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“The Midnight Mandrill Militia – Closing Your Eyes Won’t Make Hell
Disappear”

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Bible Scriptures in this book are from the King James Version.

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Chapter 1 – Barbara Welch

Three weeks ago, Barbara Welch had three children, but today she only had two. Some of her friends told her that she still had three, but the address of the third child changed. That was probably correct, but that did not heal the hurt.

Wayne Welch, 22, died of a drug overdose 11 days ago. Today was the funeral. Everyone had gone home. Barbara's other two kids were in their 20's. They promised to stay with her until she could make it on her own. Barbara sat on the front porch and stared at the freshly plowed corn field in front of her house. She was dehydrated from all the crying. The doctor gave her a sedative.

Barbara had lived in Minceville, Indiana all her life. She married her high school sweetheart. As soon as her third child was born, her husband had an affair with a coworker and left her and the three kids. The kids hated their father and did not speak with him. Wayne turned to drugs to ease the pain. Nothing major, just pot.

There were only 512 people in Minceville, most of them were hog farmers. The nearest town was Gastown, Indiana, population 62,000. There were probably many drug dealers in Gastown, but Minceville was the turf of one lowlife: Caesar McKinney. He was a moron, but he was untouchable, because he was the son of the Gastown District Attorney, Stan McKinney.

You did not want to get on the bad side of Stan. He was a corrupt scumbag. Anyone who crossed him would suddenly “disappear.”

For example, an abused 17-year-old developed a crush on her high school history teacher. She texted him provocative pictures. When the teacher reported this, they suspended him pending an investigation. Even though he was innocent, McKinney threatened him. If it went to trial, he would probably face seven years in prison for seducing a minor. The teacher was helpless, terrified and broke after spending 18,000 dollars on a defense attorney. When McKinney offered him a plea deal of six months in jail, the teacher took it. The spun story in the newspaper were that McKinney nailed

a white, male pedophile in a local high school. This was enough to get McKinney reelected.

Bottom line: The rumor was that Caesar accidentally sold Wayne some pot with some fentanyl in it, which sent Wayne into cardiac arrest. Caesar got away with it because of his dad. Justice would never come, and Barbara's dreams of holidays and birthdays with Wayne came to an end.

Chapter 2 – Ernie meets with Pastor Terrence Young

Ernie Clampett III was a decorated marine. He served as an amphibious assault officer in the Corps for 12 years. During his secret missions in jungles throughout the world, he killed 106 people. After each mission, he met with military counselors to help come to terms with killing someone. Some of the guys were too macho and tried to get by without it, but they soon regretted it mentally and went to counseling. Ernie became like a robot. Every mission was like opening a wound. Every counseling session was like stitching it closed. Eventually the 106 kills made a thick scar in Ernie's soul.

After 12 years, Ernie decided not to re-enlist. His therapy sessions at the Veterans Administration did no good. A coworker at the salvage yard where he worked recommended Pastor Terrence Young. He was ex-military and understood what veterans went

through. Pastor Young liked to meet his clients at Nick's Diner and sit in a booth in the corner.

"Are you still sleep-walking?" asked Reverend Young.

"Probably," replied Ernie. "The guys in my unit said I would go out in the middle of the night. I made these howling sounds at the moon. They called me the midnight monkey, because I sounded like a howler monkey. Sometimes, I would be gone for 3-4 hours at a time."

"What happened when you went out in the middle of the night?" asked Terrence.

"I don't know," replied Ernie. "I think I killed people. I remember the faces of the 106 people I was assigned to kill, but I think I killed more than that. If I did, I could be court-martialed."

"How did you kill them?" asked Reverend Young.

“Well, if it was close-quarters, I would come up behind them and slit their throat,” replied Ernie. “But the night-kills were different. I don’t remember shedding blood.”

“Okay, I think that is enough for today,” said the pastor. “Umm, when we get up, I want you to glance at the two guys sitting at the counter.

The waitress handed the bill to Pastor Young. The two of them got up and left the restaurant. They both got in Ernie’s Silverado Pickup and drove down the road.

“Did you recognize those two guys?” asked Terrence.

“Never seen em before,” replied Ernie. “Why?”

“Because they were staring at you the whole time,” said Reverend Young.

Chapter 3 – The Lords of Brimstone

Vernon Mezick and Darius Winthorp were 33rd degree Lords of Brimstone. This was the highest rank. The Lords of Brimstone were a global group of 3000 billionaires who controlled the world. They were CEOs, Movie Producers, Sports Team Owners and world leaders. Their largest sources of revenue were drug, sex and human trafficking. The more addicts in the world, the easier it was to control them.

Vernon was the CEO of the McKinnon Holdings Group in Davos and Darius was the CEO of Molech Pharmaceuticals. Their goal was to increase child and human trafficking. Child trafficking was more lucrative than drug trafficking because they can be re-used several times per day.

Once per year, all 3,000 Lords met at the Bavarian Grove outside of Sonoma, California. It was a 600-acre wooded facility with tight security. During the day, they would share plans to control elections, finance, media, sports and entertainment. Basically, they

tried to create “distractions” for people to worship instead of God. At night, they created a bonfire and worshipped a 30 feet concrete statue of a giant serpent goddess called Molech. They sacrificed infants and small animals to Molech, hoping to appease him. Before the children were sacrificed, they would slit their throats and drink their blood. The Lords of Brimstone believed that drinking the adrenochrome in the children’s blood would maintain their beauty and cause them to live forever.

No one in the world knew about these satanic ceremonies, yet their everyday lives were impacted by the decisions made at these yearly events.

Chapter 4 – McKinney's Car Disappears

Around 10:30pm one Thursday night, Stan McKinney pulled out of his driveway to go down to the strip joints on Pendleton Pike in Indianapolis. As he pulled out of his driveway on to highway 3, he heard a loud pop. He got about 50 feet down the road when all the flat tire indicators on his dashboard came on.

“Shit!” yelled McKinney. He got out of his car and saw four flat tires. Someone placed a stop-stick at the end of his driveway and shredded his tires. As a district attorney, he had been vandalized before, but never with a stop-stick used in police car chases. It was so ingenious, he wondered why it had never been done before.

He stood on the road and called a tow-truck. Before they could answer, a truck's headlights were coming toward him. As luck

would have it, it was a tow-truck. McKinney flagged him down and asked if he would tow his truck to Farraday's garage two miles away. The driver agreed and pulled in front of McKinney's BMW.

The driver connected the wench to the car and pulled it up on the flatbed of his tow truck. McKinney was in the middle of the road looking for the number for Farraday's garage. He heard footsteps behind him. Before he could dial the phone, McKinney was in a chokehold. The driver lifted McKinney off the ground and snapped his neck. McKinney died instantly.

The tow-truck driver put McKinney's body in the trunk of the car. He drove behind a barn and lowered the body in a 10 feet deep hole. He poured 12-molar hydrochloric acid on McKinney's body to dissolve it. He also poured 2 gallons of ethidium bromide on his dissolved body. Ethidium Bromide cleaved the double stranded DNA into single stranded DNA. Net, with no blood and no double

stranded DNA, there was no trace of Stan McKinney anywhere.

Within two hours, the driver had completely dismantled the BMW and threw the parts in a junkyard.

There was no trace of McKinney or his car. It was the perfect murder.

