

# The Forbidden Fruit

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*A Story I am writing for fun about the Catholic religion, it needs lots of work, so please ideas are welcome...*

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# 1 - Prolouge

## RULES:

1. A Devilshadow may not go into light ([without protection](#))
  2. A Devilshadow must complete it's task within 12 years of the date assigned
  3. A Devilshadow will do whatever it takes to destroy it's target for that is how the supreme one would want it
  4. A Devilshadow will not revile it's origins for it's victim must not suspect anything is wrong
  5. A Devilshadow will find other targets for we must keep the darkness alive
  6. A Devilshadow must protect it's creator the supreme one at all costs
  7. A Devilshadow must obey all of the above rules or suffer the consequences and so it is written
- Prologue:

Long ago when God created the world...

He created good...only good, and in the beginning this was fine. But evil... evil was not long to follow. For wherever good is evil must be as to not offset the balance of nature...and this evil...was Satan. Satan was once good but he became corrupt. He sinned against God by claiming he was the superior and he paid for it. He was stripped of his wings and thrown out of heaven...he was down...but...he wasn't out. Humiliated in front of what used to be his friends he now lay on God's prized creation the world as...a human. Long before Adam and Eve. He felt...a strange feeling. He was...angry. Torn apart by his hatred he vowed he would do all he could to exact his revenge upon God. Then he realized since he could not destroy God causing him the same suffering that he felt. He would destroy the one thing that mattered most to him...the world. This was the beginning of evil as Satan a dark angel and the king of Hell was born... As his first act of destruction he ate the forbidden fruit. The fruit tasted so sweet and he had immediately gotten God's attention. He knew if God was paying attention to him he could feel the warmth of God's love, but this time he could not...even though he knew it was there. Instead, he managed to turn the feeling of love he desired into one of hate aimed with such precision at that moment God felt sad but, he knew it had to be this way because he could not have good without bad. God reluctantly gave Satan his powers back. Satan then used his powers to do exactly what needed to be done. He created Hell as the opposite to heaven thus, permanently scarring the world with evil. He needed to test it to see if this new feeling of hatred he had felt was placed on God's most beloved creations. He took the form of a serpent and tricked Eve into eating the forbidden fruit. An Apple...and as Adam took the first bite later that day he knew...he had done it...from that day he started an organization. His organization would use the apple as their symbol and it would need rules. As he pondered this he thought of how wonderful it would feel to exact his revenge. This is how Devilshadows were brought

upon the earth. Now this tale is just a legend passed down to generations...but how real is it?

## 2 - NOT DECIDED YET

Chapter 1:

Canada, 1997:

Canada 1997 Medovail hospital:

Hospital lights whirred by, words “you’re going to be okay” a familiar face, who? When they had made it to the room “2102” Margaret thought she heard. She could feel movement. Probably the switch from the rusty wheelchair to the grungy bed, but she didn’t care. She was in so much pain she couldn’t think, her normally bouncy blond curls were flat and dirty looking. She could hear doctors crying “breath” and he was holding her still, comforting her “it’s okay Margaret it will all be over soon, then we can be a big happy family”. He, he was Dave, she realized. “Dave” she said softly and then stared blankly into space. The rest was all a blank. As she heard the doctor call out “ Hey, she’s going into a coma. Help! Get me... and then nothing, but black. As the black turned into the super market near their house she could see... herself and the old man. “I was there two days ago,” she said and she watched as a woman who looked exactly like her walked up to the old man. That was when she realized the woman not only looked like her... she was her! “Help” she cried, but no one could hear her. All she could do was watch. “Please ma’am I am so poor I need some money, cough,” the old man said. “Oh, you poor thing you why don’t we go inside and I get you something to eat”. She watched as the old man turned to look at her and saw his face. “OH” she screamed one half of his face had a red glowing eye and the other was blue. She could hear the blue side now “Please help me, the apple, don’t take the apple.” The red side had what appeared to be a scar, but it was purple and red. It appeared as though it was some kind of cancer, but she just knew it wasn’t. “How could I have been so foolish” she said. Two days ago... she remembered the old man he had a sweet smile and rosy dimples. He still had most of his hair. This old man was nothing like that one. “I’m dreaming,” she thought, until she heard the voice. “Follow them,” it said. “Who are you?” she asked. “Follow them, there is still a chance” it replied. She obeyed. She watched herself and the old man go into the fruit isle and then the cereal isle as they talked and laughed. “How” she wondered, “Did I not see through that disguise”? When they were done they paid and went outside. “Now” the voice said, “listen”. “Thank you, I don’t know how I’ll ever repay you” said the old man. “That’s okay there is no need, you keep your poseteons you need them more than I do” the other her said. “This is where you start to falter” the voice said. “How, who are you?” she asked. “ You will see in due time” it said. As the other her was about to walk away the old man said “wait please take this apple.” As he held it up yet another surprise. The apple, which was so shiny and sweet looking when she had seen it two days ago, now had a giant black spot on it. The black spot appeared to have red and purple veins on it and looked like it was moving. “NOOOO” she cried “Get me out of this dream” tears were falling down her cheeks. “ It’s too late” the voice said “you’re mine now”. All she could do was watch as she thanked the man and drove off. Pitch black again she saw another figure that seemed to be walking towards her. “Hello, is anybody here” she called. Then she was in her house. Dave was sitting in his cozy little cottage reading the paper. His wife the phoney Margaret had just bought some groceries from the supermarket. She entered the living room where he was sitting on a leather recliner by the fireplace. “I’m home,” the phoney said. He had messy black hair, glasses and dark blue eyes. “Dave” the real her cried, but it was no use. As she had found out a while ago no one could hear her in this dream. As they watched the other her lay out the groceries

on the table. Boxes of cereal, tomatoes, fruits, goodies and some Kleenex lay on their wooden table. Then he watched as they were all put away except for an apple. This apple was red and shiny. It looked healthy but he couldn't shake the feeling there was something different or wrong with it. "You will never guess what happened to me," she said. "I was just entering the store when a poor old man dressed in a black cloak came up to me. He said I looked like a generous woman and asked me to give him some money." "What did you do?" asked Dave her husband. "I went into the store with him and bought him some food, poor old man, and to thank me he gave me this apple as he said, thank you ma'am. Here, take this. It is all I have to my name... it's very special. I kept telling him no it's okay you keep it; you need it more than I do, but he insisted, saying I must taste it and I couldn't say no." "Was there anything strange about him?" Dave asked. His wife's reply was "Well, no he was a very nice old man I wish you could meet him." "THAT IS A LIE" Margaret of the future said "HE TRIED TO POISON ME AND I KNOW NOW". "Margaret there is no need to waste your energy, I mean I'm not sure if you have noticed but you're fading by the second." The voice said. For the first time Margaret noticed how pale she was and how REAL this was. "NOOOOOOOOOOO" she screamed, but it was no use. She watched herself in agonizing horror as the apple was then lifted to her mouth and bitten. In the pitch black the figure was closer. It was a boy she noticed. "You have failed," he said. He was the voice. "You may have been able to save yourself," he continued. She was staring at him now he was becoming more visible by the second and she was fading out of existence. "I bet you want to know who I am," he asked. "I can't tell you even if you will not live". "What's happening to...me?" she asked. "I need more energy so I'm taking it from you, but don't worry you won't miss it." She couldn't even manage a groan and then he enveloped her in a goop that looked like the spot on the apple. His last words rang in her ears as she faded out of sight "You should know better than to eat the forbidden fruit...MOM" Back in the hospital room Dave had to leave he sat in the waiting room until he was called back in. "Congratulations sir you have a baby boy" a nurse said carrying him out. "What about my wife?" he questioned. "I'm so sorry sir, your wife didn't make it. The doctor said after falling into a coma her energy was drained and she was too tired to wake up. We did a caesarean section and the child survived." He started sobbing "Margaret" he cried. For a split second the baby's eye shone red with Margaret's last ounce of energy she was able to see her husband one last time before it was used up by the poison in the apple and they both knew it was no accident.

### 3 - ALSO NOT DECIDED

Chapter 2:

"Alex wake up" it called. "Hun? It's too early dad." Alex replied. "But Alex, you must get up it's your tenth birthday" the strange voice was calling to him. It seemed so distant and yet it felt like it was right beside him. Alex slowly sat up and groaned. He could see it was a very sunny day. The birds were chirping outside. He listened as it spoke again "you had that dream again Alex, but your awake now" it said. Alex thought the voice sounded familiar and it reminded him of someone he knew. He got up. His dad was already up and reading the paper. "Good morning Alex" he said as Alex walked in. Alex cheerfully replied "Good morning dad". Alex knew his father was all he had. His mother had died and he had no brothers or sisters. "How was it?" his father asked. "I can't remember what I dreamed about" Alex said. (He never asks about me...something is wrong I haven't even told him about my dreams) Alex thought. "Nothing is wrong," said the voice. "Did you hear that?" Alex asked. "Hear what Alex"

"The voice"

"Voice? Alex there is no voice" (I must be imagining it) Alex thought. Then it was time for school as Alex stood in front of the hallway mirror he saw it. "It's like in my dream," he said. Staring right back at Alex was a half normal, half demon looking face. The normal half he knew all too well because it was his own, but the demon face had a red eye and a scar right underneath it. There was a purple splotch on the cheek and veins were running through it. It also appeared to move occasionally. Alex started to scream. He woke bolt right up panting and breathing hard. He took both of his hands and ran them over his face to look for the splotch or scar. Nothing. "It was all a dream" his sigh of relief washed over him like a wave as he fully awoke. "The dream again. It's always the same one."

"Alex breakfast!" his father yelled up at him.

"Coming" he replied then tore down the stairs like a dog chasing a cat. Nothing was said at breakfast until Alex was about to leave for school. " Tomorrow is your tenth birthday Alex" Alex stopped and stared "Do you still want to know?"

"Yes" Alex replied

"It may be hard for you to hear"

"I want to know how she died" he looked at the time and noticed it was late so he said bye to his dad and left for school. He heard the bell ring as soon as he got there. Jamie was waiting right outside their classroom. She used to be a nice girl, but she acted so strange now. They met each other's eyes for a moment and Alex saw a flash of red come from her left eye. He blinked, he did not know if it was his imagination or if there really was a light.

The rest of the day seemed to fly by fast for Jamie. She thought (Alex is one of us) when she saw him earlier. She almost wanted to give up. What if the voice was right? What if she could not win? "You can not win Jamie," it said and she almost listened knowing it could, and would, cause her excruciating pain if she did not. "It won't be long now Jamie" the voice said, "your spirit is almost broken."

Back at home Alex was quietly working on homework at his wooden desk. He noticed that it was almost dinnertime and he decided to take a break. He walked over to the small little window and opened it. Then his father called him for dinner. The window was still open when Alex drifted off to sleep. He was having that dream. The hospital lights, his mother's death and than him and his two-faced self. Alex woke up. He felt so strange. It was like a power unknown to him had taken over his body. He was about

to get up, but it felt as if one half of his body was unresponsive. He tried to move, to scream for help, but the sound could only be heard from the right side. Nothing seemed to work. Just then the sun came pouring in through the open window and an awful sucking like scream that appeared to have been made by a large beast could be heard. It sounded like it was saying the light to Alex. He finally realized he could move again. He got up and went downstairs. "Happy birthday Alex" his father said. " Yes, it is a happy birthday" it was the voice from his dream. Alex gasped not knowing he had.

"Is something wrong Alex"?

"I-I..."Alex tried to say, but the voice finished the sentence " I forgot to close the window"

"Just leave it. I want to tell you the story now and then you can go to school"

"Okay"

"Your mom had fallen into a coma when she had you. The doctor said she was drained of her energy, but I know it's a lie..."

"How do you know?" Alex asked

"Because of it"

"It?"

"A red gleam of light from your left eye" Alex remembered how Jamie's eye had appeared to shine red yesterday.

"What dose it mean?" Alex asked

"I don't know...Hey Alex you're late" Alex looked at the clock. He was seven minutes early, but he knew his father was trying to avoid the question. As Alex passed by the mirror in the hall he felt it again.

"Look Alex, the mirror" it said. "Who..." Alex started and he looked in the mirror. Only to see that his dream was a warning of what was happening to him. Only, the face peering back at him was not demonic like the one in his dream. It was exactly like his except that his left eye had a red glow to it. Alex also realized that the voice from his dream was the demon side of him as he saw it in the mirror, the left side of his mouth, open to speak while the right side was closed.

## 4 - NONE YET- WIP

"Who and what are you?" Alex asked. "I'll explain later Alex. If you don't leave now you will be late for school" it replied. Then Alex glanced at the clock. The voice was right; Alex must have spent more time looking in the mirror than he realized. His dad walked around the corner at that moment "Alex?" his dad asked quizzically, "I thought you left already". "I'm just about to dad" Alex said "bye". Alex took off running as his dad was left to stand there with an almost comical confused look on his face.

It took longer than expected for school to end. Alex sat there wondering why no one seemed to notice his glowing eye and this made it hard to concentrate on his work. Jamie was acting strange all day. Alex thought she was avoiding him. Finally, the last bell rang. Alex was usually one of the last students to leave. He would always volunteer to help clean the blackboard or sweep the classroom. Today however, he bolted right out the door and all the way home without stopping once.

"I'm flattered Alex" The voice again. "What, hun" was all Alex could say. In his attempt to leave the freedom of running had temporarily liberated him from his curiosity. "Not many people seem to care much for voices in there head" It said "They would ignore them"

"I'm not insane" Alex said "Am I?"



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