



# STORMIE!

AN 18+ BOOK BY:

B.J STARINK

# Stormie!

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A book by BJ Starink.

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**Stormie! Not for pussys!**

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# **... Disclaimer ...**

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*Title: Stormie!*

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## Foreword / warning!

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18+ believe me!

Note this book is fierce and I mean fiercely 18+. It does not contain sex or nudity, so that's a shame, isn't it? It contains **blood**, **strong language**, **gore** and a lot of **difficult** and **confronting** situations. Please take **into account** that this is all my **imagination** before you read this book! If you are easily **offended** or stepped on your toes:

Do not **READ THIS BOOK!** And make sure you keep your **limbs** inside the **cart** at all times during this **ride**. I'm going to get in your **head** with this book and this book will be **banned!** I am convinced of that, but you and your neighbors are safe at all times during this book that describes **hell** like no one. **Written** in an **easy** way in a difficult but **understandable context** at least I hope so! **This book is not just any book and I advise you all to**

**keep a cool head!** Because this book goes very far and 18+ is too young for this **Satanic** book! I wish you a lot of fun and also good luck and get well soon!

During the legend called: **Stormie!**

**Stormie! Not for pussys!**

***LET'S GET STARTED  
ALREADY OR NOT?***

*The more I say it, the sooner I believe it. That is what I tell myself. Stormie is a very sweet cat, Stormie is a playful cat, Stormie is an innocent cat! The more I keep saying it to myself, the sooner I believe it. Stormie means everything so well, but the dead don't think that way. The dead see us as an intruder, the dead are after me! I am happy with Stormie and she with me, right? Right? When we first saw her, we knew she was different. How naughty she could look, how innocent she seemed. In a way she still is, but sometimes we think....*

*No that is not allowed! Get out of my head, you won't get her! Get out of my head! She's ours!*

*It all started so innocently. I worked a lot, worked 45/50 hours a week sometimes, and wished my mom had a friend. That's how Stormie came into the picture. An innocent playful cat. I cannot say I was not warned about her race. A colleague said be careful with the Turkish Angora breed. They require a lot of attention and look more like a dog. He was absolutely right about that, Stormie even retrieve. A treasure of a beast really.*

*But what he should have warned me about is the fact that this cat, or actually breed, can see between life and death.*

**Stormie! Not for pussys!**

*It wasn't until I quit my job a few months later and  
I was sitting at home with her that  
I realized that Stormie was different. Different from  
other cats.*

*For example, when she started waiting for me at the  
top of the stairs and I was not allowed to go  
up. For example, that she almost never just crosses  
the threshold of the door. Or the simple games, the  
many games. Together with me or alone. Stormie is  
always playing. I've sometimes wondered who she  
plays with when she runs wild through the living  
room or the house again. Stormie is a special beast  
but we could have expected that. In order  
to properly tell this legend, I have to start at the  
beginning. So, let's get started:*

# Chapter 1.

WORK FOR YOUR MONEY!

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## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

The alarm rings at 4:30 s' night, and I'm barely awake. Far too early what is on my mind when another working day will start in a few minutes. I have a hard time getting up and I think to myself I have to do this for that 300 euros more? I only earn 314 euros a week. Do I have to do this for it? My benefits were limited, but we managed. This time breaks up everyone, these days long and this work monotonous. Do the same thing all day: Collapse pallets, remove stickers from cups, and sort the same thing all day long. A working day without end and just incredible shit.

But I have 300 euros more per month. That is what my mother told me when she is sitting across me and drinking a cup of coffee with me. It is 05:00 and I have to cycle, I have to start 05:30 and I have to be there fifteen minutes in advance. Tired I get on the bike again to break a sweat already pedaling to get to in time. The cold outside air will wake you up, that's what I tell myself. The cold outside air will wake you up.

But this time it doesn't work. I 'm not awake and I know I'm facing a difficult day. As so often a difficult day.

A day that cannot be sustained, but that you are happy with when you are done. This will be a war of attrition and that on Friday it is almost weekend.

And next week I have the evening shift, which will mean I'll be working overtime again next week. Yuck is what I think to myself when I have passed the sixth traffic light. I put my bike in the bicycle shed and walk tired to my place. I smoke another cigarette before I start the day, my eyes are almost closing but I have to work. I have to work for my money. Even if it's only a paltry 300 euros more, I have to work for my money. Otherwise, I feel useless all day. But my thoughts mainly go to my mother who is alone at home and my annoying neighbors and old friends, who want nothing more than to bully and challenge. They want a fight and knowing her they are going to get that. I soon got the idea to buy her a friend.

But is that a smart plan with my neighbors? Since they poisoned my dog too. My girl, my everything! Is that smart where I live? Our cats are affected enough too, but she just needs a friend especially at this time.

My butt is gone and I walk to the briefing where the management big mouthing about late comers again. My blood starts to boil but I have to stay calm. These are not times to be angry!

My previous job also had strange times starting at 3:30 AM and finishing at 8:30 AM. It was a great job and the pay was good there, I received 298 euros a week for 20 hours.

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

That was more than enough. Here I work 32 hours for 314, and let's not get to the evening shifts. Sometimes you are just 5 to 6 hours longer at work and that every day. Because a rich bastard needs his money. And without our work, the rich will not get richer.

I can picture him as a door-to-door salesman in a suit who knows nothing about real work. Who has worked himself up to a large company, on the one hand I respect him, the other hand... So, one which gets a little ahead runs staring into a cubicle and everything for each other because he works for a large company.

### **NO, SHUT UP!**

Is what I scream while the boss is still pissing about the late comers. He looks at me and sees the anger in my eyes, he happily keeps his mouth shut.

He just goes on and on about how the work suffers. Everyone's fed up with that guy. Boy do we have to get up so early on this? Act normal dude! Put me to work before I fall over with fatigue. What a poser dude and the day has yet to begin. Then a colleague comes in and we hear that production is running slowly today. That too? Will there be a ray of hope today? We can start and I walk to my designated place.

The lights come on and all the tires work except my tire, the tire won't turn on, and the anger is up to my neck. It slowly creeps into my brain, I'm afraid I'll flip right away. The leadership comes to me, and yes of course I get told another one of his jokes: *Yes, you should not stand on it huh ...* He can laugh but my blood begins to boil when I give a dumb answer : *Can it be fixed this time?* Purely from effort to stay calm. Everyone is at work, but there I am looking at a broken tire. My colleague's shout:

***OVER THERE IT DOES NOT GO SO FAST,  
TEMPO BOYS TEMPO!***

The only thing that goes through my head is: *Goddamn goddamn*. But I still stay calm while my colleagues can laugh about it.

My phone is getting another notification but I don't want to look. Must be something retarded again! And if it cannot be worse today, I am set by the boxes. The band's defect... Always with band 1, every time and every day the same! The boxes are already coming out of my throat, but I have to keep going. I have to work for my money or I feel so useless. The boxes are so easy work, I got this job on a silver platter and I am starting to understand why. Then the leadership comes to me and I think he has good news but no, they need people for the fucking clean up. The third time this week that I spend a whole day at the fucking cleaning.

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

Walking around a factory all day to clean up behind those hawkers with a dustpan and brush. Time goes so slowly when you are on the cleaning. But this boy is trying to finish the day and is waiting for instructions from a colleague. When my cleaning boss comes. Such a wannabe Viking with a big mouth. Because there is still plenty to do and I cannot wait for my colleague. That's when I say

**Shove that job up your ass. You're not my boss sitting on the other side. And I am not a dirty cleaner, fuck off man!**

I pack my things and cycle home. I'm done for today and for the rest of my working life. That for 300 euros extra? No, we don't! I call home and my mother picks up angrily, can still reach it. When she hears that I have quit my job, she immediately hangs up that phone. No, life is not easy for me. Humiliated at work first, then humiliated on the phone. An idiot looks at me wrong on the way and I am able to rebuild his face, but I manage to stay calm; he can't help it. From a distance I hear him laughing; he can't help it! Yet I look back and see him point at me. I stop my bike and get off when I look at him, he knows enough and sticks his thumb up to me. Furious I continue cycling when my phone rings again. If I pick it my mother with the words: *What happened?* When I explain it, she happily understands me and the anger turns into disappointment.

I can't help it; they did their best and this boy ran away. When I get home, everything is as usual and a burden is lifted off me. Not about 4:30 and no more cleaning, a better rehabilitation does not exist. I believe that work is not for me and that I better write a book. Yes, why not? I'm writing a book! A book about my new cat when he comes!

**Stormie! Not for pussys!**

# **Chapter 2.**

**STORMIE!**

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I immediately go back to bed but I don't get to sleep. I search all over the internet for a cat, but my mother is ahead of me and comes to me with the words: *Hey look what a sweet pussy.* I immediately see my chance and point with my finger to a tabby one with mischievous eyes. Call it love at first sight! The litter of the litter. *I want that one!* When she says they are of the Turkish Angora breed, I am completely sold. A colleague also had one and those animals are sweet playful and rebellious. His slept with him and his dog without any problems. Although you have to be careful with this breed because they require a lot of attention. But that's okay, I have enough time now that I don't work no more. And I'm not going to work anymore either. Never again! I will be a writer, although I would have to do something about my language use. But we will see that. As soon as the message has been sent to the cat lady, the waiting for a reply begins. While I put the covers over me and go to sleep for an hour. When I wake up, I realize that I am again without a job. Without work or money again. I immediately feel useless again. But what difference does it make of work or no work ? It doesn't get you much better, and it only brings misery. Walked down my mother shakes her ass happily and she happily says:

*We've got her, we've got her. She's ours! What do we call her?*



## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

The first name that comes to mind is *Stormie!* She joins immediately and jumps of joy in the air. Her enthusiasm is something I haven't seen for a long time. Working also destroyed her. But that is now over, we are now heading towards a "quiet" time. No more up at 4.30 or overtime until 2am just a quiet time. But then things have to cooperate. Then everything must cooperate. Soon I receive a phone call from the social services and I immediately think know how the rest will go. But it turns out to be a normal and calm conversation. Something I did not expect. I have to see them next week. Well, if that's all I have to do. A rock falls off my shoulders and I turn around again. Thinking about my new cat Stormie and all the mistakes I make up with her. Satisfied my eyes close and I fall into a deep sleep. But my past doesn't let me rest even in my sleep. Another nightmare I think when I get up, another one from the past. My entire day can be ruined by one such nightmare. But we make the best of it. Although I just know that it is slumbering for a long time. I'm going to have a better time that's what I'm saying to myself.

You are already, I don't know how long clean and you stay that too. You keep your claws from that shit from back then, then you won't get any problems. I am going to have a better life without struggles and pain.

Without annoying neighbors and challenging sleeping dogs. I'm going to have a better life, although it will be difficult at the beginning. Virtually impossible , but I have to work on myself. And Stormie can help me with that. The innocence of children and animals is unparalleled. I walk downstairs and sit at the table with my mother and grab a cup of instant coffee. Her words when she looks at me: *How have you slept, was it a good night?* I want to rant and swear but I turn and say: *Yes, this time it was.* I can see that she does not believe me please do not continue this time... Then she takes her bag and goes to the shop. The sweat is still on my forehead and a deep sigh comes from my lungs. Fortunately, we have had that too. Immediately I look up the kitties again on my phone and that site. She looks so sweet, so innocent and playful, a real rascal. A cat full of fire and youth. My thoughts are with her: Stormie will have a beautiful life. A wonderful stress-free life. A life as a queen. Just like the cats in ancient Egypt, besides worship, of course. I don't believe in gods or evil spirits that a cat should be able to see.

Which a cat chase away, that those Egyptians believed in. That they accompany the soul of a dead Pharaoh and that the falcon took it to its last place. I do not believe that. A cat is a cat and not a leader. A cat cannot lead, just as a dog cannot. A dog is also just a dog.

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

Just like a chicken is just a chicken. Animals are no different from us only in form, just appearance otherwise we are not much different from them. We all need that bit of affection and that bit of trust and we all need that bit of love, whether you're an animal or you're human. Animals also talk just like us, but we cannot understand an animal. I want to be able to understand this cat. I want to be able to talk to this cat, this cat is going to have a life like no one has had. I make up for my mistakes with this cat. She's not even there yet but I already love Stormie like I've had her around me for years. It is that piece of what we all need. That little bit of love I already feel for her. I say cat but she is actually a pussycat and one in my heart when I look in those eyes. Those mean little eyes like: I'll catch you, those innocent eyes like: No don't, I'm not doing anything wrong! Yes, I do my best for her. Just as she will for me.

This is love at first sight, I am convinced this is something I last felt 9 years ago. The feeling that I have to change my life. No more drinking and fighting. No longer behind bars or lead doors, just play with my cat and let all the worries go away. Some people have this feeling with a child, but I already have it with a cat. What will a child release in me? Am I still that devil, that hell hound, that sucking bag of vomit, or will I finally be the way I should be? A sweet boy, a nice boy.

But a boy who is sweet and nice can also get angry, something I have to watch out for from now on. My anger is not of this planet, my anger is destroying everything. But with this cat I can make a step to a better life. I am convinced that this cat will be my door to another dimension, to another existence. A quiet existence without stress or having to look over my shoulder to see if there is such a jerk again.

A lot has happened, a lot. Many happened, a lot. Much done, too much. Seen a lot, too much. But, as usual, there is also too much misunderstanding. And too many convictions. Too much guilt but also too much pointing.

And all fingers always point to me. As if no one else exists on this earth but me. As if everyone has made a pact with the devil and is trying to get their soul back. And I'm that goddamn devil who won't cooperate. That goddamn bag of vomit that can only think of itself. To no one but himself.

That cat is a sure way out, but that is not certain either. Because no matter how far you run it can even trip you up while you run. And the troubles that haunt you always will. The hassle will never give up until you have a puddle of mud on the floor and then the hassle will keep on kicking and kicking on you until there really is nothing left to pedal. Until you lie underground in the earth, and even then, it will still go on.

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

There is no excuse but you can make it bearable for yourself and that's Stormie job that cat who will see a lot and maybe too much.

The cat that after a while also turn against me, but her soul is safe because this devil only wants the depraved and black souls. The innocent must remain innocent. And the black souls must either die or stay with me forever, with me, the devil on which they put the blame.

The puke and hell dog the biggest coward and sissy there is. The largest asshole with loose hands. The biggest idiot who always falls for every trap. Who always gets angry and then has to pay for it again. This cat, this cat..... She is back home from shopping. And I have sunk into my mind like every time. Every time the same story that nightmare also sticks with me. This will not be a nice day. But then she shows the cat lady's reaction. And I get lights in my eyes I feel it happening. Stormie will soon be allowed to leave the nest, she is already eating and drinking independently. What a little warrior that is, what a small strong cat. This is predestined I don't believe in much, but I do believe in this. You shouldn't defy fate. But we get her on a silver platter. Don't turn it down, but not now. Stormie is for me. I immediately scream out of joy:

**YES, I WANT HER!**

And soon she sends a message back, I feel completely warm inside, she is ours. Stormie is ours. That's a nice present for both of us, she has a boyfriend and I have my door to a potentially different dimension.

**Stormie! Not for pussys!**

# **Chapter 3.**

**WHEN IS SHE COMING?**

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The day got off to a slow start but has blossomed into something beautiful. Something I didn't expect... Something I never thought possible after that nightmare. Not after the hell tonight. But my thoughts become happy again and my smile starts to show again. Something that appears to have been gone for a long time. Something hidden behind a lot of anger and hatred. A normal smile for most but hope for me. When I think of her that cat, I have to learn everything. I am not normal; I want to be normal just like everyone else! I carry everyone's burden on my shoulders and it kills me but we keep walking. If there are problems, I solve them, if there is a fight I will always be chosen. If a head has to roll, I am the cleaver. When will my head finally roll? When will it finally end? That cat can help me that's why I am so fond of that animal. Now before I even have her. Those innocently provocative eyes of that beast are so wonderful, so beautiful and pure. Truly out of this world filled with blood drugs alcohol and anger. Something to cherish. And hopefully she is on my side, even though I know that she is going to turn her back on me, if I can only feel her love.. Everything and everyone always turn their back on me but I agree with them. I am not easy to deal with.

I am too angry and broken. My mother sits across from me and we smoke a cigarette together without saying a word to each other.



## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

But we both know enough when we look at each other in sadness. This cat is not going to replace our dog, that is not allowed! Our sweetheart, who was unceremoniously poisoned because, because, because... Yes, why? Why did she suffer. I don't wish it on anyone when their dog starts vomiting blood and doesn't stop. If their dog no longer I can't open the circle of no more remembering. the day-to-day things cannot do such as eating and drinking. But especially your dog can no longer eat the cookies, or do not feel like eating the treat. If that happens it will be too late. This cat is not going to replace her. She saved me and I will always remember her. The people I know are all that good-doers, one has previously been proven more judgmental than others.

*If you don't want to fight anymore don't do it, if you can't fight anymore stay calm.*

And that's only two of the twenty or more I heard a year. Some people have no choice, some people have to go on to ever bite the dust themselves. My mother smiles at me, a broken smile full of pain, her pain is clearly visible in her eyes.

It seems like she has banished all the lights. A murderer looks at me so cold and so depraved. She's affected so much and I understand her. I nod my head and she take out her phone to ask for more pictures of Stormie.

The wait is long and the wait is lonely when she leaves again to be away from me. Her bag of vomit, her hell hound, her liar, her devil, her son. I bow my head and wave to her but it is already too late and she is gone. Soon things start to come to life in the room, and the house seems to be talking to me again. It talks about me being good for nothing and never will be. It talks about what a failure I am and don't belong here and the house is right about that. Then the door slams shut upstairs and I know they are back. The old inhabitants of this tomb. They always come when she is not there. Not always, but very often. There is something dark in this house. Something from outside this world that scares you to death and can leave you shivering and kneeling begging for your mother in the back corner of the living room. What I think is not possible for me, the house does that with the greatest of ease. And if you think you're done they go play with your sense of time so a minute takes an hour and a second ten minutes. Anything to destroy you. And with me they are already well on their way. My past catches up with me daily and when my past leaves me alone, they come into my dreams. I am the only one who regrets his life.

**The rest goes on happily, but you break with regret. Only I am broken by myself. Because of my own mistakes, and I made many in my old days.**

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

But I was blind to other roads. That's what I tell myself I was blind to the other roads. That's better than being hones against myself and say I had no choice. Although that is the truth and not a romanticized gossip that I tell myself. Always be honest with others and be able to ignore yourself, always be straightforward and be able to lie to yourself. Lying that you are indeed good, can't forget the blood after some time but I have seen a lot of blood and she knows it. Sometimes I can still see it sticking to my hands. And I understand so well that she doesn't want to be with me, I've become a sissy a sensitive sissy. One that makes everything just so cold and doesn't dare to stop, afraid of the consequences, which my choices always bring. Afraid of being locked up in an asylum again, the worst hell that can exist. The worst feeling of powerlessness you can get. I'd rather be stuck in a cell, with a lot of noise around me the same as a quiet jail, and nothing but your thoughts around you.

I'd rather be hit on my head than be squashed again. I am afraid of the consequences that await me. And not just me but her too. Call me that sissy, but I ain't fucking up your life because of my mistakes. I don't want to and I won't. So, let them scream here and they scream, I look for a button in myself to turn off my annoyances and continue my day calmly.

And I can turn everything off except my thoughts, there must be a button for that too, but I am looking too much I think, then you always overlook it. When the past wasn't worth living and the future doesn't allow life, you feel so damn alone.

I hear the door shut in the kitchen and she's back home. Apparently, a lot has happened again looking at her eyes that spit fire like an unwell dragon. She starts telling and I hear the anger creep up. It also makes me angry when I hear that she has run into one of my old friends again. Another one, another dealing drug addict asking about me. Her hell dog, her puke bag, her pussy, that she's blaming on me and this is my fault! I was blind to the other ways. She goes on and on and my anger creeps to a high place.

A place full of hate and a certain jealousy when she asks again why I couldn't be like everyone else. I want to, but I am the black sheep and always have been. My eyes are now also starting to radiate anger and now I have to stay calm, the breaking point is almost there. Now I have to switch that switch and that is difficult for me, but I succeed just in time. I keep holding the anger, but not against her, she can't do anything about it and she's right I had to be like everyone else. Just another good doer! Then she gets a notification and I see her hatred melting down she has the photos of Stormie inside.

### **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

A cat in a box with her brothers and sisters at Mum's on a newspaper. It looks like a mess but this cat is the only tabby one of us. The only one with this look in her eyes. This naughty look like she wants to say: I will destroy you! This cat is ours. But where is she now? It all takes a very long time now. She will be ours tomorrow, but can we wait another day? We need her now! Our salvation our sweetheart. We look at each other and the hatred is extinguished in both of us. The anger switch has been turned on for both of us . She comes first, our Stormie comes first!

## **Legend narrator Li.**

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*Well after this introduction to the fight that a lot of people have against themselves, including B.J Starink himself, I start with the legend called Stormie, you thought we had already started, didn't you? No dear people we weren't. Only when Stormie comes in do you understand why he wants me to tell this legend and why in this way... The old legend narrator Bennie is not there this time, he had some problems with his vocal cords or who cares? But he asked me if I wanted to tell you this legend and I do.*

*Well, my name is Li and I hope to be able to tell you this legend well because a cat can see between life and death, the two worlds are small and there is a veil between them. But the cat or cat can look through the veil and protect you for evil spirits that you want to penetrate the house.*

*BJ's house, for example. And more people with him. Yes, I see you thinking what is this again who is that woman? Well folks I am the legend narrator of this story and now let's get into the legend of Stormie right?*

**Stormie! Not for pussys!**

# **Chapter 4.**

**STORMIE!**

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It is still early but the family goes to bed, they have to get up early because Stormie comes in today. The new addition to the family and the hub they will run on. Stormie makes them complete again and when Roy goes upstairs his mother quickly follows. Marisa turns off the lights downstairs and gives him another kiss before going to sleep.

*Tomorrow she's coming boy. I hope we can sleep and not lie awake all night from excitement.*

Roy looks at her and says with a wink:

*No, I hope so now you will sleep up it's an early wake tomorrow, and not worry too much.*

She closes the door and Roy tries to close his eyes but there is too much commotion outside and he starts to get annoyed again. But the cat comes first so he keeps trying to get to sleep. It is 3:29 am when he wakes up from a scream, it seemed to come from inside the house but when he goes looking there is nothing to see. He can only think: Again? Then he walks up the stairs and sees his mother smiling at the top. She taps his bedroom door with her fingers and quickly walks away.

His heart is beating in his throat but he must not disturb her now otherwise he has a problem. And a very big one. He's tried that before, but now he's leaving her alone. He lies down in his bed again; it is 03.47 when he wakes up from giggling noises.



## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

His mother is giggling in the doorway, wiggling on her feet. Her eyes glow and the corners of her mouth slowly disappear into her forehead. Roy knows he must be quiet now. Must lie still in bed and not make a noise. But she knows he is awake and with a loud burst of laughter she runs into her own room next to his. Sooner or later the bomb will burst on him, but not now, it is not her fault. Everything that happens is the fault of the house. This house and everything what is in it is evil. What's hiding in the cupboards and doorways, and what's going on in the attic is the greatest evil. The greatest evil that pits them against each other and her against everyone. He has to protect her from mistakes set by this house. She is so impressionable for words and deeds of this house. But he likes to keep his promises. He is then told promise is guilt. And he has promised to protect her. But that is sometimes difficult, sometimes he wants nothing more than to run and not look back. Just get out of this hell.

But a promise is a debt. Something he knows all too well, something he's noticed all along, is promise is guilt. And his simple promise is what has kept him here for years, a promise but above all hope for a better time. Speaking of time, the clock below strikes six times. And when he checks his phone it is 6:00 am, another night without sleep. Then he goes downstairs and start with his book.

He initially wanted to write about Stormie, but let's start with something else.

His book will be called Unknown Tendencies . And this one gets scary, but also one that's not civilized and where rules don't matter. A book like life is here. But then fictional, and in an easy guise, easy for everyone to understand. He has always been a horror fanatic and he will show it to the public. He also knows it's hard to break through as a writer, but that day will come. After about sixty books, that day will come. He has written several times but never a book.

That's what he will do when he opens the laptop and starts his first few words. The courage is already in his shoes. But he goes through and he finishes it. He soon hears footsteps overhead and he gets just as scared as he was last night.

But this time, the upstairs door opens and he hears quick footsteps on the creaking wooden stairs. Something that already gives him nightmares what will she be like? She looks in and he sees the horror on her face, she saw something, but blames it that he is already awake. When he says he is writing a book she looks at the same place again and angrily walks upstairs. But he knows she's mostly afraid. She must have had another nightmare... As so often, this house is not safe. Not for him either, not for her and not for him.

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

They have to get out of there, but where to start they are both registered for another house, only she has a chance in the countryside rather than he in the big bad city.

He allows her to leave even if she leaves before him. He allows her. Then the door opens again and now he hears slow footsteps coming down the stairs. She happily sits opposite him and shares the happy news that Stormie is almost there.

This is a difficult but righteous life for him. This is his punishment for what he did back then. Where drugs were more important than love, and alcohol has always played a prominent role.

This house is an executioner who will hang you or cut your head off if you make a mistake. This house is a punishment for the mistakes made. And he made many! This house is far from done with him! And it lets him know that every day. He has started to hate everything about the house, and everything just goes wrong. He no longer hears what Marisa says. He is lost in a dark time full of blood and a great sense of impotence. Lost in a time where survival was his life. Flush where the bullets next to him and ricochets off the wall if he does not...

But Marisa doesn't let him get too far in his mind and sees that he's having a hard time. Again, his bloodthirsty thoughts have won from him.

And again, he runs away to get out of the house. Something that does not go down well with his mother. And who tries to stop him. But in anger and pure hatred he pushes her aside and slams the door shut. He is and always will be the boogeyman, the black sheep in town and in the house.

Outside he becomes calm again, the cold outside air can have that effect. The colder the better, the summer already drove him crazy as a little boy.

Only outside and away, he hears the bang his mother made when she fell, he hears it well in his mind. And he turns around out of guilt. Again, the house is calling him back. When he is almost home, he hears the phone ring with the words:

*Stormie is almost there so will you come home?*

*I'm almost there!*

Is the cold answer Marisa receives before he hangs up the phone. He shoves the key into the lock and turns to see Marisa standing there with hatred in her eyes. He's the boogeyman and he always will be. But not for Stormie because Stormie is innocent! When his coat is hung and his shoes are off, the doorbell rings. Two women come in and give Stormie to Marisa. Roy immediately feels calm when he sees her. So, calm on the woman's neck, so small and full of love.

### **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

Such a small ball of love, Marisa holds her on her hand and she barely fits in. What a sweetheart but she is immediately reluctant to Roy and blows a little at him. He has to win this cat over to him first. But there, their Stormie is a ball of happiness, and a token of true love. Where he hates people from the bottom of his heart, he can do nothing but love animals.

## **Legend narrator Li .**

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*Stormie is finally within and perhaps this is the second chance for Roy to show that he is not nearly as bad as what people say of him. That he is not what he shows people. That despicable man who everyone hates. He has to show it to Stormie, why don't ask me me! But people are weird. All humans are weird, and now let all beasts be weird too.*

*Because people be honest, we humans are much closer to the animals than the animals themselves!*

*We kill and destroy everything about the animals, and if a dog barks at us, we feel fear. If a cat blows at us, we feel fear. Afraid of the pain! But people like Marisa and Roy are used to nothing but pain. Only you can't see theirs. Maybe if you will look closely, you will see a flurry. And if you poke through them, you have a friend to them.*

*That's what Stormie is fo, to puncture the tough guy called Roy. But Roy still has a long way to go, which he is only too happy to tackle...*

**Stormie! Not for pussys!**

# **Chapter 5.**

**GOOD LUCK!**

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The women leave and Stormie immediately starts to climb into the chairs and explore the house like a true queen. Then comes the bit that she hides and comes running at a rapid pace. This cat is truly unique in every way. What a game of luck. But she does not dare cross the threshold of the door, it seems when Roy walks to the kitchen. When he returns, she almost jumps into his arms. And she is happy that he can play with her again. Then Roy has had enough and runs all over the house. He goes to sit opposite Marisa and puffing out. She can only laugh, he is not that old yet, but he looks like that now. A broken old man, lost with a child. Lost to a sweet girl, it seems, when he gasps for breath. Maybe he should quit smoking after all, but that's never going to happen. To use his own words:

Even when I'm dead I still smoke when I get thrown into that furnace. Smoking belongs to me...

And how he can philosophize about how good it makes him feel, what a pleasure it gives when the tobacco hits his lungs in the morning. Like he gets a hell of a bang on it sometimes. Although he also knows that he must stop. But there is no will, and without will there is no way.

While he laughs and lights one up again. He almost suffocates but enjoys it. Stormie walks around him and wants to play again, he does it with a growl.



## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

A growl from outside this earth, a growl that haunted Marisa for a long time. But Stormie enjoys it, the attention she gets. And the affection Roy gives her. But he still hasn't won her over. After playing Stormie still chooses the side of Marisa, a real mama's baby. Roy will be his turn, sooner or later. That growl looked like an alien or one from a furious dog. But Marisa is not comfortable. Roy is changing, but in what? She no longer wants an aggressive man around her.

But Roy is on his way to becoming that, and in what way? While he is now quietly playing with Stormie. And Stormie who loves it. But Roy also had a flipping moment. *Let's hope that doesn't happen.* Marisa thinks softly and full of tension, but they also arrive at that together. Roy puffs out and falls to the ground while Stormie plays on. He really needs to quit smoking. He gets up slowly and dizzy, clinging to everything he can grasp. Then he stands again and laughs about it, but his mother doesn't think this is funny.

He just falls through his hooves and he laughs about it. Not with her, not in her house. But try and take his tobacco away from him... Stormie starts to meow out of nowhere and meow soon turns into screaming. It looks like she's in pain. He doesn't hesitate for a moment and holds her in panic. But Marisa already knows what's wrong.

And says:

***Boy she just got a hairball. Don't worry so much!***

He nods his head with Stormie still holding on tightly. But don't believes it. He doesn't want to believe this screeching is from a hairball. It was like she screamed for help. As if she wanted to say what is wrong with me, help me! Please help me! As if she is dying from the pain and her organs are slowly decaying. As if she is suffering, already she has only just arrived and she is already suffering. As if she feels a hellish pain inside. But then it is almost immediately over and she starts playing again. She just doesn't cross the doorway. The threshold remains off limits to her. A warning? Or something else, Roy just knows that this won't make him any more confident. Under the influence of weed as he had then, he had reacted differently to it now. Very different, much angrier, much more fearful. The feeling slowly returns to every thought he gives it. The same feeling as then.

He becomes paranoid and sees things that he saw back then. The same appearance, he looks straight at him, then the tingling starts again. And then the thoughts come again, those murderous thoughts that are full of death and destruction, completely absorbed in thoughts of death, the apparition comes closer. And immediately Stormie goes completely wild and that meow comes back.

### **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

Marisa knows something is wrong and asks Roy for help but he is too far away. Trapped in his own thoughts, captive to his own brain. The apparition comes to a hair length close to its mouth and opens its own mouth. Roy sees nothing but black and crawls back on his chair at the dining table. Then he almost falls backwards and the apparition starts to wail in a deadly laugh. Something Roy has only seen in his nightmares so far. Something he no longer wants to see and something he has revived. Something that was once repressed and forgotten. The black hole that is his mouth and throat slowly turns red and something creeps out. At first it looks like an ant, but it quickly becomes a cockroach. One after another falls from the apparition's mouth and they all walk his way, all in line, all like soldiers on a mission: to destroy him!

Then he falls from his chair and ends up with his head on the heating of the garden doors, he hears a hellish beep and then it is quiet, just quiet . A calm and serene rest, only Stormie still meows. She's meowing the same ghastly meow as before. The same suffering meow. That is all he hears, his mother walking towards Stormie and holding her, she does not stop moving and moves wildly in Marisa's hands. Roy tries his best to get there but his head won't let him.

The fear is too bad to walk there, afraid of the return of that apparition, that scary man. Who got into his nightmares before. And his worst fear was in front of him the little bugs and bugs. Who plagued him in his sleep by crawling and swarming him. Real bugs, but according to everyone it was in his head. He believed that, he believed that was in his head. But when his mother saw the bites too, he knew it was real. And he has hardly slept a wink for too long. For too long he had been awake stared at the ceiling waiting on the bugs , the bugs which were eating him. And many frightened and sleepless nights later he fell asleep again to see the apparition again and the bugs too. Stormie sees him too, he knows, Roy is terrified but he has to get out.

He must recognize that this is just in his head. He staggers over to Stormie and gently lifts her. Then she stops meowing and he sees her staring at the ceiling for a long time. She stares at it as if she is looking or seeing a prey. Then she starts to babble and peace quickly returns to the house. Roy still feels like he's stoned. But slowly it ebbs away, until a serene calm comes over him. He wants to do something, but also nothing. A contradictory feeling comes over him as he recalls a time beautiful and peaceful, lost in thought. The only time that was beautiful, girls are away from all troubles. But the older he got; the more problems began to develop.

### **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

He doesn't want to think about the drugs or alcohol, the fights or the wrong friends. Not about the arrests or solitary confinements, not that not about that. But that is also part of his life. Most of his life. His background is getting bigger and wider by the day. His past will never be closed. Not while he lives in this house. He has to get out, but how?

By slowly driving forward instead of always looking in his rearview mirror to look for parking in reverse too.

If only he walked ahead. Stormie is calm again and curls up in the corner of the room. Hours and hours pass before another meow sounds. A tiny innocent meow. She is hungry and walks to her food bowl but again that threshold. She doesn't want to get over it again. Roy tries to pick her up and put her over the threshold, but she moves wildly and escapes from his hands, climbing over him and jumping onto the couch.

*She is afraid of the threshold.*

Roy laughs but Marisa quickly gets him out of that delusion with an answer he did not see coming:

*No Roy she is afraid of what is behind the threshold. You can laugh at her but I see them too. And I fear them too. A cat can see between life and death. You should know that! A cat has a different vision than we humans, and a cat knows who is right and wrong and what is real and fake. This cat sees what we both see. Yes, Roy you too! I can see how scared you are and so are she . We all know there is something in this house. We all know there is something wrong in this house. And we all know this house is dark. A breeding ground for the demons who roam here. And she can see them just like us. Do you think you will get stuck in your past?*

*No Roy that is done for you every day. And Stormie can stop that, only Stormie can!*

Roy doesn't know how to behave and scratches his ear in disbelief. A cat? Can a cat stop this? No, he doesn't believe that. While the cockroaches are still in his mind. Stormie happily running around in the damned house and now the threshold is about making it soon became clear that this cat can indeed something...

## **Legend narrator Li.**

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*Much has happened in the house of damnation didn't it? And we are not even halfway there. We've only just gotten to about a quarter. A lot more is going to happen, trust me. If only Roy and Marisa don't get too much bad luck and don't let the bad luck take them all the way into the abyss? These are good questions and I hope to be able to answer them. I can only tell you at this point that that house is not right. But you already knew that. This house takes away the life in anyone by the evillest spirit. This house is demonic because there is some evil in it. And that evil wants something from the residents, but I cannot answer what that is. I can tell you something big is about to happen, so stick with this legend called Stormie!*

# Chapter 6.

THE CLOSED PAST.

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## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

Night falls in the house and the street starts to get dark. Each and every one of the people comes home from work and finds their warm stove. Roy looks out the window, fascinated by what is going on outside. What is happening around him and what people would talk about if they saw him like that. Wide in front of the window with the eyes of a murderer. People don't dare to look inside, and that gives him a good feeling inside. You know such a feeling as if you are invincible. Right now, he is. These parasites are not going to beat him. These daring gladiolus don't beat him. He is stronger than them and will teach them when one comes to the door. But dozens of people pass by and no one dares to look inside. Everyone differs their gaze and Roy starts to get angry.

*Normally they watch it eating out of your mouth  
and now they don't dare to look. What kind of  
stupid shit is this again?*

He gets angrier and angrier with everyone who walks by because everyone does the same. They all deviate their arrogant look. As if they are still above him as if they are supreme. As if he's a crawl like those cockroaches from a short time ago, he gets angrier and angrier and then a meow sounds.

A broken and sad meow that immediately wakes Roy up and wonders what he was actually doing...

Should people really see him as an boogeyman? Is that supposed to be? They only have problems with that. Do they have to see him how they have seen him for a long time? They don't need any help with that, he is crazy, the idiot, the junkie and the alcoholic in one.

He is an undergrowth in their eyes and theirs are the foot that crushes him. Roy laughs at the idea that he is freed from his suffering by a large shoe looks Stormie and says : You're right! Then he lowers the blind and starts playing with her. Marisa has received everything and can only think to herself thank you Storms. Roy plays with the tireless Stormie who keeps going and playing and meowing, running and jumping.

But when Marisa passes by, the mood quickly changes when little Stormie immediately lashes out and blows when she passes her. Her anger is now directed at Marisa instead of Roy. He is not happy about that and picks her up but Stormie beats her wildly with her little claws.

And while Roy does everything to keep her calm, her young blue eyes change to a jet black color and she threatens to break free from his grip. He gives everything but Stormie falls on her neck and struggles a bit on the hard ground.

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

She meows and meows and screams and screams until it stops and she just happily plays on again. There is a laugh from outside and the letterbox starts to rattle but no one is at the door. There is nothing or no one at the door to w rave chatter continues and continues. The doorbell rings and keeps ringing at a rapid pace. Roy and Marisa run into the room out of fear and try to take Stormie with them but she does not want to and she stops with their jet black eyes looking at the door first. Marisa angrily asks her son:

### **DO YOU BELIEVE ME NOW?**

Roy has no other choice and nods his head. Then the sounds stop and she turns into a big black woman enveloped in shadows and resembles the Grim Reaper without a scythe. Then she looks at him and says in a dark and dark voice:

**Everyone is going to die; you are that beast and eventually  
me too. But I'm the one in charge now, and I order  
you to run!**

**We are loose, we are endless run beetle run, AND GET  
PULVERIZED UNDER MY FOOT !**

His foot resembles a pig's foot and he laughs hatefully about it.

But when Stormie walks into the room terrified, Roy stops. And stares straight into his eyes that look like hot coals. The grim reaper lookalike grabs him but he can't get him. The apparition seizes through him, now Roy starts to laugh and points his finger at the door while staring at him. The apparition screams loudly and the shadows that enveloped Marisa fade from her body. She falls to the ground and starts to have convulsions but that ends quickly, then she only snores. Roy happily walks up to Stormie and says:

*I was going to run away girl but thanks to you I stopped! Thank you, girl!*

He hugs her and gives her a kiss but Stormie is still not herself. He can see that very well in how she treats him. As angry as before and as frightened as if she had just literally faced death.

And her whole body trembles in fear when Marisa wakes up from her sleep and walks upstairs in confusion, to stop at the top of the stairs and look down with a wobbly smile. And to beckon with her finger, a devilish laugh as dark as hell itself forms as she goes to bed. Stormie is terrified of how Marisa is behaving.

And crawls into Roy's arms all the way before she sighs and falls asleep. A deep sleep in the safe arms of her boss. He sits down in his chair and holds tight to the poor beast, which begins to snore.

### **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

Now he knows she has accepted him and that makes him happy. So happy in fact that from excitement he falls asleep himself. But when he wakes up, he sees dozens of eyes in all kinds of colors staring at him. They scare him and with big eyes he looks around him, but they are everywhere.

They can be found throughout the house. And Stormie is nowhere to be found. Slowly they come closer and look at Roy intently. They can see right through his soul. And penetrate his thoughts. He sees nothing but luminous eyes around it and every time he blinks, they change. Change the color and change the amount of the eyes.

Every time he blinks more and more come, he gets up from the chair and looks confused for his cat, but it is nowhere to be found in the black living room. Then he hears a sound on the stairs fast footsteps running from top to bottom and from bottom to top. He hears that about eight times and then a scream. It is his mother he runs up the stairs, he almost falls into the black stairwell, but runs into the room where his mother is just sleeping.

Then the light switches on and the whole house is lit. It blinds him and he passes through his legs unconscious he falls to the ground. The last thing he sees are three men who look suspiciously like the grim reaper lookalike from earlier.

He hears them laugh spitefully. Then his eyes close and it slowly darkens around him.

As Marisa begins to wake up, Stormie also enters the room. She lays down on Roy's chest and starts to purr. He wakes up through the trembling in his chest to see his mother sitting across from him. With a smile from ear to ear. A criminal laugh begins to form and she does not stop laughing. He immediately gets up and almost falls over again.

A moment of where I am and who am I comes to his mind, but he knows only too well who that is. His mother laughing at him like a clinically insane person. He knows something has happened, but what? Then Stormie runs down the stairs and soon follows but still not in his right mind. At the first step where he puts his foot on, his foot is pulled away and he falls down the stairs. When he looks up at the bottom of the stairs, he sees his mother lying at the top of the stairs waving while she is still smiling. He begins to lose his cool and angrily storms upstairs.

But his mother easily lifts him up and opens her mouth where dozens of cockroaches' hatch and crawl into his clothes. Then she throws him down the stairs and he lies downstairs while the cockroaches disappear into his mouth.

### **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

He is lying there paralyzed and with a lot of pain on the ground his larynx is completely stretched from the swallowed beasts. And his stomach is crawling with it. Still paralyzed and screaming in pain, he closes his eyes to open them on the chair with Stormie snoring in his lap. He is happy with the idea that it was just a dream, although his larynx still hurts. And he wondered whether it was a dream, it might have been a dream, but not in this house.

## Legend narrator Li.

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*I told you something was going to happen, didn't I? What did we think? Yes, that's something else, haha, it also depends on how the legend is told... I do my best, but I don't know it that well. Bennie originally came up with it and I must have accidentally left out some things. But folks, this is my first time telling a legend so bear with me. Well let's move on. What has just happened now I hear you ask; well, I will explain that in detail. It's not just the house anymore there are more factors now. Like that death, that scrawny reaper lookalike that runs up and sets things on fire. It is Marisa who has been hit with the windmill wing. It's Roy who doesn't know what he's doing anymore. It is Stormie who has been given an important role in the legend. And it is the house that is still owned and the same house that can completely destroy you.*

*Welcome to the legend called Stormie people. We have a lot more in store. Enjoy it because this legend is going to amaze you.*

***Exciting right?***



**Stormie! Not for pussys!**

# **Chapter 7.**

**WELCOME!**

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He slowly comes to his senses and expresses his own courage.

*It was just a dream, it was just a dream, it was just a nightmare!*

But he is quickly taken out of that illusion when the stairs are walked from top to bottom and from bottom to top, and that a few times. Where has he ended up, a living nightmare, he has to go, he has to get out. He must go out everything better than here! He sprints to the door but the door won't open, the door appears nailed, anchored to the ground. There is another laugh from outside and as Roy tries to open the door the letterbox starts to rattle in a hellish noise.

He is startled and almost falls backwards, then the doorbell starts ringing again with a sound that hits him to his soul. Stormie starts to meow and Roy collapses with his hands over his ears. Everything that happens and all the sounds are eight times as loud as normal, he goes screaming mad, until he starts to laugh. Just like his mother just laughed at the top of the stairs. But when Stormie crosses his path and the laughter immediately stops.

Immediately head back to reality and the reality is that he is stuck in a nightmare. That his fantasy has now taken a new turn.

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

That his fantasy has now become reality, and trapped in his own thoughts, and in his own fear, he goes screaming mad. He clings to anything he can cling to, but feels shaky on his legs again, the sound goes so deep that it pierces his soul. He sees stars and lightning bolts shoot through his head. Then comes the moment of surrender and it is quiet in his head complete unadulterated peace. The peak has been reached. He hears everything passing at a deep and calm slow pace and passing his audience. He sits down on the stairs with a smile and looks at the clattering letterbox. He hears the doorbell ringing and ringing but is not bothered by it and sees men walking downstairs and. But he stays quietly on the stairs, he is not afraid. And really get you here.

The grim reaper lookalikes bend over him and shake his hand. Then he walks upstairs with the men and enters his mother's room, who asks him:

*Have you finally got some rest boy? Nice, isn't it this rest? Delicious huh? Oh boy am I glad you finally found your peace!*

Her words do not get through to him.

He sits down on the bed and just smiles a smile from ear to ear. He has finally gotten something he has been asking for for so long, he has peace of mind! And that is hopefully to stay and not to fade away.

He feels good and he feels calm and even though death is a hair length away from him, he is not afraid, not now! But when Stormie walks back into the room and meows, all peace has disappeared from his mind immediately. The despair and paranoid thoughts come back, along with the fear and anger all together. The men approach with a merciless look in their coal eyes. And touches his hands, but he pulls his hands away and walks down quickly and disoriented. There he tries to open the door again but again fails. All locks are off, but the door is stuck in the post. As if it was rusted in the lock. There is really no movement, then he walks to the back door, but that wall is also rusted. He tries to throw in the windows with a chair, but that doesn't work either.

He hits the panes and kicks the panes, but that doesn't work either. Only when death approaches and waves his hand does the door open. He quickly runs outside while death laughs. When he comes out, he immediately gets freezing cold and sees snowflakes falling.

When he looks at his shoes, he sees a thick, cold layer of snow. He quickly gets stone cold but does not want to go back inside, anything but that. Flames come up through the snow but the snow doesn't melt and it doesn't really get warmer from just getting colder.

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

The wind picks up and cuts through his chest like a hot knife through butter. Then hooks come out of the trees where leaves should be and he sits on the just visible curb, he has to comprehend what is happening here. But it won't go in with him. The realization does not come! He is on his own, that is clear.

That is the only thing that is clear to him as the hooks come his way and cut his back and the wind immediately sears the wounds. He quickly gets up and runs to the front door, but it turns into a kind of iron gate with a big knocker on it. He tries to open the gate but does not open until he uses the knocker.

Very slowly with a squeaking sound the gate opens, the hinges are almost at the end when the gate almost bursts at the seams. And when it is completely open, he sees his house again. His old familiar house with death and his mother but also his cat.

He walks in relieved and when the gate closes slowly and squeaky, he hears a dark dark voice say:

**WELCOME, WELCOME ROY WELCOME BACK!**

**WELCOME!**

Then it is quiet in the house of damnation and Stormie walks up to him again and hugs his leg. He is happy to be inside again, but when he looks up after stroking Stormie he sees a dead man's look staring at him. A zombie it seems, a junkie who has been on methadone for far too long. Or an alcoholic who has just completely drunk himself, that's how he stands. Satisfied and serene but dangerous and destructive. The energy surrounding it is furious and he doesn't even blink as if he's standing tight. This man is a great danger to Roy but he has to get past it.

He has to go in, so he stuffs himself past it and the man doesn't look or look blind. He just stands there staring into infinity. Without any movement or sound. But when Roy walks into the room he hears the man creaking behind him. As if all his bones straighten up at the same time. The man's eyes change from black to pure white, he screams and then disappears into the air, he has evaporated.

Stormie also walks into the room and Roy immediately jumps on his lap, scribbles a bit and finds her place to fall asleep with a sigh. She purrs and snores and he follows not much later. He wakes up to a noise outside but is not disturbed by it and falls asleep again. But at the next rank a screaming woman shatters his progress and has no choice but to be disturbed.

### **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

He raises the blind and angrily looks outside to see twenty men standing there. They all give him a middle finger at the same time. He jumps out through the broken window and angrily walks towards them. The men laugh and evaporate, just like that man from just now. When he wants to climb back in through the window, a wall is raised and he cannot enter. It starts to rain and rain becomes pouring.

He gets soaked and soaked, but he doesn't mind. The wells in the street can no longer handle the rainwater and the street quickly fills with rainwater. So fast, in fact, that he has no chance of getting away. Wondering what is going on here, he goes head down and allows it. He suffocates himself in hot cold rainwater. But there is a jammer that disrupts his death just in the nick of time an electric eel that helps him out on dry land. Disappointed, he looks around to find himself in his own house.

Stormie welcomes him again as sweetly as before and they sit down at the table together. Roy at the chair and Stormie quietly lies down on the table. The puzzle pieces don't fall into place yet, but they will. Then he hears the sound on the stairs again, and death comes running down again, smiling and pointing at him.

When he looks where he is pointing, he sees a large man standing outside in the garden with an ax. The man tries to get in and hits the window and door with the ax, but they don't break that easily, he has already tried, and he laughs at the man. The man folds up his meows and strikes again. The entire door bursts out of the wall and the man enters. Roy does not look or disdain and glares at the man.

The man swings his ax and hits him in the shoulder. He then pulls the ax from the shoulder, and stores Roy's cup of her hull. He sees his head still rolling and the body falling over behind him and struggling a bit before it finally turns black before his eyes to wake up almost immediately.



## **Legend narrator Li.**

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*Well, can we follow it a little longer folks? Am I telling you it was okay? Because I have my doubts, I see you desperately scratching behind your ears sometimes. And I don't know if I am so happy with that... Am I telling you correctly? Because I don't know, but you look like I'm reading from a Greek almanac ...*

*Well, at least this story is getting interesting, isn't it? That death is a big jerk, but we already knew that and that gate what did that mean at once? Then that snow fire and rain, and what did that electric eel do in the rainwater at once? Well folks I have a very simple answer to that sometimes you can be in hell without knowing why or what you did. We all sin once in a while, but Roy has lived a life that few people understand. A life full of drug fighting and impotence. He has sinned a lot and he has to pay his debt this way, unfairly yes!*

**But who ever said hell was fair?**

# Chapter 8.

HELL!

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### **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

He sits there staring a bit ahead  
and Stormie, Stormie just looks at him. He's starting  
to get crazy about that beast. That beast does  
nothing at all, just looks at him. She yawns a few  
times, that's it! That beast does nothing more. He  
starts to get angry with her and pushes her away,  
but she comes back. He pushes her away again and  
she comes back again.

*Yes, you are sweet, come on ...*

She curls up and lies down on the table in front of  
him. She closes her eyes and sighs again and falls  
asleep. But Roy is wide awake, his eyes wide open  
at the ceiling where the shadows of the tortured  
souls dance. The shadows of tortured death that  
seem to beckon him lovingly. Who want him to go  
to them. Who want to give him a kiss and who offer  
him a warm stove in this cold. They slowly dance  
down. And circle around him like he is their  
father. Their support and help. Their light in this  
dark jet black hell. That gate was his clue and the  
last piece of the puzzle that he ended up in  
hell ... But how he got there is a mystery to him. Just  
as big as the riddle of the universe itself. Or the  
reason for life and death. Just as big as the mystery  
of how he died.

Because he does not know, and will not mention  
it. No matter how much he thinks, it just doesn't  
come to mind.

And with every thought, the shadows dance around him as if to tell him not to think anymore. But put your mind but once out, especially if you are looking for an answer. And a way out of the dead. Because he is dead, otherwise he would not be here, otherwise he would still have been on earth instead of hell. Different, different, yes everything is different.

Everything is different from how it used to be. Everything has changed, but these shadows give him hope. And that is something he must not lose. His feeling has waned long ago, when he had to do things for a quarter. Indescribable things like beating or stabbing people or worse, for a fucking quarter, debt to the wrong people also has to be paid. He must not lose hope even though he has long since given up hope. The hope of a normal existence and an existence without all that suffering. Without all that pain. Without all that powerless shit.

Without ... Without ... His thoughts have stopped, and he sees a shadow coming towards him. He holds out his hand and wiggles his fingers a little. He takes the hand and wants to say thank you. But the hand is made of flesh, this is not a shadow.

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

Then he sees the hot-burning red coals of eyes again, and the game of survival starts again with a smile. That devilish laugh of death. He has to prove himself again, he has to show again that he is worthy to be king of hell. This is his house and he is not in charge of them here! They never will! His house are rules! The hot coals burn and little flames come out of them. Then the shadow becomes death itself a lookalike as before, but death in person. He doesn't look like in the adder's stories. Not even close he looks like his worst nightmare. A large pitch-black man with hot, burning red coals for eyes.

He has no clothes on but is covered by the scariest shadows he has ever seen. He is enveloped in the souls he has mown, souls that groan from the pain. And groan fearfully, as if they are dying every second. As if he mows and harvests them every second. The souls all have a different facial expression but all come together into one whole on his body, which is covered with cuts and burns.

He smiles and literally disappears in smoke. He takes off and leaves the house without mercy or difficulty. Roy can only think: he damns it!

Not much happens anymore in house damnation, but that will change automatically. And yes, he has not yet thought whether the clock will strike 12 times and then again and again and again.

Two days have passed in the blink of an eye. And he sees the light from outside going out in the night, which has come forward a little too quickly , and which will hold him in his hold for a long time. But especially the one that will keep him busy for a long time because tonight he will start thinking. A lot of thinking, until he is mad about thinking and then he keeps thinking, because he must know how he died.

How did he get here, well the answer is very simple right? By those hooks in the cold wind. Then he died, because after that he entered the gate of this hell. And then he should have stayed outside. While the snow plummets down the black street. The snow melts right away, but a little white will be nice for him instead of always just that black.

And this existence is black he has no one but Stormie who is still snoring on the table and his mother who is sitting numb and calmly smiling on her bed. He can hear her laughing all the time. She laughs at him and makes fun of everyone she knows, even people or things she doesn't know or knows about. She's gone crazy and crazy about him, and that's how she shows it.

She is a strange but sweet woman, only sometimes like now he gets angry. And he is not allowed to, but he is sitting here anyway and everyone is angry here.

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

So, he can do it too, he can do that like no other because they have entered his house and they have to get out. He takes his phone out of his pocket but soon sees that there is no range or Wi-Fi connection. So completely closed, what was he thinking? Did he really think they were that stupid? But the fact that he has a phone with him means that he may not be dead at all. And that means he can fight, he always has. At the thought, Stormie wakes up again and walks over to hug his leg.

He is smiling and knows what to do. He has to fight! Stormie immediately starts letting out a chilling meow and begins to change.

She is getting bigger and angrier; her little body has turned into that of a full grown cat. Her eyes are no longer blue but now the jet black of what she had before. A real demon, but one on his side. And he can use that now. Now is the time when they both have to fight to banish the intruders from the house and he calls her to him. She approaches slowly and sits on the ground in front of him like a dog... He walks upstairs because he must first save his mother again!

The stairs get longer and bigger with each step. But he persists, he has to be there for her now. When he finally gets to the top, he finds out she's gone, and so do the death lookalikes.

But her laugh still sounds in her room like a siren 's song lures him from room to room, but he doesn't find her. Out of anger and impotence, he smashes his knuckles on the wall. And the wall starts to crack, but he goes on until he punches through, and even there, behind those damned walls faces death. There are corpses hidden in the wall and many. He knocks out the entire wall as the corpses fall from the wall, he also sees the faceless lifeless body of his mother fall from the wall. He understands none of it:

**Her smile is here, her smile is there. Her smile is everywhere, her damn smile is everywhere!**

He sits on her bed with his hands over his ears to block the laugh. While the laughter continues, the dead suddenly rise. All except his mother who stays down, even if all that is with her , moves the corners of her mouth that slowly disappear into her cheeks. The dead quickly walk to the bed and all gather around it. They all point at him and laugh at him. Their heads swiftly move back and forth and up and down while they keep on going, and in extreme exertion he falls over in the bed, eyes tight in his head like a speed junkie. Or someone I don't know how long on crystal meth. Much has been said and described about this even in blank. But what he's feeling right now is pure insanity. Pure hatred and anger, but also impotence and grief. He has all the feelings now except he's happy.



**Stormie! Not for pussys!**

Because how are you supposed to be happy when you are in so much pain? He's laughing with his eyes wide open it hurts him and screaming in an insane tone :

**Pain is good, pain is nice, pain is good, pain is nice, pain is good, a itching is great and blood must, blood must be, blood just must be spilled...**

## **Legend narrator Li.**

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*Well, I can talk about this for a long time. But this needs no introduction or explanation. Roy is just crazy right now. When he saw his mother's, lifeless body fall from the wall, something snapped. And we don't know if that hell will end any time soon or something, but I dare to put my monthly salary on it that it is far from done here!*

*He has to get back on track somehow. He must be able to focus to get out of this. But all attempts will fail. Any effort to get out of this will only pull him further back into the house of damnation until he is dead and then? What happens then?*

*Do you know that sir? Well say it then I am very curious! I also really want to know!*

*Yes, sir maybe the legend is over then yes... Someone else with such a good answer or can I continue to tell it? Thank you, sir, for your reply but I will continue now, and if I wasting your time , I prefer you take a hike! Young young young young young What a world we live in dude! Get a life idiot! I 'm doing my best man!*

*Another such an turnoff and I don't want to do it anymore, fuck it dude!*

**Stormie! Not for pussys!**

# **Chapter 9.**

**GET A LIFE IDIOT !**

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He's lying in that bed, staring straight ahead, not even thinking for a moment to get out with those big eyes of his and teach the dead a lesson. Furious, he beats off wildly, but every blow or kick they laugh at which makes him even more angry. And he takes a box with which he wraps one body around his head. His neck breaks and his head hangs on his back and he still laughs at him while the rest are now silent, and his mother's laugh can still be heard. He hits the laughing corpse with the box one more time, dropping his head to the ground and still laughing.

Until he melts into the ground as if acid came from his wounds. The acid starts to rise and Stormie starts to let out another chilling meow. She quickly runs out of the room and Roy soon follows. When he looks back, he sees that the acid has risen to the ceiling and how the corpses are eaten screamingly, while the laughing Marisa can still be heard.

He quickly runs down the stairs and is stopped again, so that he falls down a staircase that seems to get longer and longer. Once down, he falls with his head on the rock-hard ground, which makes the ground seem to crack, and so does his head.

Dazed, he looks up to see his mother again laughing at the top of the stairs with an outstretched arm...

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

Stormie quickly comes to lie with him and together they fall into a comatose sleep. His eyes slowly open and he feels the vibration of Stormie's purr on his stomach. But he has lost the realization where he is. He's just angry and has a strange desire to do a massacre. Here in his own house.

The whole neighborhood on the coffee and then slowly and one by one finish them. He grabs his head and sees that there is blood on the ground, he is now starting to smell it too. That makes his head run a bit. And he runs to the kitchen to get a knife and cut his carotid artery, but the knife is too blunt.

He stabs and stabs but it doesn't work. The tip snaps off the knife and he throws it away. He quickly released the gas tap and cut open the gas hose. He hears the hissing and thinks nicely in a moment we will all be free. But then the hissing stops and the kitchen door opens. He now thinks I am finally free. He quickly walks outside to find a sea of flames there. And the heat of a barbecue it is grilled on all sides.

Strange creatures come up from the ground, creatures with pointed caps and motorcycle gloves. They are little green creatures against the blue, speaking in a difficult and unintelligible language. And walk forward with two pointed pitchforks.

A bit of a tuning fork idea, they poke him in the ass one by one and then walk away again to disappear back into the ground with a whole lot of fire. Roy is laughing at what just happened. But he keeps laughing and laughing, he can't breathe anymore.

*What the that were a bunch of funny garden gnomes dude... What a prick-bosses! What cute demons I stay here, I'm really not going in, here are prick gnomes!*

He laughs and keeps on laughing until he falls over and gasps , but he is not allowed to breathe. He tries to breathe calmly but the panic gets too much for him while he keeps on smiling. He starts to hyperventilate but he can't breathe. Until he dies laughing in the sea of flames that once was his garden. When he comes to, he still has to chuckle and laugh but he doesn't know why. He's still in his house, a bit in front of the TV.

Something funny must have happened then, he no longer knows what happened and starts to laugh. But he soon gets bored and goes looking for his mother, who is nowhere to be found and her room wall is down.

*Must have been that time again. I don't remember either, I am also not at home for a while does the mess have to be rebuilt? And who can pay for the costs again? Well!*

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

Not a single memory of what happened in recent days has stayed with him. But he knows that something is wrong and continues to search. Marisa's laugh is heard again, but now from the basement. He sprints down the stairs and opens the cellar door to find his mother chained. Her legs are trapped in some sort of metal buoy, and her arms are tied to chains. But she still smiles, she smiles like never before. He tries to get her loose but the chains on her legs that hold the shackles are nailed to the ground with big bolts. So, no way to get them loose. He has to find something, there has to be something. Looking for something to get his mother loose, she starts moving more and more with her arms and legs. He hears the chains ringing from the hallway as he approaches. But when he opens the door, he hears a loud bang and something splashes him wet. When he looks at his mother there is a big hole in her stomach and her organs fall to the floor.

She tries to say something but she can't, then she writes something on the wall with her finger in her own blood. Three letters before she dies. He reads the three letters and to his horror, it is written in blood-red letters **HEL**. Then the letterbox starts to rattle , the doorbell rings and Stormie meows . Something is wrong but they have taken his mother from him so they will pay for it.

He opens the door angrily and is blown back with a great force. He gets up to see a big eye in front of him, a snake eye that looks so intimidated that he is hypnotized. He picks up Stormie who is scratching around her wildly and wants to put her outside where the snake is waiting for her. But when Stormie tries with a hellish meow to beg him not to, he wakes up and closes the door again. There is a scream from outside and he can only say:

*Girl you are important, you are important to them,  
thank you storms otherwise I would have lost you  
too.*

Stormie hugs his leg again and he sits down on the floor at the bottom of the stairs, which has a crack and a pool of blood.

He can't think about anything but what's going on here? All he knows is that Stormie is a very important cat. And that Stormie can help him, slowly but surely his memories come back, all his memories come back and he is put from one surprise to the next, by his own mind. And does not believe that all of this actually happened. But that from net is real so he has to go to the basement, he has to bury or cremate his mother or call the police or something. He can see what he is doing but she has to get out of there. So, he opens the door and turns on the lamp, he walks down the stairs but she's already gone.



## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

The blood alone is still there and the written text hell is still on the wall. Something he cannot understand, or comprehend! Then Stormie starts to scream and he sprints up again to help her, but she is also already lifeless. He tries in vain to resuscitate her but it won't and she literally takes her last breath. The familiar sigh, where the soul leaves the body. He collapses saying:

*I'm sorry guys I failed! I failed again this really is fucking hell!*

There is a lot of laughter outside and warmly turned into hateful. Then that damn letterbox rattles again and the doorbell rings again.

He creeps back into the kitchen, scared, shadows coming in from the letterbox. There are many of them and they form into people in the hallway. They want to take Stormie, they want her corpse. But no that will not happen when Roy quickly picks up Stormie and holds her tightly with the words:

*Get a life idiots! But don't take mine because mine isn't worth living. Find someone else, get a life and enjoy yourself!*

The shadows come closer and Roy crawls even further back then he is stopped from behind and a shadow comes too close. He tries to hit him but hits the air.

The shadow grabs Stormie and moves his mouth closer. Then he opens his mouth and a split snake tongue comes out of his mouth and some poison that runs through his fangs into Stormie's mouth. Then it they disappear like a snowflake in full sun. Like a muse to an alcoholic writer, that's how quickly they're gone. And Stormie comes back to life with spastic traits.

She struggles on the hard ground and meows it out. Roy as happy as a child holds her tight and shouts in the air:

**THANK YOU!**

## **Legend narrator Li.**

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*I hope you don't start again with those bullshit guys... Yes, I know it will be difficult and not quite as you might think but what do you think I have to tell this legend as I heard it! I only heard him once.*

*But what do you think Roy is a good guy just getting a little absent-minded he remembers everything but forgets he's in hell? How about that? Do you understand it guys, I just ask just even though for the record?*

*I see three people who don't get it and five I think who do? Well then explain it to me people, because I am now also starting to get a bit distracted. It shouldn't be that difficult, right? Such a legend is harder to tell than I thought dude , so phof.*

*But we will continue, because we are not there yet and I hope to be able to give you the answer at the end that we are all hoping and waiting for...*

***LOTS OF FUN! AND HANG AROUND A  
LITTLE LONGER!***

# Chapter 10.

THE CHILDREN !

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## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

Stormie is not the same as she was before and reacts a little angrily to him. She scratches and bites him before she falls to the ground and changes, she grows back in size and her eyes change again. Now they turn yellow like that haze that cats often have. Or the haze of a blind dog, anyway she changes. Her tail gets longer, her legs get bigger and nails sharper. Pieces of bone emerge from her spine and her head becomes large and pointed. Bone is how she changed bone with skin and fur. A real demon, but his demon, right? However? He does not know much, but he does know that this is not good for him. This is going too far and he screams:

**WHAT DID YOU DO? GIVE ME BACK MY  
CAT! GIVE ME BACK MY CAT NOW!**

He hears the laughter coming from outside again and the letterbox rattles again, after which a snake crawls through it to the inside. He tries to get hold of the snake but Stormie is ahead of him and bites off the beast's head. The snake twists on the ground after which it melts into the ground with a yellow acid. Roy thanks her and sits on the floor next to her. Stormie comes up to him, cuddles with him and puts her head in his rib cage. They fall asleep together, only Stormie is gone when Roy wakes up. There are sounds coming from the attic but he doesn't want to look.

He doesn't dare either. What awaits him now? But Stormie walks up and at the top of the stairs she meows down in a dark dark meow, she calls Roy up, but when he walks up the stairs, she glares at him with that yellow haze in her eyes. She also doesn't let him walk upstairs and shakes her big bone head back and forth.

There is a kind of howl a screech a chilling noise comes from her mouth and some creeps out. The head of the snake she just bitten works its way out from her throat. Roy does not know what he sees but pulls the head that only gets longer but he keeps pulling until he is completely out. The head has become a snake again and twists on the ground after which a man comes out.

A black shadow man with a bright white face who keeps a close eye on him and seems to scan every movement. His ears are pointed and his head is bald, and he stares at Roy with his dead look until he feels dizzy and falls down the stairs. He has already fallen off it a few times but this time it is different, this time it looks like he is floating, like he is tripping again.

In his head he flies down the stairs and takes off, but when he falls to the ground, he falls into a rock-hard sea full of sharks and an octopus.

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

The sharks don't interest him that much, his focus is on the octopus that so gracefully spreads its tentacles in the clear water. In complete harmony with the sea. He looks in amazement at the beautiful fish that swim around him and welcome him to the sea. He tries to follow the octopus but his air is running out. His airways fill with water and he has to get out. He needs from the water managed to get on somehow. But he can't swim and when he looks down his legs are chained to a block of concrete. Frightened, he flips around in the water, hoping to break free from the concrete. But his efforts are all in vain, from an extreme showdown he tries to break the chains, then it turns black and the last he sees is the word his mother wrote in blood on the wall: **HELL**

When he comes to, Stormie is still snoring with her head on his rib cage. And he finds out it was just a nightmare. Stormie is back to normal and the house feels just scarier. It was lifelike, but it was just a nightmare. Fortunately, he thinks to himself and he hears sounds coming from outside, children playing. He hears them sing. And he feels good again with the sound of happy children in the street.

But that changes quickly when he hears that laugh again.

And also, when the children sing something that goes wrong with him . He hears the children sing about death and destruction:

*His eyes melt from his head. And his tongue is rotting from his mouth. His limbs are slowly falling from his body. And his brain is a big smashed sludge. His fingernails lose their chalk, and his fingers are nothing more than grit. His bones bite to the ground. His teeth crushed, and his ears pissed, he also goes to the slaughterhouse in the underground!*

**Oh, ok he goes to the slaughterhouse in the underground, forever with us!**

Roy holds his hands over his ears but the children's singing continues , and he hears the pounding in his brain. Then the door flies open with a bang and startles Stormie awake. An army of undead children approaches and they call out to him:

**ROY COME TO US, ROY HELP US, ROY COME TO US, ROY HELP US, SAVE US ROY SAVE US FROM THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE....**

The children are all walking in at a slow but deadly pace. Roy is looking for a way out of the house everywhere but there is not one in sight. When the children are close enough, they all take out a meat hook and a large knife, and each laugh at him.



## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

He goes down and they stick to the ground, the pieces of tissue hanging from the meat hooks and the knives cut open his muscles piece by piece until there is nothing but a red pool of blood and bone. Roy sees everything happening as he ascends upstairs. Will this finally be his way out? While the children are still breaking his bones.

He sees his own tissue and muscles on the floor but it doesn't matter to him he finally has a way out of this house. Out of this hell, when the light can finally be seen and he surrenders to a divine power, he hears that laugh again from beneath him and he is pulled down.

The light goes out and he is back in the darkness when he is stuffed back into his body and while the children are still cutting and stabbing. He feels everything but cannot say anything, he feels every thrust of the hooks and every cut of the knives. He feels every twinge of pain and more than that. He can't mourn over it while the children are splitting all his bones in two. This is a pain you cannot imagine. He hears the children giggling and laughing, they enjoy it. They enjoy destroying it completely.

They have a smile from ear to ear on their faces. All his sins fly by, the drugs the booze surviving the fights. He sees everything happening before his eyes and there is no end to it.

Then someone comes down the stairs. And it is a familiar one, the cockroach man, who stoops and opens his mouth.

Dozens and hundreds of cockroaches come out of his mouth, all making their way into Roy's cut and broken body. Cockroaches are crawling out of his eye sockets and ears and he has to let everything go. The children seem to think the cockroaches are dirty and run away from the house. The man now also leaves the house, Roy stays behind with Stormie and the cockroaches that feast on his body.

He can't move at all and every bite of a cockroach hurts him. Every time a cockroach walks up it hurts him. Everything hurts him while he slowly but surely becomes wiser and dumber at the same time. There is blood all over and the smell is driving him crazy. The iron smell of blood hangs all over the house. But especially around him, furious and bloodthirsty, he does everything to get up, but the more he exerts himself, the more pain he has. There will be no end to this hell. They have defeated him the man he used to be; he is no more...

## **Legend narrator Li.**

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*Everything seems lost to poor Roy, doesn't it? He is so alone and abandoned by everything and everyone except Stormie. Stormie is still by his side and fights with him. But for how long you may ask. How long will it be there. And how long will it take for her to turn her back on him too? And is that going to happen? These may not be appropriate questions, but they are questions that matter.*

*And let's hope for Roy that his questions are answered too! His questions aren't the least, and his questions matter too! Not just ours! Because if you think that this can indeed happen to someone, then you look differently at this legend full of pain, sorrow and impotence.*

*We all have questions, including you the people I am telling this legend to. But you have to wait until the legend is ready and the book can be closed to know the answer. Dishonest yes maybe, but you will also get an answer, whether he likes you or not you will get an answer...*

# Chapter 11.

ASK!

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## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

There he lies alone and defeated, just a pile of red stinking blood. The blood on his claws from the past is nothing, and he has seen and done a lot. But this is a completely different dimension. He was right Stormie is his passage to another dimension. But this one is not fair; this one is mean and cold. A cold reality without light, not even a little ray of sunshine. A dark existence a jet-black existence with no way out or end. Why is what's in his mind why? Why me? What have I done wrong to what do I owe this? What did I do wrong to earn this? While the cockroaches seem to evaporate, a man walks downstairs.

A tall man and a scary man, the man from his nightmares of death with his wandering harvested souls hanging around him. He holds out his hand, a blunt finger with a long curled nail is what Roy is touched with. He has read about what is happening now, this is "the touch of death!" His soul is being harvested by the greatest murderer of all death itself. But he laughs at him and pulls his finger back. Roy wants to scream but he can't. The only thing running through his mind is: Why me?

When death closes the door behind him with a bang, he hears a trampling in the hallway and soon sees the corpse peckers walking in. Coyotes do that too, and they enjoy the feast that death has left for them.

They seem to be laughing and arguing among themselves, one regurgitating Roy's body for her boy and the other defending his meal violently. When Roy finally lets life again, all the coyotes look at him at the same time and his body all broke up at the same time. Then he forms a whole new shape from the vomited pieces of body. The pieces of tissue and muscle seem to glue themselves with the gallons of wasted blood. And they discolor in a kind of blue. His bones crack and bond together.

His cervical vertebra hangs half on his back and his head grows above it. His arms are half-eaten but they hang from a small piece of string that keeps things in place. Walking is just going, but he has the feeling that he can much better crawl and he can't talk, his jaw is nowhere to be seen and his tongue is gone. The coyotes are laughing as before and walk out the door.

Stormie also reappears and seems shocked by what her master looks like. She meows with a chilling meow as if to cry over the fact that she has now completely lost her master.

He wants to hug her, but his body doesn't allow it yet, while his blue flesh already seems to be rotting. He is too weak and falls to the ground, but he cannot get up.

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

Stormie shakes her head wildly and lets out a hungry meow before attacking him and eating him with skin and hair. He feels every bite and every scratch through his skin and flesh like those kids' knives but he lets her. He is tired of fighting with everything and everyone. And the only thing still in his head is why? Why me, what have I done? Stormie doesn't eat him all the way, she seems to be stuffed and seems to be saving the rest for later, while his flesh really starts to turn and he collapses like a soft meat bag.

Still the only thing on his mind is: Why me, what did I do wrong to deserve this? At the smell of rotting meat Stormie also gets hungry again and attacks him again. But this time he lets her eat everything that makes him him.

And this time she gets help, dozens of cats and dogs come in barking and meowing to devour him. His impotence is finally stopped when he again ascends to the top and he's almost, he could see the port this time and he is sure to face and knocks. But a shadow opens up and kicks him just as hard back down into house damnation, where Stormie is waiting for him. And what he returns to with a lot of fear, he doesn't feel much except fear. Fear of what awaits him now! He sees his mother walking downstairs. A rock falls from his shoulders, she's still alive.

But she passes him and doesn't even glance or even look his way, no matter how he shouts and shouts, she sees and doesn't hear him. The more time she passes he wants to hold her but grabs through her. After which she looks straight at him with jet black eyes and screams:

**LEAVE ME KILLER ALONE! LEAVE  
ME ALONE NOW, OTHERWISE I WILL FINISH  
YOU JUST AS YOU FINISHED ME!**

Can he still have it, but then she pushes him against the wall and he feels his back crack, she looks at him again and walks up the stairs again.

He can't move and he hears her grab something from a chest or something. Then she walks down the stairs and it quickly becomes clear to him what she has picked up. A sawed-off double-barreled shotgun and she turns it upside down. She smiles and twitched her finger and her look is ice and ice cold.

Then she blinks her eyes once and pulls the trigger without thinking once. The last thing he sees is the pinching finger and the smile on her face. A relieved laugh, she's got her revenge...

But this time he does not rise at the pearly gates, this time he lingers in his mind in the damnation house. And not to whine or cry, but it gives him peace, he is liberated to a certain extent.



## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

Only he still has to get out of here. Get out of damnation's house, and get out of this hell. The urge to get away is now more intense than ever.

He's dead again so he must be able to get out of this hell. He sees his body half hanging against the wall with his head in a few pieces on the floor. And walks past it with great difficulty, his exploded head still sprays blood from its neck. And half his head lies on the ground staring at him with an eye socket which half in half right in front of him.

He knows this is another test, but what kind of one? Should he go outside then? Should he stay inside? He no longer knows only that his body contains far too much blood. It doesn't make him sick, but looking at his blood spouting body, very sad. His own mother did that to him.

And why then? What did he ever do to her? To what does he owe this? Yes, those are good questions, but questions for a different time. He calls it herself once, and when the last drop of blood from his neck dripping down, he tries to open the door. He will be standing in front of that gate again, but not alone now. There are hundreds and hundreds of souls who want to come out of the gate too. But only a few are let out of the gate by means of iron pins. He hears with every pinned soul a scream that goes through his entire soul as if he himself was also caught by such a peg.

The souls all walk thoughtfully at a slow pace to the gate. But he doesn't trust it, and tries to return to house damnation, because what awaits him there is much worse.

That is not possible either and he is forced to go through the gate by a large man with a severed coyote head in his hands and a large ax with many points and hooks. He can only think to himself:

*If I die in any way then it should be this way!*

## **Legend narrator Li.**

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*Roy's questions have not yet been answered and you may never be answered. The life he has now is neither pleasant nor pleasant. He keeps dying to end up in an even more difficult environment.*

*It is tested each time to undergo an even more difficult test. And he fails for all of them. He hasn't succeeded in one yet. And it is all too much for him. And that makes a lot of sense, isn't it people?*

*Yes, I see a question there , just ask ...*

*Madam I have no idea where the toilets really are. We are sitting here in the middle of a forest by a half-extinguished campfire, so I would say do it the man's way and pick a nice bush! If still someone has to follow that lady but I'll wait a while with the legend!*

..... **PEE BREAK** .....

*So, are we there again? And relieved? Good, I am glad to hear that, because I have to go too, but I am telling the legend so I have to hold it up for a while. We are now about halfway. Almost then, so I should get out of there but you get that. Well, we will go on or not ?*

*Hold on because this ride is far from over...*

# Chapter 12.

THE OPENING!

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## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

He now has two choices whether to fight or to go through that gate. He chooses the first choice and takes his ax from the big man who is built like a concrete shithouse. And cuts open his entire rumen with one blow of the ax. The cut is slowly growing until it becomes so great that the guy seems scared for that will put a bloody rat infestation out of his belly. They crawl all over the ground and attack the wandering souls. They eat the souls with the greatest of ease but leave Roy alive. Maybe because he still has the man's ax in his hands. While the man's wound is trying to close, but his hands cannot keep pressure on the wound.

He falls to his knees only then his black intestines all come out of his stomach. He tries to push them with all his strength back again but that is not possible, they are so rotten that they fall apart in his hands. The wound is not fatal to the man, now Roy has to hit one more time with the heavy ax. And he does that with ease, and a lot of fun.

He chops once but the man loses his arm where he holds the severed coyote head, and when the coyote head rolls on the ground against the gate, Roy returns to house damnation.

He is home and finally passed a test. He is euphoric and victorious but still dead.

What should I do now? Is what goes through his head, a question without an answer!

And a prayer without end, although prayer makes little sense in this hell. If you still sit there and have cursed God all your life for what life has done to you, then you are not going to pray when you are in the middle of it. He must fight against it that's one thing he does you become a fighter as time progressed. And God cannot help with that because God Himself is the one who made this possible. That made it possible for a hell to exist, because let's be honest without God hell wouldn't exist either. And let him have started on the wrong side. He's done a lot of wrong in his life but made everything right and even God has to admit it to him. But no! God pulls his claws off him. Only Satan embraces the broken because the broken are too weak for him up there. Only Lucifer can embrace him for who he really is:

An alcoholic devastating junkie!

That is the truth because no matter how long he is clean, he continues to make sense. No matter how long he stays sober, a relapse always happens.

And only Satan embraces him, only the lord of darkness can tame him. He is the same as Roy he is also everything destructive and he is also self-destructive.

So, he knows what to do. He must summon the dark lord. But how do you do such a thing and where do you start?

Then his mother comes down the stairs and walks in, holding out her hand. Roy grabs her hand tightly and together they walk out the back door. The garden is surrounded by fire and piled up corpses, and many people's heads are speared on a rod by demonic headhunters... It has always been a warning since the dawn of time not to walk on. Not to continue, and do not take this warning. Even if he is only a soul and they cannot make him much, there is fear in the air. And the further he walks through the sea of flames, the more fear he feels.

Dalijk those prick gnomes prick him in the ass again and he laughs himself to death like the first time that happened. Many feelings arise in him, so much so that his soul cannot take it anymore and starts to rot. The stench of a rotting soul is worse than the stench of rotting flesh or the iron smell of blood.

This stench is beyond any stench but his mother still holds it and walks on. He can already see his arms turn completely black and his fingers are almost falling off his hands. He doesn't feel anything, only the stench is too much for him and he wants to go back, but his mother doesn't want to and Marisa pulls him along.

He soon sees a large building that towers over the entire fire landscape, a castle it seems.

And a very large one, one very old one as you might see in the knight movies. But this one is otherwise a large black building, with many spines and many iron pins in and around the castle. The closer they get, the more his soul will rot and stink.

His fingers are drawn to the castle as if it were a magnet or something. And later he follows completely, he tries to stop, but Marisa gives the last push with a smile. He flies towards the castle and gets stuck with his back in a pin, after which the pin takes him right through the wall and releases him inside. When he lands on the ground of the castle, he falls down from the fear he feels. He hears a deep black voice in the distance that seems to keep coming closer and closer:

**Hey you there follow me! Follow me! Follow me  
boy!**

But Roy cannot and his soul is consumed by the many fears that hang in the castle. The scary vibes and the horrible thoughts. He melts into one with the castle, and ends up in a throne room or tomb, which is still unclear.

There is a large throne but there are hundreds of coffins in the room stone coffins and one even bears his name. The stone coffin opens and Roy is sucked into it. Then he closes with a hell of a racket.



## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

Roy sees himself lying with his head in five pieces in the coffin, then footsteps sound and he hears someone sitting on the throne.

It is a woman and she smiles, she smiles hateful at everything that has happened around her. At that moment the stone lid of the box opens again and dozens and hundreds of rats enter and eat the body and then turn to the almost charred soul. Roy feels every bite very well and when his soul is completely eaten and there is nothing left of his body, he wakes up again in house damnation.

*A question without an answer and a prayer  
without end!*

He is stuck here until the end of time and even after that he will never be released here again. The courage shoots him out of his eyes and crying he falls to the ground, there is a laugh outside. They have to laugh that he was completely fucked up by the mangle and humiliated to repeat it over and over again.

This gloating enrages him and he runs out the door but there is no one to be seen. Just that gate, that gate that welcomes him so, but he doesn't work. He does not go through that gate, but can it be worse than this? Could it be worse than this?

He thinks so he walks back into the house and closes the door then the laughter resounds and he loses himself he runs out and sees the laughing bastards going through the gate with the greatest of ease.

Enraged he also goes through the large steel gate and when he is standing in a large courtyard, he hears Stormie screaming, he quickly squeezes through the closing gate with which he gets hooks in his back and is thrown back into the courtyard the gate is closed and you can't get out of here so easily. Worrying about his beast his cat!

How would Stormie be? He had completely forgotten her so blinded by anger and impotence that he forgot everything he loved. She would be dead is what goes through him. She was going to die and that's my fault. I should have been there for her but only thought about my own anger. Of my own frenzy, and now I don't have her anymore when she's always thought of me. Every thought makes him crazier and more aggressive as he explores the illuminated courtyard.

## **Legend narrator Li.**

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*Where did he end up now? I hear you think, and believe me people I also improvise some parts because some parts from this legend are difficult to remember and sometimes it comes across as difficult, but that's also because I almost piss my pants.*

*Roy has seen pretty much everything that hell is and does or not? He is tortured in a way that no human can act. And then you can say tough oh but I can handle that! Oh yes you can? Dying every time to go through the same torture and sometimes worse than the first. Just leave your soul to slowly see and smell your soul rot. To his mother he was losing everything, and lost his cat and the rest he has nothing and nobody just a chain in this hell house called damnation.*

*Now he has walked into the courtyard of perhaps his worst nightmares, just because of his aggression. And you can handle that? This hell? No people you can't! Because I learned 1 thing in my own life:*

***No matter how tough you think you are, there is always someone tougher!***

# Chapter 13.

## AGGRESSION.

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## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

A lot is going on around him and he doesn't feel good about it. There is a lot of emotion in the courtyard, and a lot of wrong vibes. He picks them all up in a way that may be wrong for many.

But it drives him crazy. All those tensions around him make him even more aggressive than before. He tries to stay calm but he cannot and every sound makes him even more aggressive and aggressive than before. Until he snaps through and his own calm is completely gone. He has always been the quiet boy, but now he walks in one and the same path, hand in hand with the devil himself.

He is king of the world and everything and everyone are his subjects. And they will find out! He sees a man walking with cows or bull skin pulled over his head. The horns are clearly visible from a distance, the man slowly approaches, Roy waits quietly. It seems as if he changes his mind, but then the fuses blow and he attacks the man. He knocks the man half to the ground with one punch and he keeps hitting. But the man just laughs about it. The more Roy hits, the more the man laughs. He's exhausting himself by talking, and he doesn't stop.

But the man laughs at every blow and kick Roy gives until he gets up. And picks up the tired Roy, throwing him away with the greatest of ease.

And Roy, who was so aggressive and strong at first, collapses from fatigue. The man walks up to him and grabs him again to throw him away again. There he lies alone and defeated, broken and humiliated, by the eternally laughing man. He is calm again but the man now seems to be getting aggressive and hits his diaphragm three times. Roy can't breathe and coughs up blood from the blows. He has to stand now, but that is becoming very difficult.

Especially when the man becomes a full-fledged MMA fighter and shows him every corner of the courtyard. Roy no matter how black and blue tries to stand, but his arms are broken and then his legs. And the final straw breaks the man's back to allow him to lift and fall on his knee to him after all if l a back to crying of impotence in the courtyard.

Only with his thoughts. The illuminated courtyard soon loses all color and darkens. Everything turns black around him and completely frozen with fear, he lies there, all alone in the pitch dark.

He hears Stormie again screams but does not get up, he can totally unable to move, while the screams of Stormie continues and continues. Totally in tears, he realizes that he has failed Stormie. And in shame he bows his head.

But all his suffering wouldn't have been necessary if he had just stayed calm.

### **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

But look at what kind of life he has now, that's what haunts his mind as a counter answer. Look what life I have! As Stormie continues to scream, his feelings go out. They are simply all turned off at the same time. He remains calm and serene. He doesn't care anymore. Then the men who lured him into the gate walk past , they all stand around him. And laugh at him, but if they don't get a response from him, they take turns kicking him and they keep kicking. He can only laugh as the men gradually kick him to death. The last thing he says to them is:

*Thank you suckers!*

At the last hard kick, they scream and scream, he won this fight. And is pulled up again to that beautiful gate to heaven.

But again, he is pulled down before it is all the way up. He can only chuckle about it, with a smile from ear to ear he wakes up in the house called damnation, house of damnation again. But now he can hold Stormie again and promises not to leave the house.

Stormie cuddles and purrs with him and falls asleep at his feet, not much after that he falls asleep himself. It is a deep sleep filled with three consecutive nightmares. And without a great feeling he wakes up, got up on the wrong foot, you can also call it that.

He still remembers everything; the blood of the last few days even haunts him in his sleep. It drives him completely screaming crazy. Every time he died; it came up in his sleep. Every mistake he made and every time Stormie or his mother died has stayed with him. He has to live with that and he wonders when it will return to normal. When did I finally pass this test? Is what goes through his mind. Is the only thing that goes through his mind, but the main thing is that he now takes a rest with Stormie if he is allowed to.

He hasn't had coffee or a smoke for a long time. Because he can't leave the house. He cannot escape this hell and he longs for a cup of coffee a cigaret and a good meal. Even if it's just a cheese sandwich, a simple cheese sandwich. How good would that be? His mouth is watered down and he searches the kitchen to see if he has it at home. But the only thing in his kitchen cupboards is rotten, blue or maggots are running through.

With his hands over his eyes and pinching his nose from the stench the refrigerator produces, he sits on the couch with Stormie and hugs her. The letterbox starts to chatter again and the doorbell rings again, just as before. Just like a few times before, people and shadows come in through the letterbox.

He does not mind because he will die again anyway.



**Stormie! Not for pussys!**

And then he will come back to his house of damnation. Always in house damnation again, nowhere else always house damnation!

*I curse this house! I curse you all! I'll kill you all  
pay attention, pay attention!*

The shadows laugh at him and the dead challenge him, but he doesn't respond anymore. He just points, he points at them and he smiles. He is smiling in a way that is hitherto unknown to him. There is irony in his mind, he would write a book Unknown tendencies but he's the one with unknown tendencies. He has become his book and his book was going to be like his life now, that makes him a laughably good writer. He experiences his book without any text on paper!

He would have become a very good writer and that makes him laugh. The irony hidden in it. While the dead slowly Stormie incline, and he tries with all his might to stop. His smile has disappeared in one go, the dead try to catch Stormie but he breaks their arm earlier before they can reach his cat.

Yet they try, as soon as a dead person takes her, he breaks his arm and looks at him angrily. The dead person withdraws his arm and begins to transform into an old acquaintance of Roy. A friend long forgotten; a friend long lost. He stands there in the same glory as when he went and Roy tries to focus his thoughts on restoring himself.

Because this is not possible! This cannot be true! This must not happen, he is dead!

He's dead and that was his fault! He could have saved him; he could have saved Jeroen! But he did not... He thought of himself and that is exactly what Jeroen told him:

*Selfish, dirty selfish asshole, you just let me die! And why? It didn't make you richer, did it friend? Or did it?*

Roy tries to block him but it doesn't work and he bursts into tears saying:

*Sorry friend I'm really sorry, but I can't always be there for you...*

Jeroen laughs at him and looks straight at him with his eyes where maggots crawl out. Then he turns his back on Roy and walks away laughing. Roy collapses and can't help but say:

**Sorry sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry buddy  
I'm sorry!**

The rest of the dead around him see his grief and all turn into Jeroen. They surround him and laugh at him. In other words, we broke you now! And they do that in a heartless and cold way, Roy has to get out of this he has to get out of this hell. But how does he do that and more importantly how does he do it inconspicuously.

## **Legend narrator Li.**

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*I think this is an incredible fucking hell of an environment myself! What you guys? The dead that break you to such an extent that you don't remember it all! Roy has now really seen all facets of hell...*

*And I hope you will never experience this. Not like this! We've all lost someone, but only a few between us really feel Roy's suffering. I see a few people who know what Roy is going through right now! This is not a bedtime story this is your worst nightmare! And even beyond ...*

*But people if you don't mind, I will do just like that lady a few minutes ago and I will also look for a nice bush , because I must also have to pee very badly! If more people need to, now is the time. But women do use the men's way!*

*..... **PEE BREAK** .....*

*So, there I am again and what can that relieve huh guys? How nice can that be if you can just let everything rattle! Oh, I'm so glad I just went. Well, everyone is here, let's keep going, huh! How great can the relieve feel!*

# Chapter 14.

TAKE A BREAK!

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## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

He still remembers how he walked away when Jeroen needed his help and he had forgotten it until now! How Jeroen made that mistake of drugs and alcohol time and again and never thought about the consequences. But when he got involved with the wrong people, he started to deteriorate. He used even more than before, and the more the better. He had already taken too much a few times and overdoses were often imminent. But every time he escaped the dance. Until one day he had to collect money with a few friends from an acquaintance of his. He knew deep down that this could go wrong, but he went anyway, and yet he was not comfortable.

Every time they got away with everything, and he asked Roy if he wanted to but Roy didn't like that and said no. The first time he said no, he was out and wanted to stay out. So, you should also be able to say no, even if that is to a good friend. Jeroen seemed scared when he asked him, but he did not take that seriously. No is still no! Out is out and will never be in the middle of it again! Fortunately, Jeroen understood, and went alone, alone with his friends. The collection went well, but before they left the main entrance to the apartment building, a few fell down.

Jeroen managed to escape but still saw how almost all his friends had been brutally taken down.

He has never been able to place the shouting and screaming at him. So, he called his best and most reliable friend Roy.... But when Roy wasn't available, he decided to turn to drugs again. The moment Roy called him back, he was out of his mind, and there was a knock on the door and they kicked in the door. Jeroen could not escape but he fought for his life, but in the end the force majeure turned out to be too strong for him. Roy heard his own blood choking before he tossed the phone with a sigh and aggressively. Moments later, his phone rang an unknown number again, but he was out and he stayed out. The last words Roy heard from his friend were:

**Why didn't you come? This is your fault! YOU  
KNEW THIS, I BLAME THIS ON YOU!**

He has been able to place it all this time, but the dead make him remember it. As always, his past comes up again, and he knows he was powerless. But it has happened so many times and it is going to happen so many times in the house of damnation.

His house hates him it seems, and he hates damnation here in house. He is slaughtered daily and now he is even psychologically mad. If only I had died what goes through his mind. The dead all run away smiling and pointing to him in the form of Jeroen.

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

A moment of rest in the house of damnation finally a moment of rest. He has to recover in this short time. He must be able to make himself strong again. He has to be there mentally, especially here. He has no one but himself, and that should be enough for him. But the sound of his choking friend stays with him. He begins to pace the room out of confusion. He's got to get out of here!

Then he hears the words again, and he goes screaming mad, he starts pulling his hair and pulls whole tufts out of his head. He may not feel it but he knows he is doing wrong right now. He knows he has to get out , but how?

The words sound just like the first time he heard them. And the choking sound scares him and makes him aggressive in one deadly combination. He should be able to think about Stormie right now. But he can't, she meows and she walks around him but she's not getting his attention right now.

However, he tries, his attention turns to his lost friend. And there were many, but this one has something unique. Because maybe he could have helped him anyway.

Just keep going. But he was out and he stayed out. And everyone has to comply with that. But the contradiction in his head tells him otherwise.

**NO, I WAS OUT AND STAY OUT! I NEVER GO  
BACK, NO MORE TO THAT LIFE!**

He yells at himself, only his head says something completely different from him. Then he has had enough and walks to the kitchen, takes another knife and puts it back on his throat, but again it doesn't work. The knife looks like plastic, so he decides to stab it in the neck, but he doesn't want to. He tries to turn off the gas tap again, but that also fails, the gas is gone. He has to kill himself; he doesn't want this hell, he has to get out, but how? Then the kitchen door opens and he quickly walks out to see three people coming in from behind.

He tries to walk back in but the kitchen door seems to be locked from the inside. The three people look outside the garden doors but when he stands in front of them, they pick up Stormie. He shouts:

**NO DON'T HIS TAKE ME!**

But then they laugh and tear his Stormie in half on two legs before walking out the front door and opening the kitchen door again. He runs inside to his cat while he can hear a very soft meow and see a trembling back leg. He holds on to both pieces and tries his best not to hurt her.



## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

He strokes her one more time over her spine, which protrudes so open and naked from half of her body. And looks at the intestines and blood on the floor. He is blind and deaf to everything; all his feelings are turned off. The only thing he smells is the stench that reigns in house damnation. The stench of a murdered sweet cat. Then he feels a twinge in his neck and sees a shadow emerge from behind him. The shadow looks at him and says, You're *welcome!* Then his throat is cut all the way across the width and, just like Jeroen, he starts to choke on his blood.

The blood comes up from his mouth but he doesn't take it too much and stays with Stormie in his hands. Only when he really starts to choke does he let go of her and grab his neck. He instinctively tries to stop the bleeding but it makes sense, and inside he knows very well. But his instinct beats his knowing better.

Only when he falls on the blood-red ground can he let the bleeding go. His arms lighten until they go numb and hang next to his body like a sack of salt. He makes a few more choking noises before finally lying dead in front of his cat and finally closing his eyes. The last thing he saw was his cat lying in half on a blood-red ground. But this time it does not take off. Nothing at all is happening it is just dark!

All the times it ascended has led to death here! An ordinary simple death without hell or heaven of other crap just a long sleep.

*A sleep without an end wonderful!*

## **Legend narrator Li.**

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*So that was something wasn't it? From impotence and guilt to a true hell and a peaceful sleep. A rollercoaster of feelings and a quiet ending, a light in the darkness, even if that is the darkness itself! Something Roy is more than happy to embrace at the moment. Something that gives him peace, just simple rest. Something he hasn't had in a long time!*

*And you may think yes, but that is a weak end, but we are not finished yet! And maybe the ending will surprise you as much as it did me! Something to look forward to. We are there because...*

*Yes, I see a hand sticking up there again, just say so sir! So, a normal question that is allowed to be in the newspaper! Well sir how did Jeroen come on stage all at once? That came from the dead Roy recalled a time he forgot of arguably supplanted had. But the dead do everything they can to destroy him and they succeed well or do you want to say not? We all know that Roy has a past and apparently, they know that too. Sometimes even better than himself, or so it seems! So that Jeroen came into the egg dishes which came one body because they have killing power of his own mind. I hope I have now answered your question correctly.*

***And now let's move on!***

# Chapter 15.

FEAR!

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## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

His sleep is soon disturbed when he is awakened by a lot of fuss at the front door. There is a knock and a rattle with the letterbox, but he does not want to open it. He doesn't dare, he just doesn't dare. When he looks around, he no longer sees Stormie lying there and the blood has been cleaned up too. The people at the front door just won't leave, and he gets more frightened every time there's a knock.

Then he hears Stormie meow again and he knows his fear is well-founded! It's a chilling meow, as he's heard of her before. Such a meow that goes through the bone and beyond. He must be able to calm her down , but how. He cannot go to the front door because of his fear and he becomes stiff and paralyzed he slowly gets up to calm his cat , he has to beat himself through his fear. He has no one but himself! He must whether he wants to or not! He needs to get out! Then he hears a giggle, a chuckle and a laugh, which manifests itself in a familiar burst of laughter. Marisa's mother is upstairs and what a hell awaits him now?

Then he hears Stormie screaming and screaming in pain and he shoots up the stairs like a cannonball and immediately starts looking for where the giggles come from.

He comes out in the attic a dark place from his youth in the attic has always happened a lot and now again. He sees him again in his mother's arms, laughing and screeching from the cap.

**HE** who always hurt him and enjoyed it. **HE** who scared him and **HE** who used to scare him so. But used to be and is no longer **RIGHT PA?**

His fear immediately turns to aggression when he sees his father again. And oh, how happy he is with his mother. What a beautiful couple that is. He slowly walks forward and all the things that have happened in the attic in the past come to the front of him. Like so many children, things were done to him, every day. Every day he was beaten and humiliated by **HIM** ! But that is about to change! I'm doing back to him what he did to me. I'll take him on his weak point! He walks forward faster and faster, but his cuddling laughing parents keep moving away from him with every step he takes. He hears them laughing and kissing passionately, he gets angrier and angrier by the second .

While his parents seem to keep moving further away from him. He starts running with the words:

**COME HERE ASSHOLE THEN I BREAK YOUR  
BEAT-HAPPY CLAWS!**

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

All he hears is his father laughing demonically as he seems to move farther and farther away from him.

When his father is nothing more than a look back to a wicked time, he turns and walks down the loft ladder to be able to hold Stormie again. The moment he is almost down he sees his father's eyes appear right in front of him. He strikes out of reflex, to see that he has just knocked out his mother .

Then he hears that demonic laugh of his father again and he furiously searches for where the laugh comes from, but when he comes to the front door and there is another wild knock and phone call, fear reigns in him in a millisecond. He nearly sheds tears when he collapses right in front of the front door. And no longer get up so quickly while the letterbox keeps rattling and the doorbell keeps ringing. There is a laugh outside a child's laugh an innocent beautiful sweet burst of laughter.

He is immediately calmed by it, then he hears the gate opening at the front of the house and the child screaming for help.

He hears the iron chains and pins tearing the child apart and that damn devilish laugh. There is wild banging on the door and banging is kicking, they try to enter. The fear destroys Roy while the men outside laugh about it.

Then the door is kicked open and Roy hears Stormie meowing loudly before the men enter.

His mother comes down the stairs and points her finger at her son screaming, after which the three men lift the frightened Roy up and walk outside with him stuck in a firm grip.

He tries to break free, but the three men are too strong for him. Especially when two more men are added who talk to each other in code in a self-invented language. They walk him through the gate and he sees the torn child lying on the ground in ten pieces. They walk with him through the courtyard and put him before a large solid wood door down, they add up to a nice knocker in the shape of a gargoyle and they run away scared. Roy also tries to get away but something is holding him back. Something invisible keeps it in place in front of the door.

When the door opens, the big man with the cowhide is ready to beat him up again. But he is being recalled by someone. And someone slowly comes forward with a walking stick, he looks familiar to Roy but he cannot place him. The man beckons him in while the cowhide man closes the door with a bang. Roy sees the man walking out of the room with the walking stick and follows him.



## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

Together they enter a room that he knows too well... His old bedroom and when the man turns around he sees an older version of his lost friend, his brother in battle! But unfortunately, nothing more than a lost soldier...

Gerrit his name and Gerrit was a strange bird, the black sheep, the ugly duckling! Always trading, one time he had this for sale and the other time. Everything was always on sale, and you could buy it cheaper than in the store! But he never left the battle unscathed.

He never got away with anything and was arrested more than anyone else and then walked out whistling and started his business again. The fact that Roy sees him now brings back memories he would rather have forgotten.

Like that Gerrit always could do everything better than him and his girlfriend knew that when Roy caught her with him.

He then became so angry from nowhere perhaps because he was caught, or simply because he did it from a certain power s feelings towards Roy increasing. But now he is in front of him again.

After he bit the dust, and he looks like a nightmare. His skin is loose by his jaw and his eyes are bloodshot and empty.

His hands seem to fall apart any moment when he reaches for his walking stick and moans at him with it. He slides the walking stick apart and a giant knife appears to carve a symbol into the ground. Then Stormie emerges like thunder on a clear sky. And he smiles expressly at the frightened feeling Roy gets.

The corners of his mouth show no teeth while he smiles, but black stones full of holes and rot. He laughs harder and harder then Roy sees animals falling from his mouth, maggots and worms falling to the ground and quickly crawling towards him. His greatest fear. He kicks them all anxious dead but the animals keep coming until they seem to come from everywhere.

They come out of the walls and windows of the house, they come up out of the ground, and they come quickly towards him in numbers of thousands! They only seem to crawl faster and faster when Roy kicks off wildly on the ground.

Stormie starts to scream again. Gerrit holds her and caresses her belly with the large knife. Roy who kicks around wildly tries to save Stormie but the critters are too many when they all crawl up his legs to his back and neck, and then crawl into his throat and eat his intestines.

### **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

He falls to the ground with a great shot of pain while Gerrit slowly cuts open Stormie 's belly and then throws her bleeding right in front of his eyes. The last thing Roy sees as the bugs slowly but surely devour him completely inside is his cat who dies bleeding and meowing in pain. Tears are rolling down, and he realizes he is taking everyone back everyone no one would be safe!

Everyone betrays him and everyone kills him and his little sweetheart, she is so small but she has seen so much already. The thought of it makes him burst into tears and die laughing in pain!

## **Legend narrator Li.**

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*If you thought it couldn't get any worse, Gerrit will kill his sweet Stormie in front of his dying eyes. And he sees her bleeding to death while he himself gives up life. Stormie the only thing he has left , the only thing he can continue to do.*

*But even Stormie is not allowed to him, the dead do not want him anything except pain and sorrow. You can say whatever you want, but that's fucked up... This is a real hell, one that even Satan would get scared of.*

*Don't think you can handle this, this is hell for the real fighters among us, only you get tired of the eternal fighting that this hell expects from you! And then forget about the eternal dying. I think this is hell as it was meant to be!*

*Yes, I see a woman there with difficulty looking around her. Would you like to add something to the story?*

*What are you saying now? Can you handle this hell? Well, I don't know! Are you sure? **Excuse me, it's just a cat?** Well then you are either a very strong woman or you are a very big liar! But maybe your wish will come true and you will get where Roy is now and then you can prove it to us all , right ?!*

*Let's go on with the legend, don't we?*

***What a crazy babe dude!***

**Stormie! Not for pussys!**

# **Chapter 16.**

**IL FORTUNADO !**

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Nothing happens, no light and no darkness, he just lies there. While his greatest fear a lot of small creatures continue to eat in his dead body. He sees them swarming all over him and they keep getting more and more, but he is no longer afraid of it. He knows this is another psychological game without end. A devilish ritual without end! Only the devil himself stays away for a while, while he is now gradually longing for him.

The bugs keep eating and his thoughts go on and on in a dead skull and eaten with his brain piece by piece. But his thoughts go on and on as he sees a worm come out through his eye socket and take his eyeball as he does everything, he can to escape Roy's head.

He is now starting to enjoy it; it has some creatures that do everything they can to survive. But when he sees Stormie lying under all the insect violence, his mood quickly turns to furious again . He sees how the creatures are now also heading towards Stormie and, in a kind of death march, manage to crawl one by one into her cut-open belly to eat her from the inside as well.

She moves a little and a little meow comes out of her throat while the bugs now seem to be all inside her.

### **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

And also eat her from the inside, she is meowing a bit timid, but the bugs are no longer allowed to . She is being eaten at a rapid pace. Then the bugs run away, leaving him and some of Stormie's bones. When they reach the windows, they seem to evaporate and disappear in smoke. Then he sees him again, he with those wandering souls around him. Death in its most gruesome form. He looks at him and laughs at him. He is laughed at by death who makes a hell of a racket in a dark and deeply dark laugh. He is ridiculed by death walking up to him and bending over him before reaching out and bringing Roy back to his old self. It hurts him a lot how his bones crack again and his tissue and flesh return to the old place. How his flesh covers his body again and his skin covers his body again. There is not much he can think about just that he is in a lot of pain. When he is finally back to normal, he points to Stormie and says:

***Fix her asshole too! Not just me but her too!***

Death smiles and Roy sees how his black rotten teeth in his cheeks of loose skin seem to move with every twitch his laughing muscles make. Apparently, he doesn't smile that much!

But when he does, he really seems to enjoy it, that derogatory smile that's full of arrogance.

With his wandering souls dancing on the vibrations of his jaws around him.

His burnt meat looser and looser seems to hang every time he cries his dark sounds. Then he finally walks to Stormie but threatens to run away immediately:

*No dick fix her too idiot!*

He walks back laughing and touches Stormie , after which a painful cry immediately sounds and Stormie undergoes the same as him. Then he walks to Roy and pats him on the shoulder, looking at him with the red burning coals what his eyes are, fire comes out and he immediately stops laughing. Nothing sounds as his wandering souls still dance around him like his bitch. They are all his and he does not intend to release them just yet, they are his trophy! And he shows them that, he shows them again and again that they cannot be saved.

Roy has heard the stories of him the top reaper who has the power of life and death, while the other reapers can only go east, he can also give life to the lifeless! And hope to the hopeless!

But when you go against him and convict him for his work, you get a spot on his body along with the rest who have done that. He pushes aside the black shadows that envelop him and shows Roy the souls fused in his body to the burns of his skin.



## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

The different shapes and facial expressions they show on his skin.

The last facial expression before they died howling, those are the souls that get a spot on his body like a flesh tattoo. Stormie walks over and blows at him angrily. He angrily looks down and squats then she hits and laughs again before giving her a pat and disappears!

*She is friends with death in its purest form!*

She looks around her looking for him and seems to scan the entire room as if she doesn't believe he's gone. She's scared of him, she's terrified but she didn't show it and she went against him!

Something he doesn't thank you according to the legends, but she got away with it why? That is the big question of all this, the big question: why! Why is all this happening? Why is this happening to them?

Why does the biggest bullshit in life always have to happen to him? Why never anyone else? Why them? Questions he hopefully will ever answer m spike he sees bleak , there are some questions that will never be answered. He feels like these are those questions. Those questions that are never answered no matter how much he would beg for an answer! There is a sound from the house approaching footsteps and chuckles.

A dark chuckle as if the devil himself was walking around the house with heavy footsteps that seem to keep coming closer.

Until they seem to stop right behind him and Stormie blows and meows at nothing but air.

Her back seems to be electrically shocked, her back shakes and shakes back and forth. Then she is lifted by something invisible and the grinning invisible demonic ghost walks away with her in his hands. She scratches and blows as Roy chases her and tries to save her from the devilish hands of the grinning demon.

He does not succeed as easily as he had thought, he hits, pulls and kicks but Stormie just floats on, only the footsteps and the meowing blowing Stormie sound in the house.

Then the door opens on its own and Stormie is thrown out of the house, after which the door closes again and there is a hell of a noise outside as if she is being felled alive! Roy does everything to get the door open but it is so stuck that it seems to be locked, there is no movement when the ghosts finally reveal their true form! They look like scary little shriveled old warmed-up corpses with a severed and hollowed-out dog's head on their heads. An image that would give nightmares to even a very big psychopath.

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

They grab him and the door opens by itself again, luckily Stormie is still there! What a warrior that beast is, all that goes through his head as the four of them lift him to another gate.

Their bones crack and with a single move he would be free from them but he is tired of fighting. He's so tired of it all, he doesn't want to fight to survive and be dead later. As soon as they get close to the gate, a sweltering fire will come up! An orange / red fire where he hears dozens of souls screaming and screaming.

No, he does not, he does not go there and wriggles free from the grip of the shriveled old corpses. He's not going there ! That is hell in its greatest and most evil form!

He falls with his head on the ground in too wild a movement. When he gets up and feels his head , he feels a big wound that fits two fingertips. The blood flows out like a rough red river. Then he hears the children sing again:

*His eyes melt from his head. And his tongue is rotting from his mouth. His limbs are slowly falling from his body. And his brain is a big smashed sludge. His fingernails lose their chalk, and his fingers are nothing more than grit. His bones bite to the ground.*

***His teeth crushed, and his ears pissed, he also goes  
to the slaughterhouse in the underground! He too  
goes to the slaughterhouse underground, forever  
with us!***

He sees them running an army strong all complete  
with knives and meat hooks.

All out for him, for the second time and when the  
song is played again , there is a laughter from  
behind him, a laughter from purgatory and he is  
pulled over the gate by two big ice-cold hands ...

Two things are going through his mind right now:  
How is Stormie going now ? And the almighty :

**IL FORTUNADO !**

See you later and all the luck I quit!

And welcome everything in my path! I welcome all  
the pain and sorrow that I am going to get! I'm done  
here with this hell and now I'm finally going to  
meet the devil:

**IL FORTUNADO !**

I'm finally dying: See you never again!

## **Legend narrator Li.**

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*This was another example of pure impotence that he must experience! He experiences the same thing over and over again. But now he's even landed in the biggest shitty place ever, hell in its purest and darkest form.*

*Where souls are raped and where only the devil can live up to his lust on unsuspecting wandering souls. The devil or Satan he finally gets to see! Finally, an image of the greatest evil this world knows!*

*Is he ready for that? Or would he have had to suffer a little longer in house damnation? What do you think?*

*Yes, ma'am what do you think ... sorry... what do you say? Sorry madam I can't hear you! Oh, thank you sir, yes, it's so far huh... No ma'am I cannot tell you the way to the supermarket! Outside of that, our time is almost up with this curfew and since many people don't adhere to the five-foot rule, I think we'll have to move on tomorrow before we all go home with a fine!*

*Would someone please tell this woman where the supermarket is then I will continue with the legend called Stormie!*

# Chapter 17.

HELL!

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## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

As he is being pulled through the fire, he sees the devil's severed and consumed sheep skull looking defiant and compelling, and knows that this may well be his last journey. Hoping to die, he falls through purgatory with ease. Hoping to finally just die. But that illusion is quickly diminished when he ends up in hell without memories of a better time and without happiness.

All alone with nothing more than the other screaming souls around him. Souls who undergo the greatest torture, only to be glued and tortured again. He walks around and looks around what does he choose? Will he opt for the left or will he opt for the right? The paths are innumerable and with a lot of curve and secret passage ways. There are fences around every path made of human bones that are on fire, and at every crooked fork there is a big man wearing a cow mask like that protecting the other side.

There is nowhere to go, that is clear the way has already been mapped out for him . He has to keep it and do not go to the man in it to what is expected of him is . Something he doesn't know any better and doesn't remember otherwise!

As he continues along the marked paths, the fire rises more and more and surrounds him until he is surrounded by fire from which a man emerges.

A man with a cowhide on his head, he walks aggressively towards him and where his first reaction used to be to fight, he now turns the man his back and walks away.

The moment he turns his back on the man he hears the souls screaming again and a small piece of his past comes up that he does not understand. This has always been his life; he feels good here. And who is that woman? Who is that cat? Who are those children with those knives and meat hooks, who is that man with those black clothes, who is that gray man and who is playing with his head? He has always been alone in this paradise full of fire and affection. Here it is never cold what is that white stuff on the ground that water down a bit and trickled out of the sky?

Here only blood comes down in this beautiful land full of traitors and rapists, murderers and insane. Here everyone is punished and we all enjoy it. Everyone loves to be punished right? Why are all those people so afraid of me? Everyone should be punished and everyone enjoys that, right?

I do I enjoy my punishment every day that I walk here. Any punishment different from the other I love this; I love this place. Everyone loves this place.

**IN HELL EVERYONE IS WELCOME!**



## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

Hell makes no distinction between right and wrong or welcome and not. Everyone has been sent here for a reason. And that reason suffering is the sweet gentle suffering that we all do. All for our happiness , our salvation and our future. Because if you endure this, what only the survivors do, you will end up in a different place full of greenery and beautiful things such as animals and lovely people with wings. But then you have to pass this test first. This test is full of pain and blood. Only then will you arrive at that beautiful place! Only if you have proven yourself worthy!

Where is my punishment? Where is my punishment finally the souls scream and scream but I will not do that. I am worthy, I am worthy of that beautiful place! And I take out or make cold anyone who gets in my way. That beautiful place is for me and me alone, along with a few more survivors! We'll get there, we'll all get there!

He hears a cat meow in his head, a hellish meow, a fine meow that seems to hurt his soul. A meow like few, a suffering meow, a wonderful meow full of pain and sorrow. A meow that manifests itself in a scream, a delicious scream full of pain and sweet suffering. He enjoys it, but something deep inside, tucked away in the very tip of his soul, tells him to get out of this illusion. That he has to get out and back into reality. But that realization doesn't take long.

That realization may not return when it is finally his turn to suffer wonderfully on a table full of pins and hooks on which his soul will be stretched apart and where the pins will pierce his soul.

Delicious is what he thinks when he steps up the table and lies down. The pins pierce him right away, he doesn't let go of a scream or moan. He loves it! Then begins d pins and hooks to move e table and cut his whole soul into pieces slowly. His back is completely open and he doesn't beep yet. The man with a coyote head on his head who controls the table picks up a cleaver and walks over to him. But he shows no fear.

***He's not afraid of the boogeyman and he never was  
he is the fucking boogeyman and will show it too!***

The man walks around the table and cuts a small shallow piece of his soul every time he passes him. Holding the sharp cleaver in its big hard claws where the fingernails envelop the entire handle and where his bones crack with every cut! But Roy doesn't give a kick yet, he still keeps his jaw closed! The man gets angry and angry turns into aggressive he wants to hear him scream but Roy is stubborn. Then the man slams and chops him dozens of times with the cleaver in his stomach and chest and again and again and finally he cuts off his head.

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

Roy has not given a kick in the meantime; he has proven worthy of this punishment. He's the fucking bogeyman and they find out. But when one soul back into pieced together by small trolls on similar creatures, he comes in without remembering what happened. And again, he awaits his punishment with sorrow! Something that again takes too long, he is worthy of the beautiful life but if he is not punished, he can never prove it.

Although this life is also beautiful, he has been here for quite a long time how long people have been here, they do not know, there is no time in hell, but also no obligation!

It is beautiful here with all the black mountains that seem to be eyeing you everywhere. And the fire that welcomes everyone with the greatest hatred there can be.

*Hate and love are fine lines in between, but this fire is made to make your heart stop, instead of making it beat faster!*

This fire separates the young from the man and the calf from the wheat. This fire is the ultimate example of persevering when you can no longer. This fire is the ultimate example of through when you've fell and get up when you're down! This fire is unique and there is only one of them only here you will find this fire.

Only here where we are all anxiously awaiting our punishment and where the punishment seems to take far too long before you can receive it!

But where everyone receives their punishment with open arms and where everyone's soul burns for eternity. Only if you are worthy will you come to the beautiful place. And I'm worthy enough because I'm the fucking bogeyman and they will see that too! Even if it takes a long time to wait, I will get my punishment, and my punishment will be a different one from the previous one. My punishment, like this fire, is always unique!

In hell, everyone is welcome, but in the hell, everyone thinks that they are worthy, and he is no exception! Everyone undergoes their punishment with pleasure, but he does it to be allowed to get away from this place and to be allowed to go to the beautiful place. To the place where everything is sweet and fun instead of where everything revolves around punishment and the one even more painful than the other. But on his next sentence, he's not going to whine or scream. He'll show them he's the bogeyman and they won't get him to forget the beautiful place! He wants to know what it is like to feel love. He also wants to be able to be sweet, and he wants someone to love him.

**Stormie! Not for pussys!**

Even if that is one of those winged people, he wants someone to love him! Just one simple person hell is all well and good but here ain't no love!

*And although there is a fine line between love and hate where he is, now the love line cannot be found. Just that dark dark raw edge of pure unadulterated hatred! And if he could find love in hate, he is worthy of the beautiful place!*

*And even in hell, love has to be found if you want it, and find the right person or the right thing!*

## Legend narrator I i.

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*Roy doesn't think about anything anymore, just his punishment ... And how happy he is with his punishment. He has been punished so many times but he still wants more punishment. He wants to be left completely broken in a paste. Nobody knows why, and all we know is that he is very sorry about his grebes.*

*Maybe that is his way out of his regret of his former life! Maybe he can do it in the future. Because although he may be dead now, he still has a future! Everyone can say whatever they want to you, but this legend also proves that there is life after death!*

*After death you only really start to live, because after death your resurrection begins and no matter how rebellious your former life was after death, everyone is reborn.*

***Yes, it goes deep, doesn't it?*** You will receive them as a gift! Free of charge... Do you also have one that I can add?

*One at a time, one at a time, dude yes, Jesus Christ on a wood raft! Guy's attention horny dogs that you are, I say one at a time, right? What do you not understand?*

*Oh well , I'm going to continue on this legend and if you don't like it, you **can fuck off!***

**Stormie! Not for pussys!**

# **Chapter 18 .**

## **THE PUNISHMENT!**

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Something is happening behind him, there is a scream and a circular saw. A sound of wet pain blood soaked limbs being severed from the body. There is a thump and another when Roy looks at it, he sees an arm and a leg bleeding on the black ash-covered ground. The screaming continues for a while, and all he can think about is his punishment and where she is! Where is my sweet salvation? Where is my new beginning? Where is my beautiful place? Where is my punishment? Where the hell is, she?

When will it be my turn? I've been waiting so long! When can I enjoy it? When can I pay for my mistakes? Haven't I paid enough already? Why get t everyone salvation except me? Why do I have to wait so long? Where is my punishment, where is it?

He falls with his hands in his hair on the ground the devil and everything is hell and includes cursing and defying what he doesn't get! For everything he never had! For the punishment he shouldn't receive! And that while he longs for it so much ... He gets up with great heaps when another cow's head passes by, but it just passes him.

He may never get his punishment and not a nice place without punishment!



## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

Without punishment, he must stay here in this hot and dead dark place where pain and suffering are central to the fire that once raped every soul. And where the devil only makes himself presentable when he personally brings someone in!

If someone has to suffer for eternity, because the beautiful place will be nothing more than hope for a better time. How could there be a better place if you never get your sentence? No punishment means no nice place. And no nice place means that everyone is reluctant to sit here. Hell has many bad sides and I mean a lot, but in hell there is one feeling and one only and that is hope! Hope for a better place and hope for a better time.

Without hope, hell is a big disappointment. And without hope, no one can survive here. But that's the one thing the demons and devils cannot remove from your soul . The simple hope for a better time! But the better beautiful place will not exist. And will not exist!

Only the souls who have been punished thousands of times are so depressed that all hope is fading, but it is happening to him now.

And that while he has only been punished three times by the bastards who walk around here. His soul was only raped once and that was when he came in. The only thing he can still remember.

The rest is a blur, a mess and a judgmental woman who points her finger at the whole world but cannot or does not want to see her own mistakes! He is now beginning to become like a condemning woman who points her finger at hell and the devil himself but cannot see his own mistakes! What did he do wrong?

Is it the fear of failure? Is it the fear of not being good enough for him? Is it the fear of feeling the fear or is it the fear of growing further? Is he just afraid of a better life than this? Because this is all he can remember! Living in hell, living with fear and aggression, but whatever does not come to him. Whatever stays bottled up until it's too late!

The devil is not much of fancy talk, but certainly not of aggression in his kingdom! Then you will be punished in the worst way possible. But he may have to become aggressive to finally receive his punishment. That punishment but keep running away from him, while he engaged her with both hands and never let go!

The wait is long and the wait is lonely until he too is punished for his mistakes. Waiting is never fun and waiting always takes too long! Waiting is perhaps the worst part of hell , waiting without knowing how long you are waiting!

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

The convictions are not too bad , and the pain is not too bad at a certain point. The pain you get used to once he has been told.

But it is mainly the impotence that makes hell such a difficult place. The helpless watching while your friends and family are being slaughtered and the many sorrows of your past life that keeps coming back a little bit. Like that cat he heard in his mind , and that woman and gray man. Who are they anyway? And what did he do to be allowed to come here?

Those are the questions that are never answered here: The big why, and what! But what everyone so longs to know. What everyone yearns to know. Where the desire for evil is appeased for the sense of good. Because if this place exists, the beautiful place must also exist, right? **HOWEVER?** Or is the beautiful nothing more than an illusion? An illusion he presents to himself in the hope of a better time! Hoping to get out of here.

Because you only get out of here if you hope. Only then will you arrive at the beautiful place. And that's the one thing they can't pull out of you , your simple hope !! But with hope alone you will never make it in this black hot dead existence. In this kingdom of fallen kings and dead rulers from decades of tyranny.

Dictators and child rapists all evil runs here in this kingdom which is outside the entire universe.

The kingdom of the fallen kings and the murdered princes! Then he hears something again behind him another soul that is killed to be rebuilt and die again and that again. But this time it ends quickly, a quick death? A quick death here? He is going to the beautiful country he has proven himself worthy! Now I still and my punishment will come too! I am also going to the beautiful country!

His punishment, the girl of his dreams but mother of his nightmares! His punishment is all in one he loves her, he hates her, he is angry with her, but as now it turns out that he cannot live without her! Especially since it takes too long before she finally comes back to give him his warm hug on the way to the beautiful life!

The beautiful existence which might completely does not exist! A man with a cowhide comes up to him and he knows it is finally his turn. The man knocks him down and drags him along the ground to a torture chamber hidden in the black charred mountains. He can't believe his eyes: he is finally getting what he deserves. He sits down on the electric chair of his own accord and happily asks :

*Is it my turn now?*

### **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

The man growls and pulls the cowhide off his head in confusion. He points to another chair with his lips sewn shut in a burnt head. Roy nervously walks towards it, he finally has his punishment but this doesn't feel like punishment. This feels like redemption to him! This feels like the beautiful place he is so hopelessly looking for. Will this be the nice place? The nice place here in the black charred realm of lost souls on a crusade for a better life?

Oh no? Oh no? Ah, life here is also beautiful, even if I never get out of here: this life also has its beautiful sides! Although they are hard to find, sometimes the most beautiful place in hell can be found. But then y e your eyes and your mind to open it.

The man walks up to him with a large stainless steel machete and points again to the chair in the corner where Roy is now to sit with his hands and feet in iron shackles. Because iron makes the souls suffer even more, he happens to know, he has received that somewhere, but where he no longer knows.

The cuffs automatically close around his hands and feet when he sits down on the chair! While the man slowly caresses him all over his soul with the machete and cuts his fingers first. A finger falls to the ground and his soul sears itself again. Then another finger falls on the cold, red-blooded ground.

Blood from the previous one sitting here! This is the punishment people get, he is going to suffer with this! Every finger that falls off his hand goes up on the floor in smoke and his wound sears itself again which hurts him a lot but he shouldn't cry, scream or scream now!

He's the boogeyman and he will prove it! And the boogeyman is not afraid of anything or feels no pain! Also does not feel affection or love but this is where you have to be. In hell you are expected to be the boogeyman. Because if you are not or cannot be, you will be charged for that.

And in hell they like a nice settlement! A settlement with the souls who went against the devil thanks to their aggression or love. These are the souls that come into the great and inexplicable void.

He can only think about that while the man just cuts and cuts him. He dreams far away, maybe he has always been a dreamer. Blind to the life he was in but he must have gotten through here somewhere. What has he done wrong to deserve this? What was his big mistake? Did he fight or kill someone, maybe hurt a child or something?

The man starts to hit with the machete and he still does not make a sound, he is still dreaming about the beautiful place. And the beautiful existence. Existence without pain or sorrow.

**Stormie! Not for pussys!**

The existence where you don't have to hope for a more beautiful existence but an existence that is perfect in itself!

Slowly his whole soul falls to the ground in pieces and he lets out one scream when he feels the pain all at once, just out of nowhere! Then the man smiles and knows he has failed in his task! He screamed and the bogeyman is not allowed to. Then it turns black around him and he realizes that it has to be done again. This punishment must be repeated!

## **Legend narrator Li .**

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*Yeah, what is this right? That's what I wondered when I first heard this legend! Where is Stormie in this story? This legend was about Stormie, right ? That question is almost answered. About three chapters in this until now difficult to understand legend full of pain blood sorrow impotence death destruction but above all hope and dreams!*

*This legend started not as a legend but as a whine story of someone who had nothing to lose and wanted the truth on paper. If anyone wants to, they are always different in the eyes of people, but everyone has a soul. And don't believe it is so easy to sell. You are the one who carries him or her with you throughout your life. And only if your soul is beautiful enough will you have the chance to sell it. But then at a friendly price!*

*Be very careful who you sell it to and only do that to the person you think is worthy of it and never to the horned whore-runners we call devil or demons! They will always trick you into a bargain but will always make you suffer in the meantime!*

*Yes, I will see you watching, **yes you yes what do you think I am making this up? Man catch something you! Then know for yourself if you know it so well!***



**Stormie! Not for pussys!**

# **Chapter 19.**

**MAN CATCH SOMETHING YOU!**

His soul is glued together by creatures on fire. Real demons made of blue fire and a sharp iron pin in their hands made of sawed-off steel pipes. They speak in a squeaky, difficult dialect that resembles rusted hinges and an opening door in far too quiet an environment!

An environment that can break you and make such a noise those damn creatures! A sound that gets you under your skin and draws your blood from under your nails. Kind of like a knife scratching the blackboard, Roy is completely disturbed while they are busy gluing and welding all the pieces of his soul. While in the corner, two beautiful female appearances are caressing each other. The kiss soon follows the two beautiful horny demons, and their clothes slowly going out. Roy's desire is fueled by each smack he hears. But with a small piece of bare skin, he is unfortunately returned to a black and cold existence full of impotence and pain.

He can only think of one thing and that is not how beautiful those women were, but where his punishment is because he has been waiting so long. He has been waiting for his punishment for so long and no beautiful existence without punishment! Without punishment, he will always remain in this black dark place.

### **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

He was only punished once and there is a lot more to do. A single punishment does not make up for a life full of beautiful things. And the devil where is he when you need him someday? Where is he to give the punishments! The big boss? The big punishment, where are the big punishments? Where's his real punishment? He only had her once! Where's his punishment?

The almighty the gigantic the gigantic the greatest? Only then does he get to the beautiful place, what people called heaven! Only if he undergoes punishment like a man, without yelling, screaming, or crying! Only then will he get to heaven with the winged people who can forgive! He wants to go there, here it is nice and here it is nice, but these souls here will never be forgiven! Not until they have been punished like few!

The devil is away, keep himself aloof. The demons are handing out punishments to everyone but him, and screams are ringing throughout the wasteland full of fire and charred mountains . He laughs in his sleeve knowing that they won't go to the nice place when they scream. But these punishments hurt and a lot too! He understands them too, but do they seriously want to stay here?

Because in hell everyone may be welcome, but you can hardly get out! It is a door you open and enter out of curiosity, but which closes behind you and turns the key. Then you are standing there in the room of death, and in the prison of rottenness and pain that combine into a ghastly fear that you always carry with you as long as you sit here! Just because out of curiosity you walk into a door that should have been kept closed!

*Which should have been closed at all times!*

You sell your soul and then feel it burn for eternity! You will be punished every time a different punishment and sometimes just like now it takes a long time before you can receive her again! But once you have her, you are glad she thought of you again . Are you glad it did may have come because of the punishment only strengthen in the beautiful place! And he is strong, his soul was affected enough while he was still alive! His soul was doomed to go to hell before he even heard of hell!

And his punishment will be his way out of this damn place! From this kingdom of pain and sorrow, but also its door to heaven!

Only the door to heaven could just as well be opened again by him! Satan can open that door to bring him back to this place.

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

Because this place is the original place, this place is where it all started! No one is without mistakes or sins. No one knows a life without lies or sorrow. No one has never hurt anyone else. And nobody comes straight into the beautiful place. Only the punishment will get you in the beautiful place!

*Because no one is innocent when he is alive! You are born innocent to die guilty! Everyone makes mistakes, and you or I are no exception!*

The stories are all beautiful when you are alive but have you never lied in your life? Have you never gotten angry or hurt someone you loved? Whether it is your wife's child or my neighbor's boy. Everyone becomes forest and everyone lies in life, and that only ends in one place:

*The kingdom of kingdoms where it all just begins because in hell everyone is welcome and hell makes no distinction between good or evil and good or bad!*

All hell is a step to heaven, the beautiful place but then you have to be able to be strong!

And if your punishment does not come while everyone else does, you will become impatient! Then you want your punishment too, just like everyone else! Just like him and her and them! But with me it takes a long time, a long time I have only been punished once!

And my punishment may not come for a long time... That is your cross that you have to carry in hell waiting for your punishment. And the wait can take a long time! Especially when everyone around you has earned their punishment!

The screams go on and on and pieces of limbs fall around him. Above him a soul was torn apart by a flying demon. A demon who did get his wings. A demon who has screamed too many times to be allowed to stay here and punish others for all eternity. They are the depraved souls, the souls that have been overly affected and in too much pain. But also, souls who no longer have a conscience or hope for a better life. Those are the souls formed by him: Satan in his worst form!

If he punishes you then you have to stand for one scream or one mistake and your soul is just as corrupt as his! Then you too are the angriest form of yourself, without conscience and regret, without feeling and hope, corrupted by a mistake you should never have made!

He comes flying down and gives Roy an angry look! Finally, his punishment, they saved him to the last! What an incredible shitty place! The demon picks it up and this is the first time he sees his head as a depraved soul with a closer look. He has a wrinkled burnt head with many pits and holes.

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

His mouth and eyes are sewn shut and with his claws he slowly but surely pulls Roy apart in the most painful way possible. But he stays with it, his thoughts go out to the beautiful existence, it hurts him and a lot too!

The pain begins to become excruciating when his arm is separated from the rest of his soul in the slowest way. He moans and does not cry: *Do not cry no, do not cry, do not cry* , **not now**

**you deserve this!** His arm falls into the sea of flames below them, then it's his other arm's turn. And the same thing happens again . Again, his arm is separated from his soul in the most painful and slowest way. He sheds a tear and knows that he has failed when his tear disappears into the blaze and a blowtorch comes out and burns him in a quick but too painful way.

His soul is put through the mangle and he begins to lose hope of a better life when the blowtorch begins to rape his soul in the worst way possible, he also finally knows that the beautiful place may just be a legend about hope!

And nothing more a legend about hope! You are born innocent to die guilty and curiosity you go inside the door but it closes behind you and the key thrown away outside. You will never get out of here! This is your existence for eternity and beyond!

Even if you think you are going to make it and you keep the hope in it, even then something will happen that will make you relive this hell for eternity and beyond! Heaven is far away, but Satan can take you back at any moment and he does!

Everyone is doomed to an eternity in this place because if they can't be still during punishment, nobody can! He's done everything about it, but heaven has turned out to be out of reach for him!

Purgatory is finally done with him and once again his soul is glued so that he can experience it again. And again, he can wait endlessly for his punishment, which is different this time!



## **Legend narrator Li .**

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*What a ride but hey, we're almost there, we're almost o p  
the end where all hopefully answer your questions! And  
otherwise, I advise you to buy the book... Because I will  
never tell this legend again. This one is too hard and cold  
and everything I don't like. I like a romantic story i am  
very honest in it. But this story is anything but  
romantic!*

*There is so much blégh in this and so  
much blágh blégh this is not a story for a normal evening  
or for a normal person, so many people have already left  
the group. And I can understand that very well! But I  
hope you remain the small group that is still  
here. Because if you started something you have to finish  
it right?*

**HEEY, YOU COME BACK DAMN! WHAT DO  
YOU THINK THAT'S IT SO EASY TO TELL  
DICKHEAD! WHEN YOU ARE SITTING, I AM  
ALMOST DONE, JUST JUST FOR A LITTLE  
WHILE AND THEN YOU CAN GO! GODDAMN I  
HAVE NOT YET SPOKE IT AND SOMEONE  
WANTS TO WALK AWAY AGAIN? THOUGHT IT  
DEFINITELY NOT! YOU STAY SITTING, I WILL  
CONTINUE AGAIN.**

**GOD-DAMNY DIRTY ASSHOLE!**

# Chapter 20.

THE LEGEND!

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## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

When Roy wakes up he wakes up in the house of damnation with no memory of where he just went. He bumps into everything again when the letterbox is rattled and when the doorbell rings again by an invisible idiot!

Stormie is meowing full and in a lot of pain, she's got it again! She does it again but his return from hell has done his soul no good and he happily walks out with Stormie in his hands. And he knows that Stormie may not survive this but does not take it too seriously. His soul has been burned and assaulted by Purgatory itself. Only he has no memory of that and that might be for the best. The door closes behind him when he walks out of the front yard and the door locks! He knows what's going to happen as if he can see into the future.

He sees the cowhide men graze him by beating him up until he is all left. But somehow, he wants that to happen. There are four of them and he is just alone. Alone with his cat they kick to death. But even there he does not take it seriously and walks to the place where they are waiting for him.

A place full of green beautiful things such as beautiful tropical plants and trees. He looks forward to the beautiful green-yellow and purple plants and trees that are so visible. The men walk around him but leave him alone. They don't want to know about him. But how is that possible?

How can they leave him alone while he begs to be beaten up by them. As he begs for a fight with them!

But they leave him alone. He starts to get angry and takes the fight to them. With every blow he gives he hears them scream but they do nothing in return. Nothing at all while it goes on and on. He knocks them piece by piece to the ground and while they remain there, he kicks them until two can no longer stand and two no longer breathe on the beautiful square full of paradise flowers!

His thoughts lead him to the next place. A place even more beautiful than the first, there are again cowhide males. And he can handle them, he has just proven. Again, he proudly brings the fight to them and again they do not hit back, again he knocks them to the ground and then continues kicking until they can no longer get up. And again he feels supreme.

He is king of the whole world, and everyone will find out ! The next place he comes to is dark and dark and looks a bit like hell. But he still has no recollection of the time he was there. He is still not thinking and he is still looking for a fight! A fight he must and will have. He's just Roy and to his friends Royston! He is a living legend; he has seen everything and now he takes out his anger on the whole world and everyone who stands in his way.

### **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

They all find out, piece by piece, that he is a legend! That campfire stories about him went around even when he was alive! He wants to show the ultimate example of sacrifice. Because he sacrificed everything to continue with Stormie. That same Stormie who only thinks about her own! And Marisa who left him alone by dying right in front of him. Where will she be in hell? In heaven? Or somewhere in between?

He no longer cares where she is or what happens to the world because he is a legend and the ultimate example of sacrifice in a night full of pain. He has been abandoned by everyone and they will find out. Everyone dies one by one by his hands, and by his hands alone!

His big hard hands with so much blood but it can always do more! You don't just wipe blood away, and certainly not from your mind! But if you don't think about it, you won't get there. He thinks nonstop about how the splatters hit his knuckles, and how good it made him feel! How the red blood seemed to turn black afterwards. And how it congealed on his own hands and wounds, and then peeled off the scab and watched it bleed happily!

While his friends lay bleeding on the floor, he was still standing. Roy just Roy and Royston for his friends.

A man who has seen and had a lot of pain, but also a man who has been shaped by what people did to him. Stormie does not relieve his pain. Stormie is not a door to his well-deserved other dimension. Stormie doesn't give happiness Stormie takes luck! Stormie just takes! Everyone just takes! And that while he has only always given to everyone!

He hears a laugh from under the ground and it sounds as if he is from Satan himself. That's the only one who understands him. Satan , Lucifer's light bringer of our existence! Only he understands the broken soul!

He knows what is right and what is not and he does not judge! He does not distinguish between right and wrong or right and wrong. Everyone is welcome to hell and no one is judged for their pain! No one knows what it is like to be him and no one knows his pain, only Satan knows his pain. Because Satan is affected the same as him! Satan is affected the same as so much as him!

He does not know where that urge for Lucifer comes from, he only knows that he can hear him laughing from under the ground. There is no one on the street anymore, so return home. Back to house damnation! Back again just to feel as one of love and affection , only Stormie.

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

A sweet beast but a hand tie, a playful beast and he doesn't want to play now! But she never fails!

It's no fun what was done to him and now even the door is locked. His mother is gone so who cares if he throws in the window? And without thinking, he throws in his front door window, after which a sea of flames comes out through the front door and all he can say is:

*Hide the wife and kids cause I'm home again baby!*

The house seems to welcome him as if he's been gone for years. And after a very long time can hug his loved ones again. He's missing something but can't put his finger on it. It is something that is very dear to him but that he cannot think of. He can't, it's a... A... It's his mother? Cat? Or something else of course that is also possible... He is missing something; he is sure but what? What exactly is he missing? He thinks hard while the laugh continues in his head, the laugh of the greatest sadist who ever existed. Why does he know this is Satan's laugh? He never met him!

Not what he knows about, but he has several guises has always been told to him by his wise mother and several people he cannot remember. Who were they again? Who were always so dear to him, would he miss that his loved ones? He's missing something, then Stormie comes up to him with something in her mouth.

He says:

*No, not now Storms, I'm thinking little animal!*

But Stormie doesn't give up and wants him to throw that damn baton away. He does that once and Stormie happily returns with it.

Then he has to do it again, and again he throws that damn stick away. She comes back with it in her mouth. And now he starts to get angry and screams:

**BEAST I AM DAMNFULLY IN THOUGHTS!**

But Stormie is not afraid of it and gets on her way. Some enters a rubber hose through the smashed front door window. And from that hose seems to come gas, Roy sees three more people come in with a gas mask and a bat with fishing hooks and barbed wire wrapped around it. Dazed, he wakes up in a dark room filled with blood and stench. The blood is on the walls and the blood is on the floor. A man walks up to him and cuts a square in his skin, after which he pushes a tube in and makes him scream with pain from the acid that seeps into his body.

His whole body hurts and he can't help but scream, scream and howl. While the man laughs with the same smile that Satan had ! He pulls the tube out of his body, cuts another square and says in a sultry voice:



**Stormie! Not for pussys!**

*But Roy we are far from done , this is your punishment,  
you deserve this!*

Then he inserts the tube back into his body at a newly cut opening, and the acid slowly seeps back into his body. Now he no longer screams, he no longer feels it. Until the man cuts a square in his forehead and begs for a second chance. He begs to be able to make up for his mistakes, but the man just laughs and sticks the tube into the opening. After which the greenish yellow acid runs all over his face and body, and he slowly dies with spastic twitches on the chair...

The man laughs: *You are not so tough without a soul, are you Roy?* And that is the last thing he hears when he has to die again to be reborn again.

## **Legend narrator Li.**

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*Now we are finally at the end , the last piece of this legend. Roy's last breath and the last push in the right direction. What do you guys think this will be a happy ending? I can tell you that the answer is different from what you have in mind.*

*That is the only reason I wanted to tell this legend because this is not a legend I like to tell. This has turned out to be a cold-blooded and hard legend full of pain and impotence. There is no worse hell than this, it just doesn't exist in my eyes!*

*This one even hurts me and I just tell him! I do nothing more than tell the legend as it was told to me. Bennie is used to telling legends but this is my first time and I hope I don't give you the wrong impression of me. But this one crawls where it shouldn't!*

*And I don't think I'll ever tell a legend again. Not one like this anyway. I am very happy that I can close everything right away and get in before curfew. to my family and lie in my warm, safe bed!*

*Well, the end of this fucking legend!*

**Stormie! Not for pussys!**

# **Chapter 21 !**

**THE END!**

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Roy wakes up in a fiery place full of people staring and walking aimlessly in front of them. A black spot known as the void, with all its memories and just that. The people have no claim. He has failed his sentence. He had no hope and failed.

He screamed as if he were a small child who bumped his little toe. He is not worthy of the beautiful place, but he also knows that he will have to go there one day, even if it will take a long time to come. Someday in the far distant future. His thoughts run over him in this far too boring place where no one talks. Where no one can vent their soul because maybe they have lost him too. Their souls forever in hell or forever in oblivion.

He walks to someone walking aimlessly and asks him if he still has his soul. But the man is leaning against him and he sees that his tongue has been ripped out with a lot of force. He dives back and shouts questioningly:

### **WHAT IS THIS PLACE?**

He sees death in his purest form. The Grim Reaper with his wandering souls melted into his body, he is right in front of him and the souls begin to live.

They emerge from his body and surround Roy, screaming and afraid of change.

## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

His tongue is pulled out of his mouth by death itself, and he is more confused than ever before a gate by a vortex of emotions. There is a man all dressed in white standing in front of it. He says:

Hi Roy I've heard a lot about you and I know you can't talk right now. But I want to explain something to you, the reason why you are here. And the reason why you ended up in this test, the truth to all your questions. There used to be a legend about cats. They could communicate with death. The legend started like so many times with a dead person, but let me tell you the legend:

*The Egyptian street boy Edbullal was much, very much besides rich. And he wanted so badly to be rich. He wanted so badly a life as king or pharaoh, but he could not, not because he had no money, but because he always did everything against the current. Always bumping into everything, and never thinking about anyone other than himself. He made a lot of mistakes while walking down the street. And that time lasted a long time, he enjoyed himself. Smoking with his friends and arguing with others.*

*But when Edbullal got into a fight with a wrong man and his friends abandoned him, the end of the story was for young poor Edbullal.*

*His friends saw how he tried everything to win the fight, but he couldn't compete with three men on his own. He died because one of the three men cut his throat and let him bleed on the street. The street where it was once so big.*

*His parents were very concerned but did not know that he was coming back. It wasn't until they got a cat that they knew. The cat's name was Pasrobi , and he could communicate with the dead. Something that went against everything that Edbullal's parents stood for. But they didn't know their cat could do this either. Their cat did have quirks like his doorway usually go by dare, or did too much, or Edbullal's parents sometimes not at all the stairs were of Pasrobi.. She found out when things started to happen in the House. Things that Edbullal did, such as throwing the books out of the cupboard, or leafing through while the book was open and blood on the table.*

*His favorite books! Only then did his parents start communicating via Pasrobi .*

*And Edbullal listened to every word. But where his parents asked where he was heaven or hell, and what it was like in hell. Whether it was really about fire as described in the books, he also started to experience hell.*

*As the image his parents had of it. The cat Pasrobi made it come to life.*

**Stormie! Not for pussys!**

*His worst nightmares were discussed, one more bloody than the other and Pasrobi made them all come true. Each one came out because his parents simply talked to the cat about Edbullal ...*

*He only came out when his parents both died, because Pasrobi has grown very old and legend has it that this cat, the first to communicate between life and death, has eternal life.*

Why I'm telling you this is simple boy you have never been in hell, you just wandered but because your mother talked so much to Stormie about you and missed you so much, Stormie started creating a world for you. A scary world and a hard world, harder than you are ever used to on the street or anywhere else. Your mother has passed away nowadays, she had an incurable disease.

But Stormie has long lived and the stories your mother Stormie in her head perfected the world. A world full of fear, death and impotence. You are now standing here in front of heaven's gate because Stormie and your mother have passed away.

And you will not see them again because they have broken your soul and there is only one punishment and that is hell unintentionally or not! They broke your soul ...

I welcome you Roy, we welcome you to heaven.

Then the gate opens and he finally sees paradise appear before him. It is more beautiful than the most beautiful picture. And more beautiful than he ever imagined, but he still can't think straight. And the moment he wants to go back to the man at the gate, that ghastly laugh resounds ... And all the beautiful things are immediately taken away by a cold and black existence, surrounded by fire and iron pins. A man comes up with a goat skull and laughs:

*He thought he was there guys he thought he was there... What a pussy no boy no heaven for you only hell is good enough for you !*

He smiles and all Roy can think is:

*The more I say it, the sooner I believe it. That's what I tell myself. Stormie is a very sweet cat, Stormie is a playful cat, Stormie is an innocent cat! The more I keep saying it to me, the sooner I believe it. Stormie means everything so well, but the dead don't think that way.*

*The dead see us as an intruder, the dead are after me! I am happy with Stormie and she with me, right? However?*

Barbed iron pins rise from the sea of flames and hook themselves into him. They pull him through the wasteland that a few moments ago was heaven, paradise, the beautiful place.



## **Stormie! Not for pussys!**

He made it; he was the winner of the fight. He had won but now all that goes through his mind is:

*I am happy with Stormie and she with me, right? I  
am happy with Stormie and she with me, right? I  
am happy with Stormie and she with me, right? I  
am happy with Stormie and she with me,  
right? RIGHT? RIGHT? RIGHT?*

While the hooks scrape every piece of meat off his bones, he can't think of anything but that. The question whether his cat is happy with him and whether he has not disappointed her.

The pins go right through his bones and break them all while the barbs even rip the marrow out of his bones. There is nothing else that goes through his head than this question! And when he gives up life for the last time, broken, confused and tired of the fight, and dies, that's the last question he can ask himself. *Is Stormie happy with me?*

## **† The end of Stormie! †**

## **Legend narrator Li.**

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*Well, this is the end of this legend. One bloody and one full of impotence. Full of misunderstood questions. But the people who didn't understand the legend I'm not going to tell it again. I can sum up the ending of this legend. Roy died and because Stormie perfected the world, he could die one more time. And that was this time, there has been a lot of misunderstanding and condemnation about Roy all his life. But even though he was in hell and dying a hundred times, he kept thinking about others. But in the end to his cat and whether she was happy with him. Because he has never been good enough for anyone.*

*I see a lot of people raising their hands yes ma'am just say it! Oh, did you like it? I didn't expect this answer so soon, actually. No really not ma'am, you bumped into everything from the start the same as Edbullal apparently did. And now I am told that someone liked my legend. Now I understand why Bennie loves doing this so much!*

*Thank you, ma'am, and see you next time folks! This legend may be finished, but thousands have been born by the time you close the book! But for now, have a nice day, I go to bed before being fined for a curfew violation as well!*

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# Appreciation!

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*First of all, you the loyal readers, **thank you!** Because without you a writer is nowhere!*

*Second, I want to thank my new legend narrator, it was her first time but she did a good job don't you think so? **Thank you very much Li** without your input this legend would not have been nearly as attractive!*

*Third, my mother, as long as I don't forget her upbringing, I'll be fine. And although it is sometimes very difficult between us, she always supports me. Everyone has a difficult time with each other sometimes. And for supporting that I want **to thank her!***

*Fourth, a man who has been crooked with work all his life. And has taught me a certain norms and values. We are both boys from the street so he knows how to deal with me (believe it or not) so **thank you dads!***

*And the last a girl I have already thanked once and who means a lot to me. She has been my muse for writing this book, When I didn't feel like it anymore! And even if she doesn't realize it at all, she's always there for me! She is anything but ordinary, although she would like to be that. **Thank you Viks!***

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# ... Notes ...

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## Question for anyone reading this:

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Can I ask you for a review or rating of this book? Because it is difficult to break through and leave your mark as a writer on a book world that seems to be dying out. Especially the self-published writers usually don't get what they deserve, because to be really visible on Amazon or wherever you just need a bunch of reviews!

And I would like to ask you for help to make my mark. I have written 5 Dutch and 5 English books, and I did that with great pleasure. It is also a nice ride that you get as a writer in this world, you just keep amazed yourself and I hope I have also amazed you in this book! It started as a normal book and then transformed itself into another legend to end with.

The reason I ask for a review is not just the fact that I want to make a mark in a world where the unknown remain unknown. But also, because I don't want this book to get into the hands of children! Because there can be no age restriction on this. In my opinion 30 is still too young to read this book!

Having said this, I wish you all a good day / evening / night I hope you enjoyed this legend: Stormie! And thank you in advance!

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# † Passbook †

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Pass this book on to someone you think has lived a long time in hell. Because let's be honest with each other, there is no greater hell than life itself sometimes. And a lot of people have problems, so ease their problems a little bit by giving them a gift. A gift that this book is, because you will not get a greater hell than what is described here!

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**Write your own solution here for the person  
you are giving this book to:**

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† Signed in hope for a better time: †

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