

## Copyright

“Molech’s Rocker: Attack of the Unclean Spirits”

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ISBN: **XXX-X-XXXXXXX-X-X**

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

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## Chapter 1 – The Dog and the Rocker: Where it all begins

On September 21, 1980, sixteen-year-old Gary Turnwell drove his dad's Ford F250 4x4 through the woods in Minceville, Indiana. He stopped the truck to take a hike. He discovered a wooden trap door under some brush. He cleared away the brush and lifted the trap door. Gary shined his flashlight and saw that it was a long tunnel at least 300 feet in both directions. The dirt floor was about 7 feet below the surface. He lowered himself down and explored the tunnels. The first 50 feet were just walls made of dirt and rocks. After that, the structure of the tunnel took on an eerie feel. There were flame torches mounted on the wall. After about 100 feet, there was a barn door on the left side. It was hard to open, so Gary gave it a good kick. He shined the light around the room and made a gruesome discovery. There was a 6-foot diameter pentagram on the floor and six goat skulls hanging on the wall. On the north side of the wall was a six-

foot-wide altar with two candles, a serrated knife and a lot of dried blood on top.

On the floor were skeletons of small animals. Finally, there were six wooden chairs and a large wooden rocker around the edge of the pentagram on the floor. The six chairs and the rocker had the face of a gargoyle carved into the headrest. The rockers looked brand new.

Gary thought the large rocker would look cool in his bedroom, so he carried it out of the tunnel and loaded it in the back of the pickup.

Back at the house, Gary had a large Irish Wolfhound named Gabriel. Gabriel was seven feet tall on his hind legs, but was a timid, gentle dog.

When Gabriel walked into Gary's bedroom, he barked ferociously at the rocker.

“Take it easy, Gabe! It’s just a rocker. The face isn’t real,” laughed Gary. He climbed into bed and Gabe took his usual place by the bed on the floor. Gabe insisted that Gary’s hand always be on his belly. They fell asleep like that for the last 8 years.

The next morning, Gary got up and brushed his teeth. He poured some dog food into Gabe’s dish. Usually, Gabe came running when he heard that sound, but this morning he never showed up. Gary walked into his bedroom. He figured Gabe must have been in a deep sleep.

He looked down at the dog, and his stomach and chest were not moving. “Gabe? Gabe!” yelled Gary. He frantically tried to shake him and wake him up, but it was no use. Gabe had died in his sleep.

Gary threw his arms around Gabe's neck and bawled. "I love you, Gabe! Thank you for being part of my life!" sobbed Gary.

Gary called his dad at work and told him the news.

"What?" yelled Ken Turnwell. "He was running around the yard just fine yesterday!"

"I know. I don't know what happened. Can you come home, Dad?"

"Sure, Buddy. I will be home in 20 minutes."

Ken came home. Ken and Gary lived by themselves since Ken's wife walked out on them. They both cried their eyes out. Gabe was a big dog. It would take a big hole to bury him. Ken called the neighbor, Warren Zimmerman. He was a farmer and had a tractor with a backhoe. Mr. Zimmerman drove his backhoe to the Turnwell house and dug a big hole by Gabe's favorite tree. Gabe weighed about 140 pounds. The three men wrapped Gabe in his favorite orange corduroy

bedspread and carried him out to the hole. Mr. Zimmerman said a prayer and put his arms around Ken and Gary. “God blessed you with a good dog. What a gentle spirit. According to Isaiah 11, the Bible says that animals and people will be reunited in heaven. Joel 2:25 says that God will restore the years that the locusts hath eaten. Why don’t you fellers come over to my house tonight. I got a whole bunch of fried chicken. Dinner is on me tonight.”

Gary and Ken had tears streaming down their faces. They nodded their heads. Mr. Zimmerman got back on his tractor and shoveled the dirt back onto Gabe.

After dinner, Gary went back to his bedroom and cried. He stared at the rocker. He couldn’t believe Gabe was gone. It was so weird. Everything was fine yesterday. Gabe was running around and playing in the backyard. But today, he was gone and the house was quiet.

Gary wanted to reach down from the bed and scratch Gabe's belly, but he wasn't there anymore.

Gary kept that rocker for decades, through college, law school, marriage, and fatherhood. Over the next 40 years, that rocker moved from house to house with Gary. The evil face on the rocker creeped out his wife, Evelyn, so she placed a doily over it.

Gary got into politics and was on the fast track to become the next Governor of Indiana. His life was full and busy, but he never forgot that the day he brought that rocker home was the day that Gabe died.

## Chapter 2 – Mr. Suhr’s Team Takes a Day Off

The year was 2025. It was the five-year anniversary of Mr. Suhr forming the “Shield of Abraham” special forces team. Mr. Suhr was a reclusive billionaire in charge of an organization known as the “Shield of Abraham”. When Mr. Suhr’s daughter was abducted and murdered, he recruited a team of elite military contractors to wipe out an organization known as the “Lords of Brimstone.”

The Lords ran drug trafficking operations to enslave the general population for decades. However, thirty years ago, they switched to child-trafficking. Drugs can only be used once, but children can be used over and over again. Hence, child trafficking was more profitable.

Working for Mr. Suhr was intense. Vacation days were rare. Mr. Suhr thought it was time to treat the squad to a day off at the Gastown,

Indiana Bowling Lanes. Trey, Ty, Jenkins, Sally Jo and Mr. Suhr were there. They also brought their two newest recruits: Bruce Krueger and Running Stallion. Stallion was a mountain of a man: 6'4" and 260 pounds. He won a Super Bowl ring with the Indianapolis Colts. However, his bowling skills left something to be desired. His bowling technique looked like a bull rolling a tennis ball. There were quiet whispers of changing his name to "Autumn Leaves" because he spent most of his time in the "gutter."

The team was blowing off steam: drinking, laughing and eating nachos. Mr. Suhr's secure satellite phone went off. He went to the parking lot to take the call. It was his boss, Royce Spurlock.

Everyone knew that Spurlock was Mr. Suhr's boss, but Spurlock's boss was always a mystery.

“Greetings, Mr. Spurlock. I hope that all is well. Are you having a good day?” said Mr. Suhr.

“God is still on the throne, and I am highly favored. Are you still driving that Plymouth Reliant K?”

“No sir. I upgraded to a spectacular 1998 Toyota Camry with airbags.”

“Hmm. I must be paying you too much,” laughed Spurlock. “What are you doing today?”

“The team and I are taking some much-needed R&R at the local bowling alley,” replied Mr. Suhr.

“Excellent Idea, Mr. Suhr. Cars last longer when you change the oil. Likewise, you get more out of your team if you give ‘em a break every now and then, otherwise they get burned out. You are an excellent leader. How are the two new recruits doing?”

“The team is really gelling. We are like family. Watching the big guy bowl is like watching a calf learning to walk. It’s adorable, funny and sad, all at the same time. However, we decided not to tell him to his face,” said Mr. Suhr.

“Good call,” said Spurlock. “I’ve seen what Stallion can do to a man. He can dissolve a man like a woodchipper. Make sure to keep him happy.”

“Roger that,” replied Mr. Suhr. “Do you have a new assignment for us, Mr. Spurlock?”

“Yes, I do. I cannot divulge all the details yet, but it has to do with a global child-sex trafficking ring called ‘Molech’s Rocker’. Molech was a Mesopotamian god/demon in the Bible. People worshipped Molech