

YEST YE BECOME ONE

A SHORT STORY OF GOTHIC HORROR BASED ON THE CHICAGO URBAN LEGEND



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A TALE OF GOTHIC HORROR

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WGN NEWS AND TRIBUNE ENTERTAINMENT; PLEASE DON'T SUE ME FOR HAVING A LITTLE FUN WITH AN INSTITUTION I GREW UP WATCHING AS A KID. I HOPE YOU GUYS CAN TAKE THE STORY IN THE SAME SPIRIT I WROTE THIS. IT'S A WORK OF GRISLY HORROR BUT HAS ELEMENTS OF SATIRE THROWN IN THE MIX. THIS ONE IS MORE PLAUSIBLE THAN WHAT YOU SEEN OUT THERE ON SCYFY CHANNEL WITH SHARKNADO. DOES SHARK REALLY HAPPEN?

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YEST YE BECOME ONE.

WRITTEN BY NICKOLAUS A. PACIONE

Examples as one collects; everything they fabricate becomes everything someone believes as they hang on every other word. One lie leads to destruction of another man – a question we see coming to mind; how many collate and then trim and past a plethora of statements to make someone look like they're criminal.

“How do you mean?”

Small town busy bodies calling their version of Barney Fife within their nonfictional version of Mayberry – unable to handle little bit of controversy when it comes to when they seek out monsters; don't they realize they do that. They do end up becoming one...

Yest ye become one as Nietzsche had warned us.

That's the history of Chicago for you; seeking out monsters.

Chasing an urban legend or two; *or that's how it goes or follows.*

When one is chasing old news articles and capturing classmate's adult infamies; I don't always know when to capture their nightmarish traits as some things become the territory of those who feel brimstone and fire engulfing their lungs. A realization what happens when they had been bit in half or had a limb chewed off in the waters of Lake Michigan by our urban legend in the waters.

Our world as I realize, *yest ye become one...*

Becoming what Nietzsche warned us about.

I know what that is – does the masses reading this narrative realize this..

What they are – the horror that is mankind.

“I don't want to hear about this urban legend talk...”

What is this creeping at the thought you out – if you nod you know exactly what I am speaking about as this one has flesh and teeth?

If you're a classmate this narrative may save your life knowing our urban legend is a living thing but doesn't speak; though very real and its siblings were found in the Mississippi River near Alton, Illinois.

Yes is that time of the year again; as I am sure some of you are out swimming and carefree though one year ago a photographer captured a protruding fin out of the Chicago waters.

I will say right now he the one who splits the surface will have a name; named for the H. P. Lovecraft short story and shares the title with a God from ancient Iraq known as Dagon

Tell me as one read the articles and the imagination had been captured as last hear WGN NEWS asked the question, “Tell me this.... *You mean there is a shark in within Lake Michigan?*”

That's the urban legend guys – plausible when you realize how far a Bull Shark can swim up river or through the St. Lawrence.

Though it's a question how it would end up in Lake Michigan?

Speculation and imagination become fodder for speculative fiction writers when one sees something like this and read the articles. I am sure someone might be looking at this with speculation well that's the power of throttling one's imagination (*like someone grabbing someone by their neck like Joan Cranford of her adoptive daughter.*)

Well the things you read and hear suggestion on the news before one goes swimming; one may never know when that urban legend will pop up and a fin will be staring one down. The lake one swims in Nietzsche had the cryptic warning, yest ye become one as the monster glides

under the freshwater inland sea. The world within the imagination born of urban legend among the things dwelling of horror how Dagon had five gills on each side of him along with 12 inch dorsal fin protruding from the water – does one really want 300 lbs of bad attitude clamping down upon their limbs. Dagon here is not the creature aka the demi-God from H. P. Lovecraft's work or the Fish-God from the mythology of the ancient past as I relate but the urban legend who emerged in 1955 where it's frighteningly plausible.

Yest ye become one – what is this he speaks of?

The wording is monster as some are trying to seek them out.

Those inner hells we imagine as some would go to the lake; one as me coming back from a movie premiere spending the afternoon with a lot of ideas in my head – seek them out yest ye become one comes to mind... Though when one is in the lake are they looking for the glassy surface of the murky let clear waters of that freshwater inland sea how an urban legend with flesh and teeth might emerge..

“You're full of shit!”

“AM I?”

“Did I mention he had a name?”

“Oh fuck you!”

I am sure one would realize that urban legend because they were the ones who are true to life *S-c-c-r-e-m-e-d-d-d!*

This world and universe like Robert Cormier wrote; *dare do I disturb this*. Dare I disturb the universe if some have the balls to really speak about our pet bull shark, Dagon...

I have to say it's highly unlikely but some would ask me if I can sell them the Brooklyn Bridge. I am sure the urban legend remains within this plausible world that would be a work of cyberpunk when I was 14-15 years old. The whole thing comes to mind when the scuttlebutt bites of one's limb while swimming to shore. Having to deal with 300 lbs of nasty attitude; fact – who knows but the horror story remains and it's a frightening fish story one had told their kids for years.

Seek them out...

Yest ye become one is the warning I give yet again as some ignore this. The power of suggestion has a heavy psychological effect as an urban legend is always frightening or gruesome as some would say New York dealt with their fair share of gators in the sewer. But thing with shark/human – human don't taste good to them; though one test bite has gruesome results.. Mistaken identity is usually the case when it is human vs. shark interactions.

Seeking them out yest ye become one as it goes....

As one might realize when they have the rowboat sinking with a hole drilled in it; as I omitted that little detail about our urban legend.

I am relating this as a friend.

Don't ignore our urban legends as they're part of our history.

“What you mean by that?”

Yeah that went over your head.... SHIT OR GET OFF THE POT.

Tell me – are you sure you really want to seek them out.

Yest ye become one as the warning goes.

I am sure someone would want to meet this one up close and personal; though someone will be protesting this.

“YOU'RE FULL OF SHIT!”

“Keep telling yourself that I am full of that when the Chicago Cubs has their Word Series Ring..”

That's it I can see Cubs fans flipping me off like usual as I have been prone to get flipped off when I was walking off the train; some guy with a Ryan Theriot shirt squeezed his hand out of the L train to give me the finger. Noticed my Chicago White Sox cap – *happens*.

I am sure when one is driving through Chicago hearing United States Black Metal blaring through the speakers. When you have Withering Soul's album blasting out your mp3 player the temptation to tell ghost stories or discuss an urban legend will come up. Looking from the perspective of standing in the perspective from standing on the land looking at the inland sea of freshwater; does one have to wonder if a gliding monster is in the water with them?

Seek them out or summon them, yest ye becoming one...

As I was reading of the article about what WGN related on their blog – and this was the headline as it was asking a shocking question.

“IS THAT A SHARK IN LAKE MICHIGAN?”

Do I speak of mad bullshit as another novelist related how a man spoke of mad shit; as we both had done stories that approached the Jersey Devil urban legend.... I am sure someone reading this would end up asking any of this is plagiarized; no – I had looked into sites about urban legends but this narrative. I am a horror author who draws from urban legends, and this one overlooked me for years though I thought I was the one who made up the urban legend as a joke.

Though the things I relate drawn from real life and real histories of the area.

The thing I relate seek them out yest ye become one is a warning of some form.

As this lake an urban legend remains as one of them glides beneath the glassy surface as this is paraphrased from DEEP BLUE SEA. The frightening thought of what if a bull shark with the intelligence from the sharks of DEEP BLUE SEA were in the waters of the Chicago Waterway – *yest ye become one comes to mind when they start hunting for them*.

That's a horror writer's real world where urban legend becomes words penned and the words became flesh....

“You don't watch the news...”

“Even the anchors chronicled this urban legend...”

“*Oh fuck you!*”

Shell shocked yet by what I had related to you.

EVIL ENOUGH FOR YA!

To the world of fucking disenchantment I welcome ya to as I am sure some may have nightmares about what lingers from the glassy surface as murky as it gets in July and in March the waves crash about 11 feet high. Though the reality is you do hear the waves claiming pedestrians into their demise in middle of February. So those who seek them out, yest ye become one as the warning goes..

What is that I speak of?

Think about that one a minute as a gang banger had called himself this within his own autobiography.

Seek out them yest ye become one as the urban legend lingers within our psyche; they are not always invisible either. *Do they realize that one's going to admit they're all fucked now!*

The urban legend would be something Wesley Langenkamp would had ended up written about from his office at the pawnshop as this is in Little Village. The urban legend clippings he had in the pawn shop were said to be of the very shark attack from 1955; but the question of this – of our pet bull shark is unlikely but plausible. The fodder for those who are the shock jocks during the radio wars of the 1980s-1990s but some kept the urban legend hushed because they may have seen the boy with the mangled limbs walking out of the water.



“You’re full of shit?”

“Really – it’s plausible as they found a bull shark in the Ohio River!”

“DO YOU WANT TO MEET THAT BIG MOTHERFUCKER UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL?” I will reply as a retort... We have a gliding 198 lbs and six foot long urban legend in the water.

I could see them know responding to that retort, “OH FUCK YOU!!”

Bodies had been recovered from Lake Michigan but it’s a speculation of they are solid with no signs of being chewed on or they just drown. One would ask if our urban legend would breach out of the water like a Mako going after a prey or a Great White when they breached as they had gone after a mistaken identity that was using two legs to swim. If one to realize we have a living torpedo with teeth as the urban legend goes; with a nasty temperament to go with it but they were on this world longer than we were. Questions some will have; but I as a man cannot answer them or if you were to ask God one would not begin to find the reasons why.... The thought within our environment as the climate of the Chicago Democratic Machine to face off with God’s Oldest Killing Machine as this was an urban legend for years.

How does one approach beaches with this, “Oh did I tell you our urban legend exists and it’s had chewed up a swimmer? Don’t go out and try to kill it because P.E.T.A. will be on you, but instead try to get him into Shed Aquarium but keep in mind – please take this into consideration. *Dagon does have a nasty temper and has a high rate of shark on man injuries but he’s a creature who is in a different climate.* And no they are not going to come in via a funnel cloud and drop into our lake...”

No chance a shark would get into there by a tornado; but it’s plausible for one to come in through the St. Lawrence Waterway. The warning goes yest ye become one if one seeks them out – as Friedrich Nietzsche once related. But when one is in Lake Michigan they would relate how something as one that glides beneath the glassy surface is one lurking which has a high attack rate on humans. Though the power of suggestion and other books about shark attacks one would imagine the nightmare within the urban legend carried within our inland sea, as this is the city by the lake as Smashing Pumpkins related. More humans had killed the fish that’s been around much longer than we have; the urban legend we sit staring from Montrose Beach before one reads CREATURE or JAWS nor sitting down to watch SHARK ATTACK II. Fuck with Mother Nature otherwise she will start screwing with us.

This isn’t South Wales where you see them often off the beach, this is Chicago where the urban legend dwells and we have that urban legend and it’s nothing but flesh and teeth. How would one go about saying Lake Michigan had another horrifying shark attack, “Well I hate to be the asshole to shit upon your parade but your little urban legend is swimming around eating and making little sharks...”

This is a clear head I relate the details of this gruesome urban legend as it’s got all the traits of them; someone gets maimed in a bloody way as someone would realize what happens when one gets up close and personal with this one. As revealed we seek them out; in turn revealing the truth how mankind is the most frightening one of them all. Does one want to call me a bastard because what I related with this narrative or dialog; the whole thing with our urban legends – they’re thought provoking and frightening at the same time.

One may never know when one with flesh and teeth starts chewing on someone’s ass and leaving nothing but muscle and bone behind. 190 lbs of nasty attitude when there is nothing but tough tissue and flesh that goes one way it scrapes like sandpaper. Yet at the same time we’re more responsible for putting the voiceless in the grave than animals attacking humans, so in some ways you do wonder if that urban legend is pissed at what we’ve done. The realizations what man as a whole, SAFE TO SAY THAT GOD WAS NEVER PLEASED WITH HIM. *The world we realize when the shark attacks us.* It’s punishment for sins we didn’t repent from as the urban legend within the

waters of Lake Michigan is God's way of saying He's fucking pissed with us. Each time we go to the beach – all of the oceans, one does honestly need to realize this is their world we've entered into.

This urban legend – God's oldest killing machine is still of the voiceless but when he takes a test bite on man, don't provoke him. That world and our urban legend is a cautionary what happens when we held all the cards, as we might walk out with a mangled limb because we provoked God's oldest killing machine. Yest ye become one as the warning goes as Nietzsche even displayed his last act of humanity. When something without a voice has razor sharp teeth, about 198-300 lbs and 13 feet long with a nasty temper, are you sure you want him speaking as in you will come away limping with mangled limbs. His way of talking to man is taking a bite out of one's limbs as he's trying to tell us we're in his world. That sense of the word; humans are we the master race as the world of flesh and teeth is older than we are? The knowing of our urban legend as Dagon was from an era before the dinosaurs. Does the thought of our urban legend being plausible make one nervous yet? Knowing that they may not know they would end up close and personal with a 190 pound shark responsible for more attacks on humans than any other shark; remember this is their world when one goes into the water. Their habitat as us humans often willfully forgets when they are going and cutting fins off them for what – *shark fin soup?*

I am sure the one as she suggested I become fecal matter for a lion.

“So the Chicago creep decided to relate the urban legend at my expense. Let me know when he becomes lion chow and his remains get shit out of it,” the prim and proper one proclaimed. Someone very much akin when I come to relate this of our urban legend is in the water with them when he comes at full speed in the water with the fin slicing the calm. I have to be honest with whoever scoffs this -- they don't have a prayer in the world because the Devil gave him JAWS as the movie trailer went. When you're a kid from Chicago; for many years I thought I had made this urban legend up as a joke in chatrooms though when the realization stands before me – it's been there for years as it gazed back up into me.