

A Lone Man Walks a Dark Road

A lone man walks a dark road; into the town they called Lorraine,
below the jagged snowy mountain along that cobbled lane.
He wears a cloak of Black Bears' hide, about his corded neck hangs its' lethal claws.
He holds contempt for all mans' courts and all their dainty laws.
Chaotic are his wayward locks, about a stern forbidding face.
What knows this man of pity? None, no, not the slightest trace.

His name is Gregory Hardboughs; when last he heard it called?
It must have been quite long ago, for he hardly knows of it at all.
His bearskin boots have traveled many a frightful land of dread,
wandered forbidden pathways, no others boots have dared to tread.
What frightful Norn in vengeance cold had set his feet upon that cobbled way?
No one knows now or none will dare to say.

King Vladimir proclaimed a land grant, and thus he hoped to tame,
this lonely twisted land of rumor-haunted fame.
So many a forlorn yet eager soul, went forth to cast his doubtful lot,
along a twisted, narrow, cobbled road... to farm a sunlight-strangled plot.
But the earth was rich and ebon black and full of wormy life.
And from it came a harvest dear of tears and bitter strife.

A lone man walks a dark road; into the town they called Lorraine,
below the jagged snowy mountain along that cobbled lane.
So with bold steps he made his way at last, up to the high seat,
and said this to the magistrate, "Ah, what a pleasure, sir to meet."
He searched the county map for the most remote of spots,
when he saw what he wanted; Ah," He thought, "This is the perfect plot."

"Oh no!" Exclaimed the Magistrate, "Oh no!" Spoke the wigged Judge,

"Surely you jest good sir, please do compromise.
Pick out some other plot, be very, very wise."

"I am no prancing jester and this be not a lark.
Where do I sign my weighty pledge and leave my lawful runic mark."

Now all this Father Rainer heard, and foreboding filled his pious soul,
and begged the man be reasonable, and therefore not to go.
He took the burly man aside and led him to his humble door,
and showed him hidden documents beneath the altar floor.
"Forgive me if have to laugh, but I must make myself quite plain,
I never saw a creature yet, that with cold iron, be not quickly slain.
If you are quite finished sir, my own counsel I must still attend.
Father Rainer shook his head and sighed this will turn out dreadful and have bitter end.

"Oh no!" Exclaimed the Nursemaid, "Oh no!" Spoke the wigged Governess,

"Now the town shall be cursed, and cast into the lashing fire.
We are all in danger, dreadful and most dire."
So they gathered round to wag their sharpened tongues,
and bellow forth-dire warnings, at the top of their lungs.

“Listen to us common folk and thereby save your skin,
to go beyond the Hanging Oak it's every bit a sin,
for there beyond, an evil waits with sharp and deadly eyes,
to fill the heart with wickedness to mislead the soul with lies.”

“You listen closely to each others lofty toned speech,
but no time will I waste, on you knaves who do so love to preach.”

“We shall not be responsible from you we'll turn away.
If you do not listen closely to the advice we give this day.”

A lone man walks a dark road; into the town they called Lorraine,
below the jagged snowy mountain along that cobbled lane.
Now many years went rolling past since last he passed this way.
But there was something different in the bundle, he held tenderly today.
For from this bundle came a small and lonely cry,
“Give me some fresh milk, so the lad will not have to die.”
Alas no one heard what he had to say.
And all the villagers smugly turned and walked slowly away.

“Oh no!” Exclaimed the Nursemaid. “Oh no!” Spoke the wiggled Governess.”

“For I thought we made it clear, upon that fateful day,
and did we not forewarn you that from you we'd turn away?”

“Who was this child's mother, from whence did he arrive?”

“I will have naught to do with it, as long as I'm alive!
It's unnatural, a child of dark descent,
born of the spirit world and full of foul intent.”

Now life went on, and all the folk nearly had forgot,
about Gregory Hardboughs and his rumored demon misbegot.
Their livestock were found their corpses torn and rent
their splattered lifeblood gone, every drop had been spent.
It started out just one or two, then three or four, then ten,
no one knew what was happening, so they hired men.
To track and kill this wanton beast, that left destruction in its wake,
and every night in their beds, the town folk would quake.

To hear some news, the village men gathered round,
and when the town crier began, no one made the slightest sound.
“The dead men's bones where found bleaching, beneath the noonday sun,
the stinging gnats and black flies swarming over every blessed one.
Birds enjoyed a dreadful feast, I'd say,
and the marauding killer beast has gotten clean away.”

“Oh no!” Exclaimed the Magistrate. “Oh no!” Spoke the wiggled Judge.

“Whatever shall we do now? What course may we pursue?
Lets put our heads together now, and come up with something very new.”

Then from the wood sprang a man with rashness in his stride,
a blazing look of lunacy that no one ever could abide.
“A Lad we sent to hunt and kill that dreadful thing!
I wonder what news, this lad maybe be able to bring?”

But from the Lad's blood caked lips never came a sound,
unless it is to spout gibberish as if no one were around.

Now Father Rainer arose and told them of a plan to undertake.
"You must send for the witch hunter, of that make no mistake.
Send a message to the Church, and tell them of our plight,
for to let them know would only be right."
The magistrate loudly did agree,
and so they sent a formal letter with a dire plea.

A lone man walks a dark road; into the town they called Lorraine,
below the jagged snowy mountain, along that cobbled lane.
He wears a broad brim hat, his cape is long and dark,
his dire face has brought forth more than one remark.
A pilgrim's soul he hides beneath that steely mask,
and if you need the sword of god, he's equal to the task.
He holds respect for all mans' courts and all their justly laws.
Do not hope for any mercy, no, if he looks your in the face.
What knows this man of pity? None, no, not the slightest trace.

His name is Loren Blackwell and he often hears it called,
in times of dark despair, when no joy is allowed.
His high black boots have traveled many a grim and moonlit mile,
set forth in righteousness to bring wicked souls to trial.
He has wandered long on this lonely road of pain,
the man is tormented, an obsession wracks his brain.
What angel bright in righteousness set his feet upon that cobbled way.
No one knows now or none will dare to say.

Now as the carriage pulls into the beleaguered little town,
the villagers joyful gather round,
they dance and sing and prance about and all loudly shout;
at last! Someone has come to stomp that demon out.
They rush about and fling their hats into the air,
all their cares forgotten, along with their despair.

"Oh yes!" Exclaimed the Magistrate, "Oh yes!" Spoke the wigged Judge,

"Good sir we are so honored by your presence, I don't know what to say
I feel so very overjoyed, I should get down on my bended knees and pray"

"I have not come to hear your speeches, so do not tax your brain,
I have come to do the Lord's work and from fawning please refrain.
Now if you please what evidence do you have to show,
that justifies my presence hear, for that is what I need to know."

They showed him all the bodies, they showed him all the signs,
and when they had finished, he told them his designs.
I must inform the local folk of the dangers that await,
so bring the all to the church, before it is too late.
Upon the rough-hewn benches, they sat and did not even stir,
and waited in anticipation, for they knew not would occur.

Loren Blackwell spoke and all were silent, yes indeed,
for he spoke of the creature's hungry need.
"He will devour you, and all your kin.

So beware! Beware the changing of his skin.
Now here are the signs, unnaturally creepy, long fingers, slanted almond eyes,
and if you know notice all of these, you may see through its disguise.

It feeds beneath the moonlight, and will not show itself under the sun.
We'll put the fear of God into it, and make him turn tale and run.
So let the church bell sing out its holy sound,
and then we shall kill us this dreadful demon hound!"

Pierre was in the crowd that night and thought, "I am a man,
I'm big enough and strong enough to do what any other can,"
and so he begged his Father the Magistrate,
"To me I pray thee listen, and do contemplate,
Father please! Let me go on the hunt and fight by thy side."
"Ah, Son." Said the Magistrate. "You fill my heart with joyous pride!"

They swept through the woods mile after mile;
they were deadly serious for not a one of them would smile.
They heard an awful growling sound,
and every one of them fearful looked all around.

"Oh no!" Exclaimed the Magistrate. "Oh no!" Spoke the wigged Judge.

They saw Loren Blackwell raise his musket aiming high,
the beast lashed out, then how the man did fly.
Half a bloody corpse went crashing through the trees;
the other half fell down bloody on its knees.
The Magistrate's sword swung into the demon's gut,
but the blade was not of silver, and so it would not cut.
The demon's teeth crunched into his head,
and so the brave Magistrate lies so still, so very, very dead.
As the blood splattered in Pierre's eyes,
the warm urine ran down the young man's thighs.
Then he turned in fear and quickly ran away,
an act he will regret until his last dying day.

A lone man walks a dark road; into the town they called Lorraine,
below the jagged snowy mountain along that cobbled lane.
He wears a long woolen shirt that's stained in grimy blood and dirt.
He holds a fear of all mans' courts and obeys all its rigid laws.
Gentle are his boyish curls that sway about his handsome face.
What knows this man of pity? Much, if you enter into his embrace.

His name is Pierre Lavec; when last he heard his name?
Why was just tonight, now he bows his head in everlasting shame.
His leather boots haven't traveled many long and rocky paths
and he's deathly afraid of all angry wrath's.
What fickle sprite in flights of fancy saved him on that day,
and set his feet to running all along that cobbled way?
No one knows now or none will dare to say.

"Oh no!" Exclaimed the Servants. "Oh no!" Spoke his wigged Mother.

"Oh God! You're bleeding son, and exhausted from an over panicked run.
What could bring you to our door, before the cock has crowed the rising of the sun?
You servants now leave us! I must speak to my only boy alone."

Pierre speechless let out a long and lonesome moan.

“Oh, Mother Father’s lying in the woods headless, dead
and in my fear I left him and like a coward fled.”

“Calm down boy and tell it to me straight,
where are all the other men and what might be their fate?”
Choking and then gasping, he found this hard to state.
“Oh, Mother the demon thing caught us by surprise.
I do believe he was sent, by the foul Black lord of Lies.”

“Come here son and I will bath your wounds and bring you cups of tea,
and we shall speak of a plan upon which you and I may agree.
You must avenge me son, our lives are now at stake,
the spirit of anger that lays dormant in you, now must awake.
Kill this thing that slew my man, by your vengeful hand,
and you will be a legendary hero in this rumor haunted land.”
Now as if in a dream, he saw Gregor Hardboughs and his swaddling son,
and bethought of himself to retrieve Loren Blackwell’s musket gun.

When the morning sun came crawling up the lane,
Pierre set out, his goal was very, very plain,
for the site of the massacre, he made his lonesome way.
And when he came to the place he began to pray,
and from his Father’s headless corpse, angrily swatted crows away.
Now Pierre began to look around
and Loren Blackwell’s Musket he luckily had found.
But as he bent to retrieve it he felt eyes upon his back,
he turned quickly prepared to attack.

Now he saw Hardboughs’ Son, his first instinct was to run.
Then he steeled himself determined to finish what he had begun.
Victor was his name and he spoke out in shock
“What has happened here? And where did you get that flintlock?”
“Truly do you not know?”
“Oh, how your lies do ever grow!
You know these men set out to kill the beast that has been terrorizing our town
and here they found him, just have yourself a look all around.
Someone must help me bury them in haste,
I must return to Lorraine, I have no time to waste.”

A lone man walks a dark road; into the town they called Lorraine,
below the jagged snowy mountain along that cobbled lane.
A deathly quiet could everywhere be heard,
there was no sound at all, not even the chirping of a bird.
As he walked through the village square,
in his loneliness he realized that there was no one there.
Then from the houses the women folk arrived,
for they began to wonder if their men folk had survived.

“Oh no!” Exclaimed the Nursemaid. “Oh no!” Spoke his wiggled Governess.

Now Pierre had to tell them what happened in the wood,
and he tried to explain it, as best he could.
The women weeping and wailing and pulling out their hair,
the village went crazy in a fit of despair.
The elderly men agreed to help bury the mourned dead,

so off into the woods this little party he led.
The words of Loren Blackwell ringing in his head,
"He will devour you, and all your kin.
So beware, beware the changing of his skin.
Now here are the signs, unnaturally creepy, long fingers, slanted almond eyes,
and if you know notice all of these, you may see through its disguise.

Now Pierre watched Victor like the sharp-eyed hawk,
and everywhere that Victor went, Pierre was there to stalk.
He pretended to be his friend, all the better to spy,
and too everything that Victor did, he bent a prying eye.
Now one night as the moon was set rise,
he heard Victor and his sweetheart making lovesick sighs.
Victor said, "I love you dear, you are my very heart,
and I would surely die if we should ever part."
Pierre began to question all that he had once thought,
"How could this be that evil demon misbegot,
and perhaps my vengeance should now be forgot."

But then as he stood for a moment, and silently turned to go away,
something terrifying happened, he would not forget until his dying day.
Victor's sweetheart looked in awe, as long fingers turned to feral claws,
and his distorting face, became a monstrous sharp-toothed maw.
Where once there was a boy, a frightful beast now did stand,
an unholy nightmare more than a match for any man,
Pierre boldly raised his musket and fired into the Beast.
Victor's sweetheart kissed him and drew him into her warm embrace,
and the image of Victor, returned to his face.
Pierre his mother had avenged, but strange that he did not even know,
that the demon had went into him, and that now fangs would grow.

The End