The Reverend

The Honorable Reverend Wilbur Hollis was standing at the window of his study. The reverend watched as the young black woman tried to "get a date" across the busy street from the church. His anger began to rise. The reverend had been known to have a bit of a temper, but the entity that had followed one of the homeless people who visited the soup kitchen run by "The Light of Love Ministry" charity organization. He knew the truth: the good Reverend hid behind his Holy façade. 'The young woman wore short shorts and a stretchy tube top affair that showed her nipples. The more he looked at the "Street Trash" littering his street, the angrier he became.

Wilbur had been torturing kittens, puppies, smaller children, and on occasion his parents. Once he learned he enjoyed the power and thrill of causing suffering in weaker beings and creatures, he couldn't stop. He liked to hurt things; physically, emotionally, and to his mother's detriment, mentally. He had driven his mother insane. The poor woman had developed insomnia and other stress-related issues. Often, Wilbur would overdose her and do unspeakable things to her. She eventually committed suicide when she began having partial flashbacks. Fragmented pictures of the most painful and Heinous acts a mother and son could participate in. She carried Wilbur's secret to her grave.

The voices whispered in Wilbur's deviant mind and he began to plot his actions. The entity saw the being, the object of its current host's ire. The entity saw the young black woman as a tasty morsel. Wilbur, thinking of his own appetites, didn't find the black woman attractive. His prejudices were coming out. Of course, the entity didn't understand Wilbur's distaste. The entity didn't see a young black woman. It saw a very bright energy source with strong psychic energy. It knew the terror and pain energy would be very high with the sensitive.

Amisha, the young black woman "looking for a Date", had no idea she was being considered as a victim and a meal. She did, however, received a strong sense of danger, every time she glanced over at the church. The Reverend went out to his car in the back of the church. He planned to pass in front of the young woman and wave her around the corner. There he thought to subdue her and take her out to his camp, and they would play.

When the preacher's silver continental turned the corner both monsters were disappointed, the chosen prize was gone. When Amisha had left her home in Lafayette she had left a nursing scholarship at the university and a very concerned mother. She had promised her mother she would always listen to her gut. She watched the car cruise past the store she was hiding in. Chills danced across her arms. She turned to sneak home as the car stopped and picked up another girl, further down the boulevard. Amisha on the way home decided her gut was telling her to go home to Lafayette. That night her aunt bought her a ticket to Lafayette and another chance at life.

The area around the Reverend's camp had become quite popular with the local Alligator population. Fresh meat was provided almost daily as the Reverend's and his symbiotic partner's appetites grew. A mile or so down the road and behind a stand of trees, lived the reverends camp neighbors. The owner was the grandfather of two boys, fifteen and sixteen respectfully. When the grandfather gave his sixteen-year-old grandson a party, it was attended by forty young people. With ATVs, jet skis, and power boats the teenagers were everywhere! Inevitably, the alligators and the young

people clashed. A young woman was attacked and wild life rangers were called in. To the credit of Rangers, it didn't take them long to become suspicious over some bits of bone, hair, and pieces of flesh. The police arrived and started an investigation. It really didn't take a sherlockian attempt to figure out where body parts were coming from. Some dozen or so gators waited at the reverend's boat launch for their next meal. A search of the property produced more evidence; in the large work shed at the back of the property, every sharp tool and several blunt ones showed signs of being used in creating trauma to, God knows how many, human bodies. To be fair most were black, but the reverend had lost his prejudices by this time. The authorities concluded: several young white women reported missing from his congregation had not been spared the reverend's attention. The Reverend was questioned and arrested.

The Reverend was taken to the local Observation Hospital, it was the only one capable holding the criminally insane for any length of time. The admission papers said for it was for the patient's safety. In truth it was decided the best thing was to keep the Reverend completely away from potential victims.

The Reverend hadn't even tried to hide the evidence of his atrocious actions. He had lost all sense of self preservation. He had receded into the darkest corner of his very disturbed psyche, literally a deep well. The entity was trapped in the Reverend's self-imposed mental prison, unable to break free from its host; the entity began to create all kinds of physical issues with Reverends body.

Eventually Dr, Magdalen Bailin, the newest physician on the roster was assigned the Reverend's case. When she started a routine examination, the patient became aggressive and dangerous. She ordered and administered a narcotic to ease the extreme agitation and hyper active issues. The patient relaxed into a stupor and the entity slipped past the patient's cerebral boundary and followed the Doctor on her rounds and eventually home.