

# **The Return Of Satan**

**from Stephen King**

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# Chapter 1

12th December, 1.00pm: (Us, La), a top businessman who works for a company called Baker.Inc, is in his office reading up on paperwork documents and hears sudden banging from the office next door to him.

He walks into the room next to him, and discovers another man covered in blood on the floor.

The man covered in blood was dead, and the other man called the cops immediately. The cops started investigating

but results were inconclusive, leaving no evidence of how the man died..

6 days later, another person aged 19 was found dead inside the collage toilets, but was not covered in blood.

The person that discovered the body was in an awful lot of shock and went to the hospital for a couple of nights.

During one night at the hospital, the patient had woken from a terrible nightmare about the discovery of the dead

body they had experienced and began to breath heavily. In those few seconds, the patient could see someone s face

outside the window, so approached the window ever so slowly, taking nervous breaths. The face that could be seen,

had a evil looking smile, and eyes as red as flame, with long jet-black hair. As soon as the patient was close enough

to the face, the windows smashed into a thousand pieces, the mysterious face had transformed into Satan, and had horrifyingly

killed the patient within seconds just by looking at each other..

4 years later, 5th March, a family from Canada moved into a new American house located in New York. There was

Mr and Mrs King, with their 13 year old daughter Frankie. During the night at eight-ish, the King's are in

their bedrooms unpacking their belongings. The house they had moved to was said to be the most horrific and obsessed house

in the whole of New York, although very few believed in that statement.

Frankie was arranging her collection of books to be put on one of the shelves in her bedroom, while she was doing this,

she had come across an old and mysterious piece of jewelry. It was a golden necklace, with a charm attached to it,

the charm was a white oval-shape, and the digits 666 were inscribed in red on it, but in a rather strange form, the second 6

was upside down and was in a higher position than the other 6's on either side. Despite the condition

and the inscription of the number of the Devil, it did not bother Frankie, she decided to keep the necklace in her special item box of memories. In the box contained a photograph of her half brother George, who had sadly passed away six months ago, a diary that Frankie wrote all her secrets and thoughts in and her favorite childhood toy, which was a small Barbie doll.

Later that evening, at supper, Mr Fred King, along with his wife, Mrs Ann King, were looking at their daughter sincerely,

as she had not once paid any attention to what was going on.

Her father tried waving his hand directly at her face, but she was in a complete trance about the necklace she had found

some time ago..

A few seconds in silence, Frankie then escaped her fantasy, and had her mouth opened in a puzzled way, then said,

"sorry, I was just thinking about something."

Her parents glazed at one another in a suspecting way, then Frankie's mother asked, "such as?"

For a moment Frankie had to think carefully what she was going to answer back, because she had no desire to tell

her parents about the necklace. Instead she replied, "Oh, nothing, just this guy.."

Frankie then began to fiddle with her fingers, and added, "This guy I'm interested in."

"Mhmm.." her mother responded in a way that Frankie thought she got away with lying, but what would the necklace mean

to her parents? she wondered.

While the necklace was still on Frankie's mind, she decided to go to bed early to sleep on it.

During the next morning, the weather was misty, dull and somewhat rainy, little spits of rain could be felt by Frankie

while she was waiting for the school bus. Frankie's hair was long, in a ponytail, her hair color was reddish-brown, her

eyes were hazel nut brown. Frankie wasn't concerned about how much she weighed, she knew she had a perfectly normal weight,

however her height was taller than an average teenager, she was just under 5'7. This caused some other students in Frankie's

old school to bully her, everyday she would come home crying because of someone.

There was no doubt in mind the same thing would happen at this school, except this time Frankie was in possession of a necklace

that really had her thinking, so basically didn't care at all anymore what would happen at school.

Ten minutes later, after waiting, the school bus had arrived, and Frankie sat in the seat where every new kid sat, the back.

Surprisingly, no-one on the bus made any comment about Frankie.

The first lesson today was Geography, the teacher Frankie had was the funniest teacher in the whole

There weren't a lot of other kids in geography, only about so many as 11 or 12, which made Frankie less nervous about introducing herself to her fellow classmates, despite the fact she had to do it in every class.

In the second class, (which was Math) had round about 20-30 students, so was harder for Frankie to speak out loud, especially in front of them all.

After the first day, when Frankie returned home, she immediately went straight up to her bedroom to make sure no-one had touched her special item box, and more importantly, didn't touch her special necklace. This old and very spooky piece of jewelry meant more to Frankie than anything else, but she was not aware of the evil powers it contained.

That was the very first power the necklace itself had, to fool the person that found it into thinking it like a item they must always have, that no-one else can. Frankie wasn't aware she was already under the evilness of the necklace, but sadly was. She placed it in her box and locked it up very securely, then proceeded to hide the box under her bed along with the key that opened it. Another thing that Frankie was not aware about was the fact that her father had been standing next to her bedroom door watching what she was doing while her back was turned. As Frankie was getting back up, she saw her father at the corner of her eye and jumped nervously.

"Jesus dad, sorry.. how long have you been standing there"?

Frankie's father gave an unexpected smile and said to her, "Just a few seconds is all, and I came here to tell you that your mother and I got a call from your maths teacher, Miss.Green said that you had passed out in class and she is quite concerned about you. Are you sure everything is alright?"

The way Frankie's father pronounced Miss.Green was in a serious but worrying voice, but didn't concern Frankie herself.

"Yeah dad, everything is totally fine, don't worry about me."

Her dad stared into her eyes for some time, and eventually came to her, gave her a kiss on the forehead and told her

calmly, "I am worried, as is your mother, you've just been acting so strange lately we.." Frankie had interrupted

her father quickly and said to him, "I know, I know, but look at it like this: I'm 13, almost 14, and the teenage years

are a living hell, most people of my age act strange, but isn't it just natural?"

Within that moment Frankie's father said nothing and just gave a sigh and began to walk out the

The weather was still not very nice and lightning started to strike that night. Frankie decided to look out the window, she saw a man standing outside of his house, he appeared to be wearing nothing but black, his hair was also black and long, the man was quite some height, at least 6ft. He began to kick his front door as he had forgotten his keys. Eventually the door broke down and the man turned around and stared Frankie in the face, he didn't look very concerned of Frankie, instead he raised his eyebrow in a spooky way and waved twinkling his fingers directly at Frankie. He then walked into his house, and Frankie shut her curtains without giving a care in the world about the man she had seen outside her window. It was almost mid-night, and while Frankie was asleep, there was severe banging coming from the house across the street. The man who lived in the house was in possession of a baseball bat, he was having an argument with the cops that were about to arrest him. Just as the cops were about to put him down, the man looked at both police officers and his eyes began to turn bright red. The two defenseless cops started to scream in agony and slowly fell to the floor. The man called the paramedics, claiming the officers both had a heart attack. About an hour and a half later, the deceased bodies were taken away and forgotten about. The next morning, at the Kings' house, Mrs King looked half asleep while she was making everyone's breakfast. It was hard for Mr and Mrs King to get over what had happened, as for Frankie, she was so wrapped up in her own issues she couldn't have cared less about what happened, but she thought of herself being a typical teenager who might not have cared anyway. "Fred darling, have you spoken to that man who lives across the street about last night?" Mrs King appeared to be very anxious concerning the situation, her husband gave a sorrowful stare. "No, I haven't, I'll talk to him this afternoon if you want." His sorrowful stare then turned into a positive smile. "I'm sure he'll be perfectly fine." Mrs King looked at her husband in a puzzled way and said in a unsure voice, "perfectly?" she got up on her feet, turned to the kitchen window and added: "I highly doubt he'll be "perfectly" fine..." A moment later the doorbell rang, shockingly it was the man from across the street standing outside.

as he couldn't figure out why the man would want to come over to his house at this particular moment in time.

There was something going on that didn't feel quite right. The man and Mr King eventually began to speak to one another.

"Hello, you are Mr King, correct? My name is Mr Hawkings, Jeffrey Hawkings to be exact."

It didn't take very long for Mr King to confirm who he was, especially seeing as how desperate he was to finally meet Mr

Hawkings.

"Yes, that is me. Can I help you sir?" The confused look on Mr Kings' face went away, and had become a more relaxed, calm

structured face.

"Actually Mr King, I was wondering if you could be ever so kind as to allow me into your charming home?"

After a moment of silence, Mr King finally came back into the real world, but before he had a chance to answer, his wife

Ann strolled into the scene and asked who was at the door. Eventually when she approached near her husband and saw the man

standing outside the door she immediately froze like a statue, her mouth was open, she gave the impression that she hadn't

a clue what to do or say but ended up saying the first thing that came to mind. She began to get nervous.

"Hi.." "I am Mrs Ann King, as you may already know."

The nervousness that Ann produced began to settle down as she smiled at Mr Hawkings.

"Please do come right in."

Mr Hawkings then started to smile. He then allowed himself to enter inside the house, as if it were his own. His head looked

here and there to examine the household objects that belonged to Mr and Mrs King.

"Very very lovely home you have I must say, very lovely indeed." "I wish I was able to keep mine as clean and as tidy as yours."

While the Kings stood looking at Mr Hawkings with his back turned to them, his eyes turned bright red without their

knowing of it. They had no idea what horrors they were about to face.

"Mr Hawkings, have you uh been keeping well? My wife and I are quite concerned about you, and please, if you ever need

someone to talk to, then we will always be here for you. After all, we are friends, aren't we?"

As soon as Mr King finished his sentence, Mr Hawkings turned around 180 degrees quicker than a bolt of lightning, facing

Mr Kings wife, Ann. His body remained in the same position but he turned his head over to Mr King and then moved his head

up, with a soft smile.

"Yes, of course we are friends, and we always will be." "As a matter of fact Fred, you are like a best to me,  
no-one can replace you."  
Mr King put a big grin on his face and looked at the ground, he had almost shed a tear out of happiness. He had never had  
a "best" friend before, and after what Mr Hawkings had just said meant an awful lot to Fred.  
His wife Ann gently rubbed her husbands' back, comforting him. As for Mr Hawkings, he just stood in the middle of the room  
watching the atmosphere that was going on.  
"May I take a tour around your house, if the pair of you would not mind me doing so?"  
The couple exchanged glances, in a very happy mood.  
"No, no, of course not."  
It didn't surprise Mr Hawking that Mr King and his wife had spoken at the same time. He waited a few seconds to see  
what else they would say. This time it was only Mr King that spoke..  
"Let's start in the kitchen, our daughter Frankie will be in school right now so feel free to make yourself at home. Can  
I make you a coffee, hot cocoa or something?"  
Just as the two gentlemen proceeded to walk out of the room, Mr Hawking said nothing until he got into the kitchen.  
"Actually I just had a cup Fred, but thanks anyway old chum." "  
Jeffrey then waltzed around the kitchen touching this and that.  
Fred then entered the kitchen, and looked right at Jeffrey's face with both eyebrows raised, wondering what to say next.  
Within one second Fred rapidly said to Jeffrey, "Ahh..okay then, that's fine."  
He then smiled friendly towards Jeffrey, just like two best friends forever.  
A long moment in silence occurred afterwards, and after that long silence, just as Fred was about to say something, Jeffrey  
interrupted by pulling out his vibrating cellphone from his left pocket. Someone was trying to call him, but he did not  
recognize the number from whom was trying to contact him.  
"I'm sorry about that Fred, I have no idea who would ever want to be calling me. I don't normally use my cellphone to call  
friends, I only carry it around with me.." Jeffrey paused for a moment and turned to the wall for a brief second and looked  
thoughtful of his words.  
"Carry around in case of emergencies.. if ya know what I mean."  
Again he turned, faced Fred and grinned nervously and suspiciously.