

# Park Swing

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Submitted: September 5, 2006

Updated: September 5, 2006

*Curse of Darkness. The story of the destruction of Cordova Town and the death of a young boy with aspirations of being a writer...*

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**Chapter 1 - Park Swing**

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# 1 - Park Swing

document.write("");

A/N- This was one inspired by Curse of Darkness! Anyhow, I hope everyone enjoys it. It's not meant to be that long. Just like a drabble.

Disclaimer- Do you seriously think I own Castlevania? I wish! But no, that belongs to Knoami. Please don't sue. Believe me, I'm not getting any money off of this.

*Cordova Town...Nine hours, Twelve minutes, and Thirty-five seconds before Hector's arrival...*

The heavily tattooed, red-haired man arrogantly strutted through the gates of the town, his "innocent" devil by his side. At first, no one appeared to notice him. He smirked, for he thought himself and his company very noticeable. He idly began to twirl his spear in front of him, waiting for an appropriate reaction to his entrance. Finally, the bustling people of the town turned to acknowledge him and his devil. Nobody screamed. It was as if they did not want to provoke a reaction they may be able to avoid. However, this man known as Isaac knew that it was inevitable. The townspeople began to slowly back away from the entrance and from him. He smiled as he turned to his hovering devil.

"Kill all of them, but do not destroy the bodies," he said.

Screams and the single roar Abel released mingled as the people scrambled. Isaac lazily sliced down one or two who tried to get past him to the gates. Abel, meanwhile, was sweeping through the town at a great speed.

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*Cordova Town...Nine hours, Ten minutes, and Fifteen seconds before Hector's arrival...*

"Dusk. My friends have all gone home.

As silence falls in the park, I  
silently await my mother's return..."

He looked down at the piece of parchment. His quill hovered over the words a moment, before he finally decided that he was pleased with the words. This actually sounded good. His mother had been right, he thought as he swung slightly on the park swing. His writing had improved. Maybe someone would publish him now. He knew that he was young but...He smiled blissfully as he stared upon the parchment.

But his bliss was to be short lived. A scream rang out from beyond the park gates. He went completely still, praying that nothing would make a sound. He watched as one of his neighbors, an elderly man, stumbled past the gate. He then watched, in horror, as he saw a devil--a demon--pursue the man. From somewhere out of sight for him, he heard the unmistakable sound of a body hitting cobblestone hard. He wanted to shield his ears, for what he heard next was the sound of flesh tearing.

When the sound stopped, and the man was no longer screaming, he heard the demon's wings flap farther away. Not daring to sigh out his relief, he slowly began to stand.

*Squeak.*

The boy gasped, his hand unintentionally releasing the parchment it held, allowing it to glide slowly to the cement. First, there was nothing. And then, the boy screamed as the demon stepped through the park gates...

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*Cordova Town... Ten minutes and Seven seconds after Hector passed the Town Gates...*

Sadly, Hector sat down upon the brightly colored park swing. He flicked a piece of gunk from the last zombie he had killed off his arm. His eyes followed it as hurtled toward the ground. However, halfway there, his eyes switched their focus. Laying, half-submersed in an old puddle was a piece of parchment. Hector picked it up and found that there was writing upon it. He also found that the writing had not be touched by the water. Hector read it quietly to himself.

“Dusk. My friends have all gone home. As silence falls in the park, I silently await my mother’s return...” Hector stared at the parchment a bit more.

The handwriting was not that neat. It looked something like a child’s handwriting. It was very good, however, in structure. Hector’s eyes dimmed with grief. He knew that one of the zombies or ghouls that he had or will kill was this child. And he knew that Isaac was somehow responsible.

Without really thinking about it, he folded up the piece of parchment and placed it inside his pocket.

“I will stop you, Isaac,” he said aloud. “No matter what.”

End Notes: So, what do you thing? Just a short little thing. Now, I’m not sure how the game ends for I have not finished mine yet. I’m close though. I just saw the chair explanation for the park swing and was inspired to write this. Now, the same reason I felt a sadness come over me when I first got to this part in the game is the same reason I don’t watch zombie movies. I saw this town, this swing, and those movies (you know the ones, where the whole town has been zombie-fied) and thought “My God! Think of all the innocent children that died!” I can’t stand to watch a movie where a kid dies. Anyway, hopefully everyone liked this. Review and tell me about it.