

Jack McFarland dashed through the maelstrom. He clutched Leanna's tan forearm in his hard, bleeding hand. Father Daniel's white robes, which matched the color of his pale skin, whipped wildly in the wind. Dr. Smither followed close behind, the hairs from his long mustache pressed against his face.

Hurried strides kicked grits of dust and dirt into the cold, gusts of Hellbound winds. The abyssal advections assaulted the town with a torrent of debris. The sign that read "Linden Settlement, Texas. Est. 1834," had been uprooted and thrown into oblivion, flying boards shattered glass and splintered building walls, covered wagons tipped, hay scattered in every direction, lightning cracks lit the blackened sky in blue and white belts, and their waves of thunder deafened the summer plains below.

Dark, faceless figures circled the town like hawks searching for prey. Their ghoulish wings spread wide and glided through the gales.

People screamed and pointed at the phantoms.

The four approached a tipped cart that's bottom side laid broken on the street and ducked behind it. The upward-facing, wind-blown wagon's wheels spun rapidly.

"Where're we even goin'?" Father Daniel yelled into the wind.

"To the church," Jack shouted through the horrid tempest. "Where else?"

The church towered at the center of town. The rusty, metal cross that had, for years, overlooked the town from the top of the House of God had fallen.