

*The road to hell is paved with good intentions*

*Proverb*

Typical: huge black car, blaring music, and careless about being in Nature's bosom. He just wanted to get some fresh air with a lonely, long walk, as was his custom, only wanted to listen to the birds, here, far from civilization, where even the wind makes no leaves rustle. He succeeded for quite a while, but in one moment he still had it, in the next one however something has broken the harmony: all of a sudden he overheard, and after that he was unable not to listen to, from the distance this sacrilegious row. Though as a matter of fact, on this unmarked path the day-trippers are not likely to come to this part of the forest, all but druids like him – he himself, who liked to wander to places unknown to him, has never been to where he thought the source of the sound might be, therefore he started on curiously to be richer with the discovery of what kind of party district happening to be in the heart of the woods –, and it might not be heard as far as the public footpaths. But it still is out of place, it doesn't fit into this beautiful, calm medium, this metal or what, that's why he decided he should address the emitter of the noise and somehow make them to enjoy themselves more low-key.

The car was parked in front of a log cabin. The door of the cabin is wide-open, moreover, he found the car's door facing the cabin, on the side of the passenger seat, also open, this is the source of this unnatural rattle of guitar and drum. However there's no trace of a single soul anywhere out here, literally: rain would've been welcomed since a while, it has been drought for a long time, this way one couldn't even be enraptured by the trails of wildlife anywhere, unlike when the surface is wet. Repeated calling to makes no-one to answer – of course it's no wonder they can't hear it, if anyone is in there at all, it's not easy to drown out this din, and so far he hasn't gone close to the cabin yet. Through the entrance one can see into a vestibule that leads through the whole small building – this is revealed by the also opened door at its other end, and how one knows it is from the light that filters in in the shape of an upright rectangle, likely from a path –, but the inside semi-darkness won't let more to be seen.

Who knows how many minutes have already passed since he has been wandering around here. He has took a look at the cabin from left and right, on

both sides there are windows, but relatively high, as the cabin stands on piles: its floor is about half a meter up from the ground, surely to avoid mud from rushing in when its raining, and due to this wooden stairs were attached in front of the door. Nobody is in sight, no wonder, it's hardly any light in there. Of course he didn't want to look inside from too close in an indiscreet manner, then he rather prefers the door, which is possible from that side where the car is parking, as the cabin is surrounded by bushes and trees, it wouldn't be so easy to go round at all. The forest road, on which one can come to this location by car, ends here, and to the right leads to the unknown, at right angles to the path on which he has come to this place. He shouted one more time, waited, then decided to go to the open door on the side of the passenger seat and to have a look in. On the car's dashboard a spectacularly huge on/off switch button indicates that one can start this machine with a flick. He indeed pushes it, which puts an end to the rocking.

– BRUTUS! ... BRUTUS! ... BRUTUS! ... – this was repeated by a male voice, at stated intervals blaring into the ether, from a speaker. The sound was coming from under the seat on his side, and once he has leaned in anyway, he decided to pick up the phone that dropped there. – Playback of some media could've stuck and keeps repeating forever, but this is now really not up my street – he thought, while placing it back into its holder on top of the dashboard. – You're welcome.

He waited in front of the stairs, but though the silence had set in – not taking the name's monotonous repetition into account –, it didn't bother anyone so much to come out. From more closely here, on the right of this side of the vestibule, he caught sight of a doorless entrance into some kind of room. He peeps in, as much as his eyes can take a fight with the semi-darkness, – „Hello!“ –, he leaps up the stairs into the vestibule, has a look in through the entrance, perhaps there's someone here in need of help? There's a strange foul smell, but after he steps inside, he makes certain that its source isn't here, in this kitchen with very simple furniture and a length equal that of the vestibule. The kitchen table is empty, however one chair has a backpack next to it, fell over, its mouth open. He picks it up routinely, because in the forest bags shouldn't be left like this, all kind of animals can get into it from ants to squirrels, even here in the cabin. The backpack is empty, he puts it on the chair, it might have fallen down from there. There's also a bowl on the floor, also empty, yet it's full of answers: likely a pet may have wandered about in the woods, in all probability a dog, for this its owner invented to record his voice on

the phone and set it to infinite playback, so that while he is away for its search, in the meantime the animal might find its way back to the call – who by the way? Brutus of course, this name keeps being repeated so many times so that he'll remember it till the end of his life. But somebody must've been trolling with the car and kicked the music in, it shouldn't have been left open carelessly, even if this is an out-of-the-way place. That volume can't be surpassed by the speaker of the phone, the current silence is in vain, even inside here its effect is powerless, maybe its owner hasn't left it in the car originally? Because it could be heard from further away, if it wasn't trying to send voice from the passenger compartment by shouting, this isn't exactly how you make a telephone call – but in case of dogs, maybe indeed this is. He starts to leave the kitchen, and at this time he recognizes, opposite the entrance, that a plastic wild boar head ornament as big as a fist is on the wall at head height. For a moment it occurred to him what parallel could be drawn between the beast represented by the ornament and the owner of the car, but he decided quickly that it isn't worth to dwell on the question.

Toward the other exit of the vestibule the smell gets stronger, on the left there's another doorless entrance, through which one can't look into the room only from the opposite direction, due to the symmetric design of the cabin. The exit really gives onto a path, but he'll check it for himself later. First he heads towards the entrance of the room, when opposite that he recognizes something on the floor that wasn't visible from further away in the semi-darkness. He steps closer, squats down: it's a small deer head ornament fallen on its nose, also from plastic and of the same size as the wild boar, there's something light-coloured between the antlers, palm-sized, which they embrace round protectively. He doesn't want to step on it while roaming, therefore he puts it back on the two nails at head height on the wall, obviously it fell down from there – no wonder, not much was holding it, lacking a loop only its plastic rim could be fitted to the heads of the nails, it barely remained there. He bends back to the floor for the other thing, so far guarded by the antlers, which is a sealable, transparent nylon bag, with some kind of white powder inside. He lifts it toward his face so that he could not only be able to see it from closer but also to have a smell of it, but not that stinks. The white powder probably is what it seems – he thinks turning into the other room.

A shout could be heard, harsh, a voice of terror that can't be put into words, which has broken the silence not only of the cabin, but of the surrounding part of the woods quite a way. And the forest just kept echoing this cry filled with

horror, or only in his head it was repeated again and again by the chilling fright suppressing his thoughts, after he noticed, that on the double bed of the room two men lie in a pool of blood. Seconds pass as if they were drops of water in a rushing river, like the blood is pulsating now in his veins, but meanwhile silence has set in both in the woods and inside of him, and still fighting to get his self-control back, firstly he identifies the source of the previous sound: he shouted. Secondly, he tries to interpret the picture on the bed unfolded before him: it's like there were traces of bites on the two men, on their necks both have a red hell. In his astonishment he doesn't have any thoughts for a while, then after he takes his eyes off the dreadfulness, he recovers, and looking around he establishes that it's a bedroom and has the same size as that of the kitchen. But he doesn't have time for more, because at this time he hears a noise from the direction of this exit of the vestibule, from the path, as if scuttling legs were approaching? By the time he turns around, a bloodhound stares at him from the door-frame – or rather, observing it better, even more at the bag, which he still keeps clasping in his hands with whitening fingers from the ever growing tension. The animal starts a menacing growl appropriate to its looks, baring its frightening row of teeth, that as well as involuntarily makes him to step back, his leg hits the bed. He has barely recovered from the previous sight, and straight away he must feel himself cornered by a sturdy attack dog, it's more at the same time than a forest hiker longing for tranquility is capable of processing. Panic, for the second time already, takes over control, and he throws the bag away, which glides over the animal and bangs against the vestibule wall opposite the entrance. The deer head falls on the floor, then tilts forward, with its nose pointing towards the bag – so that the antlers take it under their protection again. This he was in need also, the wild beast didn't care about the objects fallen on the floor, it cared only with him, and a faint idea started to sharpen within him: Pop must've trained it to guard his precious. But this thought has cleared from his head lightning fast, including everything else, while he needed to fight for his life, with this hell-hound on his throat, because the ruthless servant hurled itself at him – moderating the futility of the bitter struggle, it didn't last for long, and he ends similarly as his other two companions of misfortune, third on the bed.

After this the dog, having done its duty, can pay its attention to other things as well: it overhears the voice of daddy from the phone, runs out of the building and jumps into the car. It wants to scent the device, for this it needs to rest one leg against the dashboard. Taking the phone into its mouth it pulls it out from

the holder to take it with itself, in the meantime seeking a better resting place with its leg it finds the huge button, with which it switches the car on – and the music starts blaring again. It gets frightened and drops the phone – that falls under the seat. It runs back into the cabin, and looking into the kitchen it catches sight of the backpack on the chair. It pulls it back on the floor and drills its head inside, to disappointedly ascertain that it's empty again – and leaves it next to the chair.

Brutus rushes out of the kitchen, through the vestibule to the inscrutable path, seeking for daddy, who can't come back anymore, because he lies in a brook with a bullet in his head.