

Jeff the Killer versus Slenderman



The dark, wet alley was slightly illuminated by Sarah's cell phone light, as she shined it every few seconds to see where she was headed. Her eyes scanned the darkness, and she shook crazily. What had happened to her last night was a mystery.

She thought back, back to the bar. She had just come in with some friends, just a fun night out. Nothing could have happened, or so she thought. Now she was trembling, walking from building to building at three in the morning. Everything was a blur. She passed an old ratty motel, and a pub.

Sarah made her way to the outskirts of her neighborhood, around a heavily wooded area. She walked, clenching her eyes shut tight for moments at a time. She was huddled into her coat for warmth as the cold rain covered her for what seemed like an eternity. Just as her eyelids took cover of her eyes, something shined out of the corner of her vision. She instantaneously flashed her eyes open once again, and her pupils became wide. She looked around.

Nothing stood out in the blackness and rain. She spun around and continued her way back, hoping she would make it home. As she studied her surroundings, she remembered a shortcut that she took as a kid when playing "Hide and seek" with her childhood playmates.

It involved climbing through the woods. The cold woman hesitated, but came to the decision that anything that would get her to her warm home quicker is the better way. Sarah headed towards the forest. As she made her way in, the first tree she laid eyes on had been marked. What was marked on the tree mystified her, what looked like a circle with an X inside. She knew nothing of its origin or meaning, so she just assumed this was some kind of gang symbol, or something of the sort. Making her way into the forest, she recalled the fun times she had as a kid. She thought to herself out loud.

“I miss those times. Back when the world wasn't a ba-”

Her voice trailed off. Sarah heard the loud crack of a tree branch off in the distance behind her. Terrified, she began running through the woods, and she soon became lost. She continued on anyway, hoping for a way out. Her lack of caution quickly resulted in her leg being caught on a near lying root, and she fell to the ground. Attempting to get up caused her even more pain. She had twisted her ankle.

“Somebody please.. help me!” she called out.

The crunching of leaves became present again. She attempted to stand up and run, but her injury kept her in one place. She clenched her eyes shut out of fear, and as she opened them again, a tall, white man dressed in a suit stood before her. She had become visually impaired at the sight of this man. She began screaming in terror, but was soon silenced by the slender, pale man that stood before her in the dark.

Four o' clock. What once was a young boy, now was a cold blooded psychopath. Jeff the killer had just finished what he called his “Daily rounds”. The slaughtering of innocent people, this was almost all that flooded Jeff's mind. He dragged his feet up the wet cement as he entered what he had called his home for years. Jeff stepped foot into a world of tragic memories, clutching two whiskey bottles in hand. Jeff had become a drunken killing machine.

His brain was filled with the scent of murder. One thought that did cross his psychotic mind had been there since day one. As the rain hit the weary house, Jeff began to recall the night in which he slaughtered his entire family. He chuckled at the thought. If it wasn't for his insanity, he may have thought about regret. Remorse for taking the lives of the people he once loved. But that wasn't possible at this point. Jeff was out for one thing and one thing only. Death.

Five o' six in the morning. He took another swig at his alcohol.

“What in the fuck am I sitting here for..” Jeff buzzed.

As he got up to make his way into the night, he swerved a bit, and took another chug at his whiskey. The alcohol hit his warm, bloody lips, and he felt an odd sensation. A sudden urge had hit him. He stood in the room, gazing out at the forest beyond the house. Jeff checked his pockets- cigarettes, a lighter, and of course his knife. Jeff knew that something wasn't right. The feeling he got was a mix of the urge to kill again, and something far different than what he had ever felt before.

He stormed out of his home, into the cold, wet night. Jeff was now in a dark street, his only light source being a lamp illuminating the road. The rain, still pouring, hit Jeff's back. He started to move in the direction of the forest. He struggled a bit, his alcohol consumption that night had been extremely high. The killer approached the desolate forest. Before he entered, he took a quick glare to his left. Jeff was not far from a cemetery. He trembled towards it. A thought blew into his mind, almost like the wind on a breezy afternoon. The last piece of his family was only feet away, and it beckoned him.

He moved his feet away from the forest, and towards the graveyard. Slowly Jeff walked, yet he tripped a few times spanning the short distance. He approached a grave. Jeff graced it with the rotten odor of death, his jacket being covered in the blood and remains of his victims. Jeff simply gazed at the cold slab of granite. His vision was too distorted to make out any sort of words, because of this, he just stood and stared. Jeff's insides began to feel uneasy, and his throat became dry. The same feeling from just minutes before.

Jeff stumbled back to the forest. While trembling towards the woodland, his eyes wandered to a tree a few feet farther out than the others. What looked like a small, greyish piece of paper could be seen hanging by a nail. His eyes blurry, he was unable to read it. He took no attempt either, and crept into the darkness slowly. Almost as if he recognized this place, as if it were his true home.

Squeezing his two whiskey bottles, he studied the forest in a drunken haze. Jeff admired the darkness, it reminded him of a black hallway, one where the murderer could easily slash the necks of his victims without being seen. As he continued walking, Jeff became in a way, infatuated. The empty blackness swirled around him. Muttering to himself in unrecognizable gibberish, he

continued to trot. Something felt a bit odd. The crunching of leaves seemed too loud to account for only one person. Jeff felt as if something was lurking beyond his line of sight.

“Who's there?” Jeff growled.

An abundance of noise could be heard, but nothing out of the ordinary. The chirps of crickets grew louder as Jeff studied his surroundings.

“Come on chicken, I don't really like games, and not hide and seek at all.”

As Jeff announced this, a quick rustling from a nearby bush could be heard. He slashed at it before the sound could come to a silence on its own. Jeff then saw what was hidden out of sight the entire time.

“Damn rats, you're just some good for nothing pests.” Jeff proclaimed as a rodent scurried from the leaves.

After he had seen what hid in the bush, he continued his midnight stroll. The rain crashing against his back came to a slow stop. His vision was becoming very blurry, and a loud noise was growing within his head. What could be heard was just a figment of Jeff's insane imagination, for the woods were completely silent. He tampered around, dragging his feet and cursing at the almost unbearable noise. Nothing like it had pierced his ears with such discontent before.

The noise that drowned Jeff slowly became absent. From the pain, Jeff fell to a tree. Both bottles that were once clenched into his hands fell towards the ground. One crashed against the bark, and shattered everywhere. The crack of glass had viciously dragged Jeff back into consciousness. As his eyes readjusted to the darkness once more, the blurriness was magnified as Jeff saw a white, oval like object hovering above him. His eyes quickly focused from shock, but what had been in front of him a few seconds ago was nowhere to be found.

“What in the fuck was that?”

Jeff chuckled at his own remark. Was his mind playing tricks on him?

“Now I know that ain't no damn rats!”

He hastily came to the conclusion that something had to be lurking in the darkness, following him from a distance.

“That's it, I'm done playing games. Where the fuck are you, you bastard!?” Jeff screamed to the top of his lungs in hope of some kind of response. He was answered abruptly. As he started to walk again, he felt the slightest tingle on his neck.

“That's not the damn air, fucker. Get the hell out of the bushes before I decide to fuck you up!” Jeff felt wild at this point. Nothing about this place was right, but he was enjoying every minute of it. Swiftly, he pulled his shining blade from his coat pocket, and began slashing at trees in the darkness.

“Come out, come out bitch!” He cried out. “No hiding now, I'll cut every last chip of bark to slit your throat!”

Jeff pointed his knife towards a tall, thin tree protruding from the left of his vision, and stabbed. He was astonished to see that on direct contact, the tree, or what he thought was a tree faded away into the darkness in a matter of milliseconds. Not knowing what to do, he glanced quickly towards his right, and stabbed at the black of night. He peered out into the wood, and saw not what he had expected. What stood before the psychotic boy was an extremely tall, thin man, dressed in a clean, black suit. This was all that Jeff could make out at the time, the darkness caused Jeff's sight to become immensely distorted.

Jeff's eyes had cleared again, and he quickly began to observe the man. He was emaciated, his face pale, almost pure white in color. As Jeff studied the face, he soon came to notice the lack of facial features on this man. This “Thing”'s face was completely empty, no eyes, nose, or mouth. Just a white, blank, head. This made Jeff feel a bit uneasy, and he soon broke out into a laugh. Although astounded, Jeff soon addressed the figure before him.

“So you were the bastard chasing me through the woods huh?”

Jeff stared at the blankness once more.

“You know, I don't know what the fuck you are, but you kinda remind me of myself” “You've got the nice white face, but all you're missing is a smile!”

Jeff began laughing uncontrollably at his own notion. Yet he was stopped, Jeff's ears were assaulted by static, and he fell to the ground. He was shrouded in complete darkness as he clenched his ears for mercy. The figure Jeff earlier questioned was now causing Jeff extreme pain, while the place where his eyes should have been staring directly into Jeff's. At that point, Jeff snapped. He

broke free of the pain, drew his knife once more, and began slashing. Each one of his moves were futile, as the man moved around in no time at all, almost as if he was teleporting from place to place to avoid the attacks.

The tall man began to fight back. Jeff had just now begun to notice the tendrils hanging from the back of his attacker. They grabbed at Jeff, and his response was to swing his knife at each that came near him. Jeff managed to slice what seemed to be an arm. In almost an instant, the limb quickly grew back into place. What had just happened astonished Jeff. He felt almost as if the man was a tall tree, and his tendrils simply branches. Jeff fled from the forest, knowing that there was no way he would be able to fight whatever his adversary truly was in what seemed to be its home territory.

Jeff rushed from his attacker, and found himself at the same place where he had entered. To the right of him lie the cemetery. Open space. As he ran past the trees, he noticed one that lie away from the others. The same tree from before. He ran to it out of instinct, and read the note he had seen from a distance.

“Do not enter these woods at night, a tall man has been spotted in the area recently, some call him the Slenderman. Beware, and enter at your own risk.”

Whatever the being that had stalked him in the woods before was referred to as Slenderman. The name fit perfect with the description of the tall, white figure. Jeff hurried towards the graveyard, where he waited for his foe, wielding his sharp, bloody, knife.

Jeff's wish had been granted, as the Slenderman approached from the woods. It seemed as if it was hesitant to leave its home court. Despite its hesitance, it left the area anyway, and quickly rushed towards Jeff. The psychopath's instincts started to come back, and he jumped towards the tall man. Jeff was quickly grabbed by his enemy, and thrown against a nearby tree.

Jeff proceeded to swing again at the tendrils that had grabbed him. He was able to slash at one of the Slenderman's main arms. Blood oozed from the deep cut. The white figure showed no emotion, and began snatching at Jeff once again. As he continued to smash Jeff against trees, and slabs of rock, Jeff's knife slipped from his grip, and fell to the ground with Jeff. Colliding with the ground, Jeff's knife slid into his own stomach in a matter of seconds. Blood poured from the wound, and soon the ground was covered in a red liquid. He stood up with a jolt.

“Is that the best you got Slendy?” “I've taken worse beatings from my father's belt than you're weak twig arms!”

The Slenderman remained silent, but continued fighting. The man reached for a piece of granite from a tombstone, but before he could take hold of it, Jeff jerked the knife from his gut, and flung it directly at Slenderman. Jeff's accuracy was precise, and it sliced off one of the man's limbs.

Slenderman's left arm was completely gone, as it fell to the ground with a thud. It was quickly met by thick blood that barraged from his shoulder. It was completely drenched in blood. Slenderman briskly disappeared into the darkness, but illuminated behind Jeff. In his right hand, he held a broken piece of granite, that he proceeded to slam into the side of Jeff's head. Jeff fell to the ground once again, almost knocked unconscious.

He was not left there for long before he was seized by his assailant, and thrown against a grave. The stone exploded on impact with Jeff. Standing up once again, Jeff's eyes focused on the name on the grave. As his eyes crossed the name on the granite, his black eyes widened.

The words written across the gray slab were recognized by Jeff in an instant. It read out his brother's name, Liu. Something was coursing through Jeff. Rage filled him within an instant, and he lashed out at Slenderman at extreme speeds. Jeff's knife was slashing through his suit, as well as his pale skin. Slenderman began teleporting towards the forest.

“Come on bitch, I'm not finished with you yet!” Jeff hollered. “I want to help you get to sleep Randy! You look awfully tired!”

Whatever was flowing through Jeff caused his insanity to go into an overdrive state. He had become delusional. He ran at Slenderman, and back into the forest. He rushed through the woods, not observing his environment whatsoever.

Jeff was deep into the forest, still pursuing the man. Slenderman continued warping around the forest. Jeff's lack of caution caused him to trip on a branch lying in his way. As he crashed into the ground, shards of glass pierced him, and the contents of his pockets were thrown out. His items scattered the ground. As Jeff looked up with his mangled, bloody face, the scent of alcohol graced him. Jeff knew that he had been here before, he had fallen on this tree and dropped his bottle.

Jeff desperately searched the ground for his knife. He felt his hand grab hold of something warm, what he had hoped was his blade. Jeff had grabbed his liter. He quickly scrapped at it, hoping that the small flames would provide a source of light. His bloody hands covered the plastic in the red liquid. After many desperate attempts, a small, orange flame was produced.

Jeff threw the liter out in front of him as he attempted to find his knife that lay close to him. Before he could make another movement, Slenderman appeared before him. The smooth white face that he had seen before was now covered in slashes and dark blood. Even though he looked hurt, Slenderman remained strong.

Jeff's grip on the liter became loose, his blood had caused friction between it and his hand. The small blaze dropped towards the ground. Intense flames scorched as the liter hit the ground. Both adversaries fled away from the flame. Before either of them could put distance between themselves and the flame, it was ignited by the alcohol that soiled the ground.

In a matter of seconds, the forest was burning from the ground up. Jeff looked for safety, yet none was to be found in the flames. Slenderman thought nothing of this, and continued to swing at Jeff. Jeff fought back, ignoring the orange and red covering his environment. The tall monster grabbed at Jeff. Jeff grabbed his knife and jumped.

To no avail, Jeff was pulled by the Slenderman, and was now stuck in his grip. Slenderman began to shake Jeff around, as he did this, Jeff bit at him, and a loud crack of bone could be heard. The pain surged through Slenderman, out of shock, he threw Jeff against a large tree. As Jeff flew towards the tree, a sharp pain hit Jeff straight in the back. It continued until he saw a large branch sliding through his torso, and he hit the base of the tree. Jeff had been viciously impaled by a long tree branch.

Blood gushed from his mouth and open wounds as he screamed out in pain. Slenderman then fled. He warped to an area of safety, where the forest had not been burned as of yet. He watched Jeff as he attempted to escape. At this point, the Slenderman knew that escape was impossible. The white monster could hear Jeff screaming, even from a large distance away. He continued to warp away from his territory, and left Jeff to burn in the flames.

The blaze became brighter, and surrounded Jeff. Struggling to avoid the intense

heat, he violently slid his body from the tree. Fire engulfed Jeff, everything swirled around him. He became wrapped up into the flames, there was no hope for Jeff. He had lost his mind long ago, yet this was something different. He had reached his limit, and his state of mind burned just as the forest did.

“A young girl by the name of Sarah Burgess has been reported missing. She was last seen at Drop In Bar&Grill at around 9 o' clock P.M. If you have any idea on the whereabouts of Sarah Burgess, please call the station at [**404-835-HELP\(4357\)**](tel:404-835-HELP(4357)). In other news, a major forest fire has broken out in the local area, the cause has not yet been discovered. Investigators are studying the remnants of the forest. The fire has been extinguished. This will hurt much of the animal life found in the once heavily wooded forest. We'll bring more on this story as it comes.”

Mark turned off the television, and slumped into his couch cushion.

“Hey honey, you want to go take a look at the forest, well, whats left of it? They've put out the fire that burned the damn thing to the ground. There's also a girl missing, maybe we'll see her while we're out there.”

“Can we do it some other time? I'm kind of busy right now Mark, and if the police can't find that girl, there's no way in hell we can!” Julia protested.

Mark argued. “Come on, it won't hurt nothing. It won't be more than a five minute walk!”

“Alright I guess, but five minutes only!”.

The man put on his shoes, and left his house with his wife. As they strolled towards the burnt out forest, they could see something moving in the opposite direction. It looked somewhat human. As they moved closer towards it, they noticed what looked like severe burns to it's face.

The creature's eyelids were completely gone, and it carried an unnatural smile spread across his face. It was completely white, with hints of gray where it looked like he had been burned. It's long, black hair was singed. They came closer towards it, and Mark shouted.

“Hey buddy, do you need some help?” Mark bellowed.

“Mark stop, we don't even know who he is! He could be a fucking killer for all we know!” Julia whispered, frightened.

The man moved swiftly towards the couple. As he approached them, he drew a thick blade covered in a red liquid.

“I don't, but I can tell you need some help to sleep.”

Jeff slashed the knife across the man's neck, and he fell to the ground. His wife began to scream loudly. She was unable to continue, as she was next. She was stabbed directly in the heart with the knife.

“You don't need to worry about me. Just go to sleep.”

Written by Dylan Roberts (CustomCreepyPasta).

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