

# *The Wadrán Chronicles*



*-Wolf Howling-*

*Bernhard Möller*

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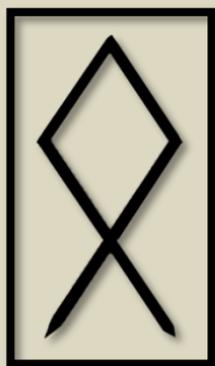
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## Wolf Wilson



*My grandmother always told me that there would be no monsters if I had heard noises again and hid in a dark niche at her place. At that time I was a very distrustful and erratic child. She suspected that my parents' restless lifestyle was the cause of my conspicuous behavior. How could I build trust in an environment and be confident in dealing with people if I was deprived of any chance to get used to an environment and build a circle of friends, she said, and she reproached Mom and Dad for that. But how could she also know why we, that are my parents and I, kept changing our place of residence? I was strictly forbidden by Mom and Dad to tell her about those events that were at the beginning of our nomadic life – those events that had deeply frightened me and robbed me of my childlike lightheartedness and the image of a perfect world. Nevertheless, I could not understand why one denies to children the cruel and bloody reality, the existence of werewolves and other wolf-like creatures, as grandma persistently did when I told her about the werewolves despite my parents' ban. To protect us children and to prevent us from hiding under blankets, jittering, and not daring to*





*put our feet out? But I knew they existed. And that exposed that surely well-intentioned assertion as a lie and my grandmother as a liar. But I was not afraid of those werewolves. My monsters were all human in appearance.*

*Today, however, I know that I had judged her too harshly, because my reality was not hers. In her world of experience there were no monsters and therefore no werewolves. From today's point of view I see a lot differently than then, because now I am 23 years old and richer by numerous experiences. With a clear conscience I can say that already now, at my young age, I have had many beautiful, strange and, let's say, less beautiful experiences that have completely changed my view and I have revised some of my former views.*

*At the age of thirteen I had already had to see and to experience more than most people in their whole lives. These experiences deprived me of the ability to gain trust in others. I did not allow strangers to approach me any more and reacted extremely dismissively. This naturally led to problems at school. At times I was therefore exempted from lessons and was taught at home by my parents. They were even approached and advised to consult a psychiatrist for me. But that wasn't an option for Mom and Dad. They knew why I was behaving like this, and the background should not be made public. I then found a way myself to channel my fears by escaping into sports. If I only could toughen my body sufficiently and learned to fight, no one could threaten me anymore I thought to myself and began to train intensively. A*

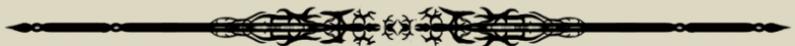




*fighting school was out of question for me for the reasons mentioned. A couple of years later, events came upon us that crossed the boundaries of what was imaginable. They changed my life at that time in hardly imaginable dimensions. Now that the time of my cruel revenge is very near, I want to tell the whole story of my childhood and youth:*

*I am Pattwóř of Wadřán and belong to the Wadřáns clan. But once I was Wolf Wilson, the son of successful American entrepreneurs. I was a so-called millennium child and was born in Kansas City under the Indian star sign of the wolf. My father was bachelor of engineering and ran a healthy company in the glass industry; my mother had a doctorate in business administration. But her heart was beating for botany. She discovered her love for plants at an early age and worked as a hobby botanist alongside her studies. Later she found a way to combine profession and hobby by buying into a specialized company for landscape gardening and taking over its management. She was significantly involved in the redesign of Kansas City Botanical Garden. I don't need to mention explicitly that we were quite wealthy and not dependent on the income from Mom's professional activities.*

*My parents had gotten to know each other at high school in Wichita. Both then attended Wichita State University, where my father graduated in Industrial Engineering and my mother in Economics and later earned her doctorate. When my father inherited the glass factory, they moved to Kansas City, where Dad immediately took over management. Customer acquisition and client*





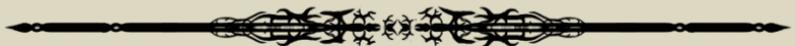
*retention were easy for him to handle. He had also been able to forge contacts in politics and business. My parents quickly established themselves in the high society of Kansas City. Well, and two years later I was born. The course was set for scrupulous success and with my birth nothing stood in the way of the rise as an American model family.*

*My father had been running the company for over fourteen years when profound events struck us and it all began. At the beginning of all those incidents that heralded the end of our bourgeois lives was a joint stroll through Penn Valley Park in Kansas City, deeply engraved in my memory. It was a hot summer afternoon and the park was very busy as a result. We were on our way to the Liberty Memorial when it happened. And it happened so suddenly and quickly that I didn't understand what was going on. My mother noticed that an obviously neglected man followed us and looked at me again and again. Although he seemed to be friendly and harmless, his behaviour made her uncomfortable and she drew my father's attention to him. Dad suspected that he was a pederast. Otherwise he couldn't explain the behaviour of this man. Nevertheless, he assumed only a very small potential of threat, because he thought that for pederasts only children without parental accompaniment could be considered as victims. However, the mind of some people could not be grasped with rational standards. Therefore, some situations would be difficult to assess. Her discomfort would therefore not be unfounded, he said. After a bend, that person spoke to us abruptly. I thought he wanted to tell us something about the Liberty Memorial for a*





*small fee. We stopped, and my parents brought out in round terms to him that we did not need a private tour. As they tried to get rid of this obtrusive and foul-smelling contemporary, I looked suspiciously at this strange man who kept looking down on me and trying to smile. He tried to appear calm, but he could only inadequately hide his unusual nervousness. He frightened me because intuitively I felt that something was absolutely wrong with him. Again and again the person looked inconspicuously over to a distant building on our right that was mostly covered by bushes and trees. I don't know if my parents had noticed his subliminal nervousness. At the age of twelve, however, I was far too inexperienced and naive to really suspect the danger we were in. I only saw an eerie, pushy man who stank terribly. Meanwhile my father was very angry and his tone was accordingly sharp. Dad shook his head once, grabbed the homeless man by his collar and threw him to the ground with the words to fuck off. Suddenly I heard the sound of branches and twigs breaking. A huge, hairy animal shot out of the bushes and jumped in my direction. As if paralyzed, I stopped and stared up at that monster that was very similar to a wolf. At the same moment I heard a sharp bang from a distance and the right shoulder of the monster exploded, literally. Blood, bone splinters and pieces of fur splashed towards us as we heard a terrible yelp and growl. All I could feel was someone grabbing me firmly at the arm and pulling me towards him. It was that neglected man whose eyes were now staring coldly at me from his hate-distorted grimace, suddenly holding a knife in his right hand and reaching for the deadly stab. But before he could stab me, he was attacked by that badly injured three-meter*





*tall monster and literally torn apart by a staggering paw stroke. Screaming I turned away and buried my face trembling in the protective arms of my father.*

*I did not yet understand what had happened there. Even less did I understand why this strange man wanted to kill me, but the enormous monster spared*

*me. Did monsters have be evil and humans good?*

*who had What was the the shooter, what*

*of the monster? Those of the bum were obvious to me, although I didn't understand them, because I had never met this man before. Apart from big pools of blood, bone splinters and fur fragments there was nothing more to see of the monster. As suddenly as it had appeared, it disappeared again. For the police and the media, the situation was perfectly clear. "Wild dog mashes up homeless man in the park." Neither was it of interest that that man wanted to kill me, nor were the numerous testimonies inter-*

*enormous spared mon-not to*

*And fired?*

*intention of was the intention*

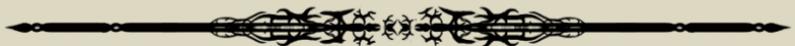




*esting, which confirmed that that creature was by no means a dog. Nor was the fact that a shot had been fired and the monster badly wounded relevant. Only on the internet did photos and truthful descriptions of the incident appear. However, the pictures were mostly blurred, overexposed or for other reasons of very poor quality, so that hardly anything was to be recognized on them. The reports were very quickly dismissed as fake news or fantasy and pushed into the corner of horror stories for werewolf lovers. But we, my parents and I, knew better. The unusually large and muscular creature possessed both the physical characteristics of a wolf and those of a human being. Although it was broad daylight and we definitely didn't have a full moon, I was sure I had seen a werewolf.*

*However, I cannot remember any more details of those subsequent events. I may have repressed some of them from my memory. But much was also withheld from me, allegedly to protect me. Apparently my parents were of the opinion that at twelve years of age I was still too young for the unvarnished reality. But I still remember well that from that day on horribly disfigured corpses were found in our neighbourhood, which are said to have been mauled by big dogs. Others reported demonic glowing eyes and strange noises in dark corners, claiming that evil was passing. And they were right. It shouldn't be long before I saw him again in the flesh.*

*It was not far from our house on a summer evening of the same year. The sun was already leaning towards the horizon, and*





*it was beginning to get dark on the streets and cool off noticeably – actually it was high time for me to go home. Since our experience in the Penn Valley Park, my parents didn't allow me to walk alone on the streets after sunset. Only in company of my best friend Ronald, who was already fifteen years old, I was allowed to be outside a little longer. Ronald was a street boy from poor backgrounds who knew how to defend himself and still had manners. I believe that my parents allowed me to deal with him despite the social position of his family. But what happened in a half-decayed house in a lonely cul-de-sac, just half a kilometer from our house, robbed me of my last trust in my fellow men. My closest friend had led me into that alley and wanted to show me something exciting. At the same time, it was supposed to be a test of courage to prove that I was not a rich, pampered wimp. He disappeared into that half-decayed building that had not been inhabited for many years. I should follow him and look for him in this dark place. Well, I didn't want to be a coward and certainly not a pampered wimp. Therefore I overcame myself to enter that house. The interior of this dump corresponded perfectly to its outer façade. Garbage and foul-smelling rubbish of probably whole bum dynasties lined the dark corners of the lower corridor I was in. Some of the doors were completely demolished and broken from their frames, so that they gave a glimpse into the dark rooms. They had already buried their existence as sites of bourgeois culture decades ago. By the strict smell of legacies, which are after all concomitants of dissipating drunkenness, I thought somebody must have vomited somewhere, the musty smell of damp, rotting wood and wet walls was to be smelled. I already*



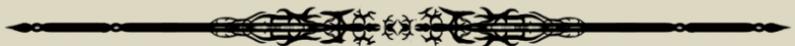


*felt polluted by my mere presence in this horrible environment and it tinged all over my body. I wondered what there was here that was extraordinary and really worth seeing. I was curious.*

*Meanwhile my eyes had adapted to the shady light conditions so that I could see a little more. Ronald had hidden somewhere in the masonry and was nowhere to be seen. Well, the test of courage was probably to sneak around in this building and prove that you no longer believed in a spook. Strange noises could be heard in this dilapidated building, such as the creaking of moving old doors and the typical Woohoo of haunting spirits. This old house is creepy and frightening to me. Everyone knows that uncanny noises are produced by winds that pass through walls. Heart and mind were not in agreement and I tried to follow my mind more than my heart. But suddenly I heard a clear groaning and creaking of bending wooden planks from the next room, as if a very heavy man was walking through the room. It couldn't be Ronald, because he wasn't that heavy.*

*I asked myself, 'Is it a derelict who feels disturbed by us in his silence?'*

*My heart slipped into my pants and I would have loved to run out right away. But I didn't want to be a coward. So I stayed. The entrance to this room still had a door that prevented me from looking into the room behind it. So I sneaked quietly to the completely distorted door, which didn't really fit into its setting anymore. Carefully I pushed it a little to the side to take a look into the neighboring room, which it answered with a loud creak. Suddenly I heard a rumble from exactly this room, which made me*





*flinch inevitably. It sounded as if a log had been knocked over. I became hot and cold at the same time. I didn't really want to know anymore who or what was in the next room. I just wanted to get out, away from this hideous place. I didn't care what Ronald would mean. I had shown enough courage to prove that I wasn't a pussy. So I made a U-turn to leave and got scared. Right behind me stood my friend Ronald, who grinned at me broadly. This would only have been worth a short fright. But there was something about my friend that made my blood freeze. His crazy look and his unnatural grin, which distorted the face of my friend more and more to a vicious grimace, were more than scary to me. My friend Ronald no longer stood before me. In front of me stood a physical shell in the shape of my friend, into which something evil had entered. Without saying a word, he grabbed me and brutally threw me back into the hallway, where I painfully collided with a few rotten wooden chairs that broke on impact. I stayed on the ground whimpering. Slowly Ronald approached me, looking at me with hatred and holding a heavy, pointed construction pole in his hands. Fearfully I retreated backwards, crawling on the ground. I looked at him begging and shaking my head. When I pushed against the wall, I opened my eyes wide and lay there as if frozen, for I could not believe what he was doing. After all, we had been playing together for as long as I could remember. We trusted each other blindly. That could only be a macabre staging, a play to give the thing more dramaturgy. But everything in me contradicted that and said to me: "Wolf, this is deadly serious!*

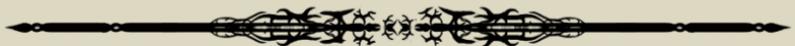
*"And now you will die," he hissed at me angrily, while he*





*swung to the deadly thrust and stabbed.*

*As I rolled to my side evasively and the tip of the bar drilled into the ground, the crooked door was suddenly pushed open with such force that the hinges tore out of the frames and the door slammed towards us, splintering. Ronald was only just missed by the fragments. As they smashed loudly at the opposite wall, something mighty shot out of the next room. A pair of red shining eyes appeared out of the darkness while I heard a terrifying growl. At the same moment, a mighty paw was already racing down before Roland could stab once more. My former friend yelled briefly before he was literally torn in two. Warm blood splashed towards me before the split body came to lie in a large pool of blood. Horrified, I turned away from the dismembered corpse and saw an upright wolf licking Roland's blood from his paw. As if paralyzed, I looked into the sparkling eyes of this over three meter tall werewolf, who had a very short, black fur, under which his mighty musculature was very clearly visible. After he had carelessly pushed the body parts aside, he turned to me. Curious, almost caring, the werewolf sniffed at me, licked Ronald's blood from my face with his rough tongue and then gently lifted me to my feet. I had lost control of my bladder and emptied all its contents into my pants. I became hot and cold at the same time, powerless I fell to the ground again and was unable to do anything. I just lay there while a wine cramp came over me. And next to me stood the werewolf, who only looked at me gently, stretched his head up to the sky and gave off a deep, actually gruesome, howl. And his howling did not remain unanswered. It took me about half an hour to regain my composure. The were-*





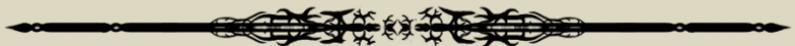
wolf did not leave my side during this time. However, I was not capable of a clear thought and so I asked myself much later why he did that, why Ronald had to die and why I did not. I was even sure that that werewolf saw something worth protecting in me. When he carried me out of the house and laid me down on the street, I thought I heard his bassy voice, which implored me that I could not trust people. After more mature considerations, it became clear to me why my former friend had to die – he died because he wanted to kill me.

Of course, the recent corpse discovery caused a great sensation and, like the incident in Penn Valley Park, was well publicized in the local media. The whole neighborhood was in a riot and they were looking for a culprit. Since we were the only ones directly involved in the events in Penn Valley Park and my friendship with that dead child was an indirect connection, there was a rumor that we were somehow the reason for the further death. In addition there were observations of how I had howled out into the night and was answered by eerie wolf howls. Then it was said that we were also responsible for the corpses that had previously been torn to pieces. Our neighbours, business friends and acquaintances then began to avoid us. We were cut on the open road and slowly it became more and more lonely around us. My parents were even openly asked to leave the city. So we moved to Lawrence, a completely different area where we were not known. My parents hoped to prove that they had nothing to do with the Kansas City murders. From that day, they had strictly forbidden me to imitate the howling of the wolves so that no connection





*could be made between me and those creatures. Unfortunately, it didn't take long for the first murders with the same mutilation patterns to appear in Lawrence. It was just as long before I received an answer to my calls, which I made despite the ban. So they were back and with them the rumours. But I was less interested, because as strange as it may sound, since that experience in the dilapidated house I felt better if I could be sure of their presence. I simply suppressed the corpse finds from my consciousness. So we moved again and the murders with us. So we were forced to change our place of residence about every three to four months. When Dad's business friends said goodbye and his balance sheets deteriorated enormously, Dad sold his business with a heavy heart so as not to lose everything. From then on, we lived on our savings. Mom and Dad knew they had to do something about it because we were treated like lepers. For two long years my parents endured until they had lost all hope of rehabilitation and were ready for a complete new beginning. The Wilsons had to die so that we could enter somewhere else with a whole new identity into a completely different life far away from murder and intrigue. So my parents decided to turn their backs on the hectic civilization. From now on they wanted to live on their own, independent of any people who could disappoint them and let them fall. In my father an early childhood dream had come to life again, which had long been forgotten. The urge to fight his way through the wilderness alone as a Ranger and survive without help grew inexorably in him until this desire was strong enough to convince my mother of this plan. He quickly resigned his accounts and withdrew all the capital while Mom sold her shares in her*





*business.*

*To give my parents a free hand for the necessary preparations for our resettlement, I spent the last two months of my urban life with Uncle John and Grandma in Sandusky, 1,200 km away, near Lake Erie, one of the great lakes of the northeast. I hadn't seen both since the events around Penn Valley Park. They immediately realized that I had changed completely since our last visit. Asked by them, my parents told them that I had had a traumatic experience in Penn Valley Park and I just needed some time to come to terms with it. Of course, they stayed with the official version of the media. They had told me beforehand that I mustn't tell both of them the true events in the park, nor of our resettlement plans. But they still pointed out to Grandma and Uncle John my unusual interest in wolves and werewolves and my strong affinity for these creatures that I had gained since that experience.*

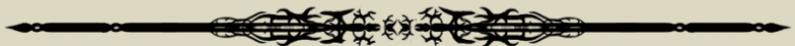
*In these two months they both took a lot of time for me. They even did a day trip to Cleveland with me, a nearby, huge metropolis, which didn't exactly appeal to me. There were huge shopping malls where you could buy everything you wanted to buy. But above all there was one thing in Cleveland – people and that in masses. Most people I mistrusted. No, I had even fear of them, because I could not recognize their true intentions. I liked wolves better and that from day to day increasingly. Uncle John didn't find my unusual preference alarming, but he had already expressed to my grandmother that my behavioral profile was completely atypical for a fourteen-year-old. He explained my partly*





*peculiar behavior with an extreme form of living out a youth fantasy, in which I would have fled. To take into account my strong urge to move and my dislike of big cities, Uncle John took me on long walks in the surrounding woods. I really liked that. During a walk, which my uncle once took with me very late in the evening, he even once allowed me to imitate the howling of the wolves, which my parents had strictly forbidden me to do. It was perfectly clear to me that I would receive an answer, for they had always answered me. And again this time I had heard deep howling from several directions, which was obviously a direct response to my call. While the gruesome sounding howling gave me a barely noticeable smile, I could see my uncle's nervousness growing as we were right on the edge of town. And there should be no wolves here. My uncle immediately finished the walk and went back to the house with me. After that he never again allowed me to imitate the howling of the wolves. He didn't tell Mom and Dad anything about that experience when they finally picked me up.*

*With nothing but our clothes and what we had in the truck, we drove to Alaska deep into the rainforests of Kodiak, far away from any civilization. There our new life should begin under a different identity and we hoped to find a new home there. Therefore we broke all bridges to our previous life. A car accident was faked and false death certificates were issued. There was also a funeral with following funeral service and even an obituary was written by the county celebrities. There was regret pretended by all those who wished us the plague and drove us to this step. That was the true face of the High Society. It was nothing more than a*





*snake pit. My parents hadn't spared any costs for our dropping out and had not made any compromises. No tracks led to us, everything was ironclad. The Wilsons were dead from then on. [...]*

