



2

# THE JOURNALS OF ROHAUSER

3.00

D.W. FRYDENDALL





After two hours he finally shows up.

It seems that this guy has been "checkin' in" on my friend Paul's twelve year old daughter after dark.

Paul asked me to find out who this guy is.



HEY DORK.

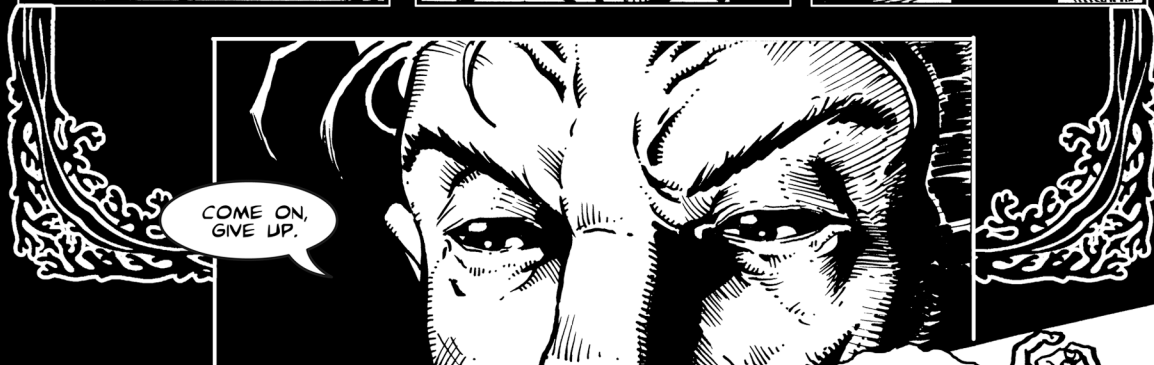
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



HUH?!?



RUN AND I'LL HURT YOU.

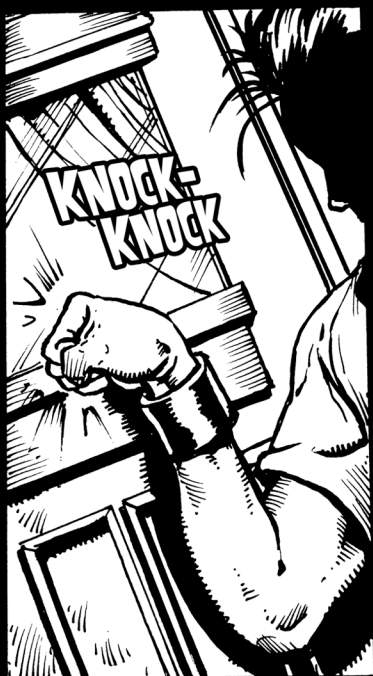




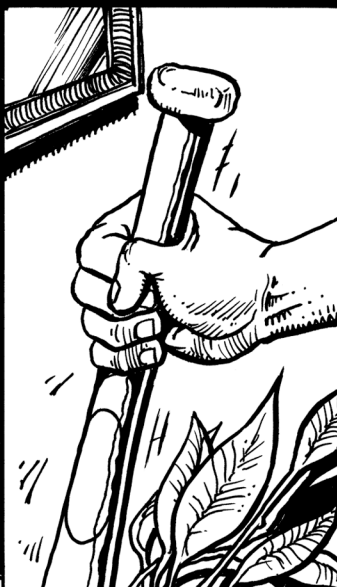
I guess he went down pretty hard and clipped his head on a sprinkler valve.



I felt a surge of nausea when I saw a piece of his scalp dangling like a wet leaf.







Without another word Paul  
laid into the peeper.

The peeper was already in  
shock and this might kill  
him.




Then I thought of Paul's  
daughter.



And I  
realized...




I'm not  
paid to  
think.




This house has given me the creeps for as long as I can remember.

I always thought it was haunted. The neighborhood kids still do.




The house was built over 100 years ago by my great-grandfather Jonas Rohauser.

According to legend Jonas was a rather eccentric, if not insane "world traveller."



He had been a slave trader in the South. The civil war was the official reason he left, but there were rumors about his being marked for his sins by a voodoo priestess.

He had this house built from the money he had made in the slave trade.



He liked the surrounding area because of its solitude and mountains.

He was here before Nathaniel Coburn Carted dubbed the area Sierra Madre in 1874.

This was the third house built in the area.

The house was built so you can have a full view of the surroundings for miles.

Such a thing is good for a man with an extremely heavy conscience.

There are several acres of dense oak trees that blot out most of the sky.

The place stands as it has for over a hundred years.

Behind the main house lies the carriage house that serves as a garage.

While to the west lies the family graveyard.



Jonas lived here for another ten years until he died mysteriously.

It seems that the maid found him dead.

He had been asphyxiated by a mass of flies.

It's also said that a large black dog frightened away the mourners at his funeral.

The wooden walls of this place keep many secrets.

The property became mine after Mom died.


I was at school and dropped out.

I came back home.

As I said before, I never liked this place.

It's huge and old and reminds me of death.





There are few things I  
like about this house.

Because my telescope is  
up here.

As a kid I spent a lot of  
time in the attic.

Jonas had it built by a  
metal crafter in India.

It cost a pretty penny even  
by today's standards.

When I was a kid a local  
museum wanted to buy it  
but I made such a stink  
that my parents kept it.

The solitude of this house  
(and my life) really  
gets to me.



Sometimes I like to be  
reminded of real life.



What it was like to be  
around normal people.

Doing things that  
normal people do.



How things were before  
my life went to hell.



I often wonder why I survived.

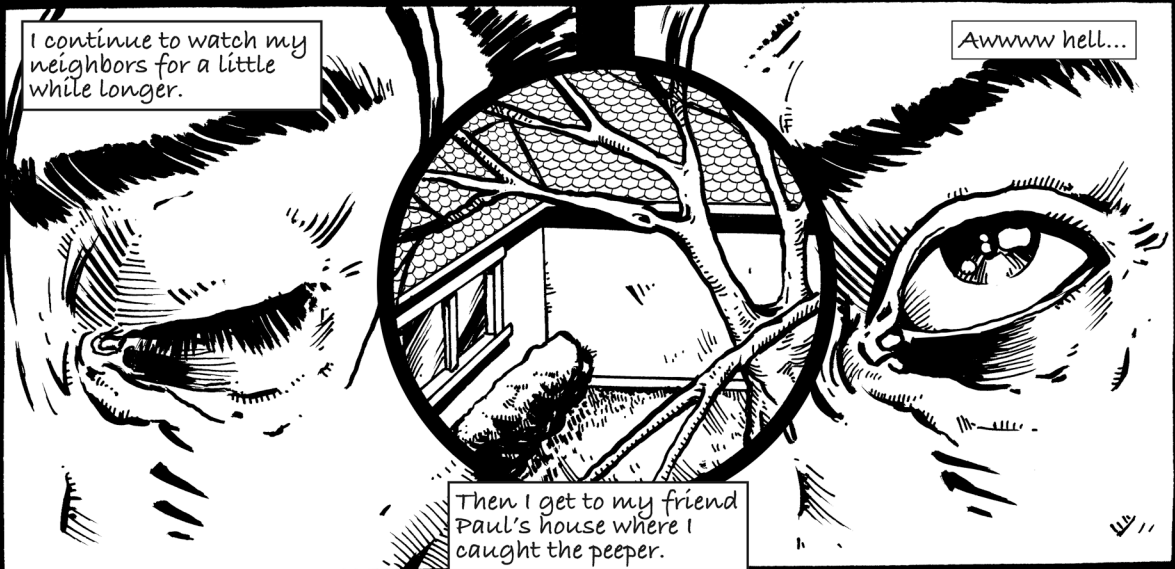


Anyway...I'd bitch about my  
situation.



But there's no one around  
who would listen much less  
care.

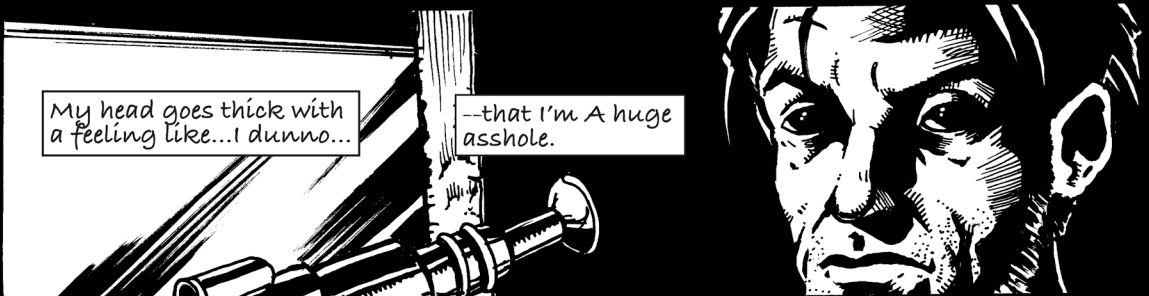




I continue to watch my neighbors for a little while longer.

Awwww hell...

Then I get to my friend Paul's house where I caught the peeper.



My head goes thick with a feeling like...I dunno...

--that I'm A huge asshole.



An asshole with a telescope.

Goddamn it.



I find the family cemetery the best place for deep introspection.

OH, I'M SORRY.  
I DIDN'T MEAN TO  
DISTURB YOU.

IT'S ALRIGHT.

CAN I  
HELP  
YOU?

I WAS ON A WALK  
AND I WANDERED OVER  
THIS WAY.

YOU LOOK LIKE  
YOU WANT TO BE  
ALONE.

I SHOULD  
GO...

NO, IT'S  
COOL...

ARE  
YOU  
OK?

YEAH... NO...

AWW HELL...



I'M JUST DEPRESSED THAT'S ALL...



DO YOU MIND IF I SIT DOWN?

SURE.

SO WHAT'S WRONG?



I'VE BEEN SITTING UP HERE IN MY HOUSE FOR SO LONG THAT I THINK I MAY BE BECOMING A LITTLE "ODD".

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY "ODD"?

I DON'T TALK TO PEOPLE MUCH. I JUST STAY AWAY FROM THEM.

PEOPLE AREN'T ANY GOOD.

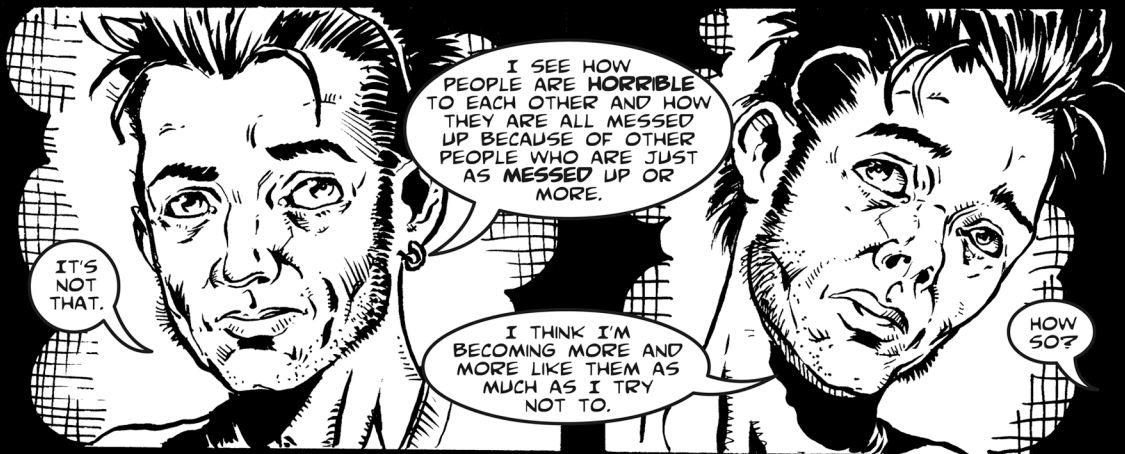
THEY'LL TURN ON YOU AT THE FIRST CHANCE THEY CAN.



WOW. YOU'RE ALL LAUGHS.

THEY'RE OPPORTUNISTS WHO DON'T CARE ABOUT WHAT THEY HAVE TO DO SO LONG AS THEY GET WHAT THEY WANT.

NO WONDER YOU'RE DEPRESSED.









WAIT... YOU'VE BEEN UP HERE IN THIS HOUSE FOR TOO LONG AND YOU'RE STARTING TO GO A LITTLE STIR CRAZY.

IT SEEMS LIKE YOU ARE WAY TOO HARD ON YOURSELF.

YOU'RE SO PARANOID OF BECOMING LIKE "ONE OF THEM" THAT YOU'RE READING INTO THINGS TOO MUCH AND BECOMING "ONE OF THEM".

OH... GOOD POINT.

ALL OF THIS SHOWS THAT YOU'RE PRETTY NORMAL.

NO ONES CALLED ME "NORMAL" FOR A WHILE.

SORRY. I DON'T MEAN TO BLOW YOUR IMAGE "MR. NORMAL".

HEH...

CALL ME THAT AFTER YOU GET TO KNOW ME.



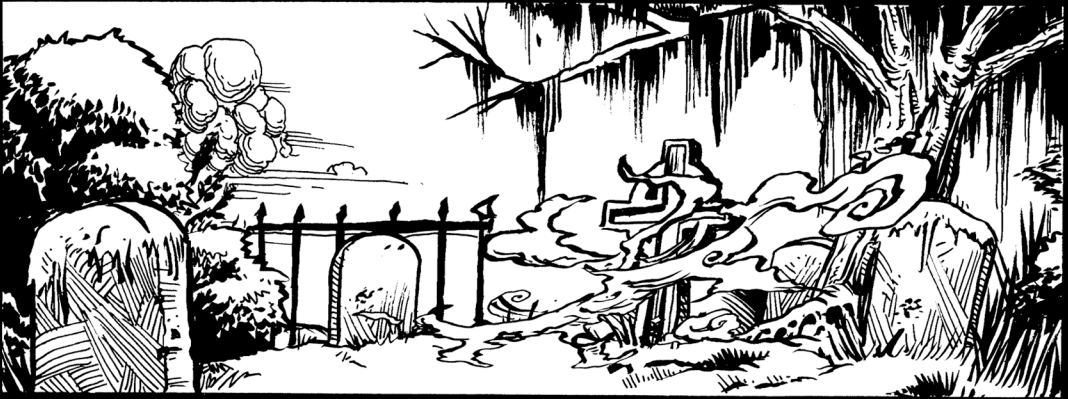




...DAMN MOSQUITOES...

SLAP!





May 18th, 7:30 p.m.

So once again here I sit  
and write.

It's weird the way  
life works out.

Earlier today I was sitting  
around feeling sorry for  
myself.

Going down those mental  
paths of self-doubt and  
having one of my pity parties  
for one.

Only to be later set  
straight by a stranger  
with a fresh insight.

I've been bitching and  
moaning about loneliness  
so much lately that I haven't  
thought of actually having  
the guts to do something  
about it.

People can indeed  
suck.

But sitting up here in my  
big ol' spooky Victorian  
house and watching life  
pass me by would suck even  
more.

Perhaps it's about time I  
called up some of my old  
friends and get back into  
real life.



Heh... real life.

I should try to have some  
kind of semblance of any  
kind of life.

So it's down to  
self-exile from the  
human race...

...or try and be a  
part of it.

Ultimately it's my  
call.

I really am happy I met  
Anna.

It was a nice surprise that  
she just showed up when  
she did.



I hope I'll see her around  
here more often.

End