

Little Hector, What Have You Done?

Carach Angren

Hector was nine. In school making colorful drawings most of his time. One day he made this horrible portrait of a dead man and his child. The teacher was shocked! How could such a young lad draw pictures so sad?

Hector was asked to explain. He replied: "It's me and daddy in the attic; hanging when we are dead."

Cold and dead!

Later that day, the boy left school early. Hector ran away. When he came home, he found his daddy's revolver. Now it's time to play. While father slept, his son blew his brains all over the bed. Then he went upstairs to the attic. There the kid shot himself through the head.

Cold and dead!

Mother came home and saw her husband. Mother came home and saw her son. Her soul collapsed and her heart froze. After the funerals she took an overdose.

It is the house! Haunted! The house is cursed, the house is damned. Bewitched! Touched by the devil's hand. Haunted! The house is bitter and sad. Bewitched! It somehow drove little Hector mad.

Once upon a time during the war the Nazis came and breached down this door.

"Aufstehen!" The men head to stand and see.
"Hinsehen!" How their women got raped so brutally. So hard...

Cold and dead!

Father resisted and for that he was taken upstairs after his boy. With his hands tied to his back and another rope around his neck, they made him stand upon the shoulders of his own dear son. Unfortunately the child could not hold his daddy that long.

For several days he sat amongst his ravished and executed family. Eventually he knotted a rope out of his own bed-sheets and hung himself next to daddy.