

# BETHANY



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## CHAPTER ONE [EDITED]

The finding of the tent was perhaps the main catalyst in all this insanity.

With my heart pounding every step of the way, we fought through stalks of whipping corn whilst ankle-deep in marsh, and swatted nocturnal insects that were out looking to feed and mate, until we reached the clearing where the swamp-green prism had been pitched all on its lonesome.

I had to get closer, praying that there was no one inside of it. It was around midnight by the time we got there; the moon, if I remember, was disco-balling its radiance through the clouds, through the tree mesh, with shards of light appearing on the ground as if creating a silvery path that led onward. Had the demon, Amy, revealed herself to me then and there, it surely would have been the pinnacle of the supernatural activity that was set in motion to engulf me. And all before I was sixteen. *Sweet sixteen.*

Inside the tent, there were pornographic magazines scattered. Though I hadn't known exactly what to expect to find inside the tent, this was the last thing I ever imagined I would see. But this filth at my early age, whilst not entirely alien to me, didn't pass for regular, homely viewing.

So, what has that got to do with what happened to me years later? I told you that the tent may have been the catalyst that awoke Amy.

Wait a minute—I never properly introduced myself, did I? For all my sixteen years, I was known as Bethany Childs. I became Amy's 'property', a prisoner in her infernal custody: *Bethany Chiller*. My sole purpose: to wreak havoc on my attackers, to avenge my stolen innocence; to feature, in a way, in a tale like Job's by having a subordinate of Hell affect my life and test my reverence before God, who surely would not have let this young girl suffer *so badly* to begin with...