

# HORROR ANTHOLOGY

**Altered  
Realities**

**FEATURING  
STORIES**

And the Scales Fell From My Eyes by  
Thomas Malafarina

Reality Games by  
Tabitha Baumander

**Horror Anthology – Altered Realities**  
**Horror Anthology Volume III**

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## CHAPTER 1



*A*s I inadvertently mentioned earlier I'm a bestselling author of thrillers. My numerous books are sold worldwide in print as well as digital and audio formats. They've been translated in to a dozen languages for foreign distribution. A good number of them have been adapted to screen plays and have become major motion pictures. Royalties from all of these various forms of entertainment have made me a very wealthy man and more importantly, they've provided the financial security I need in order to continue to produce additional creative works.

This wealth aspect of my success is probably the part for which I am most grateful. The reason for this gratitude is because for most of my life I've struggled with finding adequate time to write. I've always enjoyed the act of putting words to paper and essentially creating something from nothing, but finding the time to do so was a constant challenge. Like most part-time writers I was forced in those early days to rely on the income from a variety of day-jobs which I detested, in order to help support what I thought of

as my true calling but what most people preferred to think of as my hobby.

In those days, trying to find someone, anyone to publish my work was incredibly difficult. No, let me rephrase that; it was downright impossible. The truth is there was a time when I couldn't find a single publisher to print my work. So as a result I had collected a stack of rejection letters probably taller than the five story tenement building where I used to rent a one bedroom flea-bag apartment. But at that time in my life, flea-bag was the best I could afford. Although I should point out although I was not yet published I had received a few offers from some obscure publications and magazines to print my work. However, the money being offered was either insulting or nonexistent.

I had read numerous articles by well-known authors who touted the importance of getting one's name out in front of the public for brand recognition purposes. That concept might be acceptable for a writer of shall we say average or below average skills, but I vowed to die with a house full of unpublished manuscripts before I would allow myself to give my works away for nothing. And as a result the only piles which were taller than my stacks of rejection slips were the heaps of aforementioned unpublished manuscripts.

I always envisioned these works someday being discovered maybe many years after I was dead and gone. And in my fantasy I imagined myself being posthumously recognized as the greatest thriller writer of all time. But back then I was forced to remain a great unknown.

I would consider using the cliché I was so unknown I couldn't even get arrested; but sadly that expression would

only hold true if you were to disregard the time when I actually did get arrested. It was an incident when I found myself handcuffed in the local police station after drunkenly smashing a beer bottle over the head of some loser who made a less than desirable comment about my writing abilities. Papa Hemmingway would have been proud of me that day.

The episode occurred at a get-together at a local bar following a meeting of our local writer's club. I'm not known for having a short fuse but I had to admit I was more than a bit under the influence that night. And to be perfectly honest, the comment that character made was actually quite rude. Fortunately for me the man opted to drop the charges after encouragement from other club members but my "permanent record" remains sullied to this day by that somewhat misguided yet justified offense.

It has often been suggested I have might something of an attitude problem; a sense of superiority which considering my past lack of journalistic success was often thought of as unwarranted. But all I can say is I know and appreciate my own quality. But seriously; think about that for a moment. How difficult is it to appear superior to what we think of as the general public? If you look at what's out there walking among us, it doesn't take a rocket scientist to see as a society, we've opted for quantity over quality. In my opinion, most of the people out there are barely human. All you need is a pulse to qualify as a member of the general public.

You might want to keep these opinions of mine in mind as you continue to read. Because the concepts of quantity over quality and what exactly constitutes humanity are

paramount to what I've learned and to what truths I'll reveal to you later in this work. It explained a lot about for me about why the world is the way is it is and hopefully it will do the same for you.



## CHAPTER 2



I think the best way to start this tale is to tell you about something very strange, which began happening to me some time back around 2009 or 2010. This was back when I was still a great unknown having not yet published my first work. At first, it all seemed innocent enough, something I just happened to notice occurring once and a while; nothing to get too upset about. Then it began happening more often and then later on it began occurring much more often. That's when things started getting weird. And then a few months later it became such a regular occurrence it began to annoy me and eventually even to concern me. Some of what I'm going to explain at this point may at first seem exciting but likely may start to become a bit mundane and perhaps for a while even a little bit boring. But trust me, all of it is essential in order for everyone to understand the path I had no choice but to follow and which has led me to where I am today; for better or worse.

What happened was this; I realized for some unknown reason I had begun to see the number 1111 appear in one form or another almost everywhere. For example, I might

notice it on one of my many digital clocks, or my cell phone, or on a gas pump display or even from time to time on road signs or even on my automobile trip odometer. I was seeing 1111 virtually anywhere a numeric sequence might be seen. Then I started to notice other combinations of progressing or repeating numbers such as 1234, 4321, 2121, 1212, 1122 and other such groupings.

At first I simply blamed it on the fact we now live in an age where numbers are displayed more prominently in digital format and more places than they have ever been before in history. So as a result I thought of it all as simply coincidental. For example, I might be driving in my car on my way home from work and I'd notice my digital clock reading 4:44. Or perhaps I'd wake up in the middle of the night and glance at my alarm clock and see it digitally displaying in bright red numbers 1:11. And sometimes while driving, I'd happen to look up and notice a mile marker along the highway and see it read 333.

There was also another strange phenomenon which I began to notice in the very early morning or late at night. On occasions when I either drove or walked by certain streetlights they would go out. After I passed they would come on again. It seemed to always be a one-time occurrence. I couldn't get them to repeat the action no matter how many times I tried. And it wasn't always the same street lights. It was all very unusual and when I combined that with the repeating numbers I was seeing, it was all becoming very bizarre for me. And I had an instinctual feeling these two phenomena might somehow be related and tied to me for whatever reason.

Eventually the number sequences as well as the dimming lights began to occur more often; so much so it started causing me great consternation. I couldn't understand why this was happening to me. It all seemed so unusual and maybe even a bit surrealistic. It was as if I was living in some sort of dream world. Deep in the pit of my stomach I knew there had to be some reason for this. I actually felt at times as if someone was trying to get my attention. But since that seemed ridiculous, like something out of one of my as yet unpublished novels or something a madman might suggest, I decided to keep those opinions to myself. After a while I eventually convinced myself this was all simply a matter of coincidence; the result of our new digital technology and as such I did my best to ignore it.

But soon the sightings, which was how I thought of them, began happening even more often and had gone beyond the point of being a mere curiosity. It was very quickly becoming quite disturbing, perhaps even frightening for me. It seemed the more I tried to ignore this phenomena the more these numbers would appear. Then I began to wonder if maybe something really was wrong with me; you know, mentally. I'd never known anyone who had lost their mind before and there certainly was no history of insanity in my family, but surely the sort of things I was seeing were a far cry from normal.

Because the ever-increasing sightings were starting to work on my nerves I decided to do what any forward thinking individual in the twenty-first century would do; I searched the internet to see if anyone else was experiencing similar phenomena. I decided to take the broad-brush

approach and simply search for the string "1111". I assumed it I got too many hits I could always fine-tune my search later. And to be perfectly honest, I really didn't expect to find much of anything.

Then to my surprise I was shocked to find over fifty-nine million hits from my simple string. Ok. That was a surprise. It looked like my initial search had been way too general and I was going to have to narrow my description somewhat. But before I had a chance to type a different search string I saw a few links at the top of the listing which seemed as though they might be exactly what I was looking for.

The first one I saw stated, "So you're seeing 11:11 everywhere. What does that mean?" Another included the word "guardians" while another spoke of "muses" and yet others mentioned some sort of beings called "lower angels."

After reviewing a few more of the hyperlink descriptions it became clear this was all heading in a direction which came dangerously close to what I thought of as "new age wacko philosophies". Needless to say I had absolutely no interest whatsoever in opening that particular can of worms, yet still I felt as though I needed to at least try to find an answer to my own digital dilemma.

After clicking on one of the links, I was astounded to learn apparently a lot of people were apparently experiencing the same things I had been seeing. There was even a group which called themselves "The 11:11 Witnesses". They had their own web site as well as a blog and boasted over one hundred thousand world-wide members. It seemed as though thousands of other people were seeing the same kinds of things I had been seeing. Apparently this 11:11 stuff

was still in its infancy and was on its way to becoming a sort of cult, maybe even a type of religion. I was intrigued to say the least.

At first I decided to read everything I could find on the web about it. However, I soon realized there was far more information available than I possibly had the time or desire to investigate. I needed to find a way to get more specific information; facts that related to my personal issues, not tons of generalized mumbo jumbo.

Then I thought it might be a good idea to reach out to a few of the most popular of these web sites to see what they might have to say to me on an individual level; you know, one-on-one. Using my writing skills, I devised a simple introductory note and using a special untraceable email address I sent the email to five or more of the top sites.

My initial email note read as follows: *“The number 1111 has been driving me crazy for the past year or so. It seems to be popping up everywhere. And lately it’s actually starting to weird me out a bit. The same sort of thing is happening with other number combinations as well. I felt as if I was reaching the end of my rope when today I got the idea of searching the web for 1111. I was completely blown away by the number of sites I discovered which were dedicated to this subject. I had no idea anyone else, let alone so many other people were experiencing this phenomenon. I still don't quite know what to make of it, but I’m glad to see I’m not alone. Is there anything you can tell me to help to put my mind at ease.”*

To my surprise, within a few minutes, the replies began to arrive. Apparently these new age disciples were very

serious about spreading their gospel. Below is a segment of one of the first replies I received.

*“We certainly hope this information will be of great assistance to you. This will explain what we believe is the true meaning of what we call the 11:11 prompts which you have been seeing. Someone is definitely attempting to contact you. These beings which are sending you these visual prompts are what we like to refer to as guardians, muses and lesser angels.”*

“All righty then.” I thought to myself recalling those words from the link overview. And to think I was starting to wonder if maybe I was the crazy one. Needless to say, reading this wacky reply made me feel much better about my own state of mind; confused as it might have been. For one thing, it meant I was not alone in what I was seeing and at least I hadn’t gone off the deep end about it as apparently these other weirdoes had.

Nevertheless I decided to read on. I figured, what could it hurt? The email continued, *“These beings are showing you the numbers to get your attention. They’ll often vary the numbers to make you realize you’re not just seeing random combinations but in reality they’re prompting you. You see, you’re dealing with beings of an incredibly high level of intelligence; ‘off the charts’ as people say. These creatures also are indicating by singling you out they want you to know they have important information they have to share with you. They are generally good beings and in some religions are thought of as gods.”*

I thought again how this character actually believes I and others were being contacted by some sort of God-like creatures who for some unknown reason have something very important to tell us and they apparently want me

specifically to hear their story. I wondered at what point in the email I would be prompted to donate large sums of money, perhaps \$1,111 to this new pew-jumping church of the holy guardians or whatever it might be called. But to my surprise and relief nowhere in the email was there any mention or request for a donation of any kind.

I closed this first email and opened another. It was very similar to the first even though it came from a completely different web site. At least I initially assumed these were all separate, individual web sites, but the more I thought about it the more I realized they could all just as easily be part of the same weirdo religion. This new writer explained how these “angels” were extremely loyal to humans and how they had been transformed into these celestial beings for the sole purpose of assisting us mere mortals in achieving a higher plane of spiritual existence.

He wrote, *“These creatures are all good beings. There are no longer any evil ones in existence. Some people, especially those of an enlightened mind will see this communication you are having as positive. While others of a narrower and less enlightened mind will fear their attempted intervention into our lives. But remember, we are entering the New Age. And the communication pathways to the higher spheres of enlightenment have largely been opened.”*

It seemed the more I read, the less I understood what the hell all of this was about. Although part of me was glad to hear if there were in fact, actually beings of some sort attempting to make contact with me, they were apparently benevolent in nature. Benevolence is generally good; hostility is usually not so good. According to this writer none

of the bad creatures existed any longer. I found this somewhat odd since most religious people believe and think in terms of good and evil, Heaven and Hell and some form of God and the Devil. These 11:11 Witnesses seemed to think evil beings no longer existed. Obviously they had never walked along the same city streets late at night that I've walked. In my opinion, evil is alive and well.

I then decided to check out several other emails which arrived during the next day or so. They were all very similar to these earlier ones.

One of them sounded surprisingly like they were paraphrasing FDR's inaugural address when they proclaimed, *"There is nothing to fear but fear itself."* They insisted, *"The Lucifer rebellion was finally put down during the mid-1980's, and Satan no longer exists."*

This verified what I originally had assumed. These new-agers believed there no longer was a Hell or Satan or any such concept. I thought the only important thing to die in the 1980's was disco.

Another email provided a list of things which I was supposedly able to do now that I had become an enlightened individual. It explained:

*"1. You are genetically capable of establishing two-way contact with the 11:11 beings if you choose to.*

*2. You are spiritually ready to be guided and to obtain information from these extremely intelligent beings whose IQ's are measured in the thousands."*

Who measured these IQ's? It made me wonder. I imagined some celestial being taking an online Mensa exam or something. I chuckled to myself as I continued to read on.



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