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The Name Book - 1st place 2018

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Late one night, Henry Crump returned to his workplace, seeking revenge. Mr. Crump had been a candidate for the library Branch Director. The advisory board chose the detestable Dr. Ira Jacobs instead, and so, Mr. Crump retained his measly title as Assistant Director; but he would not be silenced until satisfied.

When he entered the campus library, a frosty drizzle blended with the black breeze, and a storm approached with haste. Mr. Crump entered through a backdoor in the south wing of the enormous five-story structure. The edifice was a silhouette against the grey-purple clouds, swirling like a river overhead, shedding blankets of tears.

Inside the library, step by step, Crump crept up each floor, his eyes scanning in every direction; over his shoulder, behind him, above him, down the halls, between the bookshelves, around each corner, at every shadow.

He was positively alone, only surrounded by stale air and a shade-checkered labyrinth brick-walled with book-spines.

But it was the fifth floor that was to be his final destination: Special Collections. This was where the university stored its “historic relics”. Crump proceeded directly to the storage vault. With his master key, he opened the heavy metal door and a rancid breath of dust exhaled from the room.

Artifacts were locked in thick metal drawers, numerically labeled. B-27... B-29... Aha. Hurriedly, he unlocked and slid out a leaden drawer marked B-33, and there it was: Onomacron, “The Name Book”.
With steady, gloved hands, Crump lifted the ancient tome from its steel bed. He set it down on an examining table, then switched on a hanging lamp. His hands shivered with excitement, fear, mania. As he spread open the wrinkled cover, the patter of rain accelerated outside.

Crump was sweaty with focus. He gently turned each page, then stopped at a page titled: Fylládio Psychón. This is it. If all I read is true, and this really works, that conceited bastard Jacobs will choke on his pride, and I shall wield the garrote.

Crump took a note from his pocket which read:

Onomacron Translation

Between this wrinkled vallum binding,
Churns an ocean of souls eternally grinding.
In these sheets, you can feel their ceaseless strife.
Listen how they scream for vengeance and for another chance at life.

Forgotten titles of lost ages,
Those of monsters and of sages,
Whose souls this binding does entrap,
Their blood and marrow the pages’ sap.
Here they have slept a dozen eons before,
And with this quilt of papyrus, a dozen more.

Heed this message well,
Or bid your soul to Hell.

With wine of flesh as ink,
And a quill of bone to sink,
Print here your name of ire,
And spark their thirsty pyre.

Crump’s smile widened. He took off the glove covering his left hand. Then, from his pocket, he retrieved a scalpel and slit his trembling palm. With his other hand, using the crimson scalpel as a pencil, he etched on the stiff and hoary paper with careful precision: Ira Jacobs.