



DEVILS' PASS



JEFF ALLEN **VS** THE TIME SUCK VAMPIRES



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JEFF ALLEN
VS
THE TIME SUCK VAMPIRES

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THE LOYAL ORDER OF HELGA

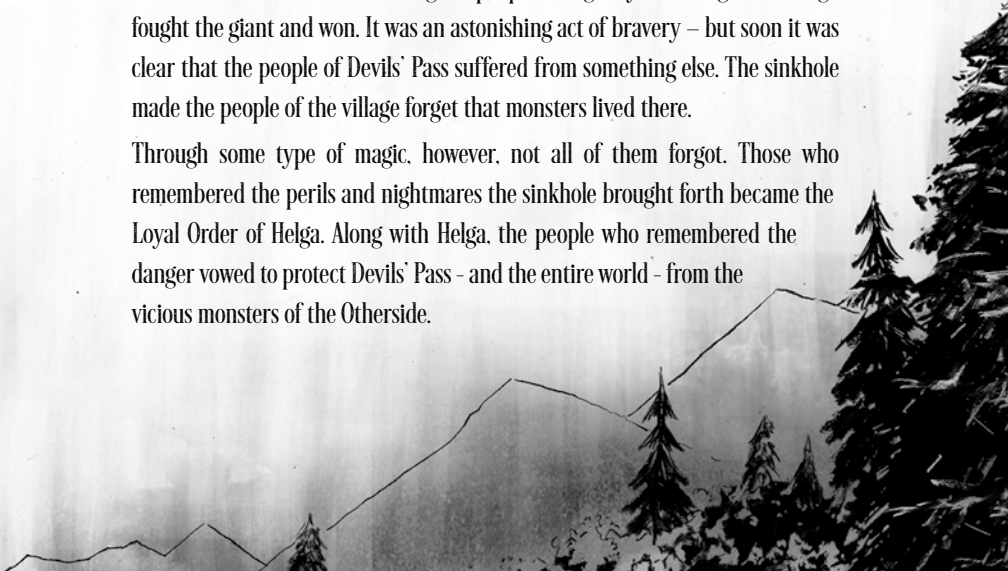
Long, long ago, in a village called New Svalbard, the people who lived there faced unimaginable dangers. A sinkhole as old as time held a door - a portal - to the Otherside, a dark and dreadful place filled with literal nightmares.

To warn travellers of the danger the village posed, the people renamed it Devils' Pass - a reminder to all who lived there and passed through that a darkness sat in the area. A darkness that often had teeth.

For years the people of Devils' Pass endured the danger. Then Helga, one of the white settlers of the village, fell through the cursed sinkhole to the Otherside, coming face-to-face with the terrifying monsters. Helga spent many years there, fighting all sorts of monstrous creatures, learning about their ways and their weaknesses. Through trials and tribulations and more than a little cunning, she became a fearsome warrior.

Helga fought her way back to Devils' Pass through the portal, now with an understanding of the deadly secrets of the Otherside. Almost immediately, her skills were put to the test. A fearsome frost giant menaced the village, crawling out of the sinkhole and terrorizing the people. Using only a flaming torch, Helga fought the giant and won. It was an astonishing act of bravery - but soon it was clear that the people of Devils' Pass suffered from something else. The sinkhole made the people of the village forget that monsters lived there.

Through some type of magic, however, not all of them forgot. Those who remembered the perils and nightmares the sinkhole brought forth became the Loyal Order of Helga. Along with Helga, the people who remembered the danger vowed to protect Devils' Pass - and the entire world - from the vicious monsters of the Otherside.





CHAPTER ONE

A fight to remember

Jeff sat in the waiting room at Devils' Pass Family Medical Centre and tried not to feel nervous. It wasn't working. One of his worst memories of being in a waiting room had been the day the doctor had told him and his parents he had cancer and it was a hard day to forget. His mother had cried and his dad had looked like he was going to throw up. Only his younger sister, Evie, had made him feel any better, patting his hand and whispering to him, "Science will help you beat this. Trust me. Science is the best."

Now, a year and a couple of operations later, Jeff felt nervous all over again. Not sick, like he had last time, woozy and nauseated. Just the kind of rabid nervousness that made his foot tap restlessly.

“Jeff, it’s going to be fine,” Ms Allen said. She was an estate agent and she was still wearing her work blazer, a green jacket with the estate agency’s logo over her heart. She leafed through a magazine, but she was the only one. All the other people in the waiting room were playing on their mobile phones. Jeff sighed.

“Do you think they’ll take blood?” Jeff hated needles more than anything. After being poked continuously for two years straight, it hadn’t got any better.

“It’s just a checkup. I doubt it,” his mum said.

“Can I borrow your phone?” Jeff asked.

“I left it in the car. It’s really a distraction right now. I just downloaded that app your dad told me about, Hammer and Nail and I can’t seem to stop playing it.” Ms Allen laughed a little and then looked at Jeff over



the top of her magazine. “Have you thought about talking to your father about an advance on your allowance for a new phone, like we discussed?”

Jeff groaned. “Dad said he isn’t buying me another phone until I can learn to be more responsible.”

“Well, you have lost two phones in the past six months,” Ms Allen said, flipping the pages of her magazine.

“I didn’t lose them! One got trampled by a doom unicorn and the other one was eaten by an elf of destruction.”

Ms Allen laughed. “That’s hilarious! I love that you and your sister have such active imaginations. But now it’s time to be serious and your father is right. You’ve lost two mobile phones. If you want another one you have to show us that you’re responsible enough to take care of it.”

Jeff crossed his arms and sat back in his chair. He was responsible enough for a mobile phone. He and his friends spent their free time fighting the monsters

in Devils' Pass as part of the Loyal Order of Helga. They'd fought killer mermaids and no-good brain toads – not to mention many other monsters that came from a place the Loyal Order of Helga only knew as the Otherside.

The problem was that most people in town immediately forgot the terrible things that happened right after they'd happened. Jeff's friend Tiffany called it "goldfish memory". So even though he really had lost his phone fighting doom unicorns and elves of destruction, his mum and dad would never believe him.

"Jeffrey Allen?" A pretty black nurse with braids had appeared in the doorway to the back of the office and Jeff stood awkwardly. He usually liked to use his crutches, but his surgeon had said that to move on from his surgery, he had to wear his prosthesis more often. As today's visit was all about reestablishing his care with his regular family doctor instead of the surgeon or oncologist, Jeff had reluctantly worn his new leg. It still felt strange to walk with it. Like wearing a too-tight shoe. It just didn't feel quite right.

Jeff followed the nurse to go and see the doctor. Halfway down the corridor another nurse burst through a door, her pale skin flushed and her blond hair askew. "Where's Doctor Flinchbaugh? We've got another rage case!"

An older white lady sitting at a desk looked up from her paperwork. "Don't call it that! It's rude, Stacey. Say 'prolonged aggressive state'."

No one acknowledged the older nurse.

The nurse escorting Jeff to the back frowned. "Another one? That's the third time this week."

The blond nurse nodded and a woman in a white lab coat hurried down the corridor towards them. "Jane, did you say we have another rage case?"

"Yes, Doctor Flinchbaugh. A brother and a sister. Their mother said they'd begun fighting like she'd never seen before. They even tried to bite each other! Luckily, the mother and father were able to get them apart and drive them here separately. Every time they look at each other they start trying to hurt each other

again. We had to sedate them when they came in and they're still trying to kill each other."

"Let's get their blood drawn and do a panel to see if we can find out what is going on," the doctor said.

As the doctor and the nurse hurried down the corridor away from Jeff, he frowned. Rage case? That sounded serious.

"All right, let's hop on the scale here. Don't worry, I'll deduct some weight for the prosthesis," the nurse said with a wink.

Jeff flushed. As he stepped onto the scale a scream of rage echoed down the corridor. Jeff's eyes met the nurse's.

"I'm sure everything is just fine," she said.

Jeff wasn't so sure.