A Hamtramck Horror

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When I think back on it, that day was like almost any other day. I remember barely being awake and how brisk the cold air was when it scratched my face. I had my morning coffee in the downfall of snow around seven, a typical morning indeed. Nothing to suggest, what was to come, but rarely the unexpected is expected, so naturally I was unprepared for what was in store for Jackie or myself.

Jackie was my partner, and a damn fine detective. He was in his last year on the force. He and his wife Meredith were planning their retirement in their new motor home. So Jackie’s head was in the clouds. You couldn’t hardly talk to the bastard without him bringing up Meredith or that damned R.V. He was turning 60 in May and his wife figured he had seen enough shit in his life to hang up his cuffs for good. Jackie didn’t seem ready for retirement, but he sure was happy about puttering around the country looking for some kind of old man glory by gazing at the World’s Largest Rubber Band Ball and crap like that.

That evening Jackie and I headed out from downtown at about five. We were on call to a domestic. Some freak just tried to stab his mother after she wouldn’t lend him the keys to her car, or at least that’s what radio said. I was thinking to myself, this is probably some drunk asshole like always. Beer stained shirt and three month old haircut, but I couldn’t have been more wrong.

When we drove to the house on Caniff Ave, the neighborhood looked like a bomb had exploded. Jackie was going on and on about some gigantic house of mud in New Mexico that him and Meredith plan on visiting as soon as he retires. What a puttz! The houses on Caniff were caved in from fire and the rain that had followed. There was nobody walking around, it was if we
landed in an Iraqi war zone. I had been to Hamtramck before but this outing it looked more so like the shithole it is known as. I imagined what kind of trash occupied these burnt out homes and empty lots. I never spent much time on that side of Detroit. Jackie’s polish ass grew up there, poor S.O.B. Hamtramck was notoriously a bad part of town. There are more bars per square mile in Hamtramck than any other U.S. city. And these aren’t sport bars you’d watch a game at. These dives were filled with beer swilling Polacks looking for blood.

At the call the house was empty. We had to let ourselves in. The son was not in the house, nor the mother who placed the call. When Jackie went out the back door I could hear him gasp from where I was standing inside the kitchen. I pulled the screen door open and turned around to see young man’s corpse soaking the entire back of that house. Jackie was beside the fence and the work shed losing it. In my seven years with the Metropolitan Detroit Police Department I had seen some crazy things, but this was a man’s body hanging from a roof, blood covering almost the entire back wall, and limbs and guts scattered below. I assumed this was the son from the call. I wanted to join Jackie in puking but I was in too far into a state of shock.

Instinct took over I guess. The work shed Jackie was next to had begun smoking and I decided it was best to see if the mother was inside. When I tore the doors open, the smoke pushed me down, and all of a sudden, I saw something fly over me. A giant winged bat like vampire beast, enormous, fangs and claws like a dog, I was frozen in fear at the sight of this demon flying above me, like one never seen in any movie or read of in any book.

Jackie’s body was tore into pieces on the fence behind him. My soul cried in terror when I saw his flesh explode. This demon was coming after me next, that much was clear. I tried to think as clearly as I possibly could, but I couldn’t think. So, I did the next best thing. I ran.
I ran into the house where I locked myself in a bedroom upstairs to stall the monster which was already outside the house waiting to rip me into pieces. In this room I saw pikes made of wood on a desk. There were at least twenty of them. I picked up a map next to the sticks and gathered from reading the bottom of the map that the whole neighborhood had been taken over by vampires. Most Detroit natives are familiar with the urban legend where supposedly Hamtramck was founded by devil worshipping vampires in the year 1784, and these bars on every corner were spots where the vampires would pray on their victims while they were weak so they can live forever. Before that day, it was all just a myth. I knew then that I couldn’t leave the house without confronting the myth itself, one of us had to die.

I could hear the beast coming up the stairs and figured it would be coming through the door at any moment. I decided it was now or never, do or die. Sometimes you have to just swallow your fears before they swallow you. I picked up one of the crudely fashioned stakes and tore open the door. The spawn from hell flew on top of me. Pictures from the hallway were falling on top of the two of us as we struggled. The demon rolled me side of the hallway as if it were trying to put me through the dry wall. I pushed back and as the monster pulled back its claws, I jammed the stake through its heart. I heard the most awful crying from it, as it dissipated into the air in a spontaneous combustion. Leaving behind a blast of blood and guts all over the room, And with that thrust, Jackie and the monster were excavated from my life.

Jackie Rauski, the best partner a rookie could have asked for, I loved you my friend. Jackie Rauski, a loving father and grandfather, I will miss you. Jackie Rauski, a great man, a true Hamtramck hero.

I retired the next day. I decided it would be better for my health. Today I work selling insurance in the day time. I go to sleep early and get out of bed late. I still, to this day, will not go
into Hamtramck past dark. It would take the help of the Army and the National Guard to rid
Detroit and Hamtramck of these vile beasts. The only joy in all of this for me was that I sent
Jackie’s murderer back to hell where it came from. Who can keep law and order in a den of
vampires from Hell. Not me. I saw enough terror, enough horror, and enough death in that one
evening to last three lifetimes.