Bridgitte the Vampire Slayer:
Forgotten Memories

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Bridgitte sprinted through the woods in the direction the scream had come from. Her Watcher, Charles Scott, had sent her out to patrol these woods, near a neighborhood a couple of miles outside of the city, after hearing of two unexplained disappearances in the past two nights. Charles thought that the disappearances may be due to vampire or demonic activity. Bridgitte was the Slayer, the one girl in all the world with the strength and skill to hunt down and destroy the vampires, demons, and forces of evil in the world. This was her job. Far from a typical job for a sixteen year old girl, but Bridgitte had done very well at her job. She had trained with her Watcher for close to four years now. Despite her training, her first week as a Slayer had been tragic: she had lost one of her best friends. It was this tragedy, though, that had inspired Bridgitte to be so effective in the nine weeks since Melanie’s death. Bridgitte had promised herself that she would not fail again.

Bridgitte spotted movement through the trees just up ahead and a little to her left. As Bridgitte approached, she could make out the forms of three demons, dragging what appeared to be a woman’s badly mutilated corpse behind them. They were only about ten yards ahead of her. No, make that twenty yards. Bridgitte silently drew her sword and rushed up behind them, hoping to catch the demons unaware and take out one right off the bat. Charles had just given the sword to her two weeks ago, a sharp, double edged claymore. A stake was generally the weapon of choice for fighting vampires, but a sword usually did the job much better against demons. As she caught up to the demons, she raised her sword and swung a decapitating blow at the neck of the demon on the left...and hit nothing but air.

Surprised, she stepped back and looked around, realizing that the demons had dropped the woman’s body and were now spread out a few yards ahead, and facing her. The demons were not a pretty sight either. They stood over six feet tall, with greyish skin and too many eyes. The eyes were in all the wrong places too, one large one in the center of their foreheads, and two smaller ones where a human’s ears would be. The demons had large pointy ears closer to the top of their heads, and huge mouths filled with rows of long, sharp teeth. They had powerful looking arms and legs, and an odd type of tentacle that seemed to grow out of their heads, almost like a
misplaced tail. As Bridgitte looked around at them, suddenly they were right in front of her again, facing the other way. The one on the left turned around and shouted something to his companions and they dropped the body of the woman. “What the hell?” began Bridgitte, and just then, she was knocked to the ground by a strong punch to her jaw.

Bridgitte jumped back to her feet, sword ready, but the demons were all several yards away again. No, all of a sudden, one of them was right in front of her again. With her lightning-quick reflexes, Bridgitte pivoted and kicked out, connecting this time. But as she advanced to follow up with a sword thrust, the demon seemed to disappear. She heard a twig crack behind her and spun around to see one of the demons lash out at her with his pseudo-tail. Bridgitte quickly dove to the left, coming up in a roll, and bumped into something...it was another of the demons. *I could have sworn the other two were on my right*, she thought. She stabbed up with the sword, and felt like she grazed the demon’s side, but all of a sudden, the demon was gone and back on her right.

Bridgitte charged hard at the closest demon and landed a jumping high kick to its face, but as it stumbled back, it disappeared. Bridgitte sensed that a demon was behind her, but before she could spin around, she was clubbed hard on the back of the head and went sprawling to the ground, her sword flying out of her grasp. Dazed, she tried to shake the cobwebs out of her head, and scrambled back to her feet, only to find two of the demons right in front of her. She punched out at the one on the right, this time connecting solidly with its nose, but as she did the other demon reached out towards her with its pseudo-tail. Bridgitte tried to move out of the way in time, but wasn’t quick enough and the tail caught her on the shoulder. All of a sudden, her shoulder felt like it was on fire, then the fire turned to ice and then to numbness. Bridgitte was vaguely aware of staggering backwards a few paces, and tripping over a stone, then falling, falling, and everything went black.

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Bridgitte looked down at the decapitated corpse of a greyish skinned demon. Looking around, she spotted the grotesque head laying a few feet away. *Where am I?*, she thought, *what happened?* She realized that she was holding her sword, which was dripping a whitish goo
that must be the demon’s blood. Her side hurt, and she looked down and saw that she had three gashes in her side which must have come from the demon’s claws. “Crap!” she muttered, noticing that the claws had ripped holes into her stylish blue top as well.

She remembered fighting three demons out in the woods. The dead body was obviously one of them, but what had happened to the other two? I guess either I got them too, or they ran away when I killed their friend. I’ll have to go back and run this by Charles.

Bridgitte turned to walk away, and suddenly realized that she was not in the same place in the woods where she had fought the three demons. In fact, she was several miles to the west of those woods. What is going on here? Am I losing my mind?, she thought to herself as she tried to remember what had happened.

As she started walking back to the city, to her Watcher, Charles Scott’s house, Bridgitte glanced at her left arm and found that it was covered with marker from just above her elbow down to the back of her hand. She recognized it as her own handwriting as she read it: “Kill the 3 grey demons and check them off.” Beside this curious message were three circles, two of them with large X’s drawn through them. As she pondered the meaning of this, she realized that there is also writing on her left palm: “Trust the notepad.” What notepad? She felt around and found a notepad in her pocket, along with the marker she had obviously used on her hand and arm. She opened up the notepad, and gasped in shock as she began to read it. Bridgitte sat down, completely stunned by the contents of the notebook. Slowly, she pulled out the marker and drew an X through the last circle on her arm. After a moment, she stood up and hurried off to her Watcher’s house as quickly as she could. About halfway there, she suddenly stopped again, though, as a memory gradually started coming back to her.

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Bridgitte realized she was standing outside of Charles’s house, but she couldn’t remember what she was doing there. It was dark outside, she checked her watch and it read 10pm. She looked down at her left hand and noticed that “Trust the notepad” was written on it in marker. After finding and reading a notepad in her pocket, she went out to patrol for the night. She headed out to the west of town after consulting the notepad. Dressed in a blue top and a
short white skirt, she brought only her sword, the notepad, and a marker with her. A mile or so out of town, she noticed a cluster of trees off to her right and headed that way. She really wasn’t sure why she did, maybe it was just Slayer instinct. As she neared the trees, she thought she saw movement out of the corner of her eye, and she began to feel a dull pain in her shoulder. *It must be here,* she thought, and sure enough, when she looked down at her watch, the hands were going haywire.

Bridgitte carefully advanced into the middle of the small patch of trees, then hearing a noise behind her, she spun around, just in time to be struck hard across the face. She fell to the ground, and then the demon was right there ready to pounce on her. She tried to roll out of the way, but the demon’s claws still caught her in the side, tearing through her top, and cutting deep gashes into her flesh. With a yell, Bridgitte scrambled to her feet and jumped back. Suddenly, she saw the demon to her left, and without hesitation, threw her sword like a javelin straight at the demon. The demon was gone though, and the sword just stuck into a tree.

She rushed over to retrieve her sword, but before she could get there, she was blindsided like a quarterback scrambling out of the pocket, unaware of the blitz coming from the other side. Bridgitte went down hard, her breath knocked out for a few seconds, as the demon landed on top of her. She punched up though, and heard the satisfying sound of a bone crunching as she connected solidly with the demon’s jaw. The demon recoiled slightly, enough for her to draw her legs up and kick out hard with both, sending the demon flying several feet through the air to bang against a tree. Bridgitte got to her feet, and after glancing at the demon sprawled on the ground several feet away, turned and grabbed her sword’s handle. She set her feet and yanked hard, and the sword came free with a jolt. Bridgitte stumbled backward, off-balance, and wildly waving her sword around. As she stumbled, she felt the sword connect with something, and looking around, saw her sword slice cleanly through the demon’s neck. Bridgitte fell to one knee as the demon’s body dropped to the ground, its head bouncing, rolling, and finally coming to a rest a few feet away.

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*Well, that answers one question,* thought Bridgitte, as she continued
her walk back to Charles Scott's house. Just then, another memory started coming back to her, and then another.

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Bridgitte was in school. She couldn't remember anything that had happened that day though. She checked her watch and it read 2:00. Looking at her arm, she realized that it was covered in marker, as was her hand. The writing on her hand referred her to the notepad she carried in her pocket. After reading the notepad, she realized that it was Tuesday and gasped in shock. She was somewhat relieved though that at least she hadn't had any quizzes or tests that day. After an uneventful day, she went over to Charles's house. When she got there, Charles and Victoria were in the study with a plethora of books spread out across the table. "What's with the research-athon?" asked Bridgitte.

"You asked us to look into something a vampire told you last night. You said that he told you an alter of God would kill you. But unfortunately, we haven't been able to find anything. It's just too vague," replied Charles. "The only thing you need worry about now is finding and slaying that last bloody demon. Perhaps you should try patrolling a different area tonight. We'll keep on the research." Bridgitte nodded her agreement, jotted down a note in her notepad, and headed out the door.

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Bridgitte left Charles's house to go out on patrol. She headed eastward, out of the city, hoping to find the last of the three demons still in that area. She passed through Eastside cemetery on her way out of town, and decided to take a quick sweep of the area. She didn't find any newly rising vampires, but just as she was about to leave, the door to a crypt opened and a vampire stepped out. He seemed disappointed for some reason, and didn't even notice her at first. "Hey there, whatcha doing?" she asked.

Startled, he looked up at her, and smiled. With a growl, he rushed straight at her. Bridgitte easily sidestepped, sword arcing to cut off the vampire's arm as he lunged past her. She threw in an exaggerated yawn. "You know, being immortal, I'd think you could come up with something more challenging than diving right at me. Or maybe you're just trying to bore me to death. Is that it?" Bridgitte quipped.
The vampire screamed in pain. “Altered will kill you for that! You have no idea who you’re dealing with.” The vampire took off at a run.

“Oh really?” Bridgitte replied, running after him. She caught up to him, and swung her sword at his neck, decapitating him. “Cause I think I was dealing with a scaredy cat.” she quipped, as he turned to dust. An alter of God will kill me?, she thought, What could that mean? Bridgitte made a note of that in her notepad, so she could ask Charles about it when she returned from patrol. She continued eastward, out of the city and into the suburbs, but her patrol the rest of the night was uneventful. She wrote in her notepad that she didn’t find any sign of the last demon to the east, and went back to Charles’s house.

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Bridgitte woke up Monday morning. She knew it was Monday because she looked at her calendar, but she couldn’t remember anything she had done all weekend. That was before she noticed the writing on her arms and hand and read her notepad. She showered, put on a pair of jeans and a t-shirt, and went off to school. The morning was uneventful, but in history class that afternoon, Mr. Martin passed back the quizzes that they had apparently taken on Thursday. She couldn’t believe she had failed that bad, but then realized that she didn’t even remember taking the quiz, much less the material it covered. Still, it was not the impression she wanted to make on the first quiz of the year.

After class, Billy Watson tried to comfort her about her score, and asked her how she liked her uncle’s place in Atlanta. I must have told him I was going to Atlanta to cover for my memory loss, she thought, and told him that her weekend was very fun. She told him that she went to the zoo, and saw underground Atlanta, and took a tour of the Coca-Cola factory. Billy asked if she was doing anything tonight, and she told him that she had plans with her parents that night, but asked if he wanted to go out to a movie later in the week.

Trigonometry class was uneventful. They just started learning about something called the sine function. After class, she went over to Charles’s house. He’d found nothing new yet though, so she went home for dinner. She was pretty sure that her mother and father still had no idea about the strange phenomenon afflicting
her, and she wanted to keep it that way. She didn’t want them to worry any more than they already did about her. She consulted her notepad before dinner to get enough information about her day to hold a conversation with her parents. After dinner, Bridgitte said goodnight to her parents and went back over to Charles’s to prepare for that night’s patrol.

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Bridgitte found herself on the east side of town, headed out of the city. She figured she must be patrolling, but couldn’t remember where she was going or how she got there. That is, until she noticed the writing on her left arm and hand and read the notepad that was in her pocket. She continued east of the city, into a wooded area near a suburb. She was looking for a clearing in the middle of the woods, where a mutilated body had been found that morning. She had written down good directions in her notepad and found what must be the area fairly quickly.

Other than a few splatters of dried blood from the night before, there was no sign of the demon. Bridgitte began to sweep through the surrounding woods, hoping that the demon was still in the area. After two hours of searching and finding nothing, Bridgitte was about ready to give up and go home for the night, when her shoulder started to ache and throb all of a sudden, that tell-tale sign that one of the demons was near.

Seeing movement out of the corner of her eye, Bridgitte turned and launched her sword in the direction of the demon. The demon howled in pain as the sword struck and severed its right ear. Bridgitte rushed in to attack before the demon could recover, however, when she reached the spot where the demon had stood, he was three feet to her left, and had somehow managed to pick up Bridgitte’s sword, which he swung in a mighty arc toward Bridgitte’s neck! Bridgitte leaped backwards quickly, narrowly avoiding the death blow. All of a sudden, the demon was right in front of her though, her sword punching straight out at her chest. Bridgitte dove to the side as quickly as she could, but not quickly enough. She cried out as the sword cut a deep gash into her right side, narrowly missing her ribcage.

Despite her injury, Bridgitte was up in an instant, and dove straight at the demon, this time catching him off-guard, and bowling him over. The sword flew free of the demon’s grasp as he hit the
ground hard, Bridgitte landing on top of him. Bridgitte began to pummel the demon's face, landing three solid blows, but then the demon pulled its Houdini act again, disappearing and reappearing five feet away. Bridgitte got up and turned around to face it, but it was gone and back on the ground again, now scrambling to its feet. Bridgitte spun around with a roundhouse kick to the demon's chest, and came back with a left cross to the demon's head...but hit only air.

The demon was nowhere to be seen, but Bridgitte heard a noise off to her left. She quickly retrieved her sword and followed the noise, but the demon was nowhere to be found. Bridgitte searched the area for the better part of an hour before finally giving up. She made a note in her notepad, and then went home to tend to the wound in her side, which was already beginning to heal. *Gotta love that Wolverine-style Slayer healing*, she thought to herself.

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After church Sunday morning, Bridgitte went back home for lunch with her family. She changed out of her church clothes, and into a pair of leather pants and a halter top. *OK, maybe not the best attire for slaying*, she thought, *but who says you can't be fashionable while kicking a little demon butt.* After lunch, she went over to Charles's house to see if he had any new leads on the last of the demons that had made the past few days such a hell for her.

Charles informed her that a mutilated corpse had been found in a clearing in a patch of woods east of the city. He gave her precise directions, which she jotted down in her notepad, and suggested that she start her patrol there tonight. Just then, Victoria Crawford entered the room, beaming excitedly. “I think I may have found a cure for Bridgitte’s ailment.” she said. “This book contains a spell that is supposed to counter supernatural memory loss. It refers particularly to memory loss induced by a spell called *Tubula Rasa*, but it may work for our situation as well.”

“That’s great!” exclaimed Bridgitte. “Anything that could get rid of this bad demon mojo is worth a try.”

“There’s just one more ingredient we need for the spell, called Lethe’s bramble, and I think I have one around here somewhere. I thought it was pretty.” Victoria said, with a slight blush. She went upstairs and returned a few minutes later with a small, flowery
bramble. “Found it. Bridgitte, you and I must both be touching Lethe’s bramble as I cast the spell.” She held the bramble out in her palm towards Bridgitte.

Bridgitte put her hand over the bramble. “I’m ready,” Victoria began reading from the book, chanting in ancient Greek. The bramble began to glow slightly, and it grew warm in Bridgitte’s hand. Victoria’s voice raised as she finished the chant, and the bramble began to glow brighter and brighter, and then the glow disappeared. “It didn’t work.” said Bridgitte, disappointedly. “I still can’t remember anything since my first fight with the trick-or-treat demons.”

“Oh bullocks!” swore Victoria.

“That’s Trychonthryiath demons.” corrected Charles. “Victoria, is it possible that the spell worked, but just does not restore the memories Bridgitte has already lost?”

“I suppose its possible, but I doubt it.” replied Victoria. “I’ll keep looking for another spell to reverse this bloody memory loss.”

“We’ll keep on researching here.” Charles told Bridgitte. “Why don’t you go home and get some supper, and then patrol around the spot where the body was found this morning?” he suggested.

Bridgitte agreed, and started home. A thought suddenly occurring to her, she took out her notepad and scribbled down a note reminding herself to ask her parents to record The Simpsons for her that night.

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Bridgitte ached all over. She bled from more than a dozen cuts including a big gash, surrounded by a big bump, on her forehead. Her left eye was black and swollen, and her red blouse torn and soaking wet. I’m going to have to start bringing an extra change of clothes with me when I patrol, thought Bridgitte. At least its warm outside. Bridgitte couldn’t remember how she had obtained her numerous injuries, but she was sure it had something to do with the demons she had read about in the notepad she carried, and the two X’d out circles on her arm. She slowly trudged her way back home. Despite her intense desire to find and kill the last demon tonight, she knew that she had to go home and recover now, and put off finding the demon until tomorrow.

When Bridgitte got home, she went straight upstairs and took a long, hot shower. As she toweled off, she realized that most of
her cuts had already closed, and the swelling around her eye and forehead had lessened. *I can definitely get used to Slayer healing,* she thought. It took a very serious injury or illness to keep a Slayer down for more than a few hours. After drying her long, brunette hair, Bridgitte went back to her bedroom to inspect the damage to her blouse. Unlike her body, this damage could not be patched up. *Slayers really ought to get an allowance from the Watcher's Council for buying clothes,* she thought. Still exhausted from the fight, she quickly redrew the writing on her hand and arm, and then fell asleep right away.

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Bridgitte read the last page of her notepad and began walking south to the outskirts of the city. *I have to take these guys out before they kill anyone else,* she thought. At the edge of the city, she crossed a bridge that spanned a small stream and started to turn eastward, but stopped as her shoulder started to hurt. She remembered reading an entry in her notepad saying that her shoulder had started to hurt more right before she ran into one of the demons two nights ago. *I wonder if,* she started to think, then spied movement down by the stream out of the corner of her eye.

Bridgitte climbed down the steep bank and saw a demon under the bridge, leaning over something. She almost threw up when she realized what it was: a pile of mutilated human remains. The demon was bent over, gnawing on a human arm that had been cut off at the elbow. Suddenly, it was five feet away from her and charging. Bridgitte barely had time to jump out of the way, into the stream. She then turned and drew her sword. But the demon was back under the bridge, just dropping the arm it had been chewing. Bridgitte reared back and hurled her sword straight at the demon's chest, but the demon was no longer there, and the sword stuck in the dirt. Just then, a set of sharp claws dug into Bridgitte's side. Bridgitte lashed out with her fist, connecting with the demon's shoulder as its claws ripped through her flesh.

The demon staggered back a step, and Bridgitte spun into a jumping roundhouse kick that connected with the back of the demon's head. The blow sent the demon staggering to one knee, and Bridgitte leaped at it like a linebacker. The demon disappeared and Bridgitte slammed face first into the dirt. She rolled over to
see the demon right above her, as its claw smashed into her face. Bridgitte tasted blood in her mouth. She lashed out to try to knock the demon off its feet, but found the demon nowhere in sight.

Bridgitte scrambled to her feet, and rushed forward, towards her sword, still stuck in the dirt. She had almost reached it when she felt an enormous weight leap on her back. Bridgitte went down, into the stream, her face smacking hard against a large stone. Her forehead exploded with pain. Bridgitte was dimly aware of her head slipping beneath the water, of the demon on top of her, of its claws tearing through her back, ripping her blouse almost in half. And then all went black.

Bridgitte regained consciousness. Something's wrong, she thought, I can't breathe! She could feel the demon's weight on her back. She struggled, reached out with her hands, but found only water. Wait! Her hands brushed against a large stone. With her last remaining strength, she grabbed it and swung it out behind her, crushing it against the demon's knee. The demon rolled off of her, and Bridgitte shakily rose to her knees, gasping for breath and coughing up water. She looked up and saw her sword almost within reach and crawled toward it. She heard a sudden noise behind her, and jabbed the sword handle backwards into the demon's knee. She heard a satisfying crunch of bone, as the already weak knee cracked. Without hesitation, Bridgitte turned and stabbed out and up with all her might. She drove the sword straight into the demon's neck, angling up and exiting the back of the demon's head. The demon spasmed once, and then fell limply into the stream. Bridgitte withdrew her sword, and cleaned it off. She pulled a marker out of her weapons pouch, feeling very relieved that she had chosen an outfit without pockets and thus placed her notepad also in the waterproof pouch. She removed the cap from the marker and drew a large X through the second of three circles drawn on her arm. She then turned and started to trudge home.

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Bridgitte woke up and glanced over at her clock. 10:00! I'm late for school! She jumped out of bed and was halfway across the room before noticing the writing on her arm and hand. After reading through the notepad by her bedside, she realized that it was Saturday. After lounging around, watching TV all morning, Bridgitte went downstairs to have lunch with her parents.
“So do you have any plans for today?” her mother, Lydia, asked.
“Uh, well, after lunch I’ve got to go over to Charles’s, get my research on.” replied Bridgitte.
“I do wish you’d take a day off every now and again.” said her father, Tom.
“Yeah, well ya know, big evil brewin’ and everything. There’s these demons, new guys in town. They’ve uh, well, they’ve already killed a couple of people. I have to find them.”
“Do be careful.” said Lydia. And after Bridgitte gave her a sidelong look, she added “I can’t help but worry about you.”
“I’ll be fine. Trust me,” said Bridgitte, finishing her last few bites of lunch. “I’m like the Terminator. Well, the good one from number 2. Lunch was great, Mom, but I’ve got to go.” she said, rising from the table. “Hasta la vista, baby.” she added with a smile on her way out the door.

When she arrived at Charles’s house, he and Victoria were already in full-research mode. They had books, newspapers, and a map of the city spread out in front of them. “Bridgitte, I’m glad you’re here.” Charles said as she entered the room. “It seems our last two demons have split up, and have started becoming rather active.” He handed her a copy of the morning paper. “Four corpses have been found, horribly mutilated. Three just beyond the southeast edge of the city, and one over to the west. Apparently, two more people have gone missing as well.”

_Six more people_, Bridgitte thought. “I need to find these guys and stop them ASAP.”

“We’ve marked the locations that bodies have been found on this map.” said Victoria. “I would suggest patrolling the area to the southeast of the city first. It seems as if at least one of the demons has decided to set up camp there.”

“Charles, any more info on these guys? Have you found a way to block that time warp thingy they do?” asked Bridgitte.

“I’m afraid my research hasn’t turned up much more yet. Victoria is still looking into a spell to reverse the affects these demons have on time and on your memory.”

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Bridgitte stopped by Charles’s house after school on Friday. “One down,” she said as she walked through the door.
“You’ve killed one of the demons?” asked Charles.

“Not that I remember any of it, but yeah, apparently they don’t take too well to pointy swords being stuck through the backs of their heads. I guess I went to the same place I fought them two nights ago, but only one of them was there this time.”

“Good. Perhaps you should patrol the same area again tonight in case the other two are still lurking there.”

“Charles, you’re sure that killing all three of them will get my memory back?” Bridgitte asked.

“I can’t be sure about anything, Bridgitte, but from everything I’ve been able to find, once the Trychonthryiath demons are dead, their effects on this reality will cease. Specifically, it refers to the time distortions they cause, but your memory should return to normal as well.” replied Charles.

“Well, it can’t be soon enough. Charles, I failed a quiz today, bad, because I didn’t even know we were having one. I still wouldn’t even know that I had taken the quiz if I hadn’t written it down in my notepad. And OK, I only remember reading it once, but I’m sure I’m tired of having to read this stupid notepad all the time.”

After an hour of doing research, Bridgitte returned home for dinner before her nightly patrol. Her mom cooked spaghetti that night, one of Bridgitte’s favorites. She was able to manage her way through conversation at dinner, carefully avoiding the topic of her quiz that day as well as her memory loss. Bridgitte was sure that her parents still didn’t realize what was happening to her, which was a good thing as far as she was concerned.

Following dinner, Bridgitte grabbed her sword and her weapons pouch and went out to patrol. She went straight to the spot in the woods outside of the city that she had encountered the demons twice now. The area seemed deserted. Bridgitte began searching through the woods, eventually finding a few splatters of dried blood. She followed the trail of blood. “Ewww!” she exclaimed, finding a severed hand at the end of the trail. Bridgitte spent the next few hours sweeping the area, but finding nothing else. Dejected, she began walking back toward the city.

As Bridgitte reached the outskirts of the city, she heard a woman scream. Bridgitte took off at a run, and rounding a corner, saw two vampires attacking a couple. Bridgitte quickly pulled a stake out of her weapons pouch as she ran. The closer of the two vampires,
a tall, lanky blonde guy, took his fangs out of the woman’s neck, and shoving her to the side, turned to face Bridgitte. Bridgitte charged straight in with a right hook to the vampire’s jaw. The vampire staggered back a step, but came back with an uppercut that knocked Bridgitte off her feet. The vampire rushed toward her, but Bridgitte leaped back to her feet and punched straight out, connecting with the vampire’s chest. She pivoted and flew into a jumping roundhouse to the side of the vamp’s head. Bridgitte landed and kicked out hard at the vampire’s knee, shattering the bone. The vampire yelled in pain and fell to one knee. Bridgitte brought her knee up, connecting with the vampire’s face, and sending him falling backwards. Bridgitte was upon him, stake in hand, before he even hit the ground. She plunged the stake through his chest and he turned to dust.

Bridgitte looked up as the other vampire, a woman of about her height with auburn hair, released the man and let him fall limply to the ground. She charged straight at Bridgitte. Bridgitte stood calmly in the middle of the alley until the vampire got within about eight feet of her, then in one fluid motion, brought her arm up and hurled her stake straight at the vampire’s chest. The vampire clutched at her chest as the stake penetrated her heart, and a second later, she exploded in a shower of dust.

Bridgitte turned around to check on the woman, who was slowly struggling to her feet. “What happened?” the woman asked. “Their faces, they…” she trailed off.

“You’re going to be ok,” said Bridgitte. “Let’s just call an ambulance and get you to the hospital.”

“Michael! Where’s Michael?” the woman exclaimed.

Bridgitte turned toward the man lying face down at the other end of the alley. She went over and knelt by the body, feeling for a pulse, but couldn’t find one. “I’m sorry,” she told the woman. At least the vampire didn’t have time to feed him her blood. He won’t rise again.

After the ambulance left, Bridgitte walked home. She knew that she had done everything she could, and she had saved the woman’s life, but she still couldn’t stop thinking about the promise she made herself after Melanie’s death. Maybe if I had just been a little quicker, she kept thinking.

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Bridgitte woke up Friday morning, thinking it was Wednesday, again, until she read the writing on her hand and arm, and the notepad lying beside her bed. Frustrated, she picked out an outfit to wear, something with long sleeves to cover up the writing on her left arm, and then headed to the bathroom for a shower. After showering, she redrew the faded writing on her hand and arm, got dressed, and went off to school.

School was fairly uneventful. *I really need to take these demons out soon,* she thought as she left English class. *A demon made me forget about my homework*” just isn’t gonna cut it. She met up with Billy and Jill at lunch.

“So, you ready for the Dolphin Saturday night?” asked Billy, “I think they’re gonna have a live band.” The Copper Dolphin was one of the popular high school hangouts. It had pool, games, a dance floor, and a stage for the occasional live band.

“Oh, I’d love to go. But I can’t. Something just came up. I have to uh, goto Atlanta to visit my uncle this weekend.” replied Bridgitte. Sometimes she really didn’t like being the Slayer. It was so hard to juggle her responsibilities as the Slayer and any kind of social life. “Why don’t we go out when I get back? Just the two of us,” she asked.

“Sure,” replied Billy, sounding a little disappointed.

“Doing anything after school today?” asked Jill.

“Sorry, gotta go home and get ready for this weekend.” Bridgitte lied. *I need to see Charles as soon as school is over,* she thought.

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Thursday evening, Bridgitte went over to Charles Scott’s house after dinner. “Anything new?” she asked as she retrieved her sword from the weapons cabinet.

“I’m afraid not.” replied Charles. “I would suggest you start your patrol tonight in the area you encountered the demons two nights ago. Perhaps they are still lurking in the vicinity.”

“Check,” said Bridgitte. “Wait!, what if I kill one of them? How will I know?”

“Well, I presume that if it shows no signs of life, you can safely assume...oh.” Charles trailed off.

“I’ve got an idea.” said Bridgitte, walking over to Charles’s desk. She picked up a marker and began to write on her left arm: “Kill
the 3 grey demons and check them off.” Beside this, she drew three circles. “There!” she exclaimed, “That ought to do the trick. When I kill one, I can just check it off on my arm.” Taking marker, notepad, and sword, Bridgitte stepped out into the night, and began walking toward the spot outside of the city where she had first encountered the demons on Tuesday night.

As Bridgitte neared the spot of her earlier encounter, her shoulder suddenly began to feel as if it were on fire. She had almost forgotten about the wound she had received two nights ago. Until now, there had just been a little leftover soreness. Just then, Bridgitte heard the sound of twigs snapping up ahead. Thinking it may be important, she quickly pulled out her notepad and jotted down that her shoulder had started hurting right before she encountered one of the demons. Bridgitte then drew her sword and crept ahead in the direction of the sound.

*There’s one,* she thought. *Just ten feet ahead of her and to the left stood a large, grey demon, facing away from her.* *And another,* thought Bridgitte excitedly, *no, wait. Huh?* There was an identical looking demon now five feet to the right and a few paces ahead of the first one, but the first one had disappeared. Bridgitte felt disoriented for a moment. Then she glanced at her watch and noticed the hands kept moving back and forth randomly. *Oh, yeah,* she thought, *Twilight Zone thing again.* She around for the demon again, and saw him about ten feet away and looking directly at her.

Bridgitte charged, sword in hand, hoping to reach the demon before the time distortion it caused kicked in again. She almost made it. Just as she reached it, the demon was gone, and a split second later, Bridgitte was staggered by a crushing blow to the side of her ribcage. Bridgitte pivoted to face the demon, and shot a high kick straight up into its chest. The demon stumbled back a step as Bridgitte grabbed her side and winced slightly. Then she was on the move again, sword thrusting in front of her toward the demon’s chest. The demon managed to get its arm up in time to deflect the blow, but took a deep gash to the forearm for its trouble. Bridgitte reversed her grip on the sword and swung back and up at the demon’s neck, but it was gone.

Instinctively, Bridgitte kicked backwards, connecting with the demon’s leg. She spun around, sword out, but the demon had backed up just out of sword’s reach. She advanced on the demon and it
vanished again. Out of the corner of her eye, Bridgitte spotted
movement to her left. She spun and launched her sword at the
demon, hitting it squarely in the stomach. The demon howled in
pain and a whitish goo began to drip from the wound. It pulled the
sword out of its stomach, and dropping the sword, turned to run.

“Oh no you don’t!” yelled Bridgitte, giving chase. She slowed
only to pick up her sword, then continued pursuit. The demon
seemed to be sometimes closer, sometimes farther ahead, but it was
panicking, running in basically a straight line, which Bridgitte had
no problem following. She was within five feet of it, then suddenly
it was right there. Bridgitte swung her sword low, neatly severing
the demon’s left leg. The demon went sprawling to the ground with
a thud and a yell. Bridgitte walked up behind it, and drove her
sword through the back of the demon’s head. The demon twitched
once, then went still. Bridgitte took a look at her watch. Time’s
back to normal, she thought. She pulled a marker out of her pocket
and drew an X through one of the three circles on her arm. “One
down, two to go.” she said aloud.

*****

Bridgitte looked around. She was in Mr. Martin’s history class.
“Put away your books and notes and take out a number two pencil,”
came Mr. Martin’s voice. What?, thought Bridgitte, not a test!
“Take one and pass the rest back. You have twenty minutes to
finish the quiz.” finished Mr. Martin. D’oh! Well, at least it’s just
a quiz. Bridgitte received the quiz and took out her pencil. 1. Who
was the Spanish conquistador that conquered the Aztecs?, she read.
Oh, I should know this, then, after a few seconds, I’ll come back
to it. There were a couple that she knew: Christopher Columbus,
of course, John Smith and Pocohantas, but most of them she just
couldn’t quite remember. I really need to kill these demons before I
have another quiz.

*****

Thursday morning, Bridgitte woke up thinking it was Wednesday,
but she couldn’t remember anything after fighting three demons the
night before. As she got out of bed, she noticed some writing on her
left hand: “Trust the notepad.” Huh? Curious, she found a notepad
beside her bed and began to read it. As she read, Bridgitte became
more and more dismayed as she realized that she had missed an entire day. *It’s Thursday, not Wednesday?* She decided that she had to stop by Charles’s house on her way to school to find out if he had any more information.

Bridgitte arrived at Charles’s house to find him in the study, a pile of books spread all around the table. “I’ve been up all night going through my books, and I think I’ve found your demons,” he said. “They are called Trychonthriath demons, and are not native to this dimension. Not anymore, at least. Their mere presence in this dimension causes localized temporal distortions, and while they eat the flesh of their victims, they also kill simply for the pleasure of killing. They have a tentacle that grows out of their heads, as you described, that may have a stinger on its tip to inject a magickal toxin. There is no record of anyone being stung by a Trychonthriath, but it is very likely that the toxin they inject could cause the distortions in short term memory that you’ve been experiencing.”

“That’s nice and all, but any idea how to cure it?” asked Bridgitte.

“Well, I can’t say for certain, but I believe there’s a high probability that your memory will be restored once any connection between the Trychonthriaths and this dimension is severed.”

“In English, Charles?”

“Once all three of the demons are dead, your memory should return to normal.” clarified Charles. “Unfortunately, I don’t know of a way to prevent the time distortions that occur when in the presence of the demons, but the good news is that any blow with a sword that would be lethal to a human should be enough to kill one of the demons.”

Bridgitte scribbled a few notes in her notepad and then rushed off to school.

*****

Bridgitte found herself sitting at the dinner table with her parents.

“How was your day, honey?” asked her mom.

“Oh, huh?” Bridgitte said, “It was fine. Just kinda one of those days when nothing really happens.”

Bridgitte couldn’t remember a thing after fighting three demons the previous night, but she managed to struggle her way through conversation with her parents. She felt something in her pocket, and after dinner, went up to her room and pulled out a notepad. She
became very alarmed by what she read in the notepad. She wrote the date and time in the notepad, and a message to see Charles Scott before school tomorrow. She then pulled a marker from her desk and wrote “Trust the notepad” on the palm of her left hand. Bridgitte placed the notepad beside her bed, and then just relaxed, watched some television, and read, before going to bed early.

*****

Bridgitte looked around and realized that she was in the study in Charles Scott’s house. Just then, Charles walked into the room. “Sorry about that,” he said.

“Huh? What’s going on? How did I get here?” asked Bridgitte.

“Oh, dear,” replied Charles, his expression growing more and more concerned, “You really don’t remember? We were in here talking just two minutes ago, when I stepped out to answer the telephone.”

“I don’t remember any of that. The last thing I remember is, uh...fighting these three demons last night. One of them stung my shoulder with this creepy tail thing growing out of its head.”

“This is more serious than I thought,” said Charles. “You appear to have completely lost your short-term memory since that demon stung you last night. When you walked in earlier, you couldn’t remember anything today before 1:00 this afternoon, and now you don’t even remember the conversation we had a couple of minutes ago. I think it’s likely that when the demon stung you last night, it injected some sort of magickal neurotoxin that is affecting your memory.”

“So what do I do now?” asked Bridgitte, “How do I get my memory back?”

“First, tell me every detail you can remember about the demon that stung you. It has three eyes, a large one in the middle of its forehead, and smaller ones on either side of its head. It also has a tentacle growing out of its head, that must taper down to a stinger at the end. Do you remember anything else?”

“Well, they were big. Six feet tall at least, and muscular. And they had grey skin. Ooh! And their ears were kinda like a dog’s. They were pointy and stuck up from the tops of their heads.”

“And how about your fight with them? You said there was some sort of temporal disturbance?” asked Charles.
“Huh? Temperature?”
“You said time was acting funny.” clarified Charles.
“Oh yeah, at first I thought they could just disappear at will, but then I started to notice some whacked out things. Like they were dragging a woman’s body, and I saw them drop her twice. Like they dropped her, then everyone was right back where they were, then they dropped her again.”
“I would suggest you take it easy tonight and just rest up. Victoria and I will hit the books tonight and try to find some more information on the demons you fought and how to reverse the effects of the toxin they injected into you. In the meantime,” Charles continued, walking over to his desk and grabbing a small notepad and a pen, “take this notepad. Write down any important thoughts or events. That way, you can always go back and read them even if you forget. Start by writing down a description of the demons and your fight last night, as well as your condition.”

*****

“...the Aztecs were conquered by the Spanish conquistador Hernando Cortez.” came the voice of Mr. Martin, Bridgitte’s history teacher. Bridgitte looked at her watch. It read 1:00. What happened to the morning? “Make sure that you know this. It will be on tomorrow’s quiz.” continued Mr. Martin, eliciting a groan from the class. Oh great, a quiz, thought Bridgitte sarcastically. Cortez conquered the Aztecs. Got it. What had happened to the morning? Bridgitte decided that she had to stop by her Watcher’s house after school.

“Hey Bridgitte.” said Jill after class. “Wanna come over to my place to study for the quiz tonight? Then we can go get our groove on at the Copper Dolphin.” she added with a smile. “That is unless you already have other plans tonight with Billy.” she continued in a teasing voice.

“Uh, yeah, actually I do. Sorry Jill.” Bridgitte replied, quick to take the excuse that Jill had unintentionally offered.
Just then, Billy caught up with them. “Hey,” he said.
“See you later,” said Jill. “Have fun, you two.” she added with a smile.
“What was that about?” asked Billy.
said, “I’m kinda busy the next couple of days, but how about we go out to the Dolphin Saturday night?”

“Sounds good to me.”

“Great. Well, I’d really better be going. Don’t want to be late again” said Bridgitte, leaning in to kiss Billy. “Bye,” she waved as she went down the hall toward her Trigonometry class.

After Trig class, Bridgitte went over to Charles’s house. “Charles!” she shouted as she burst through the door. “Something’s very wrong! I can’t remember anything today before 1:00 this afternoon.”

“Calm down,” came Charles’s reply. “Why don’t we go into the study and sit down, then you can tell me exactly what’s happening.”

Bridgitte followed him into the study and took a seat. “OK, so I ran into these three demons last night, near where those disappearances were. Real ugly guys, they had three eyes, a big one in the middle of their foreheads, and two others where their ears should be. Oooh, and did I mention the tail that was growing out of their heads? Ewww! Anyway, they were dragging the body of this woman when I saw them, and then time started to go all Twilight Zone-y on me. I’d swing my sword right at them and they wouldn’t be there. One of them stung me in the shoulder with his tail thingy, see?” She pulled her sleeve up and pointed to her slightly swollen shoulder. “And then the next thing I know, I’m in history class this afternoon.”

“Hmm,” said Charles, “this sounds rather puzzling. I...” just then the phone rang in the other room. “I’m sorry, I have to get that. I’ll be right back.”

****

Bridgitte slowed to a walk. Where am I? What’s going on? She looked around and realized she was in the woods. Her shoulder was throbbing with pain. She thought back, and the last thing she remembered was being stung by the tail of one of those ugly grey demons. Bridgitte couldn’t remember if she had killed them or not, but thought it would be best if she just went home for the night and tried to find the demons again tomorrow when she was feeling better. Bridgitte went to bed immediately after getting home. She was so tired that she had no problem falling asleep right away despite the pain in her shoulder.
Bridgitte woke up in the morning. Her shoulder was sore and swollen. *That’s odd,* she thought. *I usually heal faster.* She suddenly realized that she couldn’t remember how she got home the night before. In fact, the last thing she could remember was getting stung by that demon. *How weird,* she thought. Bridgitte shrugged, and a minute later, she had dismissed any thoughts of how she got home the night before. Bridgitte then showered, changed, and went off to school.

*****

Bridgitte slowly regained consciousness. *Ouch,* she thought feeling a sharp pain in her shoulder. Suddenly, she felt a large weight on top of her, and opening her eyes, saw one of the demons on top of her, its mouth inches from her neck. Bridgitte punched out, connecting with the demon’s jaw, shoved it off of her, and jumped to her feet. She kicked the demon in the head as it tried to get back to its feet, sending it sprawling. Bridgitte turned to see another demon coming up behind her, and spun into a roundhouse kick. She only connected with air. Before she even finished the kick, Bridgitte was rocked by a powerful blow to the back of her head and went sprawling to the ground.

Bridgitte noticed her sword lying a few feet away and groggily crawled toward it. As she reached it, another demon appeared in front of her, kicking her in the shoulder. Bridgitte cried out in pain as her shoulder felt like it was exploding. Bridgitte stabbed out with the handle of the sword, connecting with the demon’s knee. As the demon stepped back, grabbing its knee, Bridgitte scrambled to her feet. She felt like she was about to pass out again. The soreness in her shoulder seemed to be fighting to paralyze her entire body. So Bridgitte did the only thing she logically could: she ran. She hated having to run, but she knew it was the right thing to do. *Rule #1: don’t die,* she reminded herself.

*****

Shortly after Bridgitte regained that last memory, she arrived at Charles Scott’s house. “Bridgitte, did you...?” began Charles.

“Yep, they’re history.” said Bridgitte.

“And your memory?”

“Back to normal.”

"That's wonderful! You really handled this whole situation remarkably well," said Charles.

“You know, it was the weirdest thing,” said Bridgitte, “when my memories came back, it was one at a time, and in backwards order. Someone should make a movie or something like that. It actually might be kinda cool if it wasn’t happening to you personally.”

*****

Epilogue

That night

“The last of the Trychonthryiaths is now dead,” the vampire Mitch reported to his master, Altered.

“It matters not,” replied Altered, “The only reason for bringing them here was to ensure that I could correctly open the portal and maintain it for the proper length of time before I attempt a portal to Quezen’ekor’ockth. True, I would have liked to have seen more destruction from the Trychonthryiaths while they were here, but that is of little consequence. How did they die?”

“That’s the other thing, Master.” replied Mitch, “They were killed by a Slayer. She also killed Barney last night as he was out searching for the Karkoleth.”

“She didn’t get the Karkoleth, did she?” asked Altered.

“No, Master. I saw her kill Barney. He had not found anything.”

“Good.” replied Altered, “So, there is a new Slayer in town. Everything is coming together at last. My sources promise that they will be able to divine the exact crypt that holds a page of the Karkoleth within two months. Perhaps it will contain something of use to us. It won’t be long now,” he promised, turning to his scrying mirror, “Soon I shall be able to open a portal to Quezen’ekor’ockth for you, and we shall rule the world together!”

On the other side of the scrying mirror, the demon Ectorziath smiled.