlin and pointed out the signature section, “the sheriff has already given his authorization.”

“I understand that, Phil. The thing is the sheriff and most of the staff are out of the office. I don’t think he’d be too pleased if I leave the desk unattended at this time.”

“We were *told* to be here at this time to view this stuff.” Phil told him.

“I’m sorry. I really can’t leave this desk unattended and I’m certainly not going to let you people go digging

around in there all alone” Deputy Marlin said, taking a bite of his donut and following it with a sip of coffee.

“Sir, if it is a matter of trust we’re dealing with,” Rashid said, “I can assure you if you had to leave us unattended at any time we would not touch anything in the room other than that which we’ve come here to study.” Rashid told him.

“Damn it, Ed, these people are on a limited schedule.” Phil said. “So, couldn’t you give us a break, as a favor to me?”

“I don’t know. This seems like a big favor.” Deputy Marlin said, wiping the crumbs off his lips with a paper towel.

“Well, how can I compensate you for your inconvenience?”

Give him whatever he asks for. The voice instructed him.

“How about you give me a little introduction to that sweet looking little lady who works at your office?”

“Guadalupe?” Phil said, trying to sound surprised. *My god, does every scummy piece of shit in this town want a piece of that bitch’s ass.* He thought. “I’ll see what I can do, but I think her dance card is full at the moment.”

“But you’ll try?” Deputy Marlin asked.

“Oh sure.” Phil said, smiling. In his mind he was envisioning Guadalupe the way he’d left her back at the coroner’s office. He felt the tingle in his groin again. “I’m sure she’ll be really open to the idea.”

“Good.” Deputy Marlin said, smiling back at him.

Sheriff Landis came out of the coroner’s office and headed over to Deputy Cort. “I’m heading back to

the office.” The sheriff told Cort. “You’ll be in charge here. Contact me when the coroner from Essex arrives.”

“And that, sir?” Cort asked indicating a plastic bag full of brownish liquid the sheriff was carrying with him.

Landis looked down at the bag. “That isn’t evidence.” Landis informed him in a low tone. “And you didn’t see it, Cort.”

“Perfectly clear, sir.” Cort said, with a knowing expression.

With that, Sheriff Landis headed back to his patrol car and got in. After starting it up he made a wide turn, trying to avoid bumping into the crowd that had gathered in front of the coroner’s office. The media people closed in on the car and started banging on it and yelling questions through the window. Landis waved them off and continued to slowly try to maneuver his car out of the crowd. Finally, the crowd opened up and let the sheriff through, though some of the media people continued to pursue him.

Landis sped up his car and left the last of the media behind. All he wanted to do was get back to the secure haven of the sheriff’s office, have a strong cup of coffee, take an aspirin for his headache, and just simply get away from the insanity outside.

“I’m trustin’ you people to be on good behavior and just do what you came here to do.” Deputy Ed Marlin said, as he lead Phil, Steven Freeman, Freeman’s cousin, and Rashid inside the evidence room.

“There’s no need to worry, my friend.” Rashid assured him. “We will be most swift in our studies.”

This amused Phil. *Oh, yes, and I assure you I'll be swift in what I have to do too. Swift and bloody.* He thought.

I have no doubt about that, my dear boy. The voice in his head said. *I await the pleasure of seeing the fruition of your plan.*

Oh, I think you'll be quite amused and impressed. Phil thought back at the voice.

Phil was always amazed by the size of the evidence room. Most small town evidence rooms were nothing more than medium sized storage rooms with a few wall unites to hold evidence boxes. In comparison the Cunningham County evidence room was a monster. Because of all the evidence the sheriff's office had accumulated over the years due to Jason, when the sheriff's office was remodeled seven years ago the planners had expanded the evidence room to accommodate the accumulated evidence as well as making room for what they expected was much more to come. At this time the evidence room was well over a hundred feet long and featured twenty long shelf unites.

Deputy Marlin lead Phil and the other past two of the shelf unites, which were full of boxes. ".....1995, Voorhees house." He mumbled to himself as he glanced over a clip board he'd taken off the wall next to the entrance.

He finally stopped in front of another long shelf unite full of boxes. " , the stuff you're looking for is here." He said. "Remember you only got an hour. Good luck."

Rashid look at the shelf unite questioningly. Then he looked over at Deputy Marlin. "Do you have a list of the contents of these boxes?"

“The contents are listed on the side of the boxes.” Marlin informed him.

“Well, then we'd better get started.” Steven Freeman said, grabbing a hold of a rolling stair unite and pulling it over the shelf unite. Climbing up, he started handing down boxes to his cousin who would move them over to a table to the left of the shelf unites. Rashid went over to the table and started looking at the contents lists.

“Would it be possible for you to assist my associates?” Rashid asked after a few minutes later, when he noticed that both Phil and Deputy Marlin were just standing and watching.

“As Steven could tell you, I'm still getting over a bug and really shouldn't be toting anything around.” Phil told him.

“And what about you, Officer?” Rashid asked.

“My responsibility is to make sure you people don't do anything funny, not to help you carry boxes.”

“But it would vastly swiften our pace if you would do us this minor service.” Rashid said.

“I'm sorry, sir. There is nothing in the sheriff's orders nor our agreement stating I'd help you.”

“That's fine.” Freeman said, as he handed yet another box to Micki. “I think we got it here.”

Rashid shook his head and went back to examining the contents lists.

I would suggest we get on with what we came here to do. The voice said.

“Which reminds me, Ed.” Phil said to the deputy. “Doctor Bob asked me to take another scraping from the exacto knife used in those murders a few days ago. You still got those boxes in the new case area?”

“Yeah, but I can't let you do that right now. The sheriff has ordered that no one touch that stuff without his .”

“Excuse me?” Phil said, surprised. “The sheriff can't do that. Doctor Bob has jurisdiction over such things.”

“Well, you'll just have to talk to the sheriff about that.” Deputy Marlin told him.

Well, this plan is working out well. The voice commented.

Phil could see that he was going to have trouble with this situation. He could feel his perfect plan coming down around his head.

I would suggest you think of something fast, fool. The voice ordered.

“Ah, here it is.” He heard Rashid say from the table.

At that moment Phil got an odd feeling, almost electric. He knew something was about to happen, something big.

Steven Freeman and Micki came over to the table and watched as Rashid dug through the box and finally pulled out the grotesquely bound volume.

“Maybe I won't have to.” Phil said, under his breath.

The Egyptian held the book in both hands and closed his eyes for a moment. All watching were surprised as Rashid's hands started to shake and a groan escaped his lips.

“What the hell is that about?” Deputy Marlin asked.

“You got me.” Freeman said.

“Are you all right, Rashid?” Micki asked, concerned.

Rashid opened his eyes and looked up at her. "I'm doing quite well, Micki. This book is most definitely authentic, which makes me wonder what is locked up in the archives at Miskatonic University."

"How can you tell?" Micki asked.

"Come and find out for yourself." Rashid said, holding out the book to her.

Micki took the book and immediately fell to the floor, her body spasming wildly.

"Oh dear gods, what have I done!" Rashid said, rushing around the table and bending down beside her.

"Take the book away from her!" Steven Freeman yelled at Rashid.

Rashid tried to pull the book away from her, but it appeared Micki had it in a death grip.

Watching this, Phil silently thanked the Ancient Ones for the distraction. With everyone's attention focused on Micki, his way was now open to collect his prize.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE ANCIENT ONES

Micki felt the familiar feeling of falling. *Here we go again.* She thought. Then she hit sand hard. The impact actually knocked the air out of her.

After catching her breath again, she slowly and painfully got up. Every part of her body was aching. She wondered why it was that she was always the one who got the pleasure of enduring these damned ultra real illusions. *I guess I'm just lucky that way.* She concluded, shaking her head.

She looked around at her surroundings. All she could see was flat sand and dead looking trees for as far as she could see.

Then she saw movement on the horizon. As she watched the movement became a gray line stretching the horizon. Then it continued to get bigger and she saw what appeared to be a huge gray wave forming on the horizon and coming straight for her.

Phil slowly backed away from the others as they all focused their attention on Freeman's cousin. When he felt he was far enough away he turned and quickly headed to the back of the room where he knew the new case area was located.

When he arrived he saw that there were two dozen boxes stacked in the yellow taped off area. He looked at the boxes, but unlike the other boxes in the evidence room these didn't have a list of contents on them. *Oh, great.* He thought, hoping the book would be

able to keep its hold on Freeman's cousin until he could find the mask.

Fear crept into Micki Foster's very soul as she watched the gray wave grow before her eyes. She could now make out that the wave was undulating like jelly rather than flowing like water.

Questions filled her head. What was she seeing? Was it the end of the world? And, what world was it? Was she even in the same plain of existence? Was she going to survive this vision and be able to tell anyone what she's seen?

Now she could see that the wave wasn't a solid mass, but was made up of an inestimable number of living, and crawling things. The best way she could describe what she was seeing, and even this was too simplistic, was a sky high wall of grotesque gray giant maggots crawling and intertwining with each other as they moved across the sand toward her.

Phil looked over his shoulder at the others, who were visible between the rows of shelf units. Thankfully their attention was still fixed on Freeman's cousin whose mind, he gathered, was still stuck where ever the Ancient Ones had stuck it.

As for him, he was still picking his way through the boxes looking for the mask. Now that he was so near to it his hunger for it was raging. He had to fight with everything he had to stop from simply going nuts and dumping all the boxes over in the hopes that the mask would surface rather than being buried. But he knew this would only tip his hand and lose him his prize.

But when he stuck his hand into his seventh box, which had felt like his seventieth, he felt a shock run through his arm and knew he'd touched the mask. His groin grew afire with a passion no woman could ever produce in him. He shifted his fingers and grasped the plastic bag that covered his precious prize. Then carefully, so not to lose grip he slowly pulled the bag out of the box.

An almost insane smile crossed his face as his arm came free of the box and the clear bag that covered the mask was revealed to him. *It's mine. It's finally mine!* His mind screamed.

Yes, the mask is finally ours. The voice in his head said. *Now we have to be smart and get it out of here.*

"Don't worry about that it's all part of the plan." Phil said, under his breath. Now that he had the mask again he felt energized. He could almost say nearly indestructible, but he knew this wasn't the case. That wouldn't be the case until that magic moment when he put on the mask and was reborn in the image of Jason. No, he knew now wasn't the time. Now he had to be cunning and use his mind to slip out of this building with his prize.

He looked around the shelves for anything that might be of help to him. He found it in the form of a worn looking wooden handle sticking out of one of the boxes on a nearby shelf.

He went over to the shelf, grabbed the handle, and pulled out the long rusted and pitted blade of a machete. He knew it had to be Jason's.

Now the living wall was nearly upon her. At this distance she could smell the foul odor of the creatures.

The odor was fouler than the most festering sewer she'd ever smelt, and in her time dealing with Uncle Lewis' legacy she been in many. Now she had to fight to keep from emptying her guts on the sands.

Now she could see even more details. The maggots were clear and jelly-like. Behind them she could see blurred images of other more mountainous creatures moving within the sea of maggots. She was thankful that these other creatures were blurred lest her very sanity collapse in their presence.

Her every instinct was telling her to run, but she knew this would be a waste of effort. The creatures were moving faster than they appeared to be, and, anyway, where would she go.

Then, with her heart pounding in her chest and her breathing so hard she was nearly hyperventilating, the wall hit her and engulfed her.

Micki jumped up into a sitting position, knocking Rashid and Ryan to either side of her in the process. She let out the loudest scream of her life and the tears started to fall.

"It's all right, Micki!" Ryan said, grabbing her and hugging her to him. "It's all right. You're back with us."

"Ryan?" Micki said, hoarsely after she stopped screaming. "Oh god, Ryan, I thought I was dead. I thought they'd eaten me or worse."

Then Micki looked down and saw she was still holding the book. She immediately dropped it and kicked it away from her.

"A thousand apologies, Micki." Rashid said. "I would've never given you that damnable volume had I known it would have had such a strong affect on you."

“I saw them, Rashid.” she told him excitedly. “Or at least some of them. And, I got the impression they she me too.”

“Mam, are you ?” Deputy Marlin asked. “If you would like I'll go...” But he stopped in midsentence and a look of shock came over his face. The he looked down at the rusted blade point that was now sticking out of his chest.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

Phil tried to pull the machete out of Deputy Marlin's back, but he found that it was stuck. *How the hell could Jason do this?* He wondered.

A gurgling sound came from the deputy's lips as he dropped to his knees revealing Phil standing behind him.

Quickly, Phil grabbed Deputy Marlin's gun out of his holster. Then he let go of the handle of the machete, which appeared to be the only thing holding Marlin up because he immediately fell over.

Phil looked at Steven Freeman and the others and smiled. "Surprised?" he asked, looking around at the shocked expressions on their faces. "Oh no, you'd never think that good old, friendly, reliable, Phil would do something like this. No way in hell."

"My god, Phil, have you gone insane?" Steven Freeman exclaimed, shocked.

"Actually, I feel more sane than I have all my life. I feel released." he told him.

"Ryan, he has the mask." Rashid said. "I can sense it on him."

Phil patted his coat. "Oh, yes, I do believe you're right."

"Phil, you don't understand what'll happen to you if you put on that mask." Freeman said.

"Listen to Ryan...I mean Steven. It is unwise for you to keep possession of that mask. Its evil will

consume you and the only possible outcome will be your death.”

Why must we sit here and listen to these fool's drivel? The voice asked. *Let's just get out of here.*

“I'm enjoying myself.” Phil said to the voice, this time not speaking under his breath. “This voice in my head is so pushy.” he told the others, tapping his head.

Phil enjoyed the look of confusion Freeman and the others were giving him.

“Listen to me.” Freeman said. “I'm your friend. I'd never try to steer you wrong. Don't listen to that thing in your head. It doesn't care about you. All it wants is for you to become Jason's puppet.”

This enraged Phil. “I'm no ones fucking puppet. Not Jason's and definitely not Doctor Bob's. I'll show you. I'll show all you, you who thought I was just Doctor Bob's bumbling assistant. Oh, yeah, Phil doesn't have the stuff to be a doctor, at least not one that deals with actual living people. Oh, no. He gets stuck having to live in the shadow of a hick town coroner. Oh, and, by the way, he is so dickless that even the town tramp won't have anything to do with him. Well, actually that's changed. I've shown her the error of her ways. Not that there was much left of her after I finished having my fun.”

Are you done yet? The voice said, impatiently. *Or I'm I going have to listen to more of this.*

Phil let out his breath and calmed himself. “Oh, yeah, I feel better now.”

So can we leave now? The voice asked, sounding bored.

“Yeah, I guess.” Phil said. “But I need to get something from my dear friend here.” He indicated the

deputy's body, which was lying face down on the floor in front of him.

Cautiously, while keeping his eyes and gun trained on the people in front of him, he felt around on the deputy's gun belt. Finally, he found what he was looking for, Marlin's key ring.

He was just unhooking the key ring when a bloody hand clasp down on his.

"What the fuck!" Phil exclaimed as the deputy shifted on his side and glared up at him. Bloody drool was dribbling from Ed Marlin's lips.

At that moment Freeman tried to make a move toward him, but Phil immediately pointed the gun at him and shook his head. "I wouldn't try that, Steven."

Then Phil glanced down at the deputy. "You still alive down there, Ed?"

Phil tried to pull his hand free but the deputy held on.

"Well, we can't have that." he said, pointing the gun at Marlin's head and pulling the trigger. The back of Ed Marlin's head exploded sending red and pink shrapnel splattering onto the floor.

Micki screamed and grabbed hold of her cousin's arm.

Then Phil pulled himself free of the dead deputy's grip. He cringed at the sight of what he'd done. "Ehew, what a mess."

"You sick fuck!" Freeman exclaimed, trying to go after him, but Micki held him back.

"Hold back your anger, Ryan." Rashid said. "Aggressive action will only lead to one of us getting hurt or killed."

"I'd listen to your wise old friend here, Ryan." Phil said, sarcastically. "Oh, and you know sometime you're

gonna have to tell me why the old man calls you Ryan. But for now I have to say good bye.” Then Phil started backing toward the door.

Sheriff Lloyd Landis had just walked into his office and was about to pour himself a cup of day old coffee when he heard a gunshot.

Immediately he rushed into the hall and nearly ran into the blond female deputy from the front desk.

“Where in the name of Sam Hill did that come from?” he asked, partially to himself.

“It must be from the back.” the slim figured deputy, he now recalled was named Kelly Campbell, told him.

“That assistant guy from the coroner's office came through here with Steven Freeman and a couple other people after you left.”

“And you didn't ask what their business was?” he asked, surprised at her.

“I'm sorry, Sheriff, I was on the phone at the time and I thought it was procedure to let Doctor Bob and his assistant in.”

The sheriff gave her a stern look. “That doesn't include them bringing guests, young lady.” Then he motioned for her to follow him “ And I can guess where they went.”

Cautiously they made their way down the empty hall toward the back of the building, where the evidence room was located. Landis had his hand on the butt of his gun, ready to pull it at a moments notice.

“Who's watching things back here?” Landis asked.

“I think it's Ed Marlin.” She said, in a half whisper.

Finally they reached the abandoned desk to the side of the door to the evidence room. Landis pulled his gun

and held it in the ready position. Deputy Campbell mirrored him by pulling her gun as well.

“Why the fuck would he let them in there?” he asked, looking over at the door. “I specifically said I didn't want anyone in there without my authorization.”

Deputy Campbell opened her mouth to answer, but was stopped by the sound of a key opening the door.

Phil had lucked out and was finally able to get the key in the keyhole. It had taken him a few moments because he had to do it while he was keep Freeman and the others at bay with the gun.

After turning the key, he felt around and grasp the door knob. Turning it he slowly opened the door and backed out of it. “Stay back, you fucking freaks!” he yelled as he headed out the door. “I'll fire!”

Suddenly he felt the cold touch of a steel gun barrow to his temple.

“Now you be smart and put that thing down.” he heard the voice of Sheriff Landis say from beside him.

“Oh, thank go it's you, sheriff.” Phil said. “You got to let me close the door. They're crazy in there. I thought I was going to die.”

Suddenly there was yelling coming from inside the evidence room. “No...no don't listen to him!” was the only thing that could be made out.

“Please, Sheriff!” Phil demanded, excitedly.

“Okay, close the door.” The sheriff said, though he kept the gun at Phil's head. “But then you drop the gun and the keys and put your hands behind your head.”

“Fine.” Phil said as he quickly closed the metal door and locked it. Then, as instructed he dropped both the gun and the keys and cautiously put his hands behind his head.

Sheriff Landis locked a handcuff on Phil's left wrist and brought it down and behind his back. Then Deputy Campbell took his other hand and maneuvered it behind his back and locked it in the other handcuff.

Landis lowered his gun and turned Phil toward him. "Now, boy, you better tell me what the fuck is going on and what's happened to my deputy."

"Oh my god." Phil said, and managed to surprise himself by forcing some tears into his eyes. "Oh my god, I thought I was going to die in there. They forced me to help them. They're crazy. They killed Doctor Bob and Lupe. They made me forge Doctor Bob's signature and yours on papers that allowed them to go through the stuff from the murders." Phil made himself sound frantic.

"Okay." Landis said. "Now, calm down and tell me what happened to my deputy."

Phil started shaking. *Now for a command performance.* he thought. "They killed Ed. He got suspicious when they started going through some of the older boxes looking for some freaky looking book from the Voorhees house. So, Steven used Jason's old machete and stabbed him with it. But he was still alive so they used his own gun to blow his head off. They were so distracted by watching this that I saw my chance and tackled Steven and got the gun away from him."

"So you conveniently managed to get the gun away from Freeman and the girl and make your escape." The sheriff said, shaking his head.

"And there was the other one." Phil said, looking terrified. "He was the one who was controlling things."

"Excuse me?" Landis said, a slight indication of surprise in his voice.

“Yeah, there was three of them besides Phil.” Deputy Campbell told him. “He was a short foreign looking guy. He sort of looked like one of those guys from the old mummy movies. You know, the ones with the red hats and tassels.”

“Yeah...yeah, he said he needed the book and the mask to bring Jason back.” Phil interjected excitedly.

“That fucking mask.” Landis said in frustration “I should've had Cort torch that damned thing.”

Landis looked over at Deputy Campbell. “Take him to the front and take his statement.”

“Uh,... Sheriff.” Phil said, indicating his cuffed hands.

“Let me think about that.” Landis said and motioned for Campbell to proceed.

“But wait a minute, Sheriff. I told you I was forced to help them.” Phil said in a panicked tone.

“Yeah, that's what you said, but they might say something different.” Landis told him.

Ryan looked at the door Phil had just escaped out of and thought about giving it a swift kick.

Rashid must've sensed Ryan's mood. “I understand your frustration, my friend, but we must now devote our energies into trying to evaluate our situation. I have little doubt that soon the sheriff will be coming through that door followed by his deputies. Therefore, we must be ready and try to keep the outcome from becoming unfortunate.”

Ryan shook his head and turned away from the door. “Why is it that we always end up in situations like this. I can just imagine the crap Phil's telling them out there. We'll be lucky if the sheriff doesn't come in with guns blazing.”

“The sheriff may be a hardass, but I don't think he's as bad as that.” Micki said.

Then the phone on the wall started ringing, startling all three of them.

“Ryan, I would suggest you answer that since you are the one who is more acquainted with the sheriff.” Rashid said.

Reluctantly, Ryan went to the phone and picked up the receiver. “Hello.”

“Is that you, Steven?” asked the familiar voice of Sheriff Lloyd Landis.

“Yeah, it's me.” Ryan said simply.

“What in the name of hell is going on, Steven? I just left Doctor Bob and that Mexican receptionist of his. They were gutted and fucked up to all hell. That rat faced flunky of Bob's says that you and your cousin and that foreign guy you got in there with you did that to them.”

“That's a fucking lie.” Ryan told him, totally shocked by what the sheriff just told him. “Oh my god, he killed Bob. We asked him to ask Bob to get permission from you to take a look at a book you guys took from the Voorhees house. We've come up with information that that was the book Pamela and her brother used to bring Jason back from the dead. We figured it might hold a clue to how to deal with the present situation with the mask.”

“More of that supernatural shit.” Landis said in frustration.

“Lloyd, you've got to stop Phil. He has the mask with him....” Ryan started to tell him, but he was cut off by the sheriff.

“Now wait a minute, he said you have the mask. He also said something crazy about you using the mask and

that book you mentioned to bring back Jason.” The sheriff told him.

“Damnit, Lloyd, I told you Phil has the mask. You've got to get it away from him before he puts it on.” Ryan told him excitedly.

“Now hold onto your panties. My deputy has him cuffed and is right now taking his statement. He's not going to be putting on anything or doing anything other than what i tell him until I get the bottom of this. And neither are you or your buddies in there. So don't try any funny stuff. You got that, Steven?”

“I got it, sheriff.” Ryan answered. “Just please go and check him over. I swear he has the mask.”

“Fine...fine. I'll do it. But you'd better not be playing games with me.” Landis said before he hung up.

“Campbell, I called you.” Sheriff Landis said as he headed up the hall toward the front desk. “What's going on up there? Is he giving you any problems?”

Upon entering the entry hall Landis saw what was wrong. Phil had escaped. He'd left Deputy Kelly Campbell sitting at her desk, very much dead. She'd been stabbed through the eye with the mail spear from her desk, with the letters still attached.

Phil had left a note written in the blood that was still dribbling from Campbell's eye and left it on the chair next to her with the abandoned handcuffs and key. On the note was simply the words JASON LIVES.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

TRANSFORMATION

Phil was still feeling the adrenaline from his latest killing as he ran into the alley a block away from the sheriff's office. Unfortunately he'd had to rush so he couldn't sit for a moment and marvel at his work. But now that wouldn't be a problem. Now he would be powerful and no one would be able to stop him.

He stuck his hand in the ripped inner lining of his trenchcoat and grabbed the bag that held the mask. Immediately he felt the familiar charge that ran up his arm. The feeling of pleasure rushed through his body and straight into his groin. He immediately released in his pants. He took the bag out of his coat, held it up, and looked at it. Even in the bag the mask was beautiful.

My friend, you've worked hard for this moment.
The voice said. *Now take the gift the Ancient Ones have seen fit to bestow upon you.*

Phil ripped open the bag and took the mask out. Carefully, he slipped the leather straps behind his head and pulled the mask down over his face. He had barely enough time to think about how good it felt before the pain started.

He stumbled back against the alley wall as the initial spasms hit him. Every nerve in his body was on fire. He could feel his bones growing and becoming stronger. He heard his seams of his clothes ripping as

his body gained bulk. He tried to scream but all he could get out was a grunt because he couldn't open his mouth due to the fact that the mask had bonded to his face.

Then as the pain started to subside he saw movement with his pain blurred vision in front of him. Then after a few moments the pain completely subsided and he was amazed to see the transparent image of a man standing in front of him.

For a moment he thought the pain had driven him insane. The vision in front of him was of a balding, gray haired, older looking man with a mustache. The man was wearing a white button down shirt with red suspenders and black slacks. He was also wearing an odd looking string-like black tie around his neck. The vision reminded him of Jopedo from the story of Pinocchio. But this being was a far cry from the friendly, loving, puppet master from the story. He could sense the pure evil of this being, as well as see the cold, calculating, look in his eyes.

“Well, my friend,” The vision said, its voice unnervingly familiar, “now we finally are able to meet face to face.”

Then Phil realized that the voice coming from the vision was the same one that had been in his head. He tried to speak, to ask what had happened, but he found he could barely move his lips. What came out of his mouth was nothing but indecipherable gibberish.

“Oh, yes, it'll be such torture for me not to have the pleasure of having to listen to your endless drivel. And, unfortunately, given our new situation, I am unable to read your thoughts anymore. So I guess we'll just have to come to some kind of understanding.” The vision said, his smile less than comforting.

Then Phil felt the familiar pain in his head.

"Oh, yes, I also forgot to tell you I still retain the ability to hurt you." The vision said.

Then the pain increased. It felt like someone was taking a molten spike and ramming it into his brain. Finally, the pain became so intense that Phil dropped to his knees and silently begged the vision for release.

"Oh, I see you realize who's boss around here." The vision said, amused.

Then the pain stopped. Phil fell forward and landed on the concrete. He let out the breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding.

"Yes, you've become strong, my friend." The vision said. "Stronger than you think. Do you realize that if I'd done that to you before you put on the mask that your head would've exploded?"

Phil had no doubt about what the vision had just said. Slowly, he managed to get back on his feet. Now he waited for what his new "master" had in store for him.

"Now it's time for us to get started with our special work. The Ancient Ones have offered me my life back in exchange for a number of human lives. You, my friend, will be my tool. For you I offer the pleasure of the kill and a bounty of blood. All I ask is your obedience and loyalty. Do I have them?"

Phil nodded his head. He had little choice.

"Good." the vision said, smiling at him again. "Then we have our understanding. In the spirit of our understanding it is only fair that you know who you're dealing with." then with a theatrical flourish he bowed before Phil and said, "May I introduce myself. I am Lewis Vendredi. But you can call me Uncle Lewis."

Ryan watched Rashid with amazement. Even with everything that was going on Rashid was ever the diligent researcher. He was sitting calmly studying the Necronomicon like the events of the past half hour hadn't taken place.

Micki, on the other hand, was sitting on the edge of the table looking at Deputy Marlin's body and shaking her head. "We should've realized there was something odd about Phil." She said. "Because of that this poor man lost his life."

"Stop beating yourself over the head." Ryan told her. "If anything I should be the one doing that. I'm the one who lives here. I should've questioned how Phil's been acting the last couple of days. Hell, he looked like shit earlier today. I should've been suspicious about how quick he recovered. But I was too occupied with all this shit about Jason, the book, and Lewis."

"My friends," Rashid said, looking up from the Necronomicon, "you both should not blame yourselves. It is a constant in this path of life we find ourselves in that the innocent get caught up in our actions and end up getting hurt or killed. That is the way it is in war, and believe me when I say that this is a war. It is a war to maintain that precious balance that keeps this realm of existence from falling into darkness."

"But he wouldn't have had to die if we'd been more careful." Micki told him.

"Yes, and next time we will definitely be more careful." Rashid said. "That is why the higher ones put us here, to learn from our mistakes and to grow. Now if you will excuse me I will continue with my studies." Then he picked up the book and started to read again.

"Well, have you found out anything new?" Ryan asked.

Rashid looked up again. “Actually, nothing that I didn't expect to find. I have confirmed that the ritual Lewis used was indeed one that bonded Jason's body to the life-force of one of the Ancient Ones. In confirming this it explains much about how this, so called, curse has proceeded. If you recall a young man several years ago supposedly killed Jason again, and Jason was actually buried.”

“Yeah, I remember that.” Ryan said. “The kid's name was Jarvis...Tommy Jarvis. I also recall that eight years later Jarvis tried to destroy Jason's body, but ended up bringing him back to life.”

“Yes, I recall from a statement he wrote after the incident that a bolt of lightening struck a metal bar that he'd rammed into Jason's chest.” Rashid added.

“I never could understand that.” Micki said. “It didn't sound logical.”

“In regard to the Ancient Ones our ideas of logic are meaningless.” Rashid told her. “But I have a theory in regard to this incident. When Jarvis 'killed' Jason the damage he inflicted on Jason's body was so much that the Ancient One that was bonded to him could not handle the damage and went to sleep until the lightening reenergized it and provided it with the energy to reanimate Jason's body again.”

“But the Jason I fought was a fully living being.” Ryan reminded him. “And, if I recall he was the same way when the FBI blew him up.”

“I also have a theory about this as well.” Rashid told him. “If you recall there was an incident two years before your encounter with Jason, Ryan, in which he stowed away on a ship that was carrying the graduating class of Crystal Lake High to Manhattan.”

“Yeah, if I recall Jason killed nearly everyone on board and ended up sinking the ship.” Ryan added. “The survivors escaped in a lifeboat. They managed to get to the harbor in Manhattan, but Jason somehow managed to follow them. He supposedly killed most of their party, but two of them escaped into the sewers.”

“Exactly.” Rashid said. “In the end Jason was caught in the toxic flood water that is known to periodically flow through the sewers and was supposedly destroyed. But I recall that one of the survivors reported that the moment after Jason's body melted away the body of a young boy floated to the surface of the water.”

“That's why people around here discounted the whole story, because Jason reappeared six months later.” Ryan told him.

“Yes, I understand that.” Rashid said. “Yet, through my sources, I did find out that emergency crews investigating the survivor's claims did indeed find a naked twelve year old boy in the sewer that was very much alive and suffering from chemical burns. It was also reported that the boy was suffering amnesia and could not be identified. Soon after his rescue, though, the boy was put in the custody of a renowned blood expert, Doctor Reinhold Wimmer. But, about a month later he somehow escaped from the hospital. Though there was a large scale search the boy was never found.”

“Are you trying to say that the boy was Jason?” Micki asked.

“Yes. I'm saying that when Jason's body was destroyed the Ancient One recreated it in it's original form. Then it simply rebuilt him from that foundation.”

“What you're describing sounds like some sort of virus or parasite.” Ryan said.

“Exactly, that is exactly what we're dealing with here.” Rashid agreed.

“It fits what I saw when I touched the book.” Micki said, sounding very uneasy. “They reminded me of a giant cancer. They literally devoured everything that wasn't them and recreated it in their image.”

“But that still doesn't explain the mask, and how it's able to possess people.” Ryan said.

“Actually, it does.” Micki said. “With Jason wearing that mask constantly I would think that thing inside him could easily contaminate it.”

“Yes, exactly, and given this entity's capacity and it's obvious instinct for survival this seems most logical.” Rashid admitted.

“Then what would you suggest we do about this?” Micki asked.

“All I can suggest at this time is that we go with the original plan we devised and get possession of the mask and lock it up in the vault back at Curious Goods.” Rashid said.

“The problem is that more than likely Phil's already put the damned thing on and is getting ready for a killing spree.” Ryan pointed out.

“Then, my friend, our first priority is to find a way to convince the sheriff to release us. Then we do what we must to get the mask, that includes, I'm sorry to say, having to kill Mr. Raman.” Rashid told them.

Phil followed the image of “Uncle Lewis” down the alleyway toward their destination, which was the Army/Navy Store for what Lewis called “the tools of the trade.”

As he walked he clenched and unclenched his hands. As he did this he could feel the power flowing

through his new bulky arms. He could hardly wait to try out his new hulking form.

As he walked by a steel garbage can and crushed it between his hands. It was as easy as if it was made of tin foil.

“Patience, my friend.” Lewis said, giving him an amused expression. “Soon you will be able to see what your new body can do.”

“What's going on down there?” They heard come from a short distance up the alley. Then they saw movement from a pile of cardboard boxes up ahead. An old man with a white beard, dirty baseball cap, and tan flannel shirt got up from among the boxes and came stumbling drunkenly out in front of them. “Hey, what you doing over there?” The old man said, scratching his scruffy beard and squinting at Phil.

Phil was surprised. Though Lewis was standing right near the old man it was obvious he couldn't see him. It made him wonder if he was the only one who could.

“My goodness,” the old man said, adjusting his ratty looking, ill-fitting, jeans, “is it Halloweenie again. I sometimes loose track of time.” He cackled to himself, showing a mouth with two rotten, black, teeth. “Or are you one of those fellas that dress up like Mickey Mouse and take pictures with all them there brats?” This seemed to amuse the old man. He cackled again. “My, my, how times have changed. I remember a time when folk around here were actually scared of Jason Voorhees. Now with all this touristie bullshit they've made him look like a real pussie...Yep, a real sissified bitch.”

Phil now recognized this old coot. He'd seen him several times at Smoky's. The main reason why he

remembered him was because he used to yell crude suggestions at Guadalupe while she was dancing with those low life loggers. A couple of times he'd gotten her so mad that she'd doused him in his own beer.

But now this old coot was pointing his sharp tongue at him.

Now Phil realized that he'd not only inherited Jason's strength, but also his anger as well. And, this coot was getting him mad.

"Hey, buddy, ain't you got something to say? Or, say, are you one of them retards, like Jason was?"

Phil has finally had enough of this old fool.

Before the old coot could say another word, he stomped up to him and grabbed him by the throat. There was a sharp crunching sound as Phil's hand tightened around the old man's neck. Then the old man went limp.

This frustrated Phil. The kill had been too easy. Angrily, he ripped the old man's head off and threw it against the alley wall. The head splattered like a melon leaving bloody goo dribbling down the wall.

"Don't worry, my boy," Lewis said, "there's more where he came from. Soon these streets will flow with blood. But first we need to get you ready."

Then Lewis waved him on and they continued down the alley.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

KILL ZONE

Will Peters had just finished counting out the register and was putting the last figure on the evening closing report. It had been a quiet evening, so quiet that he'd let the evening help off early.

The entire evening he'd only had two sales. Both had been made to a couple of very nice Filipino ladies who'd decided to be brave and set up camp in the woods near Camp Crystal Lake.

He'd given them the typical warning about "Camp Blood," though he did it in a tongue in cheek way. This had amused the ladies, though it was obvious they, like all the other tourists, knew that Jason was no longer a threat.

The women had each bought one of Steven's all in one camping kits, so though it was only two sales it was a nice chunk of change for the evening. He was sure Steven would be pleased, since he recalled from when he ran the business that typically evenings were light.

He wondered if Steven had had a chance to ask his cousin about the Winter Festival. He was sure if Steven had he'd tell him when he checked up on the business. It was just that he was a bit nervous about the answer. Katherine had been his first and only love, so it had been an eternity since he'd had to deal with the pressure of asking anyone out on a first date. And, given the fact that Steven's cousin was an extraordinarily beautiful woman didn't help either. It all

made him feel like an insecure teenager, which he wasn't sure was a good or bad thing.

He was about to ponder on this subject further when a large hulking figure smashed through the front door of the store.

Phil had enjoyed breaking through the door, it was just the kind of dramatic entrance he wanted. He could see it had the desired affect, because that old fool, Will Peters, was standing behind the register with a totally startled look on his face.

After a few moments, the supposedly tough old military man got his composure and managed to speak. "You'd better think twice about what you're thinking about doing. All I have to do is press a button and I'll have the sheriff here before you can get away with one thing." He said, with false bravado. "Also, if you're thinking about getting tough with me it's only right that I inform you that I have a gun under this counter."

Phil wasn't impressed. Neither of the old man's threats bothered him one bit. To show his disregard, Phil picked up a metal rack of hunting jackets and threw it against the far wall. The rack smashed and sent the jackets scattering in all directions.

Peters must've pushed the button, because suddenly the room was filled with the sound of a very loud bell ringing. Phil looked around the room and found the sound was coming from a large electronic bell that was located toward the back of the room over a door marked "EMPLOYEES ONLY," next to a wooden display cabinet full of different styles of knives.

Perfect. He thought. *I can kill two birds with one stone.*

Phil started toward the doorway.

“Stop.” Peters said, holding up the gun from under the counter and pointing it at him. “Stop or I’ll have to shoot.”

Phil ignored him and continued toward the annoying bell.

“Stop. I’m not kidding!” Peters yelled at him.

Then Phil heard gun shots and felt a couple sharp pains in his side, yet to his amazement he was still standing.

Phil looked over at Will Peters. The old man had a look of shock on his face. Yet, the old sucker shot him again.

This time the bullet hit him in the gut. He felt the sharp pain of impact, yet it had no affect on his new powerful body.

Phil glared at Peters. Though he wasn’t hurt, Phil was getting annoyed with this old fool.

Before Peters could shoot him again Phil charged the counter and busted through it. Then he grabbed Peters by the hand that he had the gun in and crushed it. Peters rewarded him with a loud, agonized, scream.

With his free hand Phil grabbed Peters by the throat, but this time making sure he didn’t crush the old man’s neck like he did the drunk in the alley. Still Peters’ eyes bugged out and he started coughing.

Phil dragged Peters over to where the annoying bell was. With his free hand he reached up and grabbed a hold of the bell. Then there was a shower of sparks and silence as Phil ripped it off the wall. Then Phil simply dropped it on the floor with a loud clang.

Then he turned to the display cabinet and smashed the glass. He grabbed a large bowie knife out of the display. Then he slammed Will Peters against the employee door and rammed the knife into his gut. He

felt the knife blade hit the door behind Will's body and imbed into it.

Phil let loose of Will Peters neck and stepped back to look at his handiwork. It had been a very satisfying kill.

Peters coughed a couple times and bloody drool began to dribble from his lips. He looked up at his killer and said, "I'm sorry, Micki." Then his body went limp and his head drooped.

Sheriff Landis felt his nausea returning as he slipped past the still seated body of Deputy Campbell and headed over to the dispatch radio, which was on the far side of the desk. Picking up the microphone he pressed the button and began to talk. "Sheriff Landis to Unit 014, do you copy. Come in Cort. Over."

"This is Cort. I copy, Sheriff. Over." came the static filled reply.

"All hell has broken loose back here, Cort, and I need some assistance." the sheriff told him. "I got both deputies on duty here dead. I got three suspects locked up in the evidence room and one on the loose. Over."

"We still have a situation here too, Sheriff. The crowd around here hasn't disbanded. If anything the crowd has increased. It appears the word has gotten out about the murders. None of the backup I requested has arrived. Though, I got a message from the Essex Highway Patrol and their three unites are do at anytime now. Over." Cort sounded stressed.

"Is there anyway you could spare me someone. I'm stuck here by myself and I really can't trust that my guests in the evidence room will stay quiet. Over." Landis said.

"I could spare Deputy Justin. I know it isn't much, but it's the best I can offer right now. Over." Cort said, frustrated.

"At this point I'll take what I can get." The sheriff said. "When the Highway Patrol gets there send one of the unites my way. Over."

"You got it, Sheriff. Over." Cort agreed.

"I'm counting on you to handle that situation out there. Over and out." the sheriff concluded.

"Understood, Sheriff. Out."

Then there was nothing but static over the radio.

Sheriff Landis shook his head and grumbled.

"Goddamned bureaucrats." He said, thinking about how the county had cut his budget a couple years ago. It was their stance, and that of the local voters, that with the threat of Jason gone they really didn't need to maintain a large sheriff's office. And, since the Cunningham County Sheriff's Department wasn't a real sheriff's department, but a private security force maintained by the estate of the Cunningham family, they basically had a free hand in the matter. What they hadn't counted on was all the new murders and the tourism that was now overpowering his reduced office.

Yep, he thought, you bureaucratic buttheads really fucked the pooch this time. But, of course, the people at city hall would find a way to throw the blame on his shoulders.

Well, that was fine with him. The thought of resigning and getting the fuck out of this town was looking more and more appealing.

Then he heard a buzzing sound coming from a panel full of red lights that he knew was for monitoring the burglar alarms for all the shops in town. Now one of those light was blinking and the buzzer was going off.

“When it rains, it pours.” he said, shaking his head and sighing in frustration.

Phil had just finished filling the pockets of his black trenchcoat with metal tent spikes and was heading back toward the broken knife display when the image of Lewis came up to him.

“I must say I'm very impressed, my friend.” Lewis said, looking around at the damage Phil had done to the Army/Navy Store and nodded. “I see you've managed to gain a bit of control over your new strength.” He said, indicating Will Peters body, which was still pinned to the wall by the bowie knife stuck in his gut. “You managed to kill him without crushing him in the process.” He said, smiling.

Phil walked up to Will Peters and pulled the knife free from his body and the door as easily as if it were stuck in butter. The body fell limply to the floor, like a puppet with it's strings cut.

With a quick flick of his wrist, Phil sent most of the blood sticking to the blade splattering on the floor. Then he slipped the knife into the sheath he'd put on earlier.

“You definitely look ready for the job at hand, my boy.” Lewis said, with a look of approval.

But Phil wasn't finished. He went over to the knife display and took out the shining new machete. Though it had the corny looking name CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE written in blood looking paint on the blade, it felt good in his hand.

Lewis nodded with approval. “Yes, my friend, now you are ready.”

Deputy David Justin's patrol car just cleared the crowd and was now heading toward the Army/Navy Store, as the sheriff had instructed. With all the other deputies, as well as the highway patrol, and a number of locals Deputy Cort deputized busy with the crowd it was left up to Deputy Justin to check out this possible burglary. Not that he was too worried about the situation. He figured at the most it was a couple tourist who'd gotten rowdy because of all the excitement and took things a bit too far.

As he drove up to the store he could see that the front door had been smashed in. "Unit 005 to base. Over." He said into the microphone of his CB.

"This is base. What you got for me, son? Over." He heard Sheriff Landis' voice come from the speaker.

"I'm approaching the store. It appears the door is broken in. Over."

"Okay, proceed. But be cautious and don't pull any of that Dirty Harry crap. You got that, boy? Over." The sheriff said.

"I know, Sheriff." Justin said, slightly incensed.

Justin knew exactly what the sheriff meant. Hell, everyone at the office knew about his little mistake and constantly reminded him of it.

Who could forget the story of how, during his first week as a deputy in Crystal Lake, he had answered a call about an intruder at a local farm and while investigating a noise got kicked by the farmer's mule. The thing was though this in itself would have been embarrassing, he had his gun out at the time and ended up shooting the mule in the butt in the process.

Ever since his coworkers have constantly ribbed him about being the best ass shooter in the county.

Some of them have even started addressing him by the annoying nickname of “Ass Blaster.”

Justin parked his patrol car across the street from the darkened store. Getting out, he pulled out the light he had on his belt and turned it on. Cautiously he headed across the street and looked through the main window.

There was a single lamp lit behind the counter, which looked to be broken, so most of the shop was in shadow. Still he could make out movement in there. Making his way to the broken doorway, the red haired, freckle faced, deputy flashed his light inside the shop and exclaimed, “Sheriff’s deputy. Stay where you are and put your hands up. Don’t try any funny business!”

Justin’s light illuminated a large, hulking, figure, wearing a dirty hockey mask over his face. In the figure’s left hand was the glint of a large blade.

“Okay, mister, I’d put the weapon down.” He said, putting his hand on the butt of his pistol.

The figure before him simply stood there looked at him, as if assessing his next move.

“I’m not kidding. Drop the knife and put your hands behind your head, or I’ll have to shoot.” Justin said, trying his best to sound in control of the situation. But the truth was just the opposite, he was scared shitless and was fighting the urge to run. There was something about this guy, something that told him this was serious. He pulled out his pistol and pointed it at the figure. “I mean it.”

Phil stood and watched as that fool Deputy Justin stood in the doorway shining a light in his eyes, shouting orders, and pointing a gun at him. None of this really bothered him in the least. If anything he could

smell the fear coming off this ridiculous excuse for a deputy. It amused him.

He knew all it would take was the flexing of a single muscle to start this idiot shooting. Though he wasn't afraid of any real injury since he'd already found out that bullets couldn't kill him. It was just that they still hurt like a bitch going in. Yet, he knew he had better things to do than playing face off with this fool.

"What are you waiting for?" Lewis asked, from behind the remains of the counter, where he watch with interest.

"I said drop the knife and put your hand behind your head, damn it. Do it now or I'll shoot!" The deputy yelled at him.

Then Justin shot a warning shot over Phil's head. The shot hit the wall above the employee door, which was right behind Phil.

Okay, asshole, Phil thought, *playtime is over.* Now he was pissed. He charged Justin.

Justin got three more shots off at Phil. Two shots hit him in the chest. The third one grazed him in the shoulder. Pain seared Phil's chest, but instead of slowing him down it fed into his rage.

Phil lifted the machete over his head and clasp it with both hands. Then he brought the blade down on Justin's head. The strike was so powerful that it sent the blade cutting through Justin's hat, into his skull, down through his neck, and halfway through his chest.

Then Phil felt Justin's gun go off one last time. The shot was point blank and knocked him backward. He hit a rack of winter coats on his way down and sent it careening across the floor.

Sitting up, Phil saw that Justin's body had split open into a vee and was spraying the area around it in

blood. Then Justin's knees buckled and he fell backward into the doorway.

Slowly, stumbling up, Phil checked his stomach and found that, though it was slick with black blood, the hole had already closed. He had no doubt that the exit wound in the back was closed as well.

“You really need to stop going out of your way to get shot.” Lewis told him. “Though it may seem like you're impregnable eventually they will take their toll on your body.”

At that moment Phil had wished he could say something because he wanted to inform Lewis it wasn't by choice that he was now a easier target to shoot at.

“Still, I most say you are really showing some panache in your killing style. I look forward to seeing what surprises you come up with next.”

Phil bent down and picked up his machete, which he'd dropped while he was falling. Then he started for the door and stepped over Justin's body, which was still continuing to drain blood all over the floor.

As he headed out the door he heard Sheriff Landis' voice coming from Justin's walkie talkie. “Report,....Unit 005 come in. Over. Deputy Justin report.....”

CHAPTER TWENTY

BLOOD BATH

“Deputy Justin, report in immediately. Over.” Sheriff Landis said into the microphone. “Damnit, boy, status? Report status. Over.” Then he released the switch on the microphone and looked over at Highway Patrol Officer Dan Marshack. “There's definitely something wrong. That deputy might not be the brightest crayon in the pack, but I've never known him to ignore a request for a call back.”

“All it could mean is that he's too busy to do so.” Marshack suggested.

“You don't know this deputy like I do. If things came even close to getting out of hand that boy would be on the horn calling for backup. No, there's something wrong.” Landis said as he turned back to the dispatch radio and switched on the microphone. “Deputy Cort, this is Sheriff Landis come in. Over.”

“Cort here, Sheriff. Over.” came the reply.

“Cort, I need you to meet me in front of the Army/Navy Store as soon as possible. I believe we have a deputy in trouble. Over.”

“Deputy Justin? Over.”

“Correct.” Landis said. “I've called him repeatedly and he hasn't replied. Over.”

“Understood.” Cort said. “What about my present posting? Over.”

“Leave it to one of the highway patrol officers. Tell him to coordinate with Officer Marshack here at the sheriff's office until you get back. Over.”

“Understood, Sheriff. I'm on my way. Over.”

“Good, I'll meet you there. Over and out.” Then the sheriff switched off the microphone and slowly slipped past the remains of Deputy Campbell. “Oh, and while I'm gone, Marshack, would you please do something about this.” he said, indicating the corpse sitting in the chair.

“I'll have the coroner from Essex make a trip over here as soon as he's free.” Marshack promised.

“Good, it just makes it difficult to use the radio this way.”

“Also, sir, I sorry to question you on this, but don't you think Deputy Cort could handle this situation on his own?” Marshack asked.

“That may be the way you handle things in your office. Here in this office I consider my deputies like family and when one of them is in a bind I deal with it personally.”

“Suit yourself, Sheriff.” Marshack said, as Landis headed out the front entrance.

“Given the increased activity around here, I would suggest we stick to the alleyways and head out of town.” Lewis said, as they headed down Main Street toward the next alley, which was on the other side of the coffee shop. “Then we can pay our young documentarians a little surprise.”

They were just passing the coffee shop when there was a loud bang on the window. Then the door to the coffee shop opened and six children of various ages followed by several adults came stumbling out. The

children surrounded Phil and started jumping up and down and shouting, "Jason...Jason...Jason...!"

Then some of the adults started shooting pictures of him. Another sloppy looking, balding, fat guy in a red polo shirt was standing back from the crowd shooting him with a video camera.

Then he heard one of the adults say, "God, what a jip. What do these hicks think, that some dork in a hockey mask could actually be scary."

Oh, so I'm not scary enough? Phil thought, enraged. *Well, let me remedy that.*

With that Phil lifted his machete and swung it in a wide arc, cutting off the heads of five of the people in the crowd in the process. Suddenly, the shouts of the children turned to screams as the peoples' heads fell from their bodies and their blood sprayed the crowd around them.

Then the kids started to scatter. One little girl had been holding her parents hands when Phil decapitated them. She began to scream hysterically as her parents bodies, their hands locked on hers, began to fall over, taking her with them.

While this was happening, Phil was busy hacking his way through the crowd. Arms, legs, and half bodies fell in his wake.

A biker toting a tire iron charged Phil and hit him in the back with it. Phil turned, grabbing him by his leather jacket and threw him through the window of Smokey's Pub across the street.

Other people tried to jump him as well, but they were either cut down by Phil's machete or knocked into the crowd as Phil back handed them.

Bring on the blood bath. Phil thought, as the crowd continued to assault him.

Sheriff Landis stumbled back from the entrance to the Army/Navy Store. Though he heaved painfully, he had nothing in his stomach to throw up.

"There's another body in there. It's Will Peters." Cort said, as he came out of the store. "You want me to call in for support?"

"What you think." Landis said, looking up at Cort from his bent over position. "We got ourselves another first rate psycho running around town butchering people. Get Marshack on the horn and have him call in the state police."

At that moment they heard screaming and saw people running down the street toward them.

Pulling himself together, Landis straightened up. Something was happening and he had no time to be weak.

Looking around he saw the excitement was coming from a large crowd of people about two blocks down Main Street, near the coffee shop.

Then he caught sight of a woman, splattered in blood, running toward him screaming. He managed to grab the woman as she passed him. The hysterical woman started struggling, but the sheriff held tight. "Hold on!" he said. "Calm down. You're safe!"

This seemed to get through to her. She stopped screaming and struggling. But then the tears started.

"What happened to you?" Landis asked. "You need to tell me what happened."

"It was Jason!" The woman said to him hysterically. "We thought he was just a guy in a costume, but it was him. He started killing everyone in sight!" Then she caught sight of the blood splattered on

her hands This started her screaming again. She pulled free of him and took off down the street again.

“Cort, head back to the patrol cars and get on the horn with Marshack. Then get the rifles, we might need them.”

“And what'll you be doing, Sheriff?” Cort said, looking at the crowd that was gathered down the street from them.

“I'm going to be doing what I'm paid to do, keep the peace.” Then Landis put his hand on the butt of his gun and started jogging toward the chaos of people before him.

A wide gap had formed between Phil and the crowd surrounding him. In this gap were piles of body parts and dead, dying, and horribly injured people. The air was filled with the sound of the crowd yelling as well as the screams and groans of the injured and dying.

Given the distance, most of the crowd had resorted to throwing cans, bottles, and other assorted garbage. While other, more cocky, members of the crowd actually charged Phil. These fools were either immediately cut down by Phil's machete or thrown into the crowd.

So it was for a foolish biker, which Phil figured was the buddy of the one he thrown through the window of Smokey's Pub. This biker charged Phil and clobbered him in the hockey mask with his fist, which was wrapped in a chain. Phil grabbed the guy by his chain covered hand and crushed it. Then, while the guy was screaming in agony, he rammed his machete into his gut. Then he lifted the impaled biker on the machete with both hands and flung him into the crowd in front of him. The affect was like a bowling ball hitting pins.

The body hit the crowd and sent them crashing into each other.

Phil had long since figured out that he'd made a mistake in starting the situation. He honestly thought once the crowd had seen him chop those people's heads off they'd have taken off running, but he could never have imagined that this crowd of tourists and town folk would actually turn on him.

"We've got to get you out of here." said Lewis, who was standing a few feet away, his image fluctuating as garbage flew through it.

And can we state the obvious. Phil thought. Before all this happened he been heading for the alley next to the coffee shop, but the crowd had successfully blocked him off from his escape.

And, now he was feeling something he thought he'd never feel again, fear. The constant assault was taking its toll on him. He could feel his strength starting to wane. He knew that if he didn't find a way out of this situation soon the crowd might actually overcome him.

Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in the back of his neck. *What now?* He thought. He turned and saw that another fool from the crowd had come up behind him, but this one he knew very well. It was the bartender from Smokey's Pub, Shane "Little Shane" Wilco Jr. This whisker faced, heavy built, guy, in a gray flannel shirt, with greased back black hair, was hefting the pub's hand carved club, nicknamed "The Corrector."

The Corrector usually hung over the bar at Smokey's and was only brought down when a situation got out of hand and needed 'correcting.' Phil guessed that his throwing the biker through Smokey's window had spurred Little Shane's actions. Well, to Phil, even in

his fatigued state, The Corrector was nothing more than a minor annoyance.

“Come on, Bitch!” Little Shane shouted at him as he swung the cub back, ready to take another swing at Phil.

But this time when Little Shane swung Phil was ready for him. He caught the end of the cub with his hand and snapped the end off of it. Then, before the surprised bartender could react, Phil rammed the end of the cub into his chest.

“Oh fuck!” Little Shane exclaimed, before he started coughing up blood. Then he fell to his knees and Phil took off his head with the machete.

That was when he heard the gun shot.

It was obvious that it got the crowd's attention as well, because they stopped pelting him with garbage and fell silent. The only sound left was the chorus of the injured.

Phil looked around and saw Sheriff Landis and Deputy Cort standing in front of the crowd in front of him, each holding a rifle. “Okay, boy, I suggest you put that meat chopper down and put your hands behind your head.” Landis said, cocking his rifle. “This will be your only warning.”

Phil was amused by the sheriff's bravado. Even after seeing all the carnage he done, the sheriff actually thought he was a match for him with his little pop gun.

“Don't even think about it.” Lewis warned him. “Let's just try to make it out of here.”

But Phil had other ideas. He'd show the sheriff who had the power around here.

Taking his machete in both hands. He charged the sheriff.

“No!” Lewis screamed at him.

There was a loud report as the sheriff's rifle went off. The shot hit him in the gut, the impact knocking him off his feet and sending him falling backwards on his back.

The pain was excruciating. He felt like the bullet ripped up his insides. He touched the open hole and felt the thick warm blood flowing from it. He lifted his hand and was surprised to see his blood was black.

"Get up you fool." Lewis said glaring down at him. "I warned you. I told you this could happen, but you didn't listen. If it wasn't the fact that I need you to get my life back I'd leave you to the sheriff and the crowd. Now, do what I said and get up or I'll give you pain that'll make what you're feeling now feel pleasant."

Phil knew this wasn't an idle threat. He knew Lewis could put him through an unbearable agony without even having to try. So, groaning in pain he slowly pulled himself up.

"What the hell!" he heard the sheriff exclaim. He also heard intakes of breath from the crowd around him.

He managed to get to his feet, though his legs felt a bit rubbery. He saw the sheriff was reloading his rifle. He also saw that Deputy Cort had his rifle trained on him, just waiting for him to make a move or for the sheriff to give him the word.

"Don't be a fool." Landis said. "Drop the knife and we'll get you some medical help."

"What are you waiting for?" Lewis said. "Drop the machete and make a run for the crowd. The sheriff wouldn't dare try to shoot you if there was the danger of hitting the crowd..

But Phil had other ideas. He dropped the machete, but as he did this he grabbed the bowie knife from his belt, fell to his right, and threw the knife.

He heard another loud report as Cort fired. The shot blew a chunk out of his shoulder and sent him spinning to the ground. He landed in a pile of body parts that had been behind him.

He heard two more shots. One hit one of the half bodies sitting next to him, blowing the corpse's head off. The other shot must've went wide, because he heard a scream from the crowd and the sound of a body falling.

Stumbling to his feet, and trying to ignore the pain, he charged the crowd. Then using every bit of strength in his weakened body had in reserve he plowed his way through the crowd and stumbled into the safety of the alleyway.

“What the hell was that, Cort?” Landis said, looking over at his deputy. Then he gasped in surprise. “Oh my god!”

Cort turned to him with a surprised look on his face. Then he looked down at the bowie knife, which was half imbedded in his sternum. Cort fell to his knees. Bloody drool dribbled from his lips as he looked up at Landis with pleading eyes. Then he fell backwards onto the blood splattered street.

Landis dropped down to his knees beside Cort. “You hold on, son, I'll get some help.”

Cort tried to say something, but he started to cough up blood.

Landis grabbed the walkie talkie from his belt. “Landis to base....Landis to base...Marshack get on the horn, this is an emergency. We got lots of casualties and an officer down...Over.”

After a few moments there was a reply. “Marshack here. Did you say officer down? Over.”

Affirmative. Get on the horn and get some emergency crews here pronto. We're just a short distance from the coffee shop on Main Street, right across from Smokey's Pub. You got that? Over."

"I'm on it. Over and out." Marshack said.

Landis looked down at Cort. He really doubted he would last long enough for the emergency crew to arrive, but he had to try. He owed Cort that much.

Landis readed down and grabbed Cort's hand. "Now, you hold on, Cort. I want you to be around so I can tell you how I hunted that bastard down and caught him for you. I want you to see him get what's coming to him.

Cort squeezed Landis' hand tightly. But then his grip abruptly loosened, and Landis saw the light go out of Cort's eyes.

Landis' eyes moistened and he shook his head. "Oh, god, son."

Then after a few moments of fighting himself he regained his composure. He knew he had no time to mourn Cort right now. He had a killer to catch. "I promise you, Cort, I'll catch that bastard and I'll make sure he pays."

But for now all he could do is sit and wait for the emergency crews to arrive. He'd do what he could to help the injured, which wasn't much at all. But then, after he had work to do. The first thing he would need is some answers, and he knew right where to find them.

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

RELUCTANT ALLIES

Phil stumbled and nearly fell to the ground as he followed the transparent image of Lewis through the forest. The jerk reopened the wound in his shoulder and caused fresh black blood to drip down his arm. With his other, uninjured, arm he hugged his injured gut. Though his shirt was sticky with congealed blood he could still feel more wet dribble come from the still opened wound.

He'd actually been surprised that he managed to escape the crowd and get out of town in his present condition. All the way through town he half expected to hear sirens and see patrol cars converge on him. But this didn't happen. He could almost believe that it was the Ancient Ones who had a hand in this, but it was more likely that the sheriff's men were too busy cleaning up the mess he left for them to come after him. The thought of the last possibility gave him a momentary warm rush through his exhausted, pain ridden, body.

Phil could see that they were coming up to a road, and that there was a worn looking boarded up shack on the other side of it. On the roof of the shack was a sign that read: GLEASON'S BAIT AND TACKLE.

Gleason? Phil asked himself. *Why does that name sound familiar?* Though, in his present condition, the answer to this question really didn't matter much to

him. What mattered was being able to rest soon before he collapsed.

“This will be a perfect place for you to regain your strength.” Lewis said, putting his hands transparent hands on his equally transparents hips.

Phil wouldn't have argued with him even if he could talk. The pain and fatigue had taken it's toll on him. He honestly doubted he would have been able to go much farther anyway.

“Yes, my friend, a little rest and you'll be as good as new.” Lewis told him. “Then we can pay our respects at Camp Crystal Lake.”

Phil was not as enthusiastic. During the battle on Main Street he lost his machete as well as his bowie knife. Now all he had left was two pockets full of tent spikes, which were not as exciting to him as an actual blade would be. Still he figured he might find something interesting on his way.

Stumbling across the street he made his way around to the back of the building. He had to tear his way through over grown, trickly, weeds before he finally found the boarded up back entrance.

He grabbed one of the boards on the door and was surprised that he actually had to exhort himself to rip it off. Even so, he soon had all the boards ripped off and was heading inside.

Once he got inside he saw that someone had cleared the place out. All that were left were web covered shelves and an empty counter with a beatup looking cash register on top of it.

Lewis came up behind him and looked around. “Not much of a place, but it'll do. You can rest here without being noticed. I doubt anyone gives this place a second look anymore.”

Phil went over to the counter and used it to steady himself he slowly lowered himself to the floor. Then, leaning against the counter, he relaxed his beatup body and slowly dozed off.

“I really think this is a mistake. Shouldn't you wait till we get more people?” Marshack asked as he followed Sheriff Landis down the hall toward the evidence room.

“I can't wait that long. We've got a mass murderer on the loose and these people may know something about it. That makes it worth the risk to me. Anyway, I'll have this with me.” Landis said, cocking his rifle. “I wouldn't like to be them if they tried.”

“I still don't like this.” Marshack told him, as he cocked his own rifle. “You said these people might've killed one of your deputies. Hell, you really have no idea what you'll be facing in there.”

“Yeah, and that's what I have to worry about.” Landis said. “You just have to stay outside this door with your pea shooter and wait for me to come out of there.” Then he handed Marshack the keychain from his belt. “Just don't get trigger happy on me.”

Marshack went over to the door and unlocked it. Then he cautiously opened it.

Landis kept his rifle aimed at the doorway, ready to fire if any of his “guests” tried to make a run for it. Then he slowly headed inside.

The first thing he noted upon entering was the body of Ed Marlin laying on the floor in a puddle of congealed blood. Then he caught sight of Steven Freeman and his associates. They were seated at a

wooden table in the nearer corner of the room watching him with tense expressions on their faces.

“Okay, Steven, I think we need to have a little chat. I just had a seven foot tall freak in a hockey mask turn Main Street into a slaughter house. Surprisingly enough when I blew a hole in this guy's gut he got up and managed to get away.” He told them. “Now, interestingly enough, the first thing I thought of after this was all over was you and your cousin. Have you got any idea why that would be?” he asked, though he still had his rifle trained on them.

“Sheriff, it's imperative I ask this,” Rashid said, with a concerned expression on his face, “can you estimate how many people were killed?”

“What do you know about this?” Landis asked, the barrel of his rifled now clearly aimed at Rashid.

“In the name of the Elder Ones, please answer my question.” Rashid said pointedly, ignoring Landis' threat.

“Okay, have it your way, I'd say he killed nearly fifty people, including two of my deputies, and injured several more.”

“Oh great ones, matters are worse than I anticipated.” Rashid said. “If your estimate is correct we may have very little time to act.”

“What are you talking about?” Landis asked, confused.

“Soon the mask will have enough power to resurrect Jason.” Rashid told him.

“Oh no, not that supernatural crap again.” Landis said, shaking his head.

“This is serious.” Rashid said. “The mask gains power with each murder.”

“Damnit, Sheriff, you've seen what's been going on, you just don't want to believe it.” Micki said. “You just said you shot the guy and he got up.”

“For all I know he might've been on Pcp or was wearing a vest.” Landis said, though he didn't sound convinced.

“But you know it wasn't either of those.” Steven Freeman said.

“Okay, I know he couldn't have been wearing a vest because he bled.” Landis admitted. “But that doesn't prove anything.”

“What about the blood?” Freeman asked knowingly.

“What you mean?” Landis asked, surprised.

“Was there anything unusual about it?”

The thought of the blood made Landis nauseous, but he did realize there was something very unusual about it. Something unceasingly familiar about it.

“Fine, it was black and thick. It reminded me of the blood Bob showed me the last time I saw him alive. It was the blood from the guy that killed those jocks and cheerleaders over at Camp Crystal Lake.”

“But, even then, that wasn't the first time you saw blood like that. Right, Lloyd?” Freeman pushed.

“Okay..okay, yeah, it was like that black shit that came out of Randy's neck when you cut his head off at the Voorhees house, right before that thing came out of him.” Landis looked pale. “But how?...”

“Because it was the same kind of blood.” Micki answered. “Damnit, Sheriff, stop playing dense and put two and two together. That guy you shot was Phil Raman and the mask he was wearing was the same hockey mask that has been involved in all the murders the past three years, Jason's mask.”

“But it couldn't be.” Landis said. “Both you, Steven, and I saw that mask go down with Jason.”

“Yeah, but Micki and I went up to the Voorhees house yesterday and we saw a deep hole where someone had dug where Jason was pulled down.” Freeman told him.

“But there's still no way the guy I shot was Phil Raman.” Landis said. “Raman is a short whimpuy guy. This guy was at least seven foot tall and bulky.”

“I would not underestimate the power of that mask.” Rashid told him.

“Now you're all sounding like Bob.” Landis said. “He had this crackpot idea that the killer they found in the cave in Crystal Hill was a skinny geek mascot named Teddy Bateman. He even showed me these freaky looking Xrays. But it all was so unreal.”

“After what you witnessed at the Voorhees house how can you be so closed minded?” Freeman asked.

“Maybe because I wanted it to be over. I actually wanted these murders to be simple copy cat murders. I wanted them to be because I knew I couldn't deal with them if they weren't.” Landis shook his head. “What are we going to do about this?”

“First, I would suggest you lower your weapon and let us free, so we may assist you.” Rashid said.

Landis lowered his rifle. “Don't make me regret this.”

“You don't have to worry about that.” Freeman said.

“Good.” Rashid said. “Now that that is settled, I suggest that we go with our original plan and try to get the mask away from Mr. Raman and take it back to the vault at Curious Goods, where it will be locked away from human hands forever.”

“Easier said than done.” Micki said.

“Still we need to do something very quickly before our friend, Mr. Raman, is able to take more lives and thus provide the mask with anymore energy.” Rashid said.

“I really doubt he'll be doing any killing for a while.” Landis said. “He was really messed up when I last saw him. I would have had him then if it wasn't that he'd killed my second hand man and I was distracted.”

“I would not be so sure of that, my friend.”

Rashid warned him. “There is no doubt in my mind that, like Jason, Mr. Raman has inherited the ability to regenerate his wounds. It is my belief that the stress of such an intense battle had simply slowed the process.”

“To put that in plain English, Rashid is saying that we don't have as much time as you think.” Freeman told him.

“Well that's just great.” Landis said in exasperation. “I've got a killing machine out there someplace and I don't even have a clue where he'll strike next.”

“Actually, we do know where his ultimate destination is going to be.” Freeman said. “He'll be heading to the one place the mask'll be compelling him to go, home. If I were you, Lloyd, I'd get your men together and head to Camp Crystal Lake.”

“The only problem is at this time I only have two deputies left and they're busy dealing with all the crap your buddy Raman left in his wake.”

“Then I suggest you deputize as many townspeople as you can, because it would be suicide to go after him alone.” Micki said.

“I'm quite aware of that.” Landis informed her. “I have a large number of state police coming. Once they

get here I'll have more than enough people to handle the situation here in town and our friend in the hockey mask."

"Haven't you been listening, Sheriff, by now Phil could be all healed and on his way to Camp Crystal Lake." Micki told him. "We don't have time to wait for your reinforcements to arrive. We need to do something now."

"Lloyd, I suggest you let us out of here and let us do what we can until you can get your people together." Freeman said.

"And what are you three going to do other than get yourselves killed?" Landis asked.

"You would be very surprised, my friend, at what the three of us can accomplish." Rashid said.

"The problem is I'm still not completely sure about the three of you." Landis told them. "You said yourselves that your intention is to salvage the mask and take it with you."

"Yes, and we told you the reason is so we can lock it away so it cannot possess anyone else. Please believe us when we say that we are on the same side as you. I have devoted my life to keeping the world safe from things like this mask." Rashid told him.

"Well, you're not doing too good of a job from my perspective." Landis told him.

"As I have told my young friends here, in war there is always casualties and what we are fighting here my friend is a battle in a much bigger war. Though I mourn the dead and injured, I must not let their plight interfere with what I must do for the greater good."

"Okay, let's get out of here and start this ball running." Landis said, heading for the door. Then when he saw that they'd gotten up and were following him, he

held his hand up. "I'd better go out first and talk to my associate." he told them. "He might get an itchy trigger finger if we came out together."

The others acknowledged him and stayed back.

Landis pulled out his walkie talkie and turned it on. "Marshack, this is Sheriff Landis. Unlock the door. I'm on my way out. And, keep that trigger finger of your's on hold. Over."

The first thing Phil did when he awoke was to feel his gut. Rubbing off the congealed blood he found that the hole had completely healed. He also rubbed off the dried blood on his shoulder and found that it had completely healed as well.

Getting up he stretched his now revitalized muscles and clenched and unclenched his fists testingly. Once again he felt the power flow through his body.

"Excellent." he heard Lewis say from the other side of the room. "I see you're fully recovered, my boy."

Phil demonstrated this by bringing his fist crashing down and smashing the counter into kindling. It was easy, almost like it had been made of paper. If he'd been able to he would have smiled.

Lewis smiled sadistically and nodded his approval. "Now we're ready to pay our young friends a visit."

Still Phil didn't feel quite as ready as Lewis. He wished he had something better to kill with than tent spikes. He really wished he hadn't lost his machete back on Main Street.

Heading out the back door of the deserted shack, he followed the apparition of Lewis through the tall weeds towards the woods at the far end of the yard.

It was as he pushed his way through the wall of weeds that he caught sight of something sticking up out of a clump of weeds just ahead. The object looked to be some sort of a handle.

When he finally reached the object his heart warmed. The object was a weathered looking ax, which was stuck in an equally aged stump.

Phil pulled the ax free from its resting place and inspected it. The blade, though covered in rust, looked usable.

Lifting the ax over his head, he brought it down on the stump. Splinters of wood shot into the air and a large chunk of the stump fell away. *This'll do.* He thought. *This'll do very well.*

He felt something carved into the handle. He turned the handle over and looked at it. On the handle was carved the name RED.

Now he remembered why he remembered the name Gleason. It was Big Red Gleason who committed the second series of murders after Jason was sent to hell. He also remembered that Big Red killed his own mother and father during his killing spree. The shack must've been Big Red's father's bait and tackle store. He was amused by the coincidence.

"Good." Lewis said, looking back at him. "I see you found something useful. Let's not delay any longer our young friends are waiting."

Hefting his new prize, Phil followed Lewis' lead. Now that he had something substantial to use he began to feel more excited about the upcoming slaughter.

"What the hell is this, the Twilight Zone?" Marshack said after Sheriff Landis and Steven Freeman explained the situation to him. "You actually expect me

to believe that a hockey mask can cause people to commit murder?”

“If you saw what I've seen since taking this job, Marshack, nothing would surprise you.” Landis told him.

“Excuse me for not jumping on the supernatural band wagon, Sheriff, but in the fifteen years I've been on the force I've never once had to deal with undead people or curses. Marshack told him.

“Well, you're about to get your chance,” Landis told him, “because I want you to go with these people and keep things safe over at Camp Crystal Lake.”

“You can't do that.” Marshack said. “I'm not one of your deputies.”

“Oh, I can do exactly that.” Landis told him. “You were sent here to assist this office in this situation and now I've given you a job to do. You don't like it, then file a complaint once all this is over.”

“You can be sure I'll do just that.” He told Landis.

“Damnit, there are more important things to deal with here than your ego.” Micki spoke up, looking at Marshack with disgust.

“Please excuse me for being so bold, Officer Marshack,” Rashid interrupted. “But isn't it wise, given the state of affairs, that we have a uniformed officer accompany us. After all it is a fact that there is indeed a murderer roaming this town and how can you be sure he won't eventually head to Camp Crystal Lake?”

“And isn't that what you get paid to do?” Micki pointed out.

Marshack shook his head in frustration. “Fine.” he said, and looked over at Freeman and the others. “Well, what are we waiting for?” Then he stalked off down the hall and out through the front door.

“I'm not too sure about this.” Freeman said, looking over at Landis incredulously. From the looks on his two associates faces they concurred.

“Marshack may not believe any of this but you can be assured when it comes down to it he'll do his job.” Landis said.

“I hope you're right.” Freeman said.

“I'm with you on that.” Micki agreed.

“Either way, my friends,” Rashid told them. “we need him because if we are not swift in our response blood will indeed spill at Camp Crystal Lake this night.”

CHAPTER TWENTY TWO

THE WARNING

Carol Martinez lit the newspaper with her lighter and threw it onto the gas soaked logs and kindling, igniting them. Flames shot up and caused an eerie glow across Morgana's face, who was sitting on the other side of the fire across from Carol.

Then Carol carefully moved the camera into position and looked through the eyepiece.

"Hey, Pothead." she said, looking over at Jamal, who was sitting with his back to the trunk of a tree taking a pull on his joint. "Get off your lazy butt and check out this angle for me."

Bracing himself against the tree, Jamal pulled himself up and stumbled over to the camera. Taking another deep pull on his joint he looked through the eyepiece. "Mesmerizin', Darlin'. Absolutely mesmerizin'."

Carol looked at him with disgust. "My god, look at you. I thought I made it clear I wanted you to back off that crap."

"De smoke helps me with me art." Jamal told her, looking up at her and appearing to be about to teeter over.

"Give me a fucking break. You can barely stand up. How the fuck are you supposed to shoot anything?" she said, annoyed.

"I be an artist, Darlin'. I do things me way." he said, taking in yet another breath of the smoke.

"Well, on this shoot we do things my way." she said, taking the joint from his lips and crushing it.

"Now I suggest you wake up, get some strong coffee down you, and get to fucking work, Pothead."

Jamal put his hand to his chest dramatically. "Ya wound me. Dat be me last joint." Then he stumbled toward the cabins.

"Are we done with the drama now, Chief?"

Shawn asked as he came up to her.

Carol rolled her eyes at the retreating form of Jamal. Then she shook her head. "You got something to tell me?"

"Actually, I have some concerns about how we have the cables set up. They're dangerously close to the fire."

"Well, do something about it. Put something over the top of them." she suggested.

"I've tried. I put all our tarps down over them but they don't cover them completely." he said.

"Then figure something out." she told him, getting slightly annoyed. "I'm just the director. It's not my job to have to figure every last detail out."

"I could go over and ask our neighbors if they have anything we could use." he suggested.

Carol got a nauseated look on her face. "Please don't." she said, rubbing her temple. She was definitely feeling a headache coming on.

Just the thought of asking the two Filipino campers, who had made their campsite on the other side of the remains of Vince Fanatana's carnival, for anything made her want to cringe. She'd honestly

thought the pothead was bad enough, but those two raised the definition of annoying to new heights.

Supposedly, from what she recalled, Carol thought the two women introduced themselves as sisters, but if they were they were polar opposites. The one camper was a heavy, overly jolly, woman with drawn on eyebrows. She literally never stopped yammering the whole time during their visit, and seemed stuck on the subject of Jason Voorhees. The other woman was short and extremely thin, with short cut hair that was dyed light brown with blond streaks. Though this woman barely said a thing, and pretty much stayed in her companions shadow, she definitely made a strong impression. This was due to the fact that she appeared to be allergic to just about everything in the forest and had the most unique and grating sneeze Carol had ever heard in all her life. The affect reminded her of someone scraping their finger nails down a chalkboard.

“Then what the hell are we supposed to do?” Shawn asked, bringing Carol back to the present.

“Think of something.” Carol told him. “Think of anything. Just don't ever suggest that to me again.” Then she walked away from him and headed toward the van, rubbing her temple again. She hoped she still had aspirins in the glove compartment, because her head had started to throb.

“*Chewweak!*” Bessie Nague's small Filipino frame shuttered so hard that she nearly tipped over the folding chair she was sitting in. Then she blew her nosed with the handy handkerchief she had in her left hand.

“Can't you do something about that?” her sister Lilleth intoned, annoyed, from the chair next to her.

“It's no wonder that that woman threw us out of the campsite.”

“Actually, I think she got tired of you bending her ear about letting us be in the documentary and ramming all that trivia down her throat about Jason Voorhees.”

Bessie said, before blowing her nose yet again.

“So shoot me for being enthusiastic!” she said, now thoroughly disturbed. “What the hell do you expect? Think about it, Bessie. We're camping at Camp Crystal Lake, the hunting ground of the coolest serial killer, next to that guy in Springwood who killed all those kids.....What was his name? Fred something...”

“Freddy Krueger.” Bessie reminded her.

“Whatever.” Lilleth answered. “Just think about it, this place was the inspiration for all those BLOOD CAMP films.” Then Lilleth lovingly caressed the “I Survived Camp Blood” T-shirt she wore.

“I know all this, sis.” Bessie said, trying hard to keep from rolling her eyes.

“You just can't appreciate this place like I can.” Then Lilleth droned on for the next fifteen minutes more, reminding her sister that she wasn't just some ordinary fan, but that she was an acknowledged expert on the subject as well as being the webmaster of the Official BLOOD CAMP Fan Club Website and the Vice President of the Jason Voorhees Appreciation Society. Then she went on to babble on about her collection of Jason collectibles and how she had every variation of every Jason doll ever made.

After hearing all this for what seemed the millionth time Bessie couldn't help but roll her eyes. This enraged her sister, just adding fuel to an already scorching fire.

“Damnit, why did I ever decide to bring you along? All through this trip all you've been is a real pain!”

“*Chewweak!*” Bessie sneezed again.

“And would you please do something about that fucking sneezing!” Lilleth complained at her.

Bessie glared at her. “I would, but if you recall, I told you I left my allergy pills at the hotel. You were the one who refused to go back and get them.”

Lilleth opened her mouth to counter her sister again, but stopped and waved her hand at her. “Did you hear that?”

“What?” Bessie asked, looking around.

“I heard something moving around out there.”

Lilleth said, getting up out of her chair and scanning the woods with her eyes.

Then Bessie heard a crunching sound in the woods. It sent a chill up her back. She got up out of her chair and stood next to her sister. “It's nothing just a deer or some other animal.” Bessie said, but in her gut she really didn't believe it.”

“Have you seen any animals around this camp?”

Lilleth pointed out. “I haven't seen any animals, not even a squirrel since we've been here.”

This caused Bessie to become even more disturbed. She moved a bit closer to her sister. “Maybe it's those people from the documentary crew.”

“If it was them then why are they being so quiet?”

“I don't know.” Bessie said, her expression almost pleading, like her sister had the power to wish the sound away. “Maybe they're trying to play a trick on us. Maybe they're trying to scare us to get a realistic reaction for the documentary.”

“Maybe.” Lilleth agreed. “Well, if it's a show they want...” Then Lilleth headed over to her tent, bent down and headed inside.

Bessie followed her sister and stood outside the tent. “What are you doing?” Bessie exclaimed, now thoroughly afraid now that she was essentially alone.

But then she calmed a bit as her sister emerged from the tent. But then her fear turned to surprise when she saw what her sister went into the tent for.

Clasped in Lilleth's hand was a very imposing looking machete. On the large blade, which reflected the glow of the fire in the firepit in front of her, was written “Camp Crystal Lake” in bloody looking letters.

“Where the hell did you get that.” she asked, totally stunned.

“Remember when I went to the Trading Post and you headed back to the hotel?” she asked, hefting the weapon and looking at it with a proud grin. “I got this, my T-shirt, and an official Jason hockey mask at half price.”

Bessie's mouth dropped. “What the hell were you thinking? What were you planning to use that thing for? A bread cutter or something?”

Lilleth looked at her sister with disgust and shook her head. “You'll never understand. This is an official machete from Camp Crystal Lake. You can't just buy this at the local Kmart. This is something special, something to treasure. Not everyone has one of these.”

“Yeah, because it's a damned machete.” Bessie pointed out. Then she blew her nose again.

“Well, given our situation it's lucky I had it around.” Lilleth told her. “I saw THE BLAIR WITCH PROJECT. I saw what happened to those poor college

students. They weren't ready....” Then Lilleth held up the machete. “But I am.” Then she smiled.

“That was all fake.” Bessie pointed out.

“What?” Lilleth asked, looking confused.

“THE BLAIR WITCH PROJECT.” Bessie said.

“It was all just a gimmick to sell a low budget horror movie. Hell, it turned out that town they shot it in was never called Blair.”

“That's just what they want you to think.” Lilleth said.

“Excuse me?”

“I know it is all a big conspiracy.” Lilleth told her. “I've seen the internet site.”

“But wait a second, I've seen Heather Donahue in other films since then.” Bessie told her.

“But are you sure it's the same Heather Donahue?” Lilleth countered. “Maybe they found another woman named Heather Donahue who looked kinda like the other one...” Lilleth was going to continue to preach at her sister, but the sound of more branches breaking stopped her. “Did you hear that? It's getting closer.”

“Now I'm really getting scared.” Bessie admitted, slipping behind her sister and looking nervously into the woods.

“Don't worry, sis, I'll protect you.” Lilleth told her as she was looking down the clean reflective blade excitedly. She actually hoped there was some freak out there. She really wanted a chance to use her prize.

“Sound?” Carol Martinez yelled.

“Check.” Shawn said, hold his mic-crane over Morgana's head.

“Camera?” she said, looking over at Jamal.

“Ready, Darlin’.” he said.

Carol shook her head. Then she held up a piece of paper. “Legend of Crystal Lake, séance, take one.” Then, after pulling the paper away, she headed around behind Jamal and picked up a microphone from off the ground.

“This is our last night here in Crystal Lake and we thought a documentary about the supernatural wouldn’t be complete without a séance.” she said into the microphone. “And what better place to have it than here at Camp Crystal Lake. Therefore, with the help our mental medium, Morgana Blackthorn, we shall attempt to contact the restless spirits of the people killed on these grounds by both Jason Voorhees and his mother.” Then Carol nodded at Morgana.

Morgana, her eyes dancing with the reflection of the blazing fire before her, began to speak.

“Everyone please remain quiet during these proceedings, because any sound or quick movement could break my trance state.” she warned, looking around her.

“And that could be very dangerous for her.” Julius added from behind Carol, startling her.

Carol turn around and glared at him warningly. All she needed was for him to become over dramatic and ruin things.

“Though there may be times when the spirits may become more vocal and agitated please don’t intercede.” she continued. “As my friend mentioned, while I’m in my trance I am extremely vulnerable and any shock could be fatal. Believe me when I say that even though it may seem like things may appear to be going out of control the truth is that I am always in control. I will now begin.”

Morgana closed her eyes. After a few moments her body started to weave back and forth. Then she opened her mouth and an unfamiliar voice issued from it. The voice sounded like that of an old man.

“You're doomed.....You're doomed.” Morgana said in the strange masculine voice. “There is still a death curse on Crystal Lake. That has not changed. All those who enter these woods enter at their own risk.”

Then her head dropped down and after a few moments came up again. This time when she spoke a female voice, though clearly not her own, came from her lips. “It was the boy.” the voice exclaimed. “It was the boy from the lake. Somehow he found me. Beware or you'll be found. You must leave. You are the key. If you don't leave he'll come back. Please don't help him to come back!”

Then Morgana's head dropped again. But, this time when her came up her eyes shot opened revealing nothing but the whites of her eyes, and when she spoke the voice that came out was that of an older woman.

“Leave this place.” the voice ordered. “If you don't more blood will be spilt. Beware the other. He is on his way. He knows you are here and he will show you no mercy. He does not fully realize his situation and that he is setting up his own doom. He must not succeed. My son must stay where he is. It is the only answer.”

“So, am I correct that you are the spirit of Pamela Voorhees?” Carol said, holding the microphone to her lips.

Both Shawn and Jamal looked over at her in surprise. Julius glared at her.

“I asked you a question.” Carol pushed. “Are you Pamela Voorhees?”

“You know who I was.” The voice said simply. “Yet it is a waste of time for me to answer since you will not believe me anyway.”

“And how do you know that?” Carol challenged.

“Because it won't be until you see your friends dead before you realize the truth and by then it will be too late for you.” The voice said sadly. “I pity you.”

“Oh, really.” Carol said, shaking her head. “You know that's very interesting. No one ever said that Pamela Voorhees was psychic. Oh, my god, what a revelation.” But then Carol's eyes narrowed and her tone was less pleasant. “Or is it all this is just a load of crap. A complete load, perpetrated by a so called medium looking to make a name for herself.”

“That's not true!” Julius exclaimed.

“Oh, come on Morgana.” Carol continued, ignoring Julius' protest. “I must say that this has been a very impressive performance. I mean you do a great job with the voices and all....”

“I pity you and your friends.” the voice said. “And I pity that because of your ignorance my son will be free to kill once again.”

“Now you're getting overly mellow dramatic.” Carol said. “This is getting really boring.”

“I have warned you!” The voice raged, as Morgana stood up and glared at Carol with her whited out eyes. “I can do no more!”

Morgana began to weave even more than before. It looked like at any moment she might fall forward into the fire.

Julius rushed forward, knocking Carol out of his way as he passed.

Morgana closed her eyes and fell backwards over the log she'd been sitting on.

Julius ran around the firepit and ran over to her. He knelt down beside her and picked her up into his arms.

Morgana began to groan and finally, after a few moments, opened her eyes and looked up at Julius.

“And cut.” Carol yelled. “That was great.”

“What the hell are you talking about?” Julius exclaimed, with total disbelief. “My god, you saw her. She could've died because of you.”

“Yeah, right.” Carol replied. “It was a fantastic performance. Very dramatic. I do have to give her credit.”

“It was all real.” Morgana said weakly, with a mirror of Julius' disbelief on her face.

“Listen, you stupid bitch, she wasn't acting!” Julius yelled at Carol. “That warning was real.”

“You can stop now.” Carol said dismissively. “The camera is off and you're wasting your time trying this crap with me. I'm not impressed.”

“Hey, chief.” Shawn said. “I don't know. She really looked like she might fall into the fire. I nearly creamed my shorts.”

Carol shook her head at him. “They've really got you and the pothead suckered. Don't they?”

“Dar be more tings in the Heaven an the Earth den can be dreamt of in your philosophy, Darlin'.” Jamal said, wagging his finger at her. “I told ya there be bad mojo around dis place.”

Carol gave them a dismissive wave of her hand and headed toward the cabins. “I'm not going to waste anymore of my precious time with this.”

“I got me a bad feelin' about dis shit, man.” Jamal said to Shawn.

“Yeah, I know what you mean.” Shawn agreed.

“If I were you,” Julius said as he helped Morgana to her feet, “I’d jump in that van and get the hell out of here. If it wasn’t that Morgana’s so weak at the moment we’d be out of here already.”

“I’m fine, Julius.” Morgana said, though it was obvious by the way she was clinging to him she was not.

“But what about the chief.” Shawn asked. “What if she’s still being hard headed?”

“If she’s not willing to leave then fuck her.” Julius said simply.

“I couldn’t leave her here.” Shawn admitted.

“Me neither, man.” Jamal agreed. “Though da lady be a hardass an be ignorant I wouldn’t wanna see her come ta any harm.”

“Then I suggest you leave a note to tell whoever finds your body who to contact.” Julius said as he half dragged Morgana toward the cabins.

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

NEW BLOOD AT CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE

Phil watched from the darkened forest as the cubby Filipino woman continued to hold the machete in front of her and barking out threats. Neither her ranting nor her aggressive stance impressed him in the least. His attention was firmly focused on the gleaming blade in her hand.

Thank you, whoever you are. He thought to the unseen forces that had lead him to this spot. *And a Merry Christmas to you too.*

“Ah yes,” the transparent image of Lewis said, “two more lambs for the slaughter. Now we can see how you do when it comes to having to stalk your prey.”

Fuck that. Phil thought as he lifted his ax and flung it at the heavy Filipino woman.

He saw an amazed look cross her face just as the rusty ax struck home, imbedding itself in her skull right between her eyes. The woman stumbled backwards and collapsed on top of her smaller, skinny, companion, pinning her to the ground.

The trapped woman screamed hysterically and tried to push her companion's body off her with her free right arm. But it was no use.

Phil emerged from the bushes and lumbered over to her. He pulled one of the tent spikes from the pocket of his trenchcoat.

He stood and looked down at the crying woman, enjoying her fear and listening to her plead for her life. The woman flayed her free arm at him, trying in vain to fend him off. Snot dribbled from her nose and down her cheek, mixing with her tears.

"Please!" the woman screamed. "My god, please don't hurt me!"

"Their fear can be so intoxicating," Lewis said, watching the show with approval. "Can't it? But we really should finish our business here and get on our way. We still have more blood to spill tonight."

Phil hated to admit Lewis had a point. He still had the pleasure of killing that documentary crew to look forward to. So he knelt down and grabbed the woman by the throat, being careful not to snap her neck in the process. Then he held the tent spike in front of her face. This had the desired affect. The woman let out another scream and started to struggle more. She hit him in the hockey mask a couple time, but of course it was useless. She was his to do with what he will.

Then he slowly, almost seductively, slipped the end of the tent spike into her left nostril and began to push it up her nose. The woman let out one last scream before Phil heard a sharp crunching sound. Then the woman went silent, her arm fell to the ground, and she was still.

"Excellent work, my boy," Lewis said, looking down at the Filipino woman's face, which was frozen in the expression of her last moments agony. "And to the victor goes the spoils," he said, motioning toward the

shiny new machete, which was lying on the ground a couple of feet away.

Phil got up, went over and claimed his prize. The reflection of the flames from the campfire danced on the large blade. Now Phil felt truly ready for the slaughter to come.

“Would you please get off it.” Carol said, yawning and shaking her head at Shawn who was standing in the opened doorway of the run down cabin she occupied. She'd been ready to turn off her lantern and try to get some sleep when he barged in and started bugging her about leaving. “I said we'll leave in the morning after we've all had a good nights sleep.”

“I don't see why you're being so stubborn.” Shawn said. “It's almost like you're daring Morgana's warning.”

“I could give a flying fuck about that faker's act.” She told him, flipping her legs over the side of the lumpy, creaky, bed and sitting up. “I'm being logical, unlike you and the other scary cat. We've had a very long and busy day, and I have no intention to trying to drive these roads in the middle of the night tired. That's just asking for an accident to happen.”

“Okay, well, then let me drive.” Shawn said. “I'm not tired, and I think it would be the best for all of us to get the fuck out of here.”

“Or better yet, why don't I give the keys to the pothead.” she countered, sarcastically. “Now let me make myself perfectly clear on this, that is my van and it will not leave this place until I'm ready. If either you or the pothead want to leave before then I suggest you ask Elvira and her boyfriend out there for a ride.”

“Maybe we'll do just that.” he said, exasperated.

“Then I guess the two of you are opting out of any profits made by this documentary.”

“What you mean by that?” he asked, looking at her suspiciously.

“I gather you guys didn't look at the agreement you signed.” she said, matter of factly.

“What about it?” he asked, confused.

“It clearly says that you two have the option of walking out of this project at any time, but by doing so you relinquish your rights to any profits this project may acquire.”

“But all the shooting on the fucking thing is done. We've done our side of the contract.” he countered.

“Until we're back in California you two are on my time and still on contract.” she said. “You could try to fight this in court, but I wouldn't suggest you try it. Daddy has some very good lawyers on his payroll.”

“You fucking bitch!” Shawn said, infuriated.

“I'll see you in the morning.” she said, nonchalantly, slipping back into bed and pulling her green army surplus sleeping bag around her. “Oh, and would you please close that door on your way out. There's a bit of a draft in here.”

“Screw you!” was Shawn's answer. “My life is worth more than movie profits.” Then he grabbed the door and slammed it shut. The fragile, rotten, door shattered into pieces.

“Now, look what you've done!” she said, in a mix of surprise and anger.

“Well, chief, I guess you're just gonna have to rough it.” he told her before stomping away.

“So I gather your boss is still being as stubborn as ever.” Julius said, coming out of the darkened cabin he

and Morgana shared. It was three cabins away from Carol's.

Shawn sighed and shook his head. "I don't know, sometimes that bitch can really piss me off."

"Well, what're you going to do?" Julius asked him pointedly. "After all it's your life that's at stake here."

"The problem is she has the keys to the van."

Shawn reminded him. "You two wouldn't possibly have room for some company when you leave?"

"It'll definitely be a tight fit, but both you and Jamal are welcome to join us." Julius said.

"I be sorry, mon, but I won't be joinin' you unless da sister goes wid us." Jamal said, as he stumbled up to them.

"Then you'll be sentencing yourself to death."

Morgana said, as she weakly dragged herself up to the cabin doorway.

"My god, you shouldn't be up." Julius said, as he headed over to her and put his arm around her protectively.

"If we don't leave soon none of us will be in any condition to stand." she told him. "I can sense the evil drawing nearer, it's getting stronger by the moment."

"Bravo again." Carol Martinez said, clapping her hands and walking up to them. "Another stellar performance."

"Are you done yet?" Shawn asked in disgust.

"No, actually that's my question." she countered.

"Do you four know how ridiculous you look standing around out here blubbering about this crap?"

"You're the one who's being stupid, and because of that people could die." Julius said, glaring at her.

“Oh, I'm so scared.” she said, mockingly. “Is the big bad serial killer of Camp Blood going to come and chop us all up with his nasty machete.”

“Actually, young lady, something like that is very possible indeed.” Rashid said, as he, Micki, Ryan, and Officer Marshack came out of the forest and approached them.

“What the fuck?” Carol said, in surprise, when she saw who her uninvited guests were. “What the fuck are you doing here, Freeman?”

“Would you believe trying to save your lives?” Ryan said simply.

“Mam, it's important that you and your friends leave this camp immediately.” Marshack said, stepping between Ryan and Carol. “There has been an incident in town and it's possible that a very dangerous suspect is on his way here.”

“Don't tell me, Jason Voorhees.” Carol said cynically.

“No, mam, the suspect is from all indications the assistant coroner, Philip Raman. I'm afraid he has left a large number of casualties in his wake.”

“A large number of casualties...” Ryan parodied. “My god, Marshack, stop with the Sergeant Friday routine and get to the point. Phil turned Main Street into a damned bloodbath.”

Shawn looked from Ryan to Marshack and then to Carol. “Now are you ready to leave?” he asked Carol, unable to hide the fear in his voice. “We were warned.”

“Damn it, will you please get off that supernatural shit!” she said, enraged. “This means nothing. He said they're not even sure he's coming here.”

It was at that moment, as if in answer to her, that the body of Lilleth Nague came flying out of the bushes and nearly landed on Shawn.

CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR

STALKED

"*Holy Shit!*" Shawn exclaimed, jumping back and nearly running into Julius and Morgana when Lilleth Nague's body landed on the ground in front of him.

"It's too late!" Morgana screamed. "The evil's here." Julius pulled her closer to him, protectively.

Marshack pulled his pistol from its holster and held it at ready. "Everyone stay together, and try not to panic. I suggest we all calmly make our way inside the cabin."

"If I may be so bold, officer, I believe that course of action would be a most tragic tactical error." Rashid said, moving up to him.

"Excuse me?" Marshack asked, as he scanned the woods with his eyes looking for any movement.

"These cabins are in such disrepair that I doubt that they would provide us any protection if Mr. Raman chose to play his hand." Rashid told him.

"Then what the hell do you suggest we do besides standing here like targets in a shooting gallery?" Marshack said, still watching the woods.

"Though it isn't the safest course of action, I suggest we get these people to their vehicles and away from the danger area."

"But isn't that what Phil would want us to do?" Ryan asked, surprised, from beside Micki, whose expression showed she was in accord with him.

"Exactly, and our knowing this is to our advantage." Rashid said.

“How so?” Micki asked, now looking totally confused.

“Excuse, me.” Carol Martinez said, coming up to them. “What the hell's going on here? Is this some kind of a joke?”

“My god.” Shawn said, in disbelief, now leaning against the wall beside the entrance of the cabin, “Are you fucking ignorant? The truth is laying on the ground in front of your face. Take a fucking look for yourself.” He glanced over at the split face of Lilleth Nague, which was looking up at him.

“Stuff like this just doesn't happen in reality.” Carol shot back at him.

“What fucking world have you been living in?” Shawn said, amazed.

“Young lady, I can assuredly tell you that this situation is not some sort of deception.” Rashid informed her. “This is a life and death situation, and unless you wish to find yourself as a casualty I would suggest you take this situation seriously.”

Then, before Carol could open her mouth to comment, Rashid turned back to Officer Marshack. “Officer, I would suggest we decide a course of action swiftly before Mr. Raman decides to take further action of his own.”

“We'll do this your way,” Marshack told him, “but it'll be on your head if this is a mistake.”

Marshack looked over at Julius and Morgana. “Mam, will you be able to travel?”

“I can make it.” Morgana said, but she still looked weak and was holding onto Julius for support.

“I'll take care of her.” Julius assured him.

Then Marshack looked around at Rashid and the others. “Stay together and follow behind me in a

straight line. If something happens the only thing I can suggest is all of you scatter and hope for the best.”

“Oh boy, that makes me feel confident.” Shawn commented.

Then Marshack, his gun still out and ready, started down the trail between the cabins. The others followed, even Carol, though reluctantly.

“We're fucked.” Shawn said to no one in particular.

“I second ya on dat one, man.” Jamal said, from beside him.

Phil watched hungrily from the cover of the dark forest as the procession of his future victims headed between the cabins. All he wanted to do at that moment was charge and start slashing them down, but Lewis had other ideas.

“Oh, my friend, I can sense that you are anxious to spill blood, but a true artist knows how to relish the act and build the terror of the prey.” Lewis told him, as he paced in front of Phil. “Believe me when I say you'll thank me when we are finished.”

It was at times like this Phil wished he could move his mouth enough to say something, but he knew any kind of resistance would only get him a dose of the mind numbing pain Lewis had treated him to in the alleyway earlier. So, all he could do at this point is wait and watch.

The logs in the fire pit, from the séance earlier, were still aglow, giving Marshack and the others some faint illumination as they entered the clearing behind the cabins where the hearse and the van were parked.

“You know we're really screwed people.” Shawn said to no one in particular. “I've seen enough of those Blood Camp movies to know either this dude's fucked up the cars or we're going to find some dead bodies in the front seats.”

“This isn't a movie.” Ryan pointed out.

“No, and according to you people all this is all perfectly reasonable.” Carol said sarcastically.

“We never said that.” Micki said, in an annoyed tone. “But facts are facts. You saw that woman's dead body. Isn't that proof enough that there's some sort of a psycho out there in the woods?”

Carol looked at Micki defiantly. “For all I could tell that body could've been a very creative dummy that you guys made to put a scare into us.”

“And why the hell would we go to all that trouble?” Ryan asked in total amazement.

“It's perfectly obvious.” Carol told him. “To maintain the legend of Jason Voorhees. This town is making a hell of a lot of money off the tourist trade. If my documentary was to expose how ludicrous this whole thing is, and put some doubt in people's minds, all that money would be in jeopardy. I think that's reason enough.”

“Excuse me, chief.” Shawn said, trying to sound calm and reasonable. “I was the one who nearly had that thing land on me and I can say for sure that that body was the real thing.”

“Fine,” She went on, “but how do we know the killer is out in the woods?”

“What the hell are you talking about?” Shawn asked.

“Think about it.” Carol said. “Isn't it rather convenient that they arrived when they did?”

“Excuse me,” Micki said, incensed, “but you're a total nut case.”

“Though I find your theory is very creative, young lady,” Rashid said, “if we were so desperate that we would commit such a vicious act as murder why not save ourselves the drama of putting on such a charade and simply kill all of you outright and say it was the curse of Jason Voorhees?”

“Because it'd be better P.R. for you to make believers out of us.” Carol told them.

“Hey, you got one here.” Shawn said, hold up his hand. “Can we go home now?”

“You can count me in dat, man.” Jamal said, holding his hand up too.

“Will all of you please shut up.” Marshack said, annoyed. “With all your yammering that asshole out there could find us from a mile away.”

“I don't believe that is an issue, officer.” Rashid told him. “The fact is that Mr. Raman knows exactly where we are and what we are doing.”

“Perfect.” Shawn commented, shaking his head.

“Indeed it is, young man.” Rashid said. “Our knowledge of this can be used to our advantage.”

“How do you see it that way?” Marshack asked, looking at Rashid with a confused look on his face.

“It is to our advantage because our knowledge of this will prevent Mr. Raman from taking us by surprise.” Rashid informed him.

“Great.” Shawn commented, though his tone was less than enthusiastic. “Bravo for our side.”

Phil was still forced to simply watch Marshack and the others as they made their way to the vehicles. Lewis had had him cautiously make his way to a new

hiding place behind a large oak ,just beyond the clearing behind the cabins, so that he'd be ready when the time came for the slaughter to begin. Though Phil knew what Lewis had in mind it was hard for him wait for him to give the signal to attack. His hunger for death had become strong and wanted satisfaction, but his fear of Lewis was stronger. So all he could do is continue to let his hunger fester and hope that the wait wouldn't be that much longer.

“I really hate to be right.” Shawn said, looking down at the slashed tires of the van.

“He got our hearse too.” Julius said, from beside the hearse, which was a few feet away.

“Well, what other great ideas have you got, professor?” Marshack said to Rashid sarcastically.

“Though our present situation is complicated by this discovery it does not change the fact that we must get these people away from this camp, and with all swiftness.” Rashid informed him.

“And how do you suggest we do that?” Marshack asked. “It would be like leading lambs to the slaughter if we tried taking these people into those woods.”

“I assure you it will be far worse if we don't. This camp is the heart of the evil that has cursed these woods. More death in this place will only strengthen that evil and bring it that much closer to it's goal.”

“My god, will you people listen to yourselves.” Carol said in frustration. “It would be almost laughable if it wasn't you sound so sincere.”

“This is no laughing matter, young woman.” Rashid told her.

“Don't waste your breath, Rashid.” Micki told him. “That one won't listen. She's totally deluded.”

An almost injured look crossed Carol Martinez's face. "I'm deluded?" she said in amazement. "You're the ones who are talking about the big nasty evil."

"Chief, why don't you just shut the fuck up."

Shawn said, partial out of frustration and partially out of fear. "Either try to help us or back off, because I for one don't want to hear anymore of your bullshit!"

"My bullshit!" she said. "You're the one who keeps comparing all this to one of those damned Blood Camp films and you have the fucking nerve to talk about me."

Thoroughly enraged, she headed over to the driver's side door of the van. "And what are we going to find in here?" she said sarcastically, grabbing onto the handle of the door. "If Shawn and the rest of you are right," she said, "when I open this door a gnarly dead body will fall out. Let's see."

"No!" Shawn screamed at her.

Then, she quickly flung open the door. Nothing fell out. Then she dramatically looked into the cab at the empty front seat and laughed. "You see....You see." she said triumphantly. "I was right, it's all a load of crap."

Then an object came flying out of the woods and hit the side of the van with a sickening thump and a cracking sound. It rolled to a stop at Carol's feet.

Looking down, Carol Martinez let out a hysterical scream and jumped away.

Looking up at her, was the decapitated head of Bessie Nague. The impact with the side of the van had knocked the tent spike so deeply into her nose that the point of it had broke through the back of her head.

CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE

FOLLOW THE LEADER

Hearing the sweet scream of horror from that bitch Carol Martinez was a symphony to Phil's ears.

"Now, my friend," Lewis chuckled with glee, "it's time to play."

Phil was now unleashed. He charged like a force of nature out of the woods into the clearing.

"The evil's shown itself!" the Goth witch screamed as if channeling a Gypsy from a B-grade horror film. Her Marilyn Mansonesque boyfriend grabbed her arm and dragged her into the woods. Surely they will make it to safety, Phil mused in a primal sort of way.

"OH SHIT! OH SHIT! I am SO outta here!" the bald guy screamed while urinating in his kaki's. Phil thought his name was "Shawn". Shawn grabbing the arm of the guy who thought he was a Jamaican and moved to follow the two Goths into the woods. Phil, pursuing "Shawn" and the wanna-be Jamaican, quickly caught up with the fleeing duo.

Phil charged them and rammed his machete into back of the guy with the dreadlocks. The pseudo-Jamaican let out a scream of pain and cried "Oh...chit!"

Phil roughly jerked his machete sideways and pulled the attached victim free from the bald guy's grip.

As this happened, something fell from behind the false Jamaican's ear and landed on the ground at his feet. Both he and Phil looked down at it. It was a joint.

The guy pulled off his sunglasses and said unhappily "Chit, man."

Then Phil locked a restraining hand on the fake Jamaican's shoulder and pulled the machete upwards, splitting him in half. A shower of blood sprayed from the body as it fell to the ground.

After being drenched in his friend's blood, Shawn let out a girlie-like scream, then he hysterically took off into the woods in a run.

Phil decided not to pursue him. It would be more fun to wait and track him down later. Anyway, he had better piggies to slaughter.

Turning around and raising his machete over his head, he charged straight for Carol Martinez.

The screaming girl stood frozen in place and totally oblivious of him. She seemed unable to take her eyes off the Filipino girl's severed head on the ground at her feet.

Good. Phil thought, *This'll be an easy kill.* But as he came up to her and started to bring the machete down, someone flung themselves into Carol and knocked her out of the way. He was just able make out that it had been Micki Foster before his forward momentum slammed him mask first into the van, leaving a force impression in the metal . As his machete glanced off the roof Phil lost his grip, watching the instrument fluidly fly from his hand and into the blood-soaked earth behind him.

In short order the sound of gunshots, followed by the sting hot lead moved across upper back. Pulling himself free from the deeply dented vehicle, he turned

around and saw Highway Patrol officer Marshack standing before the firepit with his gun aimed and poised to shoot again.

Micki was in the process of helping Carol Martinez up when Rashid and Ryan ran up to her.

“You okay?” Ryan asked, concerned.

“I am. But, I’m not too sure about her.” Micki said, indicating Carol who looked dazed and shaken.

“The head... it was real...” Carol mumbled to herself. “This can’t be real. But it is real. I saw it...”

“We have no time for this.” Rashid told them, looking over at Phil, who was only a few feet away. “We must make our escape now, while Officer Marshack has Mr. Raman occupied.”

Neither Micki nor Ryan debated with him. Together they each grabbed hold one of Carol’s arms and started to drag her along.

“I knew this was all bullshit. But how can it be bullshit.....?” Carol droned on while Rashid lead them into the darkened woods.

Phil saw his machete lying on the ground a couple of feet away, right between him and Officer Marshack. He took a step forward and Marshack shot at the ground in front of him. More out of instinct than fear, Phil jumped back.

“I don’t think you want to try that, buddy.” Marshack told him.

Phil was definitely starting to get annoyed by this little man. He took another step forward and Marshack shot again. The bullet hit the ground inches away from Phil’s right foot. This time he didn’t even flinch. He took another step and started to bend down to pick up the machete.

Marshack shot at the machete. The bullet knocked it sideways out of Phil's grasp. "I said not to do that." Marshack told him. Phil ignored him and continued to go for the weapon.

Marshack quickly loaded five more shells into his gun, aimed, and shot. The bullet ricocheted off Phil's hockey mask and imbedded in the side of the van behind him.

Now Phil had had enough. He ignored Marshack's further warning and grabbed the machete. Then, like a raging bull, he charged at Marshack.

Two more shots rang out and hit Phil twice in the chest, but it didn't even slow him. He was committed.

Marshack was just about to take one more shot when Phil ran him through the gut with his machete. The impact and pain caused Marshack to drop his pistol.

"Fuck you!" Marshack cursed at him. Then he spit on Phil's hockey mask.

Phil lifted Marshack off the ground on the blade of his machete and flung him backward into the firepit, splitting him from the mid-gut down between his legs in the process.

With the snap of braking bones, Marshack landed on his back across one of logs. His landing seemed to stir up the embers. With a spark and a puff of smoke his pant legs started to burn.

Marshack cried out and tried to move, but all he could manage is wiggle slightly. It was obvious he'd broken his back and was now helpless to stop the inevitable.

Satisfied, Phil turned and started to walk toward the woods. He had finished his business here. Still, he

slowed down enough to relished the smell of burning flesh and the sound of Marshack's agonized screams.

Rashid and the others came up on Julius, Morgana, and Shawn, who was busy ripping off his blood splattered shirt.

“That is very unwise, young man, given the chilliness of the evening.” Rashid told him.

Shawn looked at him with a surprised expression on his face. “I’d rather fucken freeze.” he said. He was now in his undershirt. He threw his ruined shirt on the ground in front of him in disgust.

“So, is it really like being in the movie?” Carol said, giggling to herself. Making it obvious that recent events had definitely put a strain on her sanity.

“Fuck you, bitch!” Shawn blurted out at her.

“I think it is unwise for us to stand here and continue this banter. It is most likely that Officer Marshack has succumbed to Mr. Raman. Even with the head start he has provided us it is still likely Mr. Raman could catch up with us before we can get to a safe place or find some assistance. Thus I would suggest we keep our conversations to a minimum.”

“It’s too late to worry about that.” Morgana told him. “I can sense the evil of this place and it’s growing by the moment. It’s only a matter of time. We’re all doomed.”

“I will not accept that assessment, young woman.” Rashid told her. “It is most obvious you have not been well trained in the use of your gifts. We who know the ways of The Art know that there is no such thing as absolutes.”

“But I’ve seen it.” She countered.

“What you saw was mere possibility.” he told her. “In the great way of things there is always a choice.” Then he looked over at the others. “With that said, it is now your choice. Shall we waste more time, or shall we make our retreat?”

“Can we just get the fuck out of here.” Shawn said. “I, for one, would like to live.”

“Lead the way, Rashid.” Ryan said.

It was obviously the others were in agreement, because nothing more was said and they all followed as Rashid lead the way.

Lewis came out from behind the trees in front of Phil. “Bravo, my friend.” he said. “Excellent work back there. I especially like how you handled the highway patrol man.”

Phil tried to ignore him and continue tracking his prey. But then Lewis put up his transparent hand and Phil felt a telling jolt of pain in his head. He stopped immediately.

“But, now we must go on to the next phase of our masters' plan.” he continued.

Next Phase? Phil thought. From what he could gather of “The Plan” it seemed rather simple. He was supposed to kill people and Lewis was supposed to get brownie points with The Ancient Ones and at a certain point get his body back. And, of course once this was done he'd be free of Lewis. That was all he wanted to know. But given the fact that Lewis had the power to make his head explode with a mere thought, he figured it was wise to play along and let him ramble on.

“Don't worry, my dear boy, you will still have the pleasure of killing all of them, the only thing is three of

our friends are to be given very specific consideration in regards to their demise.”

Then, Lewis gestured for Phil to follow him. “But let's move on and I'll explain as we proceed.”

Phil obediently followed as Lewis led the way.

Julius listened to the silence as he walked and almost wished he'd hear something. Anything would be better than the waves of tension that flowed over him from the others. It was at times like this that his gift seemed more like a curse.

Thankfully, Morgana had managed to regain enough strength that she no longer needed him for support. Yet she still walked beside him, which was comforting to him. But he doubted it would make any difference for either of them if anything happened.

“Does anyone know where we're going? Or are we lost?” he asked finally.

“I've been attempting to keep us on a steady course by tracking the North Star.” Rashid informed him. “It is most likely we will eventually come to a road or a shelter or possibly even run into a search party. It is logical that Sheriff Landis will have sent out search parties by now.”

“Great.” Julius said, unenthusiastically. “And, what we're gonna do if that psycho in the mask shows up?”

“We're gonna die.” Morgana said matter-of-factly.

“That's really encouraging.” Micki commented.

“Why can't you understand, I saw all of us dead.”

Julius could definitely understand. While he was helping to hold her up he got flashes of her vision. Even now he felt a chill thinking about it.

“As I told you, young lady, what you saw was only one possible outcome.” Rashid reminded her.

“Yet, at the moment it seems like the most logical one.” Shawn said. “Has anyone forgotten that our buddy out there has a very big knife. What the hell kind of defense can we put up? What are we supposed to do pelt him with sticks? Or how about we pull out the big guns and scatter and hope he doesn't catch us.”

“Oh, be assured, my young friend, we have far more resources than you believe.” Rashid told him, looking over at Micki and Ryan. “My friends and I have been in worse situations than this and have managed to survive.”

Julius could believe it. He could definitely sense a strong energy around the three of them. It seemed strongest around Rashid. If he could visualize the power around the Egyptian it would be a blinding light. To a lesser degree he could sense a similar energy around Micki as well.

“Well, unless one of you got some firepower shoved up your ass I still say we're out classed by the big guy.” Shawn countered.

“It must be obvious even to you, given the events back at the campsite, that firearms are useless in this situation.” Rashid told him.

“Well, then I hope you got some kind of Mr Miyagi, Karate Kid, crap in mind.”

Carol chuckled at this. “I'd like to see that.” she said. Then Julius noticed a look of fear come across her face.

It was at that moment that Julius felt a large hand clamp down on his shoulder. An overwhelming feeling of anger and hatred flooded into his body. But

underneath those feelings he could sense something darker, colder, and inhuman.

Then, he was roughly spin around and ended up looking up into the hate filled eyes behind Phil's hockey mask. He saw movement from Phil's other arm and braced himself for either being run through or chopped by Phil's machete. But, instead Phil's other hand came up and latched onto his neck. *Where's the machete?* He found himself thinking as he struggled for breath.

He heard Morgana scream. He saw her charge his attacker out of the corner of his eye. Phil swatted her away like a bug.

Then he was lifted off the ground and slammed against the trunk of a nearby tree, knocking the remaining air from his lungs. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Phil pull something out of his pocket. With a glint of metal he saw as Phil raised his hand th shining new tent spike.

Then he realized what Phil had in mind. Panic overwhelmed him. Since he was a child he'd had a recurring nightmare about being staked like a vampire. Now he knew that nightmare was about to become a reality. Hysterically, he started punching and kicking at Phil. If he could he would have screamed. Yet, none of this could stop what was about to happen.

He saw the guy Carol had identified as Freeman charge at Phil. But he was easily backhanded. Still, the distraction had given Julius a few precious seconds, for which he was eternally grateful.

Even with him struggling, Phil still managed to get the spike in position over his heart and started to push it in. Pain seared his chest as the metal point ripped through his flesh and broke through bone on into

his life giving pump. Then, he felt it bore out through his back and into the trunk of the tree.

Phil released his grip on Julius and left him to hang free. Pain spasmed through Julius' body. He tried to scream, but only a gurgle and blood came flowing from his lips. Then, mercifully, the incredible pain and shock overtook him and he passed out.

Phil watched with mild amusement as the Goth guy's body jerked one last time and went totally limp. He had to admit he loved the irony of this kill. *I'm such an artist.* He thought with pride.

He looked over at the Goth girl. She was crying and trying to pull away from Micki, who was trying to holding her back from going after him again.

Steven was trying to help his cousin as well by putting up a restraining arm and trying to pull the two of them back toward Rashid and the others.

Phil was amused to see that the Egyptian was just standing behind them mumbling to himself.

But then his amusement turned to surprise when Rashid lifted his hand, and with a sudden spark, a ball of fire appeared in his palm. The Egyptian lobbed the fireball at him. It landed on the ground in front of him and before he knew what happened the fire expanded and encircled him.

Pulling his machete from his belt, he raised it over his head. It was time to go to work again. He took a step and tried to go through the fire, but the heat was so intense that even with his new body he found himself unable to proceed.

"Holy shit!" he heard Shawn say.

"Now, run!" Rashid exclaimed. "We must make our escape with all expediency."

“But Julius!” the Goth girl screamed back.

“I’m sorry. It’s too late.” Rashid told her.

“No!” she yelled, as Freeman and Micki started to drag her back into the woods.

Shawn took Carol Martinez by the arm and followed as Rashid led the way.

A few moments later Lewis came out of the woods behind him. He didn’t look pleased. “You weak minded fool!” he cursed at him. “You let them get away!”

Phil grunted and pointed at the circle of flames around him. It was at that moment that the flames simply disappeared without a trace.

Surprised, he looked around in confusion.

“Idiot. That old fool tricked you with a simple illusion.” Lewis informed him.

Then, Lewis simply shrugged his shoulders. “Oh, Well, thanks to that old man we may not have culled the herd sufficiently to my liking, but still things are going in the right direction.” Then he smiled at Phil. “Keep faith, my friend, soon our mission will be completed and we shall both get our due.”

Several yards away, Rashid started weaving, stumbled, and fell to the ground.

“Rashid!” Micki yelled, letting loose of Morgana. She ran over to her old friend and mentor.

She turned the old man over. He looked pale and exhausted. “We must continue.” He said weakly, trying to get up. Micki carefully helped him and managed to get him on his feet. “My deception will have only afforded us a few minutes ingress at the most.”

“What deception? You mean the fire back there.” Shawn said, as he came over with Carol Martinez in tow. “That was amazing, Chief.”

“Yes, unfortunately, I was only able to maintain the illusion for a short duration of time.”

“You mean that was all in our heads?” Shawn asked, amazed.

“Why not. That seems logical to me.” Carol said. “But a lot of things seemed logical to me that turned out not being true. It's really getting hard to tell what's real and what's not around here.”

“You're tell me, Chief.” Shawn said, shaking his head.

“Come on, people. Rashid is right. We'd better get a move on.” Ryan said, as he came up to them with Morgana. Tears were still running down Morgana's cheeks, but she was no longer fighting Ryan. She seemed resigned to follow where ever she was lead.

Micki offered to help Rashid, but he pushed her hands away. “I'm fine now.” he said. Then he took the lead again.

Finally, after few minutes, they came out into a clearing.

“It can't be !” Micki exclaimed , a shocked expression on her face.

“Fascinating.” Rashid said, equally surprised.

“I can't believe it.” Ryan said, as he looked across the clearing at the rundown facade of the Voorhees house.

CHAPTER TWENTY SIX

DEFENSIVE MEASURES

“Okay, guys, this is really creeping me out.”

Shawn said, as they walked through the clearing toward the weathered looking mansion that had once been the home of Jason Voorhees and his mother.

“This seems too convenient to be coincidence.”

Ryan said.

“Most definitely.” Rashid agreed. “I would say that somehow we were lead to this location.”

“But why?” Micki asked.

“I have a theory.” Rashid told them. Then he turned to Ryan. “Correct me if I am wrong. Was it not at this house that you and Miss Kimble fought Jason Voorhees and sent him to hell?”

“Yeah, Jason was pulled down right over there.”

Ryan pointed at the hole near the overturned jungle gym.

Rashid went over to the hole and looked in. “The gods of the ancients help us.” Then he motioned for the others to come over.

“What is it, Rashid?” Micki asked, coming over and looking down into the worm infested hole. It was filled to the top with squirming white bodies.

“This most certainly confirms my suspicions.”

Rashid told her.

“Okay, Professor,” Shawn said joining them, “what new fun you got for us now?”

“Yeah, I'd like to know what you've come up with too.” Ryan said.

“It is my belief that we have reached a point of convergence.” Rashid said simply.

“And what is that supposed to mean?” Shawn asked, baffled.

“Everything. The mask, the murders, Mr. Raman's transformation, the attack at the campsite, our journey through the forest, even these worms congregating in this hole have been events set into motion to lead to this specific place at this specific time.”

“Excuse me, but that sounds totally wacko.” Shawn said.

“Everything since I entered this damned forest has been wacko, but nobody wants to listen to me.” Carol added.

“I am most assuredly aware of how this sounds, but I affirm that what I am saying is true.” Then he looked over at Micki. “It confirms my vision.”

“What vision?” Shawn asked.

Rashid went on to tell Shawn and the others about his vision of the powerful being rising from the giant pustule.

“Haunted masks, super killers, and now someone coming out of a giant zit.” Carol said. “The world's gone totally nuts and I'm the only sane person in it.”

“That's a matter of opinion.” Shawn said. “Frankly, I never thought you were firing on all thrusters.”

“Kiss my ass.” she said, glaring at him.

“It's your fault we're here” Morgana said to Carol, accusingly. “It's because you refused to listen to the warning the spirits sent us.”

“Will you please get off that spirit crap.” Carol told her.

“This is not the time for recriminations nor arguments.” Rashid told them. “Now we must prepare ourselves for the inevitable confrontation with Mr. Raman.”

“So, what? You suggest we make a stand here?” Ryan asked.

“If I am correct we have no other alternative.” Rashid told him.

Ryan looked over at the shabby patch job the state police had done on the large bay window Jason had thrown him through. He had little doubt Phil would make quick work of it.

“Okay, then, Professor.” Shawn said, picking up a weathered looking shovel from the ground next to the hole and holding it up in front of him aggressively. “Let's give him a party he won't forget.”

Ryan remembered the shovel from his fight with Jason. He remembered it was of no help then. But, if it gave Shawn some confidence it wasn't his place to take that from him.

Rashid came up to him. “So, my friend, I believe we should gain access to the inside of the house and avail ourselves of whatever defensive implements that we can muster in a short time.

Ryan doubted they'd find anything more than a few pieces of cutlery in the remains of the kitchen, since he knew that the state police had removed anything useful, like guns or chainsaws, after the incident three years ago.

“All right. It's your show.” he said to Rashid as he started fishing around in the pockets of his jeans for the keys.

The moment Phil walked out of the woods into the clearing he saw the weathered mansion and felt an icy chill run through him. It literally felt like someone was walking over his grave.

The same couldn't be said of Lewis. "Perfect." he said, with an enthusiastic grin on his face. "It appears, my friend, that our masters have lead us to the location of the final act of our little drama."

Phil felt the chill go through him again. What was happening to him? From the moment he put on the mask he'd been too busy enjoying all the killing and chaos that he hadn't had time to worry about what would happen to him. Now, all of a sudden, that had changed. Now, he felt something he hadn't expected, fear.

He'd known what had happened to the other people who had wore the mask, but really hadn't thought much about it. Now he wondered what fate The Ancient Ones had in store for him.

Lewis must've sensed his unease because he glanced over at him and said, "Have faith, my friend, soon our task will be done and we can go our separate ways. I'll have my life back and you'll get what you're due."

That's what I'm afraid of. Phil thought. But he knew he was helpless to change what was to come. He was after all merely a puppet of The Ancient Ones and Lewis.

Both Phil and Lewis watched as Freeman and the others headed into the mansion.

"I think it would be amusing if we wait here for a bit and let our friends make whatever futile preparations

they're planning. It will be that much more enjoyable when you crush them.”

That was fine with Phil. With the way he was feeling he was in no hurry.

Ryan held up the piece of wood while Rashid hammered the nails into it securing it to the window frame. Thanks to the hammer and box of nails they'd found discarded on the floor in the living room, as well as some of the wood from the cave-in of the floor of Jason's bedroom, they'd managed to at least attempt to reinforce the beams covering the bay window. “There.” Rashid said. “I believe we have done the best we can with this repair.”

Ryan grabbed onto the board and pulled. It held firmly. Yet he knew it still wouldn't hold up very long under the kind of assault Phil would put against it. Still anything was better than nothing.

“Well, once our buddy out there makes kindling of your work I've got a little surprise waiting for him.” Shawn said, with satisfaction, as he held up the weapon he'd been working on. He'd taken a baseball bat, he'd found in the rubble from Jason's room, and hammered nails round the upper portion of it to create a crude looking mace. He swung it around in a testing way. “Yep, that'll do it.” He smiled over at Ryan and Rashid.

“Whatever.” Carol said from behind him.

“And what're you planning to do, bitch him out and tell him he doesn't exist?” Shawn said, sarcastically glancing over at her in a dismissive way.

“Actually, I was planning on letting you distract him with your little Conan routine while I come up behind him and fry his ass with these.” She held up a disposable lighter and an old can of hairspray.

“All that thing's gonna do is blow up in your face.” Ryan told her. “But I have to admit you have the right idea.”

“My thoughts exactly.” Morgana said from the remains of the kitchen as she came in carrying a box with a couple oil lamps and four bottles with what looked like whiskey in them. Each bottle was opened and had a strip of black cloth sticking out of the top of them.

Micki came out the arched doorway of the kitchen just after Morgana. She was dragging behind her a gray colored sheet that was knotted at one end. And it appeared to have something inside it.

“So what you got?” Shawn asked, amused.

“Looks to me like you're planning on challenging our buddy to a pillow fight.”

Micki's answer to this was to swing the sheet over her head and bring it down on a wooden end table next to the couch. There was resounding clank of metal on metal just before whatever was inside the sheet hit the table. The table shattered and splinters of wood flew in every direction.

“Holy shit!” Shawn exclaimed.

“Anymore questions?” She asked him.

“Yeah, what the fuck you got in that thing?”

Shawn asked, in total amazement.

“Cans.” Ryan answered for her. “It's full of cans.”

Micki looked over at him with an impressed expression on her face.

Ryan smiled. “I saw that movie too.”

“Which.....?” Shawn started to say.

It was at that moment Phil busted through the boards covering the bay window.

CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN

BATTLE ROYAL

As Phil came crashing through the window, the boards covering it literally exploded inwards, sending showers of splinters onto Ryan and the others. A larger piece of board hit Rashid in the back of the head, knocking him unconscious and sending him to the floor. Shawn tried to leap out of the way, but only managed to trip himself, landing on top of the coffee table and smashing it in the process. Startled, Morgana jumped back, dropping the box that she was holding onto the floor. As the lamps and bottles inside shattered, their contents mingled inside the box.

Phil stepped up to the unconscious form of Rashid and lifted the machete over his head. Grabbing Shawn's mace from the floor, Ryan, managed to deflect this effort at a killing blow. Phil lost his grip on the machete as it flew out of his hand, hit the floor, and slid beneath the couch.

Ryan started to take another swing, but Phil backhanded him and sent him flying against the wall.

Phil lurched over to the couch and, without effort and using a single hand, threw it out of the way.

As Phil bent down to retrieve his weapon, Micki shrieked "No!" and charged him, swinging her sheet wrapped can weapon. Her wild rush of adrenaline allowed her to strike Phil across his right temple. The impact knocked him off balance and sending him reeling about and onto the floor.

Taking advantage of Phil's preoccupation with the flooring, Morgana snatched her box from the floor. "Fuck!" she exclaimed, looking down at its broken contents. With one deep, determined breath, Morgana threw the box at Phil. Phil swung his arm up deflecting most of the contents. None the less, a mixture of lamp oil and whiskey splashed across his torso, the floor, and the wall behind him.

"A match!" Morgana screamed. "I need a fucking match, now!"

"No... we don't." Carol said, as she flicked her lighter while pressing down on the hairspray cans' button. The spray streaming from the can ignited in a line of flame that shot at Phil. Fire spread instantly, engulfing Phil's torso.

Phil rolled on the floor violently and snuffed out the fire. Then he stood quickly, stumbling backward against the nearby wall, just as Carol hit him again with a blast of fire. This re-ignited the lamp oil and whiskey cocktail on Phil and on the wall. Fire covered the wall and snaked across the floor. Smoke and the smell of burning flesh filled the air.

"Die, you bastard!" Micki screamed swinging her sheet-weapon at Phil once again.

Phil brought up his arm to block the second blow and managed to catch the end of the sheet in his left hand. The menacing giant jerked his hand back and sent Micki stumbling toward him. Before he could get a grip on her she was tackled in a saving move by Ryan.

Pain seared every nerve in Phil's upper body. He knew he had to put out the fire that was still burning his head and shoulders. He ripped open Micki's weapon, dumping its metallic contents. Using the sheet as a tarp,

he threw it over himself in an effort to put out the remaining flames.

“No, fucking way, asshole. Burn!” Carol wailed at the monster as she raised her lighter homemade flame thrower once again.

Letting loose of the sheet with his one hand Phil snapped it off him and sent the knotted end sailing at Carol like a whip. Even in pain his aim with this new body was impeccable The knotted end of the sheet wrapped itself around Carol's hand. Then he snapped the sheet back, violently jerking her and twisting her wrist and arm in the process. Carol lost her grip on the lighter. It went flying out of her hand, rolled across the floor, and got lost amongst the rubble that littered the floor.

Carol dropped the hairspray can and grabbed her injured wrist. Through pain teared eyes she looked over at Phil with a mix of shock and fear. Then she started to slowly back away.

Not so tough without your itty bitty lighter. Phil thought as he started to walk toward her.

“Hey, Butthead.” He heard to his left. He turned and saw that it came from the bald guy, Shawn. He'd been so focused on Carol Martinez he hadn't sensed his approach.

“Surprise, asshole!” Shawn said, as he swung his newly retrieved mace at Phil.

The nail covered weapon hit Phil square in the chest and dug in. Smoldering cloth tore and black blood flowed from multiple wounds as the mace ripped out of soft flesh. The impact sent him stumbling backward. He tripped over the overturned couch and came crashing down on the floor.

Shawn charged, bringing his mace up over his head to deliver another blow. But when he swung the mace down Phil brought his hand up and blocked the blow.

The mace bit painfully into the palm of Phil's right hand and the impact sent concussion waves shooting down his arm. Phil ignored the pain and forced his fingers to close around the weapon that was now imbedded in his palm. Then he pulled hard and ripped the mace free of Shawn's grip.

Startled by this turn of events, Shawn stumbled back. "Oh, fuck, oh fuck!"

With his free hand Phil pulled the mace loose from his palm. Then he looked up at Shawn with murderous rage.

"Oh, Chief... Somebody." Shawn exclaimed. Then he started backing up cautiously.

Phil slowly drug himself up. He knew his new body was already starting to heal itself. He was sure he'd recovered sufficiently enough that he could easily tear this annoyance apart. The idea gave him a renewed feeling of pleasure.

"I'm in real trouble here, guys!" Ryan heard Shawn scream. He looked over and watched as Shawn backed away from Phil, who was stalking him with Shawn's own mace in his hand. Though he wished he could do something to help, Ryan knew the only way to help Shawn, or anyone else, for that matter, would be to follow through with what he was doing.

While Carol and Shawn had been keeping Phil distracted he'd been cautiously crawling along the floor over to where Phil's discarded machete was laying. Though it seemed to him like it was taking an eternity

to get to the machete, he knew he was only moments away.

Sweat poured off Shawn's forehead as he continued backing away from his pursuer. Phil followed after him, with the mace held over his head, ready to bring down a blow that Shawn was sure would kill him.

"Chief!" Shawn pleaded, looking around for Carol. He saw that she was making a mad dash for the busted bay window. He also saw that Micki and Morgana had made their way over to Rashid and were helping the groggy, stumbling, Egyptian out the broken window as well. So *much for the cavalry coming*. he thought, *I guess this means I'm royally fucked!* But then he heard a familiar voice come from his left. It was that Ryan guy.

He was standing, bold as brass, holding Phil's machete at his side. "Hey, Phil." he yelled. "You don't want him. You want me." Then he held the machete up for Phil to see. "I've got something you just might want back."

Phil stopped and looked over at Ryan. His eyes locked on the machete.

"Or are you happy with that piece of crap you've got there?" Ryan asked, sarcastically.

"Piece of....!" Shawn started say, taking exception to Ryan's comment. But then he decided it was better, given the circumstances, not to make a fuss.

Phil lowered the mace and looked at it for a moment. Then he looked up and glared at Ryan.

Relief flooded through Shawn. *I guess I'm gonna live after all*. he thought happily. Without a second thought, he cautiously, not to attract Phil's attention,

started to make his way toward the bay window and freedom.

Fire had covered the entire back wall of the living room and had already made its way past the archway into the kitchen. Ryan had been so preoccupied that he hadn't noticed until now. *If I didn't have enough trouble*, he thought. For a moment he'd thought there might be a way to use the fire to his advantage. He'd figured if he could keep Phil occupied long enough he could get him trapped in the fire. But then he realized he'd be trapped as well, which was something he hoped to avoid. Anyway, he doubted he'd be able to survive long enough against Phil to give the fire a chance to trap him.

"My god, Phil," Ryan verbally jabbed, "you're pathetic. Jason would've had a kill by now. All you've managed to do is get the shit kicked out of you by three girls and a geek with an old baseball bat covered with a few nails. You're a disgrace to that mask you've got hiding that ugly mug of yours." Ryan could tell from the fire burning in Phil's eyes what he was saying was having the desired affect on him. He knew all it would take is a bit more to push Phil over the edge. And he knew exactly what to use. "But that's the thing, you always were an ugly mother. It's no wonder that sweet looking secretary at your work never wanted anything to do with you."

And he was right. Phil murderously charged him, swinging the mace in a deadly arc front of him as he went.

Ryan jumped to the left and manage to barely dodge Phil's swing. Or had he? He felt his right arm go numb and a warm wetness start running down it. He

brought his other hand up and felt his shoulder. Sure enough there was a tear in his flannel shirt. His hand came away stained in red.

But he had no time to dwell on his injury, because Phil spun around and came racing at him again.

Rashid rubbed the back of his head. It felt strange not to have his beloved fez on his head. It had gotten lost in the rubble after the board hit him. His head was still throbbing and the hair on the back of his head was matted with clotted blood.

He was thankful Micki and Morgana had sat him down on the steps leading up to the front door of the house, because he doubted he'd be able to stand for very long. Not as weak as he was feeling.

"You all right?" Micki asked, concerned, looking down from where she stood in front of him. Standing beside her, Morgana also looked at him with concern.

"Yes, of course." Rashid lied. "If you would, please give me a moment."

While he'd been unconscious he'd experienced the vision again, but this time it had been in more detail. Now that he was awake the images were beginning to coalesce. He found he was experiencing a disturbing feeling of déjà vu.

From where he sat, Rashid could see dirty white smoke pouring out of the broken bay window and a flickering orange glow lit the opening, which he surmised could only be caused by fire.

There were a couple of loud crashes and Rashid saw Ryan come stumbling backward out of the opening in the window. Following after him came Phil, madly swinging Shawn's handmade mace at Ryan. To Rashid's surprise he saw that Ryan had possession of Phil's

machete, which he was using to deflect Phil's blows as best as he could. But Rashid could tell that Ryan was having limited success, as noted by the fact that his right arm was hanging limply and had blood dripping down it.

As the battle continued he could see that Ryan was slowly being forced backward toward the writhing hole filled with the white, bloated, Hellworms. Finally, when he was about seven feet from the hole Ryan tripped on a root, fell backward, and landed in the dirt on his butt.

All Rashid and the others could do was give a united gasp of fear and concern as the hockey masked monster came up to the momentarily stunned Ryan. Phil lifted the mace over his head in preparation to deliver a bone shattering blow. He was just about to bring the mace down on Ryan's skull, when he became distracted by the sound of a bone curdling scream that bellowed out from the smoking hole in the side of the house.

Then to everyone's surprise, including Phil's, Shawn came bursting out of the burning building carrying the rusted shovel he'd been carrying earlier. Before Phil had time to react Shawn was swinging the shovel wildly at him. Finally the head of the shovel struck Phil in the back of his scorched head. With a loud crack, the handle of the shovel splintered in Shawn's hands. Phil was knocked forward and fell onto the blade of the machete, which Ryan was holding up defensively. The blade was driven halfway into his chest, puncturing his left lung.

No! Rashid's mind screamed. This was part of the vision! Now the scattered images came together---but was it too late?!

Phil instinctively pulled back, ripping the machete free from Ryan's grasp. He stumbled backward a couple of steps, a stunned expression in his eyes. He grabbed onto the handle of the machete and tried to pull it out, but he stopped as spasm of pain shot through his body. He started coughing and black blood dribbled from the lower holes in his mask.

You must do something! Rashid's mind urged him. *You must stop this!*

He saw Shawn, who was standing directly behind Phil, begin to step back and move away from him. There was no fear in his expression--- what was there was purpose.

I know what you're planning! Rashid tried to stand up. But he only managed to stumble back and landed on the steps again. He knew there was only one thing left for him to do.

Shawn stopped about about ten feet away. Then he began to run at Phil.

“No, Shawn!” Rashid screamed. “You must desist!”

But it was too late.

Hearing Rashid's cry, Phil spun around. It was at that moment that Shawn jump-kicked him. Shawn's foot slammed into the handle of the machete and rammed the blade fully into Phil's chest. The tip of the blade burst out the back of his left shoulder. The impact sent him stumbling backward. He ended up teetering precariously on the edge of the worm infested hole.

“Stop!” Rashid screamed again. But he knew what was going to happen next. And, he knew he was helpless to prevent it.

“Go to Hell!” Shawn shrieked. Then he side-kicked Phil, sending him plummeting backward into the embrace of the pale, bloated, inhabitants of the hole.

Within seconds Phil was wading up to his chest in writhing bodies. Worms crawled over each other and began to chew through Phil's dark trenchcoat and shirt into his torso. He hysterically tried to claw his way out of the hole, but all this achieved was to agitate the worms further.

Two of the worms reared up and jammed themselves into the eye-holes of the hockey mask. There was a gush of blood from the lower holes and bottom of the mask, followed by a gurgling inhuman scream of pain. Phil's hands grabbed onto the slimy creatures and tried to pull them free, but the worms wriggled out of his grasp and continued boring into his eye sockets. More blood oozed out of the eye-holes of the mask.

The blood seemed to drive the worms into a feeding frenzy. More worms reared up and attached themselves to his arms and the back of his head.

Now completely covered with the gnawing beasts, Phil slowly sunk into the hole. As his head disappear underneath his squirming resting place, Phil's right arm shot up into the air. His hand clenched and unclenched continuously until finally it sunk and disappeared into the hole as well.

Micki ran over to her cousin. “Ryan, are you all right?”

“I've been better.” He said weakly, sitting up. “But I guess I'll live.” After a few moments he used his good hand to try to lift himself up off the ground. Micki tried to help, but only managed to bump his injured

arm. Cringing in pain, Ryan slowly labored and got up on his feet.

Shawn ran up to them, all excited. "That was awesome," he told Ryan. "We royally kicked that motherfucker's ass." Then, without thinking, he lightly punched Ryan in his injured arm.

Ryan clenched his teeth and forced back the scream that threatened to burst out of him. Letting out a pained groan, he stumbled backward, but Micki caught hold of him. She held him up as he slowly recovered his footing.

Looking very guilty, Shawn started to step forward to help. But he stopped in his tracks, because Micki looked at him and glared. "Haven't you done enough?"

"I'm sorry," he said. "But don't you realized, we did it." He looked over at the squirming hole. "Phil's toast. It's over It's done."

"Not quite." Rashid said from the stairs. "Remember my vision."

"You must be kidding me." Shawn said, in a mix of disbelief and fear.

"No. He's quite serious." came a male voice from out of the darkened woods. Then a transparent figure walked out of the woods, followed in tow by Carol Martinez.

Carol was pale as a ghost and had a dazed look on her face. The figure was leading her by the hand.

When the figure came fully into view Ryan, Micki, and Rashid let out unified gasps of surprise and recognition.

"Lewis?" Rashid finally stated. This was a revelation his vision had failed to reveal to him.

CHAPTER TWENTY EIGHT

RESURRECTION

“I thought you might want this back.” the transparent figure of Lewis Vendredi said, as he lead the pale and stunned looking Carol Martinez toward them. “It'd be a shame if Miss Martinez missed out on what's to come next.” Then Lewis roughly pushed Carol. She tripped and fell in the dirt next to the hole filled with the squirming Hellworms. She looked into the hole and let out a piercing scream. Hysterically, she started clawing her way across the ground toward Ryan and the others.

Shawn ran over to her and tried to help Carol up. The moment he touched her she screamed and pushed away from him. She looked at him in terror, like she didn't recognize him, and crossed her arms up in front of her protectively.

“Chief, it's me, Shawn.” he told her, hold his hands up to assure her he wouldn't touch her until she was ready.

Suddenly, a glint of recognition came to her eyes. “Shawn?” She grabbed onto him and hugged him around the waist tightly. She pulled back from him and looked at him with fear in her eyes. “I must be going insane.” she told him. “I swear I thought I was running through the woods and a ghost grabbed me. I mean it, I could see right through him.”

Shawn put a strained smile on his face. “Uh, Chief, I think you should look over there,” he pointed behind her, “and try not to freak again.”

She slowly turned and looked. She immediately jumped back and bumped into Shawn. “No!” she screamed at Lewis. “You can't be real!”

“Spare us any more of your dramatics.” Lewis ordered her. “It's getting really tired, young lady. It's obvious, given the reactions of those around you that I am not a figment of that limited imagination of yours. So get over it and accept the fact.”

Rashid weakly stood up. “Indeed, young woman, he is quite real, and quite dangerous.” Then Rashid glared over at the transparent image of Lewis. “So you are the one who has been orchestrating these unfortunate events.”

“Oh, I would love to take credit for all this, but unfortunately I'm merely a hired hand. It's those whom I made a pact with who are running the show.” Lewis admitted. “And, thanks to you, old friend, and my dear niece and nephew, as well as the contributions of the others, I've managed to complete my work. Now I will receive that which I've worked so hard to get.”

“And what is that, may I ask, Lewis? Petty power?” Rashid said with disgust. “Have you not learned your lesson, in regard to that, yet? If I may be so bold, it was because of your lust for power that caused you to lose your life.”

“Yes, and since then all I've desired is to get back that that was taken from me. I would renounce all the power I've accumulated if only to get me back my life.” Then Lewis smiled. It was a very disturbing smile. “But thankfully I don't have to do that.”

A shocked look came to Rashid. "That is what The Ancient Ones promised you.....They offered you your life back."

"Exactly, my dear friend, and thanks to your associate over there," he looked over at a very surprised Shawn, "the final sacrifice has been made."

Now Rashid was confused. The figure he had seen come out of the pustule could not have possibly been Lewis. He knew there had to be more to what was happening than Lewis was telling them.

Lewis moved over to the edge of the writhing hole and looked in. "Please don't mourn poor Philip here. He's given his all for a higher purpose." Then Lewis faced them and smiled "But now it's time for you to witness a miracle."

Micki and Ryan moved over to Rashid. "Ok, Rashid, what's the plan?" Ryan asked.

"That is a most definite good question." Rashid said.

"We have to do something." Micki stressed.

"I am most apologetic. Unfortunately I am at a loss at what we can do, given Lewis' current incorporeal form." Rashid told them. He felt totally helpless. All he could do is watch and hope that something would come to him.

"Ancient ones. Nanna, Cythulu, Azagthoth, Dagon, Lammashtha, the time has come." Lewis chanted, slowly raising his arms. "Your vessel is prepared and ready for your power. The pact is now complete. Bring forth your glory and restore that which was taken. Bring forth life!"

Rashid and the others noticed that the air around them began to feel thick. Above their heads clouds began to gather, blocking out the moon and leaving

only the light from the fire that was slowly consuming Voorhees House. Then there was a flash and a pillar of light shot down from the clouds, covering Lewis and the hole of squirming Hellworms in the process. Immediately bloodcurdling screams issued from the hole, and as Rashid and the others watched in horror the white, bloated, worms started to melt into each other. Within moments the worms had turned into a pool of white, milky, puss that boiled in the pillar of light.

“Yes, yes....that's it!” Lewis yelled in exuberance. “Now bring forth life!”

Immediately, as they all watched, there was a flash of energy and Lewis' body solidified.

A moment later, the pillar retreated into the clouds and rain started to pouring down.

Noooo! Rashid's mind screamed. *The vision....The vision is coming to pass!*

“Yes!” Lewis screamed, lowering his fully fleshed arms. “I live....I live!” He started laughing hysterically, and embraced his new body.

“This is most definitely not correct.” Rashid said aloud to himself. “The vision did not go this way.”

“Holy fuck!” Shawn said. “You saw this?”

“No. Not exactly. If you recall, I told you earlier that I saw a powerful being emerge from a pustule.”

“But that doesn't look like...” Shawn started to say, but he stopped in mid-sentence. A rubbery looking membrane had formed over the top of the pool.

“I have a sick feeling that there's more to come.” Ryan said.

“Quite right, dear nephew.” Lewis said, with a sadistic grin on his face. “Now witness the fruition of my work.” He looked down at the pustule of white liquid at his feet. “It's time, my boy.” he said

encouragingly, "Time to show yourself to the world again. Time to be reborn!"

The pustule ballooned and something burst through it, sending the white puss spraying in all directions. Lewis opened his arms, closed his eyes, and lifted his head as if accepting some sort of twisted baptism. Rashid and the others tried in vain to shield themselves, but they were showered with the foul smelling muck.

"Oh, my god!" Micki exclaimed as she wiped the gunk out of her eyes. She looked up and saw what had ruptured the pustule. Sticking out of the milky pool was an arm holding a rusty machete. As she watched, a puss covered head and shoulders emerged. They were followed by another arm that grabbed onto the edge of the pool.

The arm holding the machete slammed the blade down and buried it halfway in the muddy earth in front of the hole.

Using the machete as an anchor, the figure dragged itself out of the hole. Standing up, the figure grabbed the handle of the machete and, with amazing ease, ripped it free. Then it simply stood, breathing heavily, holding the machete at its side. It seemed to be looking at Rashid and the others as if contemplating its next move.

The rain quickly washed away the remaining puss and revealed the hulking figure in the tattered clothes. Over its face was the white hockey mask, looking surprisingly renewed.

"But it can't be." Micki said, in disbelief. "He couldn't possibly have survived."

She looked over at Ryan. He had an equally shocked look on his face. "Micki, that's not Phil." he informed her. "It's Jason."

"A very astute observation, Ryan." Lewis said. "Yes indeed it is Jason, restored to his former glory."

"So that was the price for getting your life back, you had to bring that monster back from the depths of Hell." Rashid said with disgust.

"I'm surprised at you, Rashid." Lewis said. "I would have thought that you of all people would have figured the fact that Jason was never in Hell. He was right here with us all the time, be it fragmented into a thousands of pieces."

"Dear Gods, the worms." Rashid said, the realization hitting him like a hammer..

"Indeed." Lewis acknowledged. "You see, he was useless to my....masters... in that condition. But now he's whole and I'm sure he's anxious to get back to work." Lewis looked at the group of people in front of him and smiled. "And you, my friends, are going to have the honor of being his first new victims."

On clue Jason's arm that was holding the machete began to rise.

"My son, the blood must stop here." came a voice that was disturbingly familiar to Micki. *Pamela Voorhees*. She looked around to see where the voice came from. Her gaze stopped on Morgana. She was standing stiff as a board, her eyes rolled back into her head revealing only the whites.

Micki also noted that Jason had froze in place, the machete in mid-raise. He cocked his head and looked at Morgana with a mix of shock and recognition in his eyes.

“The anger must end, Jason.” The voice coming out of Morgana's mouth said in a soft calming tone.

“I'm sorry, my son. After all you were only continuing what you saw me do. But I was wrong. Vengeance is not the way. It will not take away the pain you feel.”

“Don't listen to that, Jason, it's a trick.” Lewis told him.

“Is it really, Lewis.” the voice of Pamela Voorhees said through Morgana's lips. “If I recall correctly, it is you who are fond of tricks. It was you after all who tricked me into damning my poor boy into this nightmare of an existence. All I wanted was my child back, but it was you who had other plans. It was you who made a deal with those inhuman monsters.”

“I did what I did to help my sister.” Lewis said, with false righteous anger. “I did what I did because I loved her.”

“Oh you loved something, Lewis. You loved something all right. You loved power.” The voice of Pamela Voorhees said with disgust.

“That's not true!” Lewis screamed at the vessel that had once been Morgana.

“Then, if you loved me so much, Lewis, why did you try to have me killed?”

Hearing this, Jason turned and glanced back at Lewis. There was rage in his good eye.

“You were the one who gave me that dagger and told me that the only way to release my son from this horrible existence was to stab him in the heart.” the voice continued. “But you didn't tell me that for it to work you would have to be with me. You figured I would stab Jason and fail to kill him. He would become enraged and kill me instead. You wanted him to kill me because your dark masters told you that that would be

the only way to enrage him enough to turn him into the killer they wanted him to be.”

“Who told you this lie?” Lewis asked.

Another familiar voice came out of Morgana's lips. This time it was male. “I did, Lewis, your trusted assistant. Your former whipping boy.” It was the voice of Creighton Duke. Then the voice changed again. It was once again Pamela Voorhees. “So, you see, Jason, I don't blame you for your father's death. I blame your Uncle Lewis. He was the one who set up that situation and, unfortunately, your father paid the price. He was the one who destroyed both our lives.”

Jason turned to his uncle, this time the rage in his good eye was fully enflamed.

“You can't believe this fantasy, my boy.” Lewis said, thankful that the rain was hiding the fact that he was sweating. “I took you in when your mother ran. I took care of you and protected you. Look at what you've become. Look at how powerful you've become. You're feared. You are the legend that people speak of in whispers. What were you before I helped you? You were a pathetic boy, who would have lived a pathetically normal life. Now you are unstoppable and undying. When the Ancient Ones finally breach this realm and take it for their own you, my boy, will be there to watch and reap the rewards.”

Jason grabbed his uncle by the shoulder. With his right hand, he slid his machete through his belt and proceeded to slowly rammed his hand into Lewis' chest, smashing his ribcage in the process. Lewis screamed in pain as his nephew's hand ripped through the skin and entered his chest cavity. Finally, Jason's hand reached it's destination, Lewis' beating heart. His hand enclosed

the thumping muscle. He paused for a moment and looked into Lewis' agonized face.

"No." Lewis managed to get out. "I was promised.... life."

It was at that moment that Jason ripped Lewis' heart out of his chest. Lewis let out one last blood curdling scream. Blood gushed from the hole. Then Lewis fell limp and silent. Releasing his grip on his uncle's shoulder, Jason let Lewis drop into the mud like a discarded puppet. Jason looked down at the still beating heart in his hand, and with all his rage and strength he crushed it and tossed it into the white pool of his after-birth.

"Ok, people, I think I've had enough. I'm outta here." Shawn said, grabbing Carol Martinez by the hand and dragging her along with him toward the woods.

Carol was pointing at Jason and mumbling. "He came from the giant zit...He really came out of there."

"Great, you're gone again." he said in exasperation, shaking his head.

Shawn saw Jason's head snap to attention and focus on him and Carol. The hockey masked monster grabbed his machete and purposefully slid it out of his belt.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck!" Shawn yelled out in a panic. He tried to speed up but the dead weight of Carol was slowing him down. He tried to let her go, but her hand grabbed onto his arm in a death grip. "Oh no, oh no...let go. Damnit, Chief, either let go or run...Please!"

He looked over at Jason and saw he was on the move. Jason had walked around the now pink colored pool of gunk that had given him birth and was heading straight for them.

“Help me!” Shawn screamed, looking over at the others. They all seemed frozen in place.

But, then something happened that startled and amazed Shawn. Suddenly, Jason stopped. But it wasn't like he stopped of his own accord, it was more like he hit a brick wall. One minute he was coming at them and the next he appeared to hit something and stumble back slightly.

“Thank you God!” said Shawn as he dragged Carol along with him into the woods as fast as he could. He knew he was on borrowed time and he didn't want to waste his opportunity. “Come on, Chief, come on. We gotta get out of here!”

“What the hell???” Micki heard Ryan say. He looked at her for explanation. Micki shook her head. She had no idea what was going on.

Micki looked over at Rashid. She knew he would have the answer. It was then she realized the answer was right before her eyes. Rashid had his hand extended out before him and was whispering something she couldn't make out.

“Rashid?” Micki said to him.

Rashid slowly turned his head toward her.

“It's you.” she asked. “You're the one that's doing this.”

Rashid slowly nodded his head. “But, unfortunately, I will be unable to continue for long. We must find a way to stop this.”

Micki looked at Morgana. She was still standing stiff as a board with only the whites of her eyes showing. “Can you stop him. After all you're his mother. He might listen to you.”

“I can try, dear.” the voice of Pamela Voorhees said. Then, Morgana mechanically started to walk toward Jason, who was slamming himself against the invisible barrier that kept him from his prey.

Ryan started forward to try to stop her, but Micki grabbed him by the arm and shook her head.

“Jason.” the voice of Pamela Voorhees said.
“Jason. It's over, Jason. The blood must end now. You must stop.”

Jason stopped and cocked his head. He looked at the dark haired stranger that was talking in his mother's voice in confusion. The rage inside him told him to strike her down, but another, gentler, part of him told him to listen and obey. The voice brought up memories that had been lost behind all the rage and blood. They were memories of the little boy he had once been . Memories of long walks in the woods at his mother's side, his mother making him grilled cheese sandwiches, and her telling him what a special boy he was.

A tear welled in Jason Voorhees' good eye. With the memories came the pain of loss. The world had been so beautiful then. Of course things had not been perfect. The kids at camp constantly picked on him. His father had been less than affectionate. Yet, this was paradise in comparison to the eternal loneliness and dark rage that was his existence now.

But then another memory struck him and brought him back to the present. It was also a memory of long ago. It was a memory of a blond girl. She was wearing his mother's sweater. She pretended to be his mother. She told him his work was done. She told him to kneel down. Then she tried to hurt him.

Rage filled his being again. *A trick.* The dark side of him told him. *It's another trick!*

Jason lifted his machete over his head and slammed it against the invisible wall. He would break through, and he would make her pay for trying to fool him.

“Jason, you will stop this now. Mother is talking to you.” the voice of Pamela Voorhees said tersely. All this seemed to do is enrage Jason more. He started slamming his shoulder against the barrier. “Jason!”

“He doesn't seem to be listening to her.” Ryan observed.

“Micki, you and the others must depart immediately.” Rashid said. He was sweating. “I don't know how much longer I can maintain the barrier.”

“We must give her a chance.” Micki said.

Morgana's body turned toward her. “I'm sorry, dear, but your friend is right. This medium has nearly reached her limit. I must leave her body or she could die. I'm sorry I couldn't be of more help.” Almost immediately Morgana collapsed face down onto the muddy ground.

Ryan ran over to her. Carefully, he turned Morgana over. She coughed up a little water, but she was still breathing. He carefully picked her up and carried her over to Micki and Rashid.

“May I ask if she is capable of travel?” Rashid asked.

“I guess.” Ryan said. “I'd be able to tell more if she was conscious.”

“Then I suggest you and Micki take her and depart.” Rashid urged.

"You're coming with us, Rashid." Micki said, surprised by the implications of his words.

"Unfortunately not." he said, in a chillingly calm tone. "If I were to try to move from this spot the barrier holding Mr. Voorhees at bay would cease to function and you and the others would be at his mercy."

"But we can't just leave you here." Micki said. She couldn't believe that they were even contemplating such a thing.

"You must." Rashid told her, a hint of sadness in his voice. "You must live so you can stop this evil before more blood is spilt."

"But how are we supposed to do that without you?" she asked. Her eyes were welling with tears.

"You will find the way." Rashid told her. "You and Ryan always find the way. You have since you inherited this burden from your Uncle Lewis."

"Come on, Micki." Ryan said. He looked at the old Egyptian mystic one last time.

"Make my sacrifice meaningful." Rashid told him.

"I swear." Ryan said. Then he shifted Morgana into a fireman's carry and grabbed Micki by the hand. "Let's go, Micki."

"Rashid!" Micki said, tears running down her face.

She was so shocked by what was happening she didn't resist as Ryan lead her toward the woods. She looked back at her mentor as she walked unable to pull her eyes away. But finally the woods closed in, blocking her view, and she knew he was lost to her.

For the next few minutes they walked silently, listening to the uneasy silence of the woods. Then from behind them they heard the echo of a scream.

“Rashid.” Ryan said, under his breath sadly.

Micki lowered her head.

A few moments later they heard the sound of a branch snap and foot falls in the leaves behind them. The sounds were coming closer.

CHAPTER TWENTY NINE

PREY

Chopping down the old man had done little to cool the rage that Jason Voorhees felt. But soon he would feel much better. Soon he knew the blood would flow and he would have the joy of the kill.

When he was young, before things changed, his father had told him never to tolerate tricksters. That was why his father, even though his mama disagreed with him, refused to let him go to the summer carnival. He said that it was a den of tricksters and he would not allow the money that came from the sweat of his brow to be used to support such people.

That dark haired woman had tried to trick him. She tried to make him think that his mother was talking through her. She needed to pay for that. Carney folk were evil and she was of their ilk. He would find her and the others and they would all pay.

Fueled by his fury, he focused his senses on his task, hunting his prey. As he stomped through the brushes he scanned the muddy ground with his good eye looking for foot prints. His ears were listening for any sounds from braking branches, the shaking of bushes, splashing from puddles, even right down to the thump of a quickening heart beat. His nose lead him forward by detecting the subtle perfume of sweat and fear in the woods before him.

Soon he knew he would catch up to his prey. Then the killing would start. He quickened his pace.

Ryan leaned Morgana's unconscious body against a tree. Then he quickly looked around the brush for a weapon, any kind of weapon. He found a broken tree limb lying in the mud. Lifting up the hefty piece of wood, he propped it up against his shoulder, like a baseball bat, and headed over to Micki.

"Get behind me." he told Micki.

"What the hell are you planning?" Micki asked, a mix of surprise and fear on her face.

"That asshole is going to track us down sooner or later. If he is so set on killing us I for one am going to make it hard for him." he told her swinging his makeshift club back and forth in front of him in a testing way.

"Couldn't have said that any better myself." said a voice from the woods.

Suddenly the woods in front of them erupted in light as several flashlights were turned on at the same time.

Both Micki and Ryan had to blink several times to clear their vision. But they both recognized the white haired man in the cowboy hat who stepped out of the woods in front of them.

"Sheriff." Ryan said, a rush of relief running through his body. He immediately dropped the tree limb, which hit the muddy ground at his feet and splashed his shoes and pants in the process.

"You people are extremely hard to track down." Sheriff Lloyd Landis commented as he expertly flipped his double-barreled shotgun over his shoulder and slid it into the weathered looking brown leather holster strapped to his back. "It's just lucky you two were making so much noise or we would've missed you. By

the way, I loved the smoke signal. Only thing is was it necessary to burn the Voorhees house down?"

"That wasn't exactly planned." Ryan admitted.

"Well, it made our job that much easier." Landis said. "Though I have to say that running off into the woods wasn't the smartest thing for you to do."

"We had no choice at the time." Ryan told him. "I have to tell you, Sheriff, that Phil's dead."

"Then I guess we're done." Landis said, with relief.

"Unfortunately, not." Micki told him.

"But didn't you just say..." Landis began.

"Lloyd, Jason's back." Ryan said, cutting him off.

"What?" Landis said, in total shock. "And how the hell did that miracle happen?"

"A man named Lewis Vendredi." Ryan told him.

Upon hearing the name Landis shook his head.

"Vendredi. You're telling me that son of a bitch is back in town and has something to do with this."

This time it was both Micki and Ryan who were surprised.

"You know him?" Ryan asked.

"Pamela's stepbrother." Landis said. "I knew him when I was a younger man, and I didn't like him one bit. The guy was a total jackass."

"He's the one responsible for all this. He and Pamela brought Jason back from the dead originally. He used Phil's death to bring Jason back."

"He was always into weird crap. No one in these parts wanted anything to do with him. The problem was that he was Pamela's brother and Pamela was a member of the Cunningham family. No one around here ever fucked with the Cunninghams, so we had to tolerate him. I, for one, was happy to see him leave."

“Well, you won't have to worry about Lewis again.” Micki told him. “Jason killed him.”

“Then there is justice in the world.” Landis said. He was silent for a moment. But when he spoke again he was all business. “We need to get you people to safety.” With that he ordered the deputies, troopers, and highway patrol men to point down their flashlights and come out of the shadows. Ryan counted twelve of them. He also noted that all the officers were armed with assault rifles.

“Where'd you get all the firepower?” Ryan asked.

“This is Crystal Lake.” Landis said as answer.

“You don't know when you'll have some hockey masked super killer running around the woods slaughtering people. A few AK-47s would seem to be standard issue.”

“But I thought you believed that all these murders were simply copycat killings.” Ryan stated.

“I had a change of mind after I saw what that fucker Phil did to Main Street.” Landis told him. “We'll set up a little surprise for our buddy Jason at Camp Crystal Lake.” Landis smiled, it wasn't a pleasant sight. “Now let's get you folks to safety.”

“But what about the others?” Micki asked. “What about Shawn and Carol?”

Landis' smile disappeared. “You didn't mention there were other survivors out there.”

“It was a little overwhelming when you came out with the flashlights and firepower.” Ryan commented.

“And why in the name of sweet Jesus did you people separate in the first place?” Landis asked.

“I suggest you ask them, if or when you find them.” Ryan said. “We had nothing to do with that. They took off all on their own.”

Landis motioned to one of his deputies. Ryan recognized the deputy that came over as Roy Turner.

“Ok, Roy, I need you and a couple of the guys over there to check the woods between here and Voorhees house and look for a couple of survivors who might be still out there. If you run into Jason Voorhees don't be heroes. Shoot first and run like hell. I don't want you guys ending up in body bags. If you find those people head back to Camp Crystal Lake, that will be base camp.”

“Understood, Sheriff.” Turner said.

Ryan watched as Turner headed over to the other officers and chose a couple of the state troopers to go with him.

“Now, Steven,” Sheriff Lloyd Landis said to Ryan, “let's get this show on the road. We got a surprise party to set up.”

Jason could sense he was closing in on his prey. He knew there were two victims awaiting his blade.

Through the boots on the soles of his feet he could feel the vibrations caused by their stumbling footfalls. He could also feel the rhythm of their fearfully racing hearts. It called to the raging beast within him. His ears could now detect the sloshing of their feet in muddy ground, along with the snapping of branches and shuffling of bushes along the trail ahead. Then there was the smell. The sweet perfume of fear, that grew stronger by the moment. It compelled him with the promise of the kill.

He hoped one of the two prey he was tracking might be the woman who pretended to be his mother, but more than likely it would merely be the bald guy and girl he was stalking before the old man and the

trickster interfered with him before. Still, he knew he would track her down eventually, then make her pay. He would make them all pay.

He quickened his pace even more. Soon the blood would flow.

“Come on, Chief!” Shawn said as he dragged Carol Martinez along with him by her arm. Carol didn't resist, but she didn't help either. She was a dead weight slowing him down.

“I saw him. I actually saw him come out of the zit. But that can't be true, because things like that don't happen in reality. But I saw it...” Carol mumbled to herself.

Then, Shawn heard the sound of shuffling brush and the snapping of branches. He looked back and panic shot through him like a lightening bolt. Jason Voorhees was stomping towards them with the focus of a charging bull.

“Oh my god, oh my god!” Shawn screamed out. “Come on. Come on. He's coming, Chief. He's coming!” He continued to try to pull her, but she continued to slow him down.

“No!” Carol finally screamed back at him. “It's not real!” She jerked her arm free of his grip and jumped back from him.

“Fuck!” Shawn yelled. “Fuck this shit.” But a moment later he felt a sharp pain in his lower back and his legs went numb. He stumbled, fell forward, and landed face first in the mud. Clumps of wet dirt filled his mouth and splashed in his eyes. He spat out the foul tasting muck. He tried to wipe his burning eyes, but found his hands were soaked as well.

Finally he found a dry spot on his shirt sleeve and cleared his vision.

He tried to move his legs. They were useless. *I'm paralyzed!* his mind yelled at him. Like he really needed to be told that.

He tried to use his arms drag himself forward, but it felt like he was dragging a lead weight. *I'm dead meat!* he told himself. *Oh, my god, I'm gonna die!*

He looked over at Carol and begged her to help him. "Help me....help me, Chief!"

Carol shook her head at him and waved her arms in front of her like she was trying to wipe the image from her sight. "No...no. I don't believe this...It isn't real!"

Then she backed up against a nearby tree and squatted there. She put her hands over her ears, closed her eyes, and continued to shake her head.

Shawn heard the sloshing sound of Jason's boots coming toward him.

Then the splashing stopped. He felt a slight pull at his back. He knew Jason was standing over him. He also knew the tug he felt was Jason pulling his machete out of his back.

Now what? How's he going to finish me off?

Shawn asked himself. He knew a moment later when he felt the blade hit the back of his skull and split his head in half.

Jason looked down at his handiwork. His new body had work well so far. When he threw his machete it had felt so natural. His aim, as always had been right on target. And, now when he brought his machete down on the bald guy's head it easily split it like a ripe melon.

The blade hit so hard that it went completely through the head and embedded itself in the mud beneath the head.

Jason pulled the machete free of the mud and the bald guy's head. There was a puddle of blood forming around the head, looking very much like a red hallow in the mud. Jason thought it looked pretty.

Then Jason heard the sound of muttering nearby. He looked over to where the sound came from. He saw a dark haired girl sitting against a tree. For a moment he thought it was the trickster, but then he realized it was the other one. It was the one that the bald guy was dragging with him when he tried to get away from him at his mama's house.

Jason started toward her, half expecting her to start running. After all, they all ran from him. But to his surprise she just sat there and continued to mutter to herself.

As he came to a stop in front of her and raised his machete she looked up at him and did something totally unexpected. She laughed at him. "You can't hurt me." she told him. "You're not real. You don't exist."

Jason cocked his head. He was confused. This woman was laughing at him. She was telling him he wasn't real. This didn't make sense to him. Usually women would scream and run from him in terror. Why wasn't this one doing that.

Even more confusing was that he didn't smell sense any fear from her. But he did sense something, something that reminded him of his mother. Specifically, it reminded him of how he sensed his mother when she was killing those counselors all those years ago.

Jason lowered his machete. Though the dark part of him screamed for him to kill this woman, Jason decided he needed to take a moment to consider what he should

do with her. He looked at her and cocked his head again.

CHAPTER THIRTY

PARTY FAVORS

Roy Turner, with the two state troopers to either side of him, made his way silently through the woods looking for any signs of the two missing members of Stephen Freeman's party. The troopers followed Turner's lead and scanned the woods ahead of them with practiced ease.

Turner had full confidence in his companions. He'd worked with them both before. The tall, sandy haired, trooper to his right, Dan Culligan, had been part of the cleanup crew that had worked with him and the other deputies packing up the remains of Kelly Boone and her friends after the Big Red massacre. The other, stalky, dark haired, trooper, Peter Bennerson, had been with the party he'd worked with to scour the woods for survivors after the Fantana Carnival incident.

Still, now they were dealing with Jason Voorhees himself. Turner had to admit that though his demeanor was cool and calm on the outside, he was jumping with excitement on the inside. It had been the idea of going after the famous Crystal Lake killer that had compelled him to join the Cunningham County Sheriff's Department in the first place after his tour in the Marines had ended. He'd heard about the massacre at the sheriff's office, now over three years ago, when Robert Campbell, supposedly possessed by Jason, slaughtered every sheriff's deputy on duty at the office.

Still, that incident supposedly ended with a

newly resurrected Jason being dragged down to Hell. Turner knew, being a hometown boy, that Jason would eventually come back and he figured he'd be damned if he wasn't going to be there when it happened. Thanks to the fact that Lloyd Landis had needed new deputies to replace the ones Campbell had killed, Turner had seen his chance.

Coming out of his revelry, Turner heard the barely perceptible sound of somebody speaking not too far away. He waved his companions in the general direction he heard the voice and they followed his lead without word.

Soon Turner found signs that he was on the right course. The first thing he noted subtle things like crushed brush and a few broken branches on some saplings. Then they came to an open path and he saw two sets of footprints in the mud. But then they came up to the body and Turner was sure they were in the right place.

"Holy fuck!" Bennerson said looking down at the remains of Shawn Carlyle.

"The fucker played with him a bit." Culligan observed with disgust. "Look he dragged himself before the bastard gave him the chop." He pointed down at the drag marks in the mud.

"Jason doesn't play with his prey." Turner corrected him, looking down at the body intently. "He's very efficient and to the point with his kills. More than likely he threw his machete at a distance. Then it took him a few moments to walk over and pull the machete out for the final..."

Then Turner heard a familiar sound. He lifted his hand and shushed his companions. It was the mumbling voice again, but this time it was really close. He

scanned the woods around him and found what he was looking for. Squatting beside a tree about thirty feet away was the figure of a smallish dark haired woman. Her eyes were wild, but she didn't seem to even notice them. She simply squatted there rocking slightly and talking softly to herself.

Slipping his rifle strap across his chest and securing his Ak 47 against his back, Turner started walking toward the woman with his arms raised out to either side in an open handed gesture. "It's ok." he said in a calm reassuring way. "It's ok. You're safe. We're here to get you outta here..."

The woman looked at him and started laughing. It wasn't a pleasant sound. It was the sound of insanity.

"Safe?" she said, looking at him like he was the crazy one. "I'm in no danger...You see, I don't believe in him so he can't hurt me. But you're in danger because you're stupid and think he's real." Then she glared at Turner. "It's your fault. It's all your fault, you stupid hicks. You had to dream him up.!" Tears started running down her cheeks. "If it wasn't for you and your fucking legend Shawn and all the others would be alive...But you made them believe. You made him real to them. But I was smart...I was smart. I knew he wasn't real. I knew and I'm the only one that's still alive...."

Turner continued to approach her. Now that he was closer he recognized her. He'd seen her and her buddies around town. She was one the people who were doing the documentary on Jason. She was the one who had royally pissed off Betty Loomis and a few other people in town. *Now look at you.* He thought.

"Come on. Get up." he said in his calm way. "We're going to take you out of here."

The woman's eyes grew larger and wilder. Then she started laughing hysterically again. "I don't think so." she said.

This caused a chill to run down Turner's back. A moment later he knew why. The woman wasn't looking at him. She was looking behind him.

Turner slipped his hand behind his back and grabbed his rifle. At the same time he spun around, just in time to see Jason, with a sharp snap of cracking bone, twist Peter Bennerson's head completely around.

To his left, Dan Culligan squeezed the trigger of his AK-47 and sent a barrage of bullets on Jason and Bennerson's dying body. The majority the the bullets ripped through Bennerson's body causing it to vibrate with each hit. A few bullets hit Jason's hockey mask and careened off. None of them seemed to make any impression on Jason, who simply threw Bennerson to the side like a discarded rag doll and took several rounds in the chest. Black blood dribbled from the bullet holes but stopped almost as soon as they began.

"Die, Motherfucker!!!" Culligan screamed as he continued his assault on the monstrous figure before him.

Almost casually, Jason pulled his rusty machete from it's resting place, slipped under his belt.

"No. Disengage. Run!!!" Turner ordered. But Culligan ignored him and continued shooting.

Jason lifted his machete over his head and flung it at his attacker. The blade of the machete hit Culligan expertly in the Adam's apple and broke through the back of his neck severing his spine from his head.

Gagging and spitting up blood, Culligan stumbled backward. His arms flung to either side of him, his AK 47's trigger still pulled and the weapon firing.

Turner went stumbling back and slammed against the tree beside the woman as a string of bullets hit him across the chest. He silently thanked God that he'd had the forethought to wear his bullet proof vest today. Still the air was knocked from his lungs and pain shot through his chest and back. He had to fight to keep from losing consciousness. He slid down the trunk of the tree momentarily stunned.

As he regained his senses he saw that Jason had turned his head and was staring at him and the woman with his one good eye. Jason cocked his head. Then he turned his attention once again to the now fallen body of Dan Culligan. Turner had no doubt what was going through Jason's head.

Focusing his mind on what he had to do, like he'd been taught in the Marines, Turner slowing pulled himself up onto his feet. Pain shot through him again, but he forced his mind not to acknowledge it.

The woman laughed at him. "He's gonna get you because you're stupid and believe in him."

Ignoring her prattle, Turner grabbed her around the waist and lifted her over his shoulder in a fireman's carry. The woman started kicking and pounding her fists into his already throbbing back. "No!" she screamed. "No. He doesn't want me. He wants you...He wants you because you believe in him. No...I won't let you make me believe in him....No. No!!!"

Turner stumbled more than trudged off the trail and into the thick of the woods. The woman's jostling threatened to knock him off balance. "Stop it!" Turner yelled back at her. "You're gonna get us killed, you stupid bitch!"

"He doesn't want me!" she screamed at him.

"I wouldn't count on it." he said, as he purposely swung her to his left and slammed her against a nearby tree as he went by, hoping the impact might knock her out. The woman screamed in pain, but continued to kick and pound on his back.

Then she suddenly became uncomfortably still and screamed "No. Please. You don't want me!" Though Turner couldn't see behind him he knew what this meant, Jason was coming for them. He forced himself to quicken his pace.

He listened carefully and could hear the splash of Jason's boots in the mud behind him coming closer. He managed to take a quick look over his shoulder. He caught a momentary glimpse of, Jason, about twenty feet away, raising his machete over his head.

Immediately Turner shifted direction to his right. He felt a slight breeze over his left shoulder and heard the cracking sound and warble of metal hitting wood. He knew exactly what he would see if he looked, Jason's machete a quarter buried in the trunk of the tree he'd just passed. But he didn't have the time, nor desire, to confirm this. He was too busy trying to get away.

Jason stomped over to the tree and ripped his machete from the trunk. Rage flowed over him like the rain had earlier. That policeman had been lucky. He should have been stuck like the other guy, but he moved at the last moment and got away.

Jason looked into the woods. He could still see the policeman carrying the woman through the trees. The dark part of him urged him to go after them and finish them off. But the other side simply wanted to go home to Camp Crystal Lake. He stood by the tree for a few moments more and watched his fleeing prey. He would let them go for now. He figured he'd get them later at

Camp Crystal Lake. After all they all ended up at Camp Crystal Lake eventually.

Both Micki and Ryan let out sighs of relief when they and their entourage of deputies and highway patrolmen came out of the woods and into the clearing where the cars were parked behind the horseshoe of cabins that was Camp Crystal Lake.

If they both could they would have dropped to their knees and thanked god. The reason for their reaction was because Sheriff Landis had been continuously on his walkie talkie the whole trip yelling at the people on the other end.

Both Micki and Ryan had been sure all the way that the noise would have drawn Jason right to them, but they had been lucky.

“I don't want to hear any excuses, Jackson, we have a barbecue to prepare and I want it done before the guest of honor gets here, over.” Landis said into his walkie, annoyed.

Micki and Ryan looked at each other questioningly. This had been a regular thing between two of them. They both had wondered what Landis was planning. They'd heard something about a backhoe and a barrel of gasoline, but Landis cryptically cloaked his orders in the metaphor of a party and party favors.

“Damned idgits. It's like they can't take a shit without me there to wipe their asses!” Then he sighed and looked over at Micki and Ryan. “So, no 'I told you so's, people? I 've been waiting for you two to say something. After all in the end you were right and I was wrong.”

“I think we're just happy to be alive, Sheriff.” Micki told him honestly.

“The night's still young, dear lady.” Landis said, smiling at her earnestly. “But I promise you we'll give that son of a bitch a party he won't soon forget.”

It was at that moment that they passed a blue tarp laying in the ground. Ryan knew that beneath this covering was the split remains of the wanna-be Jamaican, Jamal. Given the distressed look on Micki's face as they passed he was thankful Landis' men had been so courteous.

Then he noted another blue tarp covering the firepit ahead. From the smell of cooked meat and the curls of smoke that was still wafting from underneath it, Ryan could easily piece together the fate of their late protector, Officer Marshack.

Seeing that Micki was looking a bit green in the gills, Ryan dug through the pockets of his jeans and handed her a semi-clean looking handkerchief. Micki gratefully accepted his gift and, with a look of relief, covered her mouth and nose with it.

It was at that moment that Ryan noticed Sheriff Landis watching them. With a look of barely concealed amusement that the white haired man in the cowboy hat shook his head and mouthed the words “City folk.”

Then Landis lifted his walkie talkie to his lips. “Ok, people, I want all spotters in position and ready. I expect to be notified if a squirrel takes a shit anywhere near this damned camp. Get to it, over and out !”

Once they passed the firepit they and their entourage headed up the trail between cabins six and seven. They came out into a chaos of law enforcement officers and others workers rushing around in front of the horseshoe of cabins. In front of cabin one the backhoe and it's controller were dutifully digging a deep pit in front of the building. As the machine dumped it's

load of dirt deputies and highway patrolmen came in with shovels and buckets to scoop up the dirt and run it behind the cabin.

A woman, with boyish cut short blond hair, in a brown highway patrol uniform came rushing up to them. She stopped in front of Landis and gave him a quick salute. "The pit is nearly done, Sheriff, and the spotters are in position. I'm in constant communication with them."

"Good work, Jackson." Landis said, nodding his approval. "We need to be ready before our guest of honor arrives. I expect him to have a warm reception." he looked toward the pit.

"Understood." Jackson simply said, then rushed off back into the chaos.

Landis walked over to the deputy who had taken over carrying the still unconscious form of Morgana from Ryan. "Take her over to cabin seven and keep an eye on her."

The deputy paused for a moment looking around at the activity around him, but finally nodded his head and headed for the open doorway of the dilapidated cabin to his right.

"Why don't you and the lady go with him." Landis suggested to Ryan. "You've done enough for one night and with everything going on you two'll just get in the way."

"Excuse me." Micki said, clearly insensed by the statement.

"This is a job for trained law enforcement officers, not Scooby Doo and the mystery gang."

"Why you...!" Micki started to say, but Ryan cut her off.

“The sheriff's right, Micki, let's let him do his job.” Ryan said, giving her a look as to say for her not to argue.

Micki gave Ryan and the sheriff a dagger stare but kept quiet and started toward the cabin.

“Thank you, Steven.” Landis told Ryan, giving him a knowing look.

Ryan nodded and turned to head toward the cabin.

“Sheriff!” Jackson said, running up the the sheriff again.

The urgency in the tone of the blond highway patrol officer's voice stopped Ryan in his tracks. He turned and watched the exchange.

“Sheriff, we've got activity outside the camp.” she told Landis.

“Where?” Landis inquired. “Give me details.”

“One of my men, Perkins, reported the sound of frantic motion in the brush near his position in the southern section behind the camp.”

“I need more than that,” Landis told her, “I still have men out there looking for survivors. It could be them.”

Landis lifted his walkie talkie to his lips again.

“Perkins, this is Sheriff Landis, over.”

“Officer Perkins here, Sheriff, over.” came the reply in a whisper low voice.

“Can you see anything, Perkins.” Landis said. “I need to know what's going on out there, over.”

“Even with night vision I can only make out movement in the distance. But it is getting closer. I should be able to determine the source of the activity momentarily, over.” the voice from the walkie said.

A moment later the voice of Perkins was back, but this time he wasn't whispering. “Emergency...we got an

emergency!” Perkins yelled. “We got an officer and a civilian in need of assistance.....Oh, my god!” Then a loud thump issued from the walkie, followed by a softer thump, the sound of crunching vegetation, and finally silence.

Landis lowered the walkie talkie and hooked it back on his belt. He looked over at Jackson. “Tell the crew I need a tarp over that pit. I need it nailed down. And, I need it covered with dirt, Jackson. Tell them I needed all this done two minutes ago. The guest of honor has arrived. Got it.”

Jackson didn't even take the time to answer, she simply took off running toward the pit screaming out orders at the workers as she went.

Landis looked over at Ryan and smiled. It wasn't a pleasant smile. “It's party time.”

CHAPTER THIRTY ONE

INTO THE FIRE

Jason brought his machete down for a third time severing the highway patrolman's spine and cutting him completely in half at the waist. "Oh my god!" the patrolman said, blood dribbling from his lips "Oh, my god!"

Jason looked down at the his victim and cocked his head. Silent rage flowed through him like the blood through his veins. These policemen thought he was stupid and that they could trick him like the solders did before, but he was too smart for them. With that thought he kicked the patrolman's lower half causing his victim's organs to dump from both halves onto the muddy ground. The patrolman gurgled for a few moments before his eyes glazed over and he became silent and still.

Jason looked into the woods and focused his senses. He would track down the rest of the policemen hiding in the woods. After that it would be time to take out the rest of these intruders to his camp.

Micki looked out the doorway of Cabin Seven at the chaos of scrambling sheriff deputies, highway patrolmen, and state troopers before her. Over a dozen officers were shoveling dirt over the tarp that covered the pit they had dug in front of Cabin One. She looked

around and managed to find Ryan in the shuffle. He was following Sheriff Landis and that female highway patrol officer...she thought Landis had called her Jackson. The three of them walked along the horseshoe of cabins and headed up the three steps leading to Cabin One. Trooper Jackson was holding a walkie talkie up to her ear and appeared to be yelling into it, though at the distance she was from them Micki couldn't hear a word that was being said.

Micki looked back at her two companions in the cabin. Morgana was still laying still and unconscious on a weathered looking bed on the right, toward the back of the cabin. The deputy who was guarding them, whom she found out after much prodding was named Pat Colby, was sitting on a folding chair next to the bed looking very frustrated. "Shit, man, I should be out there..." he muttered to himself, while rhythmically tapping the outer casing of the AK 47 he had laying across his lap on the arms of the folding chair. "Shit!"

Micki knew how Officer Colby felt, she also felt totally helpless and could feel the tension building around her. At any moment the situation would explode and what would she do then....what could she do. She looked out the doorway once again and wished Ryan was here to comfort her.

"Davis... lookout one..., do you read?" Trooper Jackson yelled into her walkie talkie. "Davis, answer me. Status?" She nervously looked over at a very displeased Sheriff Landis and shook her head.

"Dammit!" Landis cursed, "That bastard is taking out every lookout we have out there. How the fuck will we be able to know where that son of a bitch is gonna be coming from?"

Then, as if in answer to Landis' inquiry, they heard branches breaking from the woods and the sound of yelling. "Over there!" Ryan said, excitedly, pointing at the area of the woods just beyond Cabin Twelve.

A tall, bulky, figure came charging out of the woods. The law enforcement officers immediately started firing. None of them had taken the time to notice that the figure was in a brown highway patrol uniform nor the female form draped over his shoulder.

Bullets struck Roy Turner's bullet proof vest, but this did little to help the rest of his body. Dozens of shots hit him in the arms and legs. His left leg was completely blown off at the knee. Also, there were so many shots to his head that there wouldn't be enough of his face left for identification.

Carol Martinez was hit several times in the legs and rear end. Blood strayed from her wounds. She screamed in agony and thankfully passed out before both she and the bullet ridden body of Roy hit the ground. As Turner hit the ground Carol flipped off his back and landed hard on the blood covered muddy ground beneath her, splattering mud to either side of. Roy's body landed hard on her legs causing her body to jerk one more time as her already beaten pain receptors took one final jolt.

"Hold your fire!" Sheriff Landis yelled, stomping down the stairs from Cabin One as he did. He continued to yell as he reach the bottom and came close to the dirt covered tarp that hid the pit in front of him. "Goddammit, I gave you an order!"

The sound of gunfire died and the campground became uncomfortably quiet.

"Get some help over there." Landis ordered pointing at the bloody pile laying in the mud near Cabin

Twelve. "We got injured people!"

After the gunfire started Deputy Colby ran up to the doorway.

"Stay back!" he ordered, looking back at Micki and waving her back.

Reluctantly, Micki did as she was told and stood at the back of the cabin beside the bed where Morgana still lay unconscious.

Then, while Colby was distracted, a large, muscular hand came around the corner of the doorway, locked onto his head, and slammed it against the door frame. The hulking figure of Jason Voorhees came into view. Pat Colby screamed out in pain as Jason continued to apply pressure to his head. Finally there was the sound of crunching bone and Colby's head exploded like a ripe melon. His eyes burst from their sockets. Blood sprayed in all directions. Some of it even hit Micki and Morgana in the back of the cabin.

Micki let out a gasp and Jason turned and looked at her. He released Colby's body and let it drop to the floor. Then Jason's good eye focused on Morgana's motionless body on the bed and he cocked his head.

Rage filled Jason as he looked at the trickster who was laying motionless on the bed at the back of the cabin. She had lied to him and tried to trick him into thinking she was his mother, like the blond girl had done years ago. The blond girl had hurt him and had gotten away, he wasn't going to allow that to happen again. He pulled his machete from where he had slipped it through his belt and started moving into the cabin.

The red haired lady grabbed the folding chair and threw it at him. He batted it away like it was nothing, which it was.

“Help!” the redhead screamed, “He's in here...he's in here!”

The noise of her screaming was annoying him. Jason figured he'd simply chop her down before ramming his machete through the trickster's chest. It was going to be too easy. He lifted his machete.

State Trooper Scott Christopher heard a woman's scream from Cabin Seven. He'd seen earlier that the sheriff has sent two of the survivors there with a deputy. As he approached the cabin he saw blood on the doorway and the crumpled body of the deputy laying halfway in the doorway. He rushed up to the open doorway, his assault rifle at the ready. It took him a moment for his eyes to adjust, but when they did he saw the hulking figure of Jason Voorhees with his back to him, his machete lifted over his head. He could also see that Jason was closing in on two women at the back of the cabin. He noted that the redheaded woman was using her body to shield the other woman, who was laying unconscious on the bed.

“Get out of the way!” Trooper Christopher yelled at the redhead as he aimed his rifle.

The woman immediately jumped and rolled over the bed. She grabbed her companion as she went by and they both went tumbling over the side of the bed onto the floor.

Jason turned toward him, just as Trooper Christopher unleashed a barrage of bullets that hit the hulking figure square in the chest. The impact sent

Jason stumbling backward and slammed him against the wall.

Trooper Christopher was amazed. With anyone else that many hits to the chest would have been instant death, but with this fucker it barely even stunned him. He even noticed that there was barely a dribble of blood coming from the wounds. What *the fuck is he?* he thought.

Jason pushed away from the wall and lifted his machete. Even at a distance Scott Christopher could see the rage run through Jason Voorhees' body. He knew he was now Jason's target. As if to confirm this Jason started stomping toward him.

Trooper Christopher quickly backed away from the cabin doorway into the courtyard. He shot off another barrage of bullets, but this time Jason was ready. The impact barely knocked him back a couple of steps, but still he continued forward building speed as he went.

Jason grabbed his machete with both hands and lifted the rusty blade over his head in preparation for delivering a killing blow.

In a vain attempt to shield himself, Trooper Christopher held his assault rifle up in front of him, but it did little to deter the inevitable. The instant the machete struck the rifle there was a sharp cracking sound as the bones in Scott Christopher's hands shattered. The rifle slipped from his broken fingers, hit him in the chest, and fell to the ground uselessly. He barely had time to let out an agonized scream before Jason brought the blade down a second time and split Scott Christopher's head down the middle. Blood shot like a fountain to either side of him as his body stumbled to either side.

Jason stood and watched as Trooper Christopher stumbled backward and fell into the mud.

Suddenly, he heard a number of sharp cracking sounds like the firecrackers Momma used to get for the fourth of July. He felt stinging pain as bullets struck his body, seemingly coming from every direction. His body vibrated from the assault, and his rage blazed. He would make all these policemen pay for hurting him. He'd cut them all down like he did the ones in the woods.

He saw out of the corner of his good eye that a policeman in a brown coat was running toward him with a shovel lifted over his head. Jason swung his machete sideways and caught the policeman in his midsection, cleanly cutting him in half. The policeman's shovel came down and glanced off Jason's mask causing the policeman's upper half to separate and fall backward into the mud. The policeman's legs continued to run for ten more feet before falling to the ground.

Then Jason heard a voice blare into the courtyard. He turned to look where voice coming from and saw a white haired policeman standing on the porch of Cabin One with a bullhorn held up to his mouth. "Dammit, I said hold your fire. This son of bitch is mine!"

Jason cocked his head at the man with the bullhorn. He remembered the white haired man. Before he had gotten his body back after the army men had blown it up, and was in the body of a policeman, he had seen the blond girl, who was somehow family to him, had stabbed the white haired man in the gut with the big knife his momma had tried to hurt him with years before. He was surprised to see the white haired policeman standing in front of him.

He was further surprised when he realized he also remembered the dark haired man that stood next to the policeman. He had been the guy who helped the blond girl fight him. He remembered when he was being pulled into the ground by the bad things that he nearly took the dark haired man with him, but he had gotten away. Now he too was standing before him. *Not this time!* Jason raged, glaring at the both of them with his good eye. *This time neither one would get away!* He would make sure of that.

“Hey, you ugly fuck!” The white haired man yelled into the bullhorn. “You remember me? I can't forget you. You took somebody who was very special to me. Remember Diana, the poor woman who had the unfortunate luck of sharing the same bitch of a mother as you...”

Rage boiled within Jason. The white haired man had dared say something nasty about Momma. Jason started walking toward Cabin One, his left hand clinched into a fist at his side. His other hand clutching the grip of his machete tightly in anticipation of the bloody work to come.

“Come on, you son of a bitch!” The white haired policeman continued to taunt him. “I'm right here waiting for you!”

But then as he drew closer the ground fell out from under him and Jason fell into a dark pit. He landed hard at the bottom of the pit. There was water at the bottom of the pit. It smelled funny. It smelled like Papa's tractor.

He realized the white haired man had tricked him. He had purposely got him mad so he would fall in this hole.

Then the white haired man spoke again. "Light him Up!"

The last thing Jason saw before he was blinded by the flames that enveloped him was a nozzle stuck through the opening at the top of the pit and the stream of fire shooting out of it.

CHAPTER THIRTY TWO

INVINCIBLE

Ryan jumped back as flames exploded out of the pit and burned away the tarp covering it. The flames jumped up twenty feet into the air and threatened to catch the roof of Cabin One on fire.

“Burn you son of a bitch!” Sheriff Lloyd Landis yelled down into the pit with a look of insane satisfaction on his face.

Ryan looked at him and shook his head. “Ahab finally got his whale.” He said under his breath.

Landis walked close to the edge on the inferno. Ryan was surprise the sheriff could tolerate the heat. “Go back to hell, you mother fucker!” Landis yelled. “Go back, with that slut of a mother of yours!”

Suddenly, a flaming form came flying up out of the pit. Two burning arms grabbed Landis’ legs and pulled them out from under him. The sheriff fell backward and hit the cabin steps with the back of his head. Then his unconscious body was dragged into the flames and disappeared.

“Sheriff!” Jackson screamed, dropping the bullhorn Landis had handed her. “What the fuck just happened? Shit like that doesn’t happen.” She screamed at Ryan, as if saying it would make it so.

“It does here.” Ryan said simply.

Once again the flaming form jumping out of the pit. This time the burning arms were raised and held a

red glowing blade. The blade slammed into the ground on the edge of the pit and embedded into it. Steam shot up from the ground as the mud baked from the heat.

The flaming figure slowly pulled itself out of the pit. Black ash fell away from its body and the flames died to reveal undamaged cloth and flesh.

“That’s not good.” Ryan said.

Micki stood in the doorway of Cabin Seven and looked in disbelief at the events playing out before her. She had witnessed the demise of Sheriff Landis. Now she watched as Jason Voorhees stood up totally unscathed by his flaming bath and almost casually pulled his still red hot glowing machete from the ground. She knew both Ryan and Jackson would be the next victims. She felt totally helpless.

“The flames of resurrection still burn within Jason.” Micki heard a familiar voice say from behind her.

“Rashid?” she said, turning around and was startled to find herself looking into the face of Morgana, whose eyes were rolled back into her head so only the whites could be seen.

“Unfortunately, Jason cannot be destroyed by human hands at this time.” Morgana said in Rashid’s voice. “All these brave law enforcement officers are doomed unless action is taken.”

“Then what are we supposed to do?” Micki asked.

“If I may be so bold, it is not we who can do something. It is you, Micki.” Rashid/Morgana answered.

“But what can I do?” she asked desperately.

“You underestimate your own power.” The Rashid voice said. “Jason cannot be destroyed, but he can be bound. You are the key to that.”

“How am I the key?” Micki asked dumbfounded. “I’ve only used magic once in my life and I drained what power I had doing that.”

“That was twenty years ago.” The voice of Rashid said. “It has been your power that Mrs. Voorhees and her associate have been tapping into.”

“Then let them use it.” Micki said. “I don’t know how.”

“I have been with you from the start and I will be with you at the end, no matter what the outcome.”

Rashid/Morgana said. “Do you trust me, Micki?”

“I have no choice.” She said, looking out the door into total chaos.

“Run!” Jackson yelled at Ryan as she pulled her revolver from its holster. She let off five shots that hit Jason square in the chest without affect.

Jason stuck his hand in his coat pocket and pulled out a red hot metal tent spike. There was a soft crackling sound and smoke rose from his palm as he almost casually flung it at Jackson. The tent spike would have impaled her through the chest but she was knocked out of the way by Ryan. She hit the wooden porch beams hard. She lost her grip on her revolver and it went tumbling over the side of the porch. Ryan landed on top of her, knocking the air from her lungs. The spike hit the wall and smoke started issuing from it the moment it imbedded itself in the wood.

Ryan rolled off the top of Jackson and saw that Jason was coming up the steps to Cabin One after them. Looking around quickly he saw the discarded bullhorn

lying nearby. He crawled over to it and grabbed up the microphone. He knew he only had one option, though he didn't like it. "Shoot him!" he yelled into the microphone. "Shoot!"

Immediately he heard the crackle of AK 47s firing and bullets hitting the front of the building. "Come on, hurry!" He said to Jackson, who was still trying to catch her breath. "We don't want to be victims of friendly fire." He said, as he started crawling toward the edge of the porch. Then, as if to emphasize his point a bullet struck the board next to his leg. Jackson followed his lead.

"Ryan!" Micki screamed as the deputies and other law enforcement officers started shooting at Cabin One.

"We must put an end to this insanity." Rashid/Morgana said. "We must begin, Micki, before it is too late and more innocents die."

"Tell me what I have to do." Micki said, with desperation in her tone.

"First you must calm yourself." Rashid's said, as Morgana went behind Micki and put her hands on Micki's temples. Immediately, Micki started to feel calmer. "You must open yourself up and listen to yourself, listen to your body. Your lungs breathing. Your heart beating. The blood in your veins coursing. Can you hear them? Can you feel them?"

"Yes." Micki said, simply. She had never been so aware of her body. Even, during times of stress and pain she had never been as aware. Then she felt something deeper. It was a warmth beneath the sound and feeling of her body, like an undertone in a symphony. The more she acknowledged it the warmer it got. Soon it felt like she was peering into a furnace.

“I can sense you feel it.” Rashid’s voice said. It sounded hollow like she was hearing it in a tunnel. “You feel the power surging within.”

“Yes. I feel it.” Micki said.

“This is very good.” Rashid’s voice said. “Now we can begin.”

Both Ryan and Jackson crawled themselves off the porch and onto the muddy ground. Deputies ran up to them and helped them onto their feet.

“I need your weapon.” Jackson said grabbing the AK47 from the deputy helping her.

Ryan grabbed the barrel of the rifle and stood in front of her. “You’re wasting your time doing this.” He informed her. “Take a good look. Bullets aren’t having any affect on him.”

Jackson pulled the AK47 free from Ryan’s grip. One of the deputies grabbed Ryan and pulled him out of the way.

“Damnit, listen to me!” he exclaimed, pulling away from the deputy. “Look at him. Does he look like he just came out of that fire pit?” He pointed at Jason, who was standing on the porch facing the barrage of bullets that was assaulting him. Though he was vibrating from the impacts all the bullet holes were immediately closing up and even his clothes were repairing themselves. “Look, at him. These guns should have ripped him apart. Look, damnit!”

At that moment, Jason pulled a handful of red hot glowing tent spikes from his pocket and started throwing them at the officers shooting at him. The sounds of screaming and dying officers were added to crackle of rifle fire. Several officers were hit either in the head or the neck. One Highway Patrol officer got a

spike in his shoulder. Another officer ran over to him and tried to grab onto the tent spike to pull it out. Smoke issued from his glove as the spike burned through it. The officer immediately let go, fell to his knees, and screamed in agony, his gloved hand continued to smoke and the air filled with the smell of cooked meat.

Jackson lowered her AK47 and looked at Ryan desperately. "What the hell are we going to do?"

"We need to pull those officers back right now."

He told her, pointing at the remaining officers on the other side of the pit, who were firing at Jason. "Jason has the upper hand and we need to get out of here before this turns into a full on massacre."

"I believe we can bring the odds up in our favor."

Came a familiar voice from beside Ryan. It was Rashid's voice. Ryan looked and was startled to see Micki and Morgana standing there. *How the hell did they get here without us noticing them?* he asked himself. And, where was Rashid?

Micki looked like she was in a trance. She had her eyes closed and was standing statue still. Morgana didn't look much better. She was holding onto Micki's arm and was looking at them with only the whites of her eyes showing.

"What the hell's going on?" Ryan asked. "What's wrong with Micki?"

"Micki is getting in touch with her inner power."

The voice of Rashid said from Morgana's mouth.

"Really." Was all Ryan could get out of his mouth. It amazed him how at this point in his life that stuff that would have bowled most poor humans over he simply accepted as shop. "And what does all that mean?"

“Micki is the key to binding Jason and keeping him from causing anymore harm.”

Jackson looked at Ryan in total confusion. He fully understood, this was a different world than the one she understood.

“You get the troops to fall back.” He told her. “Let the professionals deal with the freaky business.”

A look of relief crossed Jackson's face. She looked over at the two deputies, who looked equally dumbfounded. “You heard the man spread the word to cease fire and fall back.”

“Yes, Mam!” both deputies said together and rushed off.

“Good luck.” Jackson said, looking at the trio with a mix of hope and incredulity. She handed Ryan the AK47. “You might need this.” She said. Then she headed off to instruct the troops.

“So, what do we do now?” Ryan asked.

“Now it’s up to Micki” the voice of Rashid told him.

Micki had heard every word of the conversation, but it had sounded like it was coming to her from a distance. Morgana/ Rashid had led her to Ryan. She could sense that Jason was near. It was like a cold breeze invading a bright, sunny day. The energy she had discovered at her core as intoxicating. She wondered how she would ever return to the bland existence of the life she led outside her body.

“Micki, it is time.” Rashid’s voice echoed to her.

Micki opened her eyes. Even her vision had changed slightly. She looked at Ryan and saw a golden aura surrounding his body.

“Are you all right?” Ryan asked. He must’ve noticed the odd look she had given him.

“Better than ever.” She said, smiling.

“Ryan, we will need your assistance.”

Rashid/Morgana said.

“I know I’m gonna regret this. What you need me to do?” he asked.

“In order for our plan to work Micki and I need to use her power to connect with The Elders. Only with their power joined with ours can we hope to bind Jason and send him back where he belongs.” The voice of Rashid said. “We will need you to distract Jason while we make the connection. We must have as little distraction as possible if we are going to succeed in this.”

Ryan slipped the AK47 Jackson had given him around his back, bent down, and picked up a shovel one of the work crew had discarded. “Well, I guess I’d better get to work.” He said, looking over at Jason, who was still lobbing red hot tent spikes at the retreating law enforcement officers, and thinking, *Is it my imagination or is he bigger than the last time I fought him?*

CHAPTER THIRTY THREE

THE FINAL POWER

Ryan walked out in front of the hulking seven foot figure that was on the other side of the now smoking fire pit. All the law enforcement officers had retreated and were running through the gaps between cabins ten through twelve.

Jason had thrown all his tent spikes and was watching the officers' retreat, with his head cocked to his right the side.

"Hey Jason, you ready for another round?" Ryan said, holding up the shovel in front of him. *Because I'm certainly not.* He thought to himself. But he needed to put on a show and keep Jason away from the girls.

"Remember the last time. My wife and I whooped your ass good." Ryan smiled at Jason, who simply cocked his head to the other way and stood motionless watching him. The only thing that showed Ryan that his words were having any affect on him was that Jason's breathing was getting heavier.

"But it seems to me that you are a bit of a pushover." Ryan continued. "I mean after all didn't you also get your butt kicked by a little boy....Jarvis, wasn't that his name? Yeah, Tommy Jarvis. He was twelve years old at the time. Big tough Jason Voorhees who gets his ass kicked by women and little boys. What would Mama say to that?" And then just to add a little

more salt to his verbal slashes Ryan started laughing at him.

Even with all the smoke coming from the pit, Ryan was able to see Jason's good eye narrow at him. Jason pulled his machete from his belt. He stomped down the steps from Cabin One and made his way around the pit toward Ryan.

Ryan moved back about ten paces to give himself some fighting room. *How about the next county...that would be far enough for me.* Ryan thought with amusement, shaking his head. But, of course, this wasn't for his comfort, this was to keep Micki and Morgana safe and give them the time they needed. After all he really didn't need to actually fight Jason just play decoy and keep from getting killed. *Yeah, easy as cake.* He thought, shaking his head again

Immediately after he got around the fire pit Jason charged at Ryan swinging his machete in an over arm death blow. Ryan barely jumped out of the way as the rusty blade slammed into the ground where Ryan had just stood. Ryan stumbled to his feet, but had to throw himself backward as Jason made a horizontal swing at his midsection. Ryan swung his shovel and caught Jason's head right next to his right ear. There was a sharp clang from the impact, but little else.

Jason turned his head and looked Ryan in the eye. Rage burned in Jason Voorhees' good eye.

"Oh, fuck." Ryan managed to get out before he had to throw himself back again as Jason swung the machete horizontally in a back swing.

"Micki, you must remain calm and concentrate if we are going to make a connection to The Elders."

Rashid/Morgana instructed her, putting her hands on Micki's shoulders.

"But how will I know when contact is made?" Micki asked.

"You will know." The voice of Rashid said. "Now concentrate and repeat after me. Ancient elders, guardians of light, creators of all creation, though we are insignificant lower beings, we ask of you to hear our plea." Micki repeated as instructed and Rashid/Morgana continued. "We ask for your strength to help us undo the darkness that those opposed to your creation has set upon us. We ask you, oh wise Elders, to please let us know your will and your judgment..."

Upon saying the last part of the incantation Micki felt something. It was subtle, nonverbal, yet it was utterly clear. If it had been relayed verbally it would have simply been the word "Yes."

Then Micki felt even more. Besides the warmth of her own power she now felt almost like a warm breeze swirling around her. It tickled her skin almost like static electricity does before the inevitable shock. She was sure her hair must be sticking up. The idea amused her.

She looked down at her hands and was amazed to see the energy swirling around her hands. "Contact has been made." Micki said.

Ryan swung his shovel and deflected a downward stroke that would cut off his left arm. Then, while Jason was recovering from the impact Ryan swung the shovel in a back swing and hit Jason squarely in his hockey masked face, sending the seven foot tall hulk stumbling back four steps.

“How’d you like that one?” Ryan managed to get out. He was out of breath and exhausted. This fight seemed to have been going on for an eternity.

Jason gave him his answer with a backhanded smack to his chest that lifted him off the ground and sent him crashing down on his back into the muddy ground.

Ryan was coughing and trying to get air into his lungs. The impact had totally knocked the wind out of him. He had to fight with all his will to keep from passing out.

Jason almost casually walked over to him and looked down. Then, he lifted his machete over his head.

Ryan braced himself for the inevitable. *Sorry, Micki.* He thought.

Suddenly there was a flash of light and Jason wasn’t standing over him anymore.

“You keep your paws off my cousin, you son of a bitch!” Came a familiar voice from behind him.

He felt a soft hand touch his shoulder and all the pain went away and he could breathe again. He sat up and looked around. Jason was about ten feet away getting up on his feet again. The ground around him looked to be baked, like it had been put in a kiln.

He looked to his right and saw Micki and Morgana. Morgana had her hands on Micki’s shoulders and the both of them were surrounded by a golden light. Micki’s eyes were glowing intensely and looked like spot light bulbs.

“Are you all right?” Micki asked, concerned, kneeling next to him.

“I’m doing great.” Ryan said, looking at the glowing, nearly angelic, pair that was beside him.

“Definitely not as good as you two. I gather you two succeeded in making contact with the higher ups?”

“You could say that.” She said smiling at him.

“Micki, it is time. We must not stay in this state for too long.” The voice of Rashid told her from over her shoulder.

“Then let’s lock and load.” Micki said, standing up and focusing her attention Jason Voorhees.

Jason had just retrieved his machete from where it had landed several feet away after he had been sent flying. He was now stomping towards them his chest heaving with rage.

Micki and Morgana stepped forward a couple of steps. Micki’s eyes narrows and she lifted her arm and pointed toward Jason who had quickened his pace and now looked like a charging bull.

Ryan noticed that Morgana had started chanting some words in a tongue he had not heard before, but he guessed might be ancient Egypasian.

“Uma schoco lamo carshem. Uma schoco lamo carshem!” Morgana chanted in Rashid’s voice.

Then as Jason got uncomfortably close, Micki spat out, “In the name of The Elder Gods, creators of this realm, I bind you Jason Voorhees!”

Suddenly a light shot down from the sky on top of Jason’s charging form and he was stopped in his tracks. He pounded his fist on his enclosure of light but it did no good.

Then, golden colored energy tendrils came slithering down the tube of light. The wrapped themselves around Jason’s arms and legs and binding them together. Jason dropped his machete and it fell into the mud at his feet.

Ryan looked over at Morgana again. She was chanting faster now, and sweat was covering her face. “Uma schoco lamo carshem. Uma schoco lamo carshem. Uma schoco lamo carshem!”

Then Micki spoke again. “In the name of The Elder Gods, guardians of light, I send you back, Jason Voorhees, from where you came.”

Immediately the column of light disappeared and Jason fell backwards into the mud, the tendrils still binding his limbs.

Ryan had a prickly feeling on the back of his neck. He knew that something was coming. He got to his feet and looked around. He saw that another column of light had appears some distance away past Cabin Twelve. *But what the hell is it doing back there?* He asked himself. Behind Cabin Twelve were only the pier and the lake.

Ryan looked over at Micki and saw that something was wrong. She looked like she was in distress. “No!” she screamed. “No, not there!”

“No, Micki, don’t fight it.” Rashid/Morgana screamed. “Don’t fight it!”

Just then another golden tendril shot out of the darkness between Cabin Eleven and Cabin Twelve. It connected itself to one of the tendrils binding Jason’s legs. Immediately, like being connected to a giant rubber band, Jason was quickly dragged through the courtyard and into the darkness of the gap between Cabin Eleven and Cabin Twelve, mud straying to either side of him as he went.

A few moments later the column of light receded and the golden glow around Micki and Morgana faded. Both girls immediately fell to the ground.

Ryan bent down over them. Morgana pulled herself out from under Micki and looked up at Ryan with a quizzical expression on her face, her dark eyes restored. "We are alive." She said, hugging herself.

"Yeah, a nice feeling isn't it." Ryan said, smiling. But then his smile dropped.

Micki hadn't woken up and she had started shaking.

"This is not good, Ryan." Morgana said.

Ryan would have asked her how she knew his real name, but Micki's eyes partially opened and saliva started dribbling from her mouth. Then, the full spasms started.

Micki felt that same falling feeling she had felt when she had been studying Pamela Voorhees' diaries the night before. All round her was a swirling vortex of colors.

For a moment she thought she was dead, but something told her this wasn't the case. Was she still connected to The Elders? The last thing she remembered was the golden aura around her dispersing.

Something had gone wrong when she had done the incantation to send Jason back. She had tried to send him back to hell, but as she was doing that she had a flash of her vision of the night Jason was resurrected. Then for some reason rather and the energy column appearing at Voorhees house and the hellmouth the column appeared in the lake near where Jason drowned. *But I wanted to send that monster back!* Her mind screamed.

"I'm sorry, dear, that is not in the plans." Echoed the voice of Pamela Voorhees from around her. "It will

be a long time before my son goes to his final rest...Yes, a very long time..."

Then, as if the vortex Micki was falling into was some sort of movie screen, images started to appear in front of her. She saw a burned man wearing a brown fedora and a red and green sweater facing Jason. The man had a glove on his right hand that had blades on the fingers. "Welcome to my playground." He said with a dark and evil chuckle. Micki knew him. She and Rashid had read reports mentioning him through Rashid's contacts with The Watchers Council and The Luna Society. It was Fred Krueger, The Springwood Dream Slasher. They had originally thought that Krueger's power had come from a cursed object, but after researching the matter they realized they were wrong. But, why, Micki wondered, would Fred Krueger have any interest in Jason.

As if in answer the image changed again. Jason was standing in front of Pamela Voorhees. "Oh, Jason. My special...special boy. Do you know what your gift is? No matter what they do to you, you can't die. You can never die. You've just been sleeping. It's time for you to wake up. Mommy has something she needs for you to do. You must go to Elm Street. The children have been very bad on Elm Street and need to be punished." She said, sweetly, but firmly. "Rise up, Jason. Rise up and live again!" she ordered. Suddenly Micki realized that what she was seeing was Jason's dream. Then she found herself in a muddy, vine covered section of the lake. It appeared the lake had been partially drained. There was an abandon buoy lying on its side nearby the partial mud covered body of Jason Voorhees. Jason slowly and stiffly got up out of the mud and started walking away into the woods.

Then, Micki was thrust back into the dream again. She was standing in a clearing in the woods and Jason was walking past her. *This must be what Jason sees.* She thought. *He is still partially in a dream state.*

Then she saw Pamela Voorhees. She was standing in the center of the clearing watching Jason leave.

“Make them remember me, Jason.” Pamela screamed at him. “Make them remember what fear tastes like!” Then Pamela Voorhees transfigured into Fred Krueger. “Go Jason. I’ve been away from my children for far too long.”

Micki heard Pamela Voorhees echo through the vortex again. “My son has many battles to face before his cursed existence can end this was but one, but others will come in rapid succession.”

The image before Micki changed again, and this time a chill went through her. Before her was Ryan and he was fighting beside a dark haired woman. The woman ran at Jason and jumped into air and landed a flying kick to his chest. The impact sent Jason crashing backward and the ground beneath him collapsed. Jason frantically grabbed at the edge of the hole he was falling into but failed to get a grip. He slipped into the hole and after several long moments there was a distant sound of a thump.

Ryan walked exhaustedly over to the edge of the hole and looked down into it. Then he put his hands on his hips, bent forward, and looked over at the woman. She was wiping some blood from her forehead with a handkerchief she had pulled from the back pocket of her jeans. She glanced over at Ryan and smiled, “We kicked his ass.” She said with pride.

“You ok, Faith?” Ryan asked.

“Just a scratch.” She said, with a gleam in her eye. “I’ll be five by five in no time.”

Then the image changed once more. Jason had a dark haired man with long hair by the throat. From behind him a female voice spoke. “Jason.”

Jason turned to look at the source of the voice. Standing in the doorway of the barn they were in was a woman who looked amazingly like a young Pamela Voorhees. The woman was holding out a locket in front of her. “You must stop, Jason. It’s time to stop.”

Jason looked at her with confusion. This gave the dark haired man a chance to break away from him. The man immediately grabbed a chain that was hang over a rafter and wrapped it around Jason’s neck. He threw the other end of the chain into the blaring shredder behind him and Jason was lifted into the air by his neck.

The image changed again, but this time Micki let out a gasp. The image before her was Jason, yet it wasn’t him. The background looked very futuristic and so did Jason. From what she could see one of Jason’s arms and one of his legs were made of metal. As for his head, red eyes peered out of a fierce looking silver mask.

Pamela’s voice echoed again. “Neither time nor technology can deter the curse from its course. But to all things they must come to an end.”

Suddenly images flashed in front of her in rapid order. She saw a space ship crash on a craggy planet. Then it changed to Jason in a battle with black armored space troopers. Suddenly, Jason disappeared in a flash of light. A naked bald man appeared in a cylindrical glass chamber. In the chamber next to him a prosthetic metallic arm, leg, and metal mask appeared. And, finally and, most frighteningly, in the chamber next to

that a black slithering ooze appeared and tried frantically to get out of the chamber.

“Pay attention, dear.” Pamela’s voice echoed. “This is pivotal.”

The image changed to a woman kissing the bald man. Micki realized she saw the woman in the other image. She had been the person at the controls of the teleporter.

The image changed to the bald man, who was breaking open a clear container that held the slithering ooze. The ooze covered the bald man. The ooze began entering his body through every opening. The man spasmed as the ooze disappeared inside him. Then his body started to distort and change. Micki realized the man was changing back into Jason.

Then Micki heard a woman’s voice. It was the woman from the teleporter, the woman the human Jason had kissed. “Jason.”

Jason had smashed into the middle teleporter chamber and had grabbed up the silver mask. He looked at it for a second, and then he put it on.

“Jason!” the woman said. “It’s me, Jason, Victoria. You remember me...Victoria.”

Jason picked up the large silver colored blade from beside the abandoned metallic arm. He looked over at the woman and cocked his head.

“Forgive me.” She said, tears in her eyes, as she pressed a remote control.

Jason disappeared in a flash of light.

The woman dropped the remote. Her hand went to her stomach. She rubbed it and cried.

The image changed to what looked like an ancient stone structure. There was a large futuristic looking cylindrical object with two rings looping around it in

the middle of the structure. A red long haired woman was fighting with Jason. She was holding a long dagger that looked long enough to be a short sword. She brought the blade down and stabbed Jason in his chest. Jason stumbled backwards several steps but remained standing. He pulled the blade from his chest and black blood started to flow heavily from the wound. He turned and started walking toward the cylindrical object. The two rings slowed and stopped. Then the cylinder opened and an intense light shined out of it.

The woman stood and watched the events playing out before her.

Jason walked up into the light from the cylinder and slowly walked up to the opening.

Then things happened fast. The woman charged at Jason. She quickly retrieved the dagger from the ground. Jason stood and turned away from the light in the cylinder. He opened his arms wide to either side of him and cocked his head.

Behind Jason several squid-like tentacles started to slide and wriggle their way out of the cylinder. A couple of the tentacles grabbed onto Jason's arms and started to pull him backward into the cylinder.

The woman stopped in front of Jason and raised the dagger. "I give you peace and free our family of the curse." Then she plunged the dagger one last time and when it entered his chest the blade glowed and energy was released.

The woman let go of the blade and jumped back. Her hand was smoking but she didn't seem to notice.

The energy from the blade started to cover Jason and consume him in light.

The woman backed up a few feet. Then she turned and started to run out of the structure.

Jason was a glow. The tentacles were smoking and receding back into the cylinder, but before they could Jason exploded releasing golden colored energy that completely destroyed both the cylinder and the structure, leaving only a deep crater in its wake.

“This is the end of Jason?” Micki asked. “How can this be?”

“Remember what your cousin told you...what Creighton Duke told him.” Pamela’s voice instructed her.

“Oh my god!” Micki said, the realization hitting her. “By a Voorhees was he born. Only by a Voorhees can he die. Oh my god, that woman was his daughter.”

Ryan held his cousin’s jerking body. He felt totally helpless. “Micki, don’t do this. Don’t do this.” He said, tears flowing down his cheeks.

“We are very sorry, Ryan.” Morgana said, kneeling beside him and putting her hand on his shoulder comfortingly. “We wish we had the power to help you.”

Suddenly, Micki pulled away from him and let out a loud gasp. Ryan and Morgana were caught by surprise and ended up falling backward into the mud.

“Micki!” Ryan yelled, fumbling up out of the mud.

“How long was I gone?” Micki asked looking back at him, while wiping the saliva from her chin.

“A few minutes.” He told her. “I thought you were dying.”

“I wasn’t sure what was happening.” She confessed. “For some reason Pamela Voorhees showed me the future.”

“So what does the future hold?” Ryan asked.

“All I can tell you is the legend of Camp Blood is going to go on for a long to come...A very long time.”

“It is very good that you are all right, Micki. We were very concerned.” Morgana said smiling at her.

“Ok, what’s the deal with that?” Ryan asked, his tone demanding. “What the hell is all this ‘we’ business?”

“Ryan, what’s going on?” Micki asked looking from him to Morgana.

“Ask her.” He said, pointing at Morgana. “I’m as confused as you.”

“Unfortunately, I have to inform you that Rashid stayed too long.” Morgana told them.

“Rashid?” Micki said, totally amazed. “Is that you?”

“No.” Morgana said simply. “Rashid is no more, as is Morgana Blackthorn. The person you see before you is both and neither of these people. Rashid knew the risk, but he also knew you would not have succeeded if he had not taken the risk.”

“Shouldn’t Morgana have had a say on her future?” Ryan asked, accusingly.

“Unfortunately, for a medium like Morgana each time she used her gift it weakened her life force. When Rashid entered her he found her life force very weak. He had doubted she would have survived even if he hadn’t used her body. He had actually been surprise she lasted long enough for Micki to make contact with The Elders. What he hadn’t known was that Morgana had been aware of what was going on and fought to keep going.”

“So, if Morgana was in such a bad state why the hell are you doing so well now?”

“That is a very good question, Ryan.” Morgana agreed.

“It was the Elders.” Micki said. “Their power was running through us. It must’ve healed you.”

“That sounds very logical, Micki.” Morgana said.

“Ok, that’s solved. Now can either of you tell me where Jason is?” Ryan asked.

“He’s in the lake.” Micki told him.

“I thought we were going to send him back to hell.” Ryan said.

I tried, Ryan, but for some reason the vision I got of Jason’s resurrection flashed through my mind and that was it.” Micki told him.

“Also, Ryan, it has been established that Jason never went to hell.” Morgana corrected him.

“And what’s to stop him from getting free next week and killing more campers?” he asked.

“Me.” Micki said. “As long as I live he will be bound at the bottom of the lake.”

“Then my suggestion is to retire from the curse antiques business.” Ryan said.

“You know I can’t do that.” Micki said.

“You need not worry, Ryan.” Morgana told him. “I will watch over Micki, like I have since Jack died.”

“That was Rashid and he’s dead.” Ryan pointed out.

“I have his knowledge and his power.” Morgana reminded him. “Also I believe this might be the reason for this second chance.”

Ryan looked over at Cabin Twelve and thought about the lake beyond, and what was lying at the bottom of it. “Let’s hope so.”

EPILOGUE

Ryan put the last of Micki's bags into the trunk of her red mustang.

He looked over at Rashid's yellow VW Bug and wondered if Morgana was going to take ownership of the vehicle, after all it was in a way partially hers. It seemed odd to him that this person he really hardly knew, besides having spent the night protecting her from Jason, knew personal details about him and his cousin.

He heard the front door slam shut and looked over to see Micki with Morgana in tow. Morgana had a camouflage army bag that she was carrying over her shoulder in a very non-feminine fashion. She was wearing a black pentagram T-shirt and a pair of ripped jeans with black and white tennis shoes. Her hair was pulled back into a ponytail and tied with a black cord. Her face was clean and totally devoid of the black eye makeup and dark red lipstick she had worn in her former existence.

She went up to Micki's car and flopped the bag off her shoulder and into the back seat. She looked over at Ryan a troubled look on her face. "I feel naked without my fez, but it would not be an appropriate fashion accessory given my current state."

"Well, what can I say, given the fashion trends I've seen lately I wouldn't be too sure." Ryan said, with amusement. "By the way, what do I call you? I don't think the name Rashid fits you now."

“I am who I appear to be, Morgana Blackthorn. The mystic Rashid is dead. I am simply the inheritor of his legacy. Much like you and Micki were with your Uncle Lewis.”

“We inherited Uncle Lewis’ curse.” Micki stated.

“I inherited Rashid’s responsibility to assist you in putting an end to Lewis’ curse.” Morgana told them.

“The war continues and for every warrior that falls a new one must be found. That is the way of things.”

“But what about Morgana?” Micki asked. “Doesn’t she have any family that will miss her?”

“Not now that Julius is dead.” Morgana said, a sad look on her face. “We were all we had. Both our parents gave us up for adoption.”

“Well, welcome to the family, Morgana.” Ryan told her.

“I already am, Ryan.” She said, looking at him questioningly.

“Ok, I’m trying to get over the whole sex and body change thing.” Ryan told her.

“As am I.” Morgana reminded him.

“We should get going we got a long trip ahead of us.” Micki said.

“Indeed we do.” She agreed.

Ryan definitely would never get used to Rashid’s formal speech pattern coming out of Morgana’s mouth.

“Are you sure you won’t come with us?” Micki asked.

“No, I need to find Jessica and my daughter.” He reminded her.

“We could definitely be of assistance.” Morgana offered.

“We all know what would happen. I’d get involved with tracking down Lewis’ cursed objects again and all

thoughts of finding my family would fall by the waist side. I'm not willing to let that happen."

"Then may the luck of the ages be with you, my friend." Morgana said, in a very disturbingly Rashid way.

Micki had tears in her eyes. "Now you keep in touch with me. Write me a letter, call me on the phone, do something." She kissed him on his cheek. "I don't want to lose you again."

Ryan laughed without humor. "What me?" he smiled. "You know me, Micki. I'm indestructible. Look at how I kicked Jason's ass."

"I wouldn't brag too much, you had your big tough cousin to step in." she told him. Then she motioned at Morgana and they both got into mustang. A few moments later there was the roar of the cars engine and the mustang took off down the muddy road leaving grooves in the road in their wake.

Ryan watched them leave. He felt a slight chill and knew this would be the last time he saw Micki Foster.

Jason lay trapped, bound by the now invisible bonds that held him motionless at the bottom of the lake next the chain that kept the buoy in place. He knew soon he would fall asleep again, like he had done in the past, and would remain that way until he was set free. He looked out in the murky water but didn't see anything, not even a fish. He heard a voice in the back of his mind. It was screaming. The other thing that was with him all the time told him that the voice belonged to the person who once owned the body he now inhabited.

Jason listened to the scream. It seemed to get softer by the moment. The other thing told him that it was

only an echo, a remnant, of the person that would soon disappear like the person it belonged to. Jason continued to listen, it was comforting. It would be like a lullaby that would lead him into sleep.

“I don’t believe in you!” the dark haired woman in the bed screamed pulling on the restraints on her hands. The woman’s legs were covered in blood spotted bandages, yet they also had restraints on them. Nurse Claudia Hawthorn watched her as she filled the hypodermic with the sedative. She wanted to get it ready before the doctor arrived. The least amount of time she had to spend with that man the better. He gave her the creeps.

“I don’t believe in you!” the woman screamed again. “You hear me, I don’t believe in you, so you can’t hurt me!”

Suddenly, there was light a rap at the door and a thin salt and pepper haired man in a white doctor’s coat came in carrying a clipboard with a chart attached.

He looked over at Nurse Hawthorn and smiled a closed mouth smile. “Good afternoon, Claudia, and how is our patient doing?”

She hated how he got familiar with her. Though in appearances he seemed like a very friendly and soft spoken person, there was something darker and more sinister beneath that quiet façade. *Why else would he have a child in a psych ward with adults.* She thought thinking of the young patient at the end of the hall.

“She seems really agitated, Doctor.” She told him. “I set up a sedative.”

“Very forward thinking.” He complimented her.

Hawthorn picked up the syringe, but the doctor held up his hand.

“Let’s not be in such a rush to sedate this young lady.” He told her. “Let’s take a moment so we can get to know her a bit.”

The doctor walked over to the bed and looked down at his parent. “Hello, Carol.” He said, smiling down at her. “I’m Doctor Wimmer. I’m here to help you.”

“I don’t believe in you!” she screamed in his face.

Nurse Hawthorn doubted the woman even realized the doctor was there.

“Who don’t you believe in, Carol?” Doctor Wimmer asked in a calm, simple, matter of fact way.

The woman looked up at him and her eyes narrowed. “You know who he is.”

“No, I don’t.” he said, with amazing sincerity. Hawthorn was impressed.

“You just want me to talk about him so you can get me to believe in him.” She said, glaring at him.

“Now, why would I want to do that?” he asked.

“If I believe in him then he can get me.” She admitted.

“Who can get you, Carol?” Wimmer pressed.

“I can’t tell you his name.” She said, tears streaming down her cheeks.

“If you don’t believe in him then he has no power over you and you can say his name without fear.” Wimmer told her.

She looked up at the doctor with a look that was a mix of hatred and fear. “Jason.” She told him. “Jason Voorhees.”

Doctor Wimmer motioned to Nurse Hawthorn. She came over with the syringe in her hand.

“Take good care of this young lady, she has taken an important step to her recovery.” Wimmer told her.

“No!” the woman screamed. “No, you tricked me into saying his name. I don’t believe in him...I don’t believe in him!”

Hawthorn put the syringe down on the bedside table and grabbed the woman by her arm. In her other hand she had a cotton ball soaked in rubbing alcohol. She swabbed a small section of the woman’s upper arm. Then she picked up the syringe again and carefully stuck the needle into the woman’s soft flesh. She slowly pushed the plunger and then pulled the needle out.

“There you go, Carol. You get some sleep and we’ll talk later.” Wimmer said, lightly rubbing the sweat soaked hair on the top of her head. The woman jerked her head away, but it seemed obvious that the sedative was starting to take affect by how slowly she did it.

After Nurse Hawthorn put a bandage over the injection puncture she noted that Doctor Wimmer had silently departed the room. *Good riddance*. She thought.

Doctor Wimmer walked down the hall of his private ward. Once he got to his office he’d call General Carey and inform him of his new acquisition. It was important that he give the impression that he was making progress. He needed to keep his government associates happy, it made his job that much easier, especially when it came to getting the cooperation of local agencies.

He smiled at the memory of how pissed Doctor Price was when he informed him that he was taking over the Carol Martinez case. He could see that Price had wanted to challenge him on this, but he was too afraid of the consequences of such actions.

He knew he had made many enemies among the staff here at Cunningham County General since he had arrived six months ago, but he didn't care about that. What was important was that he was getting close to his goal, Jason Voorhees.

What he had learned five years ago in New York was just the tip of the iceberg. Jason, or more correctly the organism in his blood, held the key to total body regeneration, to put it simply, immortality. He was going to get that gift and bring it to the world. It would make him the greatest scientist in history. If that meant that he had to step on a few hick doctors then so be it.

As he walked down the hall he looked at the name cards on the doors and thought about all the people behind those doors. Each of them was a piece in the puzzle of Jason Voorhees. Together they created a sort of family unit with him as the head. They were all his children and it was his job to keep them safe because of what was in their heads. Their names sang out to him as he passed their doors: Summer Stone, Russ Johnson, Carly McDonnell, Tommy Jarvis, Sean Robertson, Rennie McCulloch, Tina Shepard, Megan Garris, Jessica Freeman, Stephanie Freeman...

He turned and looked back at Carol Martinez's door. He'd have to put up her name card when he returned. He smiled. "Welcome to the family, Carol."

FINAL THOUGHTS

Well, hello reader,

As I said at the beginning of this book it has been quite a ride. At the time of my writing this it has taken me seven years to write this book.

In the past seven years a lot of things have happened. I worked on the script for an anthology film titled THE HORROR SEASONS. A fan of my books named Cory Stevens made a movie adaptation of MOTHER'S DAY. I helped him with the script and actually played the voice of Pamela Voorhees in the film. I finally got my sci fi novel THE TRAVELER: A CONFLICT OF INTEREST published, though I had to self publish it. My books finally got a bit of the respect they deserve because Peter Brache mentioned them in his book CRYSTAL LAKE MEMORIES, but that was in the second printing and only after I bitched my head off (Which reminds me, Peter's publicist never sent me the copy of the second printing that they had promised me after my interview had been left out of the first printing). Also, after years of battling Morse Bashers I've gotten the questionable honor of being nicknamed the Harlan Ellison of Friday the 13th. But even all this questionable publicity has lead to me finally getting my first interview (thank you GoreZone) and eventually to me becoming an internet radio show host.

Now, of course, some of these projects are also the reasons why it's taken so long to finish this book, well that and long days at work doing data processing and

research on a computer, but I've also had time to make this book better than I could have if I had just pumped it out in a mad rush. And I thought you deserved better than that.

So, here is the finished product. Some of you will love it and some will absolutely hate it, but at least the story is now told...Enjoy....

T.T.F.N.

William Pattison, aka Eric Morse



THE CURSE OF CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE CONTINUES

It has been four years since Jason Voorhees was dragged down to Hell. Since then the evil of Jason has arisen four times in the form of his possessed hockey mask. Four souls have worn that mask and have viciously killed dozens of innocent people who have mistakenly ventured into the woods around Camp Crystal Lake. Now the mask has chosen its latest and final wearer and the seeds of Jason's resurrection have been planted. But, there is opposition. Reunited, Micki Foster and Ryan Dallon must not only face a superhuman killing machine, but also the horrifying truth at the heart of the curse of Camp Crystal Lake....

