

Downward Spiral

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A Friday the 13th fan fiction detailing the events in the life of Pamela Voorhees that lead to her slow descent into madness.

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1 - Need

Downward Spiral

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Waiting was the most unbearable thing in the world for Pamela, especially when it came to things like this. Waiting for her husband to get home was worse than when she had to wait for Dr. Briggs' test results. Pamela busied herself with small, unimportant tasks around the house to keep her nerves together. She had always been a very nervous person even as a child. Her mind kept showing her little movies of all the ways that Elias could take the news. She knew her husband was an understanding man, but she couldn't be sure of how understanding he would be about something like this. After all, this was their first child.

For a moment, Pamela's mind fluttered up an image of her mother. She could see herself sitting in the gray-toned living room while her mother, all dressed up in a somber gray dress with her red hair in a bun, sat at the piano, pounding out a drab classical tune. She could hear herself telling her mother the same thing she would have to tell her husband that afternoon and she could hear her mother's icy response, "Another failure. She wouldn't even turn away from the keys to look at her while she talked. I'm not surprised, Pamela. You've let me down so many times before, it comes as no surprise to me that you can't even give me a normal grandson."

Pamela had been scrubbing the kitchen counter at that moment. When she thought of her mother's toneless, heartless voice and cold, uncaring expression and she ground the sponge harder and harder onto counter surface, as if trying to scrub away the thought. Her thoughts were broken by something poking her gently in the ribs. She placed both hands on the bit of pudginess just below her waist. "Don't worry. I won't tell her about you. I don't even talk to your Grandmother anymore." she spoke soothingly to her unborn baby. She felt a flutter of movement in her belly and a small bulge nudged the palm of her right hand. She moved her hand slightly downward and the little lump followed it. Pamela gasped, fascinated. Even in the womb it seemed her child was reaching out for her. All the heartache she'd felt a moment before vanished. "You don't even care, do you?" she asked her baby. "You don't need a grandmother like her anyway..."

Pamela picked up on her own words. That one word in particular. Need. It was a word her mother used a lot.

You need to be more lady-like, Pamela.

You need to handle your own problems, Pamela.

You're a burden, Pamela. Your father and I don't need your constant failures... and frankly we don't need you. You should be grateful we even bother.

Pamela tried very hard to hold back the tears. She couldn't look upset when Elias came in. He'd know something was wrong. She needed to break it to him calmly but her nerves were tied in knots. She had to calm down. She had to stop thinking all these terrible things. She would have to stop thinking about her hateful mother who didn't need her and start thinking about the unborn child who did.

At that moment she heard Elias drive up. Now came the moment of truth. She would have to tell Elias what Dr. Briggs said about the baby. He would have to know that their child was not going to be like other children. And he would have to understand. He would simply have to.

Months later...

Waiting was the most unbearable thing in the world for Elias. He was a patient man for the most part but this was something different. He wasn't waiting for a bus or waiting in line at the bank to cash his paycheck. For those things his patience would be never-ending. No. This was something far more serious. This was his first child. The other fathers to be that sat in the waiting room with him seemed equally nervous. Some were veteran fathers who tried calming the others down with pictures of their other children and reassuring tales of the day they met their first born. But their words and pictures brought Elias no comfort. He knew that all the others didn't have the same burden that he did. They were all expecting *normal* children.

Elias mulled over the things that Pamela had told him. Their child would be

deformed and possibly mentally retarded. He wasn't so much worried about his son's mental handicap, but his deformity was what unnerved him. How bad would it be? Elias's mind went through terrible nightmare visions of what his child would look like. Then he asked himself a very important question... could he still love his child in spite of his deformity? Elias was horrified and deeply ashamed by the fact that he didn't know how to answer.

Mr. Voorhees. a female voice interrupted his thoughts. A nurse was standing by the open door and looking right at him. When Elias realized that she was talking to him, he rose from the chair so fast he nearly knocked it over. He almost bulldozed the young nurse when she didn't step out of the way in time. She smiled at his nervousness thinking how sweet it was that he was so anxious to see his new child. Surely he would be a wonderful father. She pulled the door closed and lead him down the hall. In the waiting room, one of the veteran dads chuckled. Look at the guy go! He's so excited he can't see straight! The other dads grinned at each other, knowing that it would be their turn soon.