

See and Be Cursed

"Uhm...hey there Clarion."

"Ah huh."

"So....I don't want to bother you, seeing that you're so absorbed working on your computer and all...but..."

"Then don't."

"Well, I kind of have to, since that is my job to watch over you."

"Fine. What is it?"

"You've been typing on your keyboard and clicking on your mouse for hours. Just wanted to know what you're doing. You know, what you're up to."

"I'm entering a contest."

"Oh, that's good. Something to keep you busy and out of trouble. What contest?"

"The annual Renderosity Halloween Contest - the writing category."

"What is Renderosity?"

"It's a website you can buy...stuff."

"What stuff?"

"Nothing that breaks the rules...technically."

"Clarion! Let me see your computer right now!"

"That's invading my privacy!"

"Clarion do you really want me to gather the covenant to deal with this."

"Fine! Here, look all you want you fascist!"

"Omigod! What are these? These are pictures...of monsters! Clarion you know you aren't allowed to draw pictures!"

"I did not draw them. You see, the stuff you buy at Renderosity allows you to make pictures out of 3D models. So I did not DRAW anything. I didn't draw that demon with the sharp teeth and horns. I call him Soul Ripper, by the way. I didn't draw that blue troll creature that I call Bone Gnasher. And that twisted black winged she-demon thing there - the Fear Stabber - I didn't draw her either. I RENDERED them in a program called Daz Studios. So I broke no rules!"

"Clarion. You know that counts! You're a powerful warlock. Anything you create, anything you write, anything you draw...or *render*...will come alive for the person looking at it or reading it. Especially on All Hallows Eve when black magic is the most saturated in the ether. These monsters and beasts will manifest for the readers of your story in the darkest hour of Halloween... Wait a minute here. Why are you grinning Clarion? Omigod! That's what you want isn't it? You plan to scar these poor Renderosity members witless."

"By the time they get to this sentence, it will be too late. Their fate is sealed. The black curse from these words or images will bond to them through their eyeballs. On October 31, my monsters will visit everyone who has read these words or even caught the slightest glimpse of my monsters in the picture."

"Clarion! Stop laughing manically! I can't let you do this."

"Oh come on! Even a dark warlock like me needs a little fun. It's Halloween, after all. Please. Pleaaaaaaaase! It's not like I'm doing end-of-the-world stuff that I'm banned from doing. It'll only curse Renderosity members and moderators."

"Well...how many people would you say that would be?"

"A few dozen maybe?"

"Oh that's seems ok."

"Maybe a few hundred, actually."

"Well...I guess that'll be fine."

"Could be a few thousand."

"Clarion!"

"That's still acceptable numbers!"

"Ok. But that's it for the year. I mean it."

"I swear I'll be good, no more collecting souls for the rest of the year."

"Well, I bet the Renderosity people will ban your account when Soul Rippers, and Bone Gnashers, and Fear Stabbers start popping out of their computers to feast on their fears on Halloween."

"Well if they do ban me...I have some really dark magic stuff up my sleeves waiting for them."

BAWHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Happy Halloween!

