

VOL.1: PARANORMAL ENCOUNTERS,  
URBAN LEGENDS & SUPERNATURAL PHENOMENA

# FRAGMENTS OF NIGHTMARES

TALES OF THE SUPERNATURAL



HORROR

BRANDON L. PENNICK

# FRAGMENTS OF NIGHTMARES

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TALES OF THE SUPERNATURAL

BRANDON L. PENNICK

TOURBILLION FILMS™

Fragments of Nightmares: Tales of The Supernatural

Edited by Brandon L. Pennick

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## CONTENTS

<i>Acknowledgments</i>	v
1. The Fall of a Tyrant	1
2. Riverdale Road	5
3. Fairhill Park	8
4. A Suicide	18
5. The Boy Who Loved Dolls	28
6. The Penanggalan	35
7. Five Questions	38
8. Satan's Lamb	43
9. The Sightless Watchers	46
10. An Occurrence at Jonestown Colony	61
<i>About the Author</i>	71

*For Rose*

*“This realm harbors a single exit and a plethora of ways in which one  
can find it.”*

*— Brandon L. Pennick*

*FRAGMENTS OF NIGHTMARES*  
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## THE FALL OF A TYRANT

BY BRANDON L. PENNICK

“Can I get a dollar?” The homeless man asked as he strolled past Nina, watching her as if she was trespassing on his property. His halitosis hit her nose with a forceful punch that roiled her stomach.

She shot him an arrogant glance, assessing his person. She had had it with the homeless people who troubled the passengers of the Manhattan train station. They didn’t approach her often, but when they did, they always found a way to agitate her in the most peculiar forms.

“Hey lady, come on,” the man whispered.

Besides the pressing need to pee, this was the only action she'd seen all day. If she kept a journal, she thought, it would be these kinds of things she would document.

*Dear Journal, my bladder almost burst today in the middle of the subway station. Then, a homeless man begged me for a dollar. What can you do with a dollar? — signed, Nina Hoover.*

New York was tiring in that it never seemed to run short of people who never knew how to do anything right. She had the lot of them in her office—all unworthy of note.

The homeless man finally gave up and started on his way to

some other willing citizen who could part ways with a dollar. She could afford to. She could afford to give him a dollar ten thousand times if she wanted. She was one of the most sought after entertainment agents in New York, and she didn't get there by handing out dollars to any who asked. The homeless man's distraction only lasted a moment before the pressing need to use the bathroom returned.

The loud rush of the oncoming train sounded like a thousand thunderstorms brewing in the heavens.

"Finally," Nina sighed in relief hoping that the advancing train was hers.

The disappointment was like vinegar on the tongue as the train blew past her. She hated vinegar.

"Damn it!" She cursed as she watched the train pass by at breakneck speed.

Nature would have the last laugh as she could not wait to get back to her apartment. Her gaze darted toward the east end of the subway station, and she followed the arrows pointing in the direction of the bathroom.

Nina entered the restroom and rushed into the nearest stall. Typically she would take the time to carefully lay a few layers of toilet paper over the seat, but that was a luxury she would have to forgo. No sooner than she concluded her business, the horror began with a whisper.

"Where are my legs?"

She turned her head in the direction of the voice, wondering who had spoken. Her brows furrowed. Exhaustion from the day's work was getting to her. She needed rest, she thought. The lights overhead buzzed before shutting off, rendering the bathroom pitch black.

"Who's there? I told you I don't have any money."

Silence responded before the lights came back on. The door to the stall she occupied, had been opened. The unoccupied space before her and the deafening silence aroused in her a fear

she had never felt. She pulled up her slacks, barely getting them above her knees before bursting out of the bathroom.

"Where are my legs?" the voice said.

Nina felt her heart at the back of her throat. She was losing her mind, she thought. As her train prepared to depart, Nina stumbled onboard as its doors closed behind her. She wondered if the other passengers heard the haunting whispers as she did. She wondered if they looked at her as though she were one of the many crazy, drug-addicted vagrants that infested New York, but that was the least of her worries.

Nina's condo was on the twentieth floor of the Vale Heights condominium complex. Living so high up made her feel superior, not to mention, safe. Convinced mental exhaustion was the cause of the incident rather than something supernatural, a hot shower and a glass of Chateau Lafite, 1990 brought about a sense of normalcy. After her fifth time checking the peephole that evening, she settled on the patio with another glass of wine and her cellphone.

She scrolled through her contact list and readied herself to share the incident with her mother.

"Hey, mom," she said when the phone established a connection. "You wouldn't believe what just happened to me."

"Where are my legs?" The voice on the other end of the line replied.

"What?" Nina responded. It had to be the alcohol.

"Where are my legs?" This time the voice sounded like it was in proximity.

Nina spun around; her breath stopped short of her lungs.

"Sarah?" she cried.

Sarah Foster had been dead for over a year. Nina recalled how she dismissed the news of Sarah's death. She did not attend her funeral if there had been one. There had been no need. She fired her former assistant for being better at her job than she was; it was a matter of time before she would replace her. Nina understood the political nature of this business—*young vs. old*. She

**End of sample.**

**The full version can be purchased in eBook and Print format at:**

<http://tiny.cc/maczmz>

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Brandon L. Pennick studied English and Creative Writing at Texas State University in San Marcos, TX, and earned certifications in Film Production Technology and Film Business at Austin Community College Northridge.

visit him at [www.tourbillionfilms.com](http://www.tourbillionfilms.com)