

So, since you're reading my second chapter I assume you know that my two main characters are gay. If you don't, and read chapter one, you're an idiot. So, for those who're blind, if you don't like gayness, leave, if you don't care, read on.

I don't own Silent Hill or anything, I just obsess about it. Konami owns it. And the movie belongs to Silent Hill DCP. Inc.-Davis Films, although this book will have little, if anything, to do with the first movie.

Silent Hill – Vows of the Broken

By Eric Wythe

Chp. 2

Most people say this town is beautiful. With its rows of small two-story houses tiny plazas with mostly independently owned shops. Over looking a grand lake with tiny spots of land trickled throughout the center of the body of water. All this, surrounded by tall mountains that cradle the town in a bowl-like structure.

From my description, you might think of essentially any small town located in rural parts of the United States. The thing about Silent Hill however, the thing that people grasp too as the towns most significant and the most beautiful feature is:

Fog. Just *slightly* disappointing, right?

And it's just any fog, it's fog that doesn't ever go away. It's there. Morning, noon and night, most people find it unique and add a charm to the town that's not seen in others.

Me? I just find it creepy.

I hated learning to drive in this fog. I couldn't even see the hood ornament on my dad's old truck. John took to it remarkably well, however, so I was happy to let him drive whenever we needed to.

Thankfully, mostly everything in town was in walking distance so I was spared of having to drive anywhere unless I was going to the amusement park or to Brahms. But it wasn't just the driving that I didn't like. The fog just gave me an... unsettling feel. I always hated being alone in it... I always felt like something was going to pop up unexpectedly and try to eat me.

Okay, maybe not. But I still didn't like the feeling.

The fog seemed to have a will of its own. And everyone in the town seemed to fall under its spell except for a choice few of us who ho felt like we never belonged in the first place.

No, actually, now that I think about it; I think it was more like *because* we belonged there we didn't fall under its spell... if that makes any sense.

When the coal-fire stopped burning when I was born, a random and privately owned real-estate agency bought the town and sold it to the state. The state pretty much leveled the place and started rebuilding the town. By the time I was five, the town was rebuilt and quite up to modern standard. My dad bought a patch of land and built the bowling alley which still stands today.

I had the normal small-town life. Everyone knew everyone's business. So, the night I came out to my parents when I was fourteen, word got out fast. Oddly enough, no one really treated me any different...By the time word got out everyone already knew me as a person. It was just when John moved into town that things got... not so great.

I met John when we were sixteen. He had just moved in next door to me. He was pretty much exactly the same as he is now. Beautiful. Short, jet-black hair, square jaw-line, innocent green eyes, basically everything I found attractive rolled into one dude. Of course, as soon as I noticed all of his articles of jock-like behavior; I knew he would probably never associate with me. That wasn't to be the case, as it seems.

Memories of a purgatory flooded my memory as we drove through the slightly aged streets in our big red truck. Johnny is so goofy, when we were in the rental place I let him choose the car since I refused to drive in the damned fog. He picked out this giant red truck with black leather interior and all the bells and whistles you'd expect. It's so big; I have a really hard time believing it runs on water. I remember when giant trucks like this ran on fossil fuels. Thank god for modern science is all I can say.

John was at the wheel still grinning, giving a small bounce occasionally. He owns a two-door Sedan, and he's a manly-man, so driving a big truck like this is feeding a side of him he rarely let's see the light of day anymore. Of course, when it does, it usually involves me and lots foreplay. I can't say that I'm not drawn to his masculinity. I always love it when he plays the dominant in our love making. Of course, being the dominant turns me on too, but I'm rarely aggressive enough. And Johnny has the sex-drive of three teenage boys who just discovered what their dick was for. I always liked it though, it rubbed off on me and no matter how pissed off, or how sad I was, he could always get me in the mood just from initiating.

As we pulled up the hotel we saw a figure standing on the large set of stairs through the fog. I (literally) hopped out of the truck and grabbed a small bag from the back of the truck. As I got closer, and the figure became clearer, I got that mix-feeling of dread and excitement, you know, the one that makes you want to roll your eyes, but smile anyway? Yeah, that's the feeling.

I did just that and the figure seemed to notice because a familiar snicker came into view with a set of shiny teeth that rang pretty much every bell in my brain.

“Well now, isn’t this a sight for sore eyes? How long has it been? Seven, eight years?”
The figure said in a gruff voice.

“It would’ve been longer if I had a say in it.” I said, still not exactly pleased to be here.

“Whoa-ho, someone sounds butt-hurt!”

“That too, and a-“I began to say, but John covered my mouth with his hand.

“Hey now, none of that talk, Dar. Ron doesn’t need to hear about what we did on the plane.”

I just smirked and Ron gave a hearty laugh that always made my heart warm up.

“Well, now that the Cynical Brothers are back together, I’ll check in. You two catch up.”

“Thanks babe.” I gave him a quick peck on the cheek before he grabbed my bag and went in.

“Does this fog preserve everything or something? You haven’t changed at all!”

Ron shrugged and broke out into his trade-mark grin. Ron had been my best friend growing up. He lived next door to me and our dad’s had a bowling team that ran tournaments out of our bowling joint. Whenever they would come to practice they’d always bring us to keep each-other company. We were pretty much joined at the hip from day one.

Ron and I shared the same sense of humor. Dry, sarcastic and cynicism were everyday parts of our banter that we were locally famous for. Although looking at us and getting to know us separately, you’d realize our humor was the only thing we really had in common.

Ron, by stereotype, is a jock. He was on the gymnastics team in school. He was truly a spectacle to watch. He would always stand out in meets because the charcoal singlet accentuated his bright red hair. He was large and muscular, a little more than John, but not a lot. He’s a cocky bastard, but only in two instances: When he’s getting pumped for a routine and when Ron and I would battle wits. Of course; I usually won, I think the only thing that seemed to give him a slight edge was his cockiness. This is why he would always bring it out when we had our playful little spats.

Ron was always like a big-brother to me and everyone else. In the literal sense as I’m four months older than him but about a quarter foot shorter. He’s always warm and caring. He was always encouraging others and put everyone else before himself.

Whilst Ron was selfless and warm, I was always a little conceited and selfish. One of us had to be I guess. Of course whenever I did get selfish it would be in plural. I

always took Ron and I as a pair and thought of “Us” rather than just “Me”. I had to be selfish for him too, so I guess it balanced out.

While Ron was very tall and very large I was more... well... “average”. I was on the swim team. I’ve always been slender, not skinny, no, I actually did something with my body, but I’ve never really been bulky or small. I’m not too tall or too short, John and Ron always kind of towered over me a bit. Ron more-so than John.

I think I look plain, honestly. John disagrees and he’s absolutely gorgeous so I guess there’s *something* about me.

But I digress. Ron and I were an odd-pair that were always together, Ron and I were always in the same classes, even through high school, the only classes we didn’t have together were our electives. I took music and he did just took the period as a free, since his sport was taking care of his PE credits. He would always just hang out in the music room with me. My music teacher Beth was really cool about that.

He was also the first person I told I was gay. Mainly because we knew each other so well, I wouldn’t have been able to hide it from him anyway. He didn’t really care; luckily, being gay in this day and age isn’t as horribly frightening as it once was. Or so my mom used to tell me.

Although, I only slightly regretted telling him because not long after words; he soon developed an annoying habit of playing match-maker for me. But then again, I have him to thank for meeting John.

“Hello?” Ron said as he poked my forehead.

“Sorry, I’m just having flash-backs.”

“Oh, being in front of me bringing back all those lustful fantasies of us, eh?” He bellowed as he struck a faux sexy-pose.

“No, I was just imagining what you looked like before you got so fat!” I snickered. Ron was always sensitive about his weight even though he hasn’t had a trace of fat on him since he was six.

Then he got an expression on his face that made him look like someone just ran over his dog. “I’m not fat...”

“No, you never have been, but you’re always so reactive to it.” I poked his stomach. It was like poking a steel fucking wall. He looked down and rubbed his stomach. He never lost his athleticism it seems. “I bet’cha got soft while I was gone! Figure while I’m here I may as well open some old wounds”

He looked up at me with a smile that lit up his face. “I’ve missed you D.”

“I missed you too you big lug” I said as I pulled him into a hug. Not one of those dumb man-hugs. Ron was my brother. So we did a real hugs, we never cared what people thought. I love the big-guy.

Suddenly, this trip didn’t seem like such a bad idea.

When we separated John reappeared out of the hotel. “Okay, we’re all checked in. Ron, make your-self useful and help us with our stuff.”

“So now I’m just a bell-boy?”

“You are now” I said handing him one of my heavier bags. I clapped my hands together. “Chop-chop! If you hurry I might even tip you!” I said trying to sound as snobbish as possible.

Ron grabbed a few bags and put them under his arms. He really did look like a bell-hop. All he needed was one of those goofy hats.

“Yes sir!” he said as he trotted into the building.

I just shook my head and chuckled as John put his arm around my waist to pull me to his side.

He turned his head to me and asked “Still mad about having to come?”

I turned my head and kissed his nose. “Not so much anymore. This helped. Really, thanks.”

“I figured he’d cheer you up. He’s such a goofball around you. He isn’t like that with anyone else you know.”

“Yeah, I do. I miss him. I wished he’d move out of this town already, he’s way too talented to be cooped up in this town.”

“He sells all his art online Daryl. It wouldn’t be much different then it would be now except for public exposure.”

“Yeah… but I want people to know the Ronnie I do, y’know? He’s such a gentle creature. No one would really guess such a big, intimidating guy like Ron would be able to paint the way he does.”

I stared into the distance and thought of how Ron would draw while I practice the piano, or sang. He would only ever show me what he drew. Not anyone else. He never told me why. Not until after I was long gone anyway.

He saw art as a means of something that questioned his masculinity. As warm and care-free as he seemed when we were kids, he was just as insecure as the rest of us. It took him some convincing on my part but I encouraged him to continue drawing. He would still only ever show me. After I left Silent Hill I convinced him to paint and to sell his art. I even set up a website for him. He does really well for himself. All transactions are made over the internet. He always ships them out, the only thing people know about him is his name.

“I just wanna drag him back to New York with us and set up a gallery for him.” I said coming out of my thoughts.

“You’d be taking me kicking and screaming.” Ron said, barging down the stone steps we were standing in front of.

I frowned. “Ron you have way too much talent to be stuck in this shit hole. I mean, we’re not even thirty yet!”

“Those who can’t do, teach.” Ron shrugged.

“But that’s just it Ron, you *can* do, you shouldn’t be teaching.” I said getting a tad frustrated.

“I’m fine with where I am. I like the kids I teach, and the kids I coach. I’m still painting and I make a good amount of money doing that. I don’t want to go any further than I already have.”

“Why?”

“Because...”

“You’re scared.” I said “You’re scared because you might actually be good enough to become something more than you’re comfortable being.”

Ron just stood there for a while, looking at his feet. “I wish you didn’t know me so well...”

I smiled and walked over to him. “Look, I know it’s a scary thought, I just want more for you because I love you, and you deserve more than what you have.”

“I know, and I love you too, it’s why I didn’t exactly put up a fight when you left.”

I hugged him like I’ve done a thousand times before. It felt like putting on an old cap you thought you lost. “I know, but when I finally get my damn album out you’re doing the cover-art.”

He looked at me and smiled at me with his toothy grin. “Deal. Uh, hey, look I have to get to a faculty meeting at the school in a half hour. And you know what a pain it is to get to the school from here. So we’ll have to go to Neely’s for a drink or two at some point.”

“Okay man, thanks for greeting us. I feel a lot better about this whole thing now.”

“Glad I could help!” He said giving me one last hug before climbing into his car.

As we slowly watched his tail-lights fade into the fog I made my way over to John, leaned up against his chest and put my head in the crook of his neck. I closed my eyes. For just a second, I could hear Johnny’s heartbeat. I could feel it. He wrapped his arms around me and I felt like I was in another place. Like time and space don’t exist. Just Johnny and I, and the steady rhythm of his heart. His arms around me made me feel impenetrable. Whenever I crumble, or whenever I feel my sanity slipping through the tips of my fingers or whenever I just can’t deal with any of the bullshit life just throws at you. This, right now, is the one thing that can always, without fail, bring me from the brink.

“You know, you didn’t have to go through all this just to get me to come here. All you had to do was keep me in your arms like this.”

“I know, but I wanted to do this for you. For us. I want to make you happy. Just getting you to agree to everything so far has made me happy enough. Once everything is said and done, I want this to be a happy memory for both of us, even when the circumstances aren’t that great.”

I let out a contented sigh. “I really do love you, y’know that right?”

“I love you too, more than anything.” We stood in that same position for a while longer. I wanted to stay forever. But there was something gnawing at the back of my head.

This position reminded me of something.

It reminded me when I needed it the most. Being in this town was enough to bring back the pain of loss. But this position reminded me of what got me through it. I looked up at John and smiled.

“I want to go see my mom.”

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