

**AFRAID
OF THE
DARK**

GAMAL HENNESSY

Afraid of the Dark

A Sex and Violence Story

By Gamal Hennessy

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Dedicated to the Short List and the Work Wives...

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Afraid of the Dark

(Or, the Lost Puppy)

ALL ABOUT EVE

Because my life is more interesting than yours...

March 15, 2017 4:37 A.M.

By Eve Elder

Keep in mind that the story I am about to tell you is the product of shock, trauma, and alcohol. Everything I'm telling you happened when I was cold, scared, and disoriented. When I first got a look at her, I was lying in the fetal position next to some crumbling wall, on the top of an abandoned building near [Avenue C](#), my clothes soaked with rain and my own urine.

Now, I don't usually pee on myself. I may be a veteran blogger, but I'm still young enough control my own bladder. But when I looked into her dark eyes, I wasn't sure if she was wanted to kill me, or give me the story I was looking for.

Part of me says I shouldn't justify myself to you. Most of this is your fault. Face it: I wouldn't be out here risking my life if I wasn't so desperate for your fleeting attention on my page: I was out there for you. You weren't the one clawing at rusted garbage cans, trying to fight your way out of an alley at two o'clock in the morning. You were home in bed, watching some god-awful reality show, when a [terrorist](#) rammed his pistol between my legs and told me that I just volunteered to be his "date" for the evening. I'll bet ten euros that you were snickering at some stupid boob joke and chugging some overpriced watered down excuse for beer; when she appeared from nowhere and slit that boy's throat.

I don't know what happened to the two other kids. Blood from the first boy's gushing neck wound hit me in the eyes and blinded me. You have no idea how paranoid you are about [STDs](#) until a drug addicted, sexually active, pre-teen shoots his bodily fluids in your face.

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I could make up something about how I leaped into the fight with both guns blazing, but if you've been to my page before, you know me better than that. I could say that I ran to safety; that would be believable. But that would be a lie too. You want the truth? Of course you don't; that wouldn't be good entertainment. I'll tell you anyway, because that's what my advertisers pay for. The truth is I fell to my knees and screamed like I'd been stuck up the ass with a broken bottle. I'm amazed no one shot me in the back of my head just to shut me up.

This whole nightmare started when I decided to discredit the latest [urban legend](#).

A few days ago, a story started circulating about a man who prowled the back streets of New York. He was supposed to be a big, dark shadow who preyed on the terrorists, drug dealers, and pimps that made the Fringes so dangerous after dark. He went after the kids who attacked the homeless women, hookers, and other easy targets. No one who saw his face lived to get video of it. No one who has ever shot at him could hit him. He was vengeance. He was retribution. He made terrorists afraid of the Dark.

I thought it was all a bunch of poorly written feed rumor. I figured the cops spread the story around to explain why unarmed "[criminals](#)" [get shot sixty-eight times](#) leaving the scene of a crime. or [disappear from the grid altogether](#). I don't care for cops much and I knew that a story like this could get me a lot of traffic, so I jumped at the chance to expose the lie.

Look where my enthusiasm got me.

If you enjoyed this sample you can purchase the full version for \$1.99 for your iPad, Kindle or Nook.

You can also visit the [Sex and Violence Website](#) of [Face Book Page](#)

Comments and reviews are always welcomed

Have fun.

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