

# DON'T KILL BILL, JUST CHILL: THE COMPLETE SAGA

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Narrated by Bill's Grandmother

## INTRODUCTION

They always think the nightmares start when you fall asleep.

But for Billy... they began before he was even born.

I watched him in that little room on Cherry Street—nine years old, shaking under those tangled blankets like they could protect him from what was already inside him.

The air always got heavier before it happened. I remember that. Like the house itself knew what was coming.

He'd stare into the corners, thinking they were just shadows. But they weren't. They were watching back. Waiting.

Poor boy couldn't move. Couldn't scream. That thing called sleep paralysis? It's not a condition. It's an invitation.

And he accepted it every night.

I heard it call to him. That whisper...

"Bill."

I wanted to help, I did. But the rules were already written.

Until she said it—his mama. She called out from the hallway with that voice soaked in light.

"Don't kill Bill... just chill."

Her words? They weren't just comfort. They were a command. And for one night, they worked.

The shadows backed off. The boy breathed again.

But dawn is a trick.

A lull between hauntings.

And Billy? He don't even know yet...

The mirror hasn't turned. Not fully.  
Oh, child... it will.

## CHAPTER 1: ECHOES OF THE NIGHT

Mornin' light came through the window like it had somethin' to prove. But it didn't wash away what clung to Billy's bones. That fear? It stays with a child. Nestled in the soft spots no one talks about.

He crept to the kitchen, poor thing, like the floor might swallow him whole. And the shadows? They followed. Always do. Even when the sun's up.

His mama—Helen—stood by the stove. Flippin' pancakes like she remembered how. But I could see it in her hands. Shaky. Heavy. Mechanical. And the tune she hummed? Off-key. Ancient. That kind of melody that slips between worlds.

She didn't turn when she said, "Morning, sleepyhead." Her voice wore cheer like a costume, stitched with nerves. When she did look at him, her smile wobbled. A mask 'bout to crack.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked.

Billy just nodded. He knew if he opened his mouth, the fear would spill out. Helen tried to explain it all away—cartoons, bad dreams—but we know better, don't we? Those weren't dreams. They were echoes.

He sat, barely touched his food. And Helen? She kept glancing at the corners. Like she expected the dark to answer back. That tune of hers never stopped. A lullaby for ghosts.

Later, walkin' to the bus stop, she gripped his hand like she was holdin' back somethin' big. Her nails bit into his skin. She leaned down real low and said:

"If you get scared at night... just tell yourself, 'Don't kill Bill, just chill.' It's only a dream. Nothin' can hurt you."

But that ain't what she meant. That wasn't comfort. That was a spell.

He got on the bus. Didn't look back. Couldn't. Not after seein' that look in her eyes—the one that said \*she knew.\*

At school, the noise helped. The light. The hum of normal life. But dusk comes for us all.

That night, when Helen tucked him in, her hands moved slow. Her eyes kept driftin'. Corners. Shadows. Quiet places where old truths hide.

"Sleep tight, don't let the bedbugs bite," she said. Then leaned close—so close I felt the cold come through her breath.

“And remember—”

“Don’t kill Bill, just chill,” he finished.

She smiled, kissed his head. But her lips? They were ice.

The door clicked shut. Final.

And in the dark, Billy lay there, the mantra ringin’ like a curse. The tune, her tune, came back—woven with whispers.

The shadows sang.

And the dream began.

## CHAPTER 2: THE DREAM BEGINS

Oh, how the mind plays tricks when the body lies still.

Billy's eyes opened—not to that little room with stuffed animals guardin' his soul—but to somethin' cleaner, older. Wiser, maybe. A dorm room, sunlit and silent, filled with books that whispered about the mind's secrets.

He sat up, dazed. Posters of brains. Notes scrawled with words like "lucid dreaming" and "astral projection." The place looked lived-in by someone who studied sleep like it was a battlefield. And it was.

But this wasn't real. Not exactly. And Billy? He felt it. Some part of him knew—this was another layer of the dream.

He walked to the desk. His own handwriting stared back at him. Experiments. Tests. A journal of journeys beyond the flesh. Deliberate sleep paralysis. Astral exits. Escapes.

Poor boy.

He laid down—on purpose this time. Eyes closed. Breath steady. Heart full of fire and foolish hope.

And he drifted.

Out.

Up.

Through the ceiling, beyond the walls, into the open sky like a soul slippin' loose from skin. The campus sprawled below like a memory still forming. But the higher he floated, the darker it got. The colder.

The wind in the astral plane don't blow like it does on Earth. It whispers.

And the things floatin' out there? They ain't dreams. They're watchers. Some curious. Some hungry.

He saw them. Shapes made of shadow and silence. And one of 'em noticed him.

It moved with him. Matched him. Like it had found what it was lookin' for.

He panicked. Tried to run. But you can't run when you ain't got legs. Not out there.

Then—he remembered.

The words.

“Don’t kill Bill... just chill.”

He whispered it like a lifeline.

The entity froze. Tilted its head. Like it was listenin’. Like it \*knew\* those words.

That was his window.

Billy pulled himself back. Down through the wind and the whisperin’ stars. Through the walls.  
Through the weight.

And landed hard.

Back in the dorm.

Heart beatin’ like a war drum. Shirt stickin’ to his skin. Eyes wide.

He sat there, starin’ at the notes on the desk. Wonderin’.

Was it just a dream? Or did he really go there?

Either way, Billy knew one thing now:

If he was gonna walk into the dark...

He’d better learn how to find his way back.

### CHAPTER 3: THE ASTRAL GATE

You ever feel it? That tug behind the eyes when you wake up... not sure if you really came back?

Billy felt it.

Wakin' from a dream within a dream, confused but hungry for more. That boy, smart as he was scared. Always writin', always readin', like maybe a book could keep the monsters at bay.

He prepped for days. Cleared his mind. Studied protection spells. Lit candles that smelled like comfort. And every night, that mantra echoed in his head:

"Don't kill Bill... just chill."

That night, the world went quiet. The shadows leaned in to listen.

Billy laid back, body still as a tomb, mind sharp as a blade.

He imagined the gate. Big. Glowing. Floatin' in the sky like a halo carved from moonlight. And just like that... he passed through.

The astral world opened to him. Twilight stretched forever. Stars pulsed like they remembered him.

It was beautiful.

Until it wasn't.

That chill returned. That knowing. The dark figure followed.

But this time? Billy didn't run.

He called on what he learned. Formed a circle of light with his will. Gold, warm, alive. And he whispered it again and again:

"Don't kill Bill... just chill."

The figure stopped.

It twisted at the edge of the light like it didn't know how to cross. It watched. Waited. Felt like lookin' into a mirror that hated you.

And Billy... he asked it:

“Why do you follow me?”

It didn't speak. Just stared with eyes that weren't eyes. Then it vanished. Gone like smoke caught in a prayer.

Billy stood alone, heart thunderin'. But alive.

And somethin' inside him shifted.

He was done runnin'. Done wonderin'.

He would find out what these things were. Why they wanted him. And what power lived in that mantra his mama whispered through the veil.

He drifted back. Through the gate. Into the body.

Awoke with the sun peeking through the curtains.

But make no mistake—

Billy had crossed somethin' real.

And there ain't no closin' that gate once it's open.



## CHAPTER 4: THE WHISPERING VOID

There's a price to pay when you wander too far into places you ain't meant to see.

Billy... he kept goin'. Night after night, deeper into the cracks of the world. The astral plane had begun to whisper back. Not just with shadows, but with voices. Familiar ones. Ones that knew his name before he did.

He'd wake up with echoes in his ears, dreams in his lungs. The line between sleep and wake? It blurred like breath on a mirror.

School didn't matter much anymore. Friends, classes, life? All background noise. Billy was slippin'—but not lost. No, child. He was lookin' for the truth.

One night, flippin' through his notes, he found somethin'.

A journal entry. Old. Scrawled and shaky. Talkin' 'bout his mama's obsession with the mystical. The occult. Things she never spoke of out loud.

But it clicked.

Her lullaby—\*Don't kill Bill, just chill\*—it wasn't just comfort. It was protection.

And now he had to know why.

He lit candles. Drew circles. Whispered the words like they had teeth. And when he slipped into the plane that night, the stars weren't bright—they were watching.

The sky above him pulsed with tension. The void hissed around him. And then... a figure.

Not the shadow from before.

This one was softer. Sadder. Glidin' from the mist like memory given shape.

She looked like Helen.

But not quite.

"Why do you haunt my dreams?" Billy asked.

The spirit paused. Her voice? It cut soft, like paper through silk.

"Not to haunt... to warn. The path you walk is laced with your own soul."

He asked what she meant. What danger waited.

She told him the astral wasn't just spirits—it was sorrow. Unfinished feelings. Generational ghosts wearing the faces of the ones you love.

“Your journey started long before you remembered,” she whispered.

And then she was gone.

Like all good truths—she disappeared before finishing her sentence.

Billy jolted back, gasping. Sheets soaked. Room silent.

But the questions screamed.

He searched the next day. Through records. Boxes. Family documents buried beneath years of dust and denial.

And the deeper he dug...

...the louder the shadows got.

## CHAPTER 5: TETHERED REALITIES

There's always a room in every house where the past goes to rot.

For Billy, it was the attic.

Dust thick as regret. Floorboards groanin' like they remembered things no one spoke of. And in that quiet, he found it—her journal. Helen's truth. Written in loops and curls like her voice used to sound.

She was one of us. A traveler.

And she paid for it.

She wrote about the astral. About somethin' she'd awakened. Not a guide. Not a guardian. A threshold thing. Somethin' that watches the edge of worlds and don't take kindly to visitors.

She said it followed her home.

Billy read every page, hands trembling. Her fear was etched into every sentence. And still, he pressed on.

That night, he didn't just want to float. He wanted to \*confront\* it. To challenge the thing that haunted his bloodline.

He drew symbols. Salted the floor. Chalked the corners. His mama's words on his lips:

"Don't kill Bill... just chill."

Then he left his body.

And the air \*split.\*

The stars blinked like they were afraid to watch.

He called out to it. The guardian.

It came in whispers first—fragments of Helen's voice, twisted and warped. Then it formed. Big. Black. Boomin'. With a face that was hers... and wasn't.

"Bill," it thundered, "this path is laced with sorrow. Your fate was sealed before your first breath."

But Billy? He ain't made of fear no more.

“I won’t carry your fear. I won’t wear your chains.”

He said it like a sword. And the thing paused.

They were tethered, him and it. Same thread. Same wound. And Billy realized—he couldn’t cut it. He had to \*understand\* it.

So he reached out. Not with fists. With grace.

And the guardian... it faded. Not beaten. But seen.

Before it vanished, it whispered—

“Be wary, William. Some doors, once opened... they never shut again.”

He woke up with the sun in his face. Journal still open. Her last words starin’ back.

He’d won somethin’.

But some victories... come with a curse.

## CHAPTER 6: THE FRACTURED MIRROR

Sometimes, knowledge ain't a light—it's a crack in the glass.

Billy knew more now. Too much, maybe. The journal, the warnings, the faces that weren't his in reflections... all of it pointed to one truth:

This wasn't just his story. It was a \*pattern.\* A legacy. And legacies have teeth.

He buried himself in books. In his mama's notes. In symbols that once scared him but now looked like armor. But knowledge don't come without cost.

Even his professors saw the change. Most dismissed him—called it obsession, psychosis. But one... Dr. Elana Rowley—she listened.

She saw what he saw: a kid pushin' the boundaries between brain and soul.

With her help, Billy started a research group. Quiet. Off the record. Ghosts in the data. He offered himself up as the subject. Night after night. Dream after dream.

But the veil? It didn't like being poked.

Things started movin'. Doors closed themselves. Whispers bled into the day.

And then... that puddle.

He looked down and saw his reflection... twist. Not his face.

\*Its\* face.

The guardian.

It smiled like it knew somethin' he didn't.

That night, he couldn't cross over. The astral locked him out. Or maybe locked him \*in.\*

Visions writhing like snakes under his skin. Panic clawed at his ribs.

Dr. Rowley warned him the next day.

"You push too hard," she said. "It'll shatter. Like a mirror too full of cracks."

And Billy... he heard it.

This wasn't about conquering.

It was about \*integration.\*

He slowed down. Grounded himself. Taught the others safety. Mental anchors. Circles. Mantras. That phrase his mama gave him? It wasn't just for fear.

It was a key.

"Don't kill Bill... just chill."

The semester ended. He packed his life into boxes. But one thing stayed open—his mother's final journal page.

Her words weren't just a warning.

They were a wish.

That he would make it further than she did.

And child... he just might.

## CHAPTER 7: ECHOES OF REALITY

Winter brought the cold.

But it wasn't the kind you feel in your bones—it was the kind that settles in your mind.

Billy came home from school, but he didn't really come back. Not all the way. The house was the same. His daddy was the same. But \*he\* wasn't.

He couldn't unsee the things he'd seen. Couldn't unhear the voices that whispered just beneath the hum of the world.

Everyone thought it was stress. College pressure. Growing pains. But Billy? He knew better.

He could see behind the curtain now.

Dinner parties. Small talk. It all felt like cardboard scenery. Behind it... shadows moved.

One night, it all cracked. He excused himself, heart racing, head pounding with noise no one else could hear.

He tried to meditate—but the astral yanked him out like a puppet on a string.

The void this time? It wasn't still. It was chaos.

The guardian was there. Bigger. Darker. Voice like thunder crawling through gravel.

"You seek control, William," it said. "But your light... it draws the hungry."

Billy stood tall. "I don't want control. I want \*truth.\*"

The guardian hissed.

"Every step you take tightens the thread. You are the flame. They are the moths."

Then it vanished, smokelike.

When he came back, he was shaking. Not from fear. From realization.

This path wasn't just dangerous for him.

It could hurt everyone.

He turned inward. Silent. Distant. His father grew worried. Talked therapy. Talked pills.

Billy nodded, but he knew no prescription could fix what lived in the veil.

So he studied harder. Warded his room. Drew the lines. Lit the candles. Said the mantra like a sacred lock:

“Don’t kill Bill... just chill.”

But the shadows listened too.

One night, the words echoed back. Twisted. Mocking.

“Don’t kill Bill... just chill...”

That chill? It was her voice. But wrong.

That night, he fell deep.

Too deep.

And when he came to...

He was nine.

In his old room. Toys untouched. Posters from a life he hadn’t lived yet.

Was it all a dream?

The college. The lab. The astral.

He panicked.

Ran through the hallway, fast as his small legs could go. The mantra echoing, growing louder.

He flung open her door.

There she was.

Still.

Cold.

Eyes closed, lips pale.



He shook her. Whispered her name.

No answer.

The house was silent. Too silent.

She'd passed in her sleep.

The doctors called it SUDS—Sudden Unexplained Death in Sleep.

But Billy... he'd seen it coming in the dream.

He knew it wasn't unexplained.

They moved him in with his father.

New house. Same shadows.

And the nightmare?

It followed him.

Sat at the edge of the bed. Grinning.

Whispering.

"Don't kill Bill... just chill."

## CHAPTER 8: THE VEIL LIFTS

Grief don't knock—it moves in. Unpacks its bags. Makes itself at home.

That's how it was for Billy after Helen passed.

The funeral came and went like a storm no one wanted to speak of. And when the dust settled, he was livin' in his daddy's house—a place where logic ruled, and dreams were just glitches in the brain.

But Billy's dreams... they weren't dreams.

He tried to tell him. About the veil. About the whispers. About the things that waited behind the dark.

But his daddy couldn't hear it. Or maybe... wouldn't.

He took Billy to a psychologist. Said it was grief talkin'. Nightmares. Coping.

"Dr. Anders will help," he said, stirrin' cereal like it meant somethin'.

But shadows don't care about therapists.

Each night, the veil got thinner. The paralysis came harder. The figure at the end of the bed? Clearer.

One night, Billy snapped.

He sat up—frozen, breath short—but his voice pushed through the fear.

"Who are you really? What do you want from me?"

The figure flickered. Smiled.

Then whispered it again:

"Don't kill Bill... just chill."

It didn't soothe him anymore.

It haunted him.

The mantra was no longer a shield. It was a warning.

He dove back into his mama's journals. Obsessed. Desperate. Lookin' for a crack in the story—some way to make it make sense.

Then his daddy came in.

Face hard. Words harder.

"I'm sending you upstate. A wellness retreat."

Healing, he called it.

But Billy saw it for what it was.

Fear.

His father wasn't tryin' to punish him.

He was tryin' to save what was left of his son.

Billy packed his bag in silence.

But inside?

Fire.

He'd go. He'd rest.

But he wasn't done.

The veil wasn't just thin anymore.

It was lifting.

And Billy?

He was finally ready to see what was on the other side.

## CHAPTER 9: SLEEP'S SILENT PULL

Narrated by Grandmother

They called it a retreat.

Tucked in the woods, kissed by the wind, wrapped in the lies of peace and healing.

But Billy knew better.

You don't retreat from shadows—you walk right into 'em.

The place was calm, sure. Birds chirped. Leaves rustled. Staff smiled like nothin' bad ever happened. But Billy felt it—that hum. That watching.

Peace on the surface. Battle beneath.

He went through the motions. Yoga. Group sessions. Meditation by the pond. But while they searched for quiet, Billy listened for the whispers behind the world.

And one night, as the sun bled out behind the trees, he drifted again.

Eyes closed. Body still. Spirit reaching.

He floated through the astral with grace now. Learned how to dodge the teeth. Learned how to glow.

Then... a hand.

Soft. Real.

It yanked him back.

He opened his eyes, breath caught, and saw her.

Maya.

One of the counselors. Kneelin' by his side with eyes that saw more than she should've.

"You were far," she whispered.

He didn't lie. Not fully.

He told her about the dreams. The paralysis. The shadows that called him by name.

She didn't laugh. Didn't flinch.

She believed him.

"The mind," she said, "isn't just a brain. It's a gate."

And child, that changed everything.

She taught him things.

Ways to blend spirit and psyche. Ways to hold the veil back without closing it.

She made him feel like maybe—\*just maybe\*—he wasn't broken.

Billy started opening up. To her. To others. Found echoes of himself in their stories.

By the end of the week, the retreat didn't feel like a prison.

It felt like power.

And that night, standin' by the pond, he whispered to the stars reflected in the still water:

"I'm not just a victim of the shadows... I'm a guardian of my own soul."

And baby?

That was the moment he became dangerous.

To them.

To the dark.

To anything that thought it could take him.

Because now?

He had allies.

He had fire.

And he knew...

he was never truly alone.

## CHAPTER 10: RETURNING SHADOWS

Narrated by Grandmother

There's somethin' strange about comin' home after you've changed.

The streets look the same. The faces wear familiar names. But \*you\*? You ain't the same no more.

Billy stepped off that bus with the weight of the veil still clingin' to his skin. The retreat had made him stronger. Sharper. But that don't mean the shadows stopped watchin'.

His daddy hugged him tight—but behind the smile was fear.

They drove home quiet. Billy talked about yoga and journals and peace of mind—but skipped the part about spirits and gates and voices from the dark.

His room hadn't changed.

But the air had.

That night, he braced himself for another fight.

But the dark didn't come to scream.

It came to \*cry.\*

A whisper. Soft. Broken.

A call for help.

Billy slid into the astral like silk this time. He knew the path. Knew the signals. The wind howled with memory. The stars blinked like warning lights.

And there... where the guardian once stood...

A light.

Small. Flickerin'.

He moved toward it—slow, cautious.

And then...

Her.

Not the twisted version. Not the echo of dread.

Helen.

Whole.

Warm.

His mama.

“Mom?” he whispered.

She smiled. Not with her face—but with her soul.

“I’m sorry, baby,” she said. “I never meant for this to fall on you.”

Tears welled in him. “What is this? Why us?”

She flickered. Her time short. Her truth sharp.

“It’s a curse. Passed down. But you’re different. You *can* end it.”

She leaned closer. Her energy fading like mist in the morning.

“Find the Book of Shadows,” she said. “It holds the answers.”

And just like that... she was gone.

Back in his bed, Billy shot up.

The memory of her voice still ringing.

The next morning, he found it. Hidden behind her things. A leather-bound tome that felt older than time.

The Book of Shadows.

Pages full of bloodlines. Symbols. Names he didn’t recognize—but felt in his bones.

The war wasn’t over.

But Billy wasn’t scared anymore.

He had knowledge. He had her. And child? He had fire.

## CHAPTER 11: THE LEGACY UNFOLDS

Narrated by Grandmother

The Book of Shadows lay open.

And Billy? He was still.

Not scared. Not shaken.

Just still.

The kind of still that comes before a storm you plan to walk straight through.

Each page told a story he didn't want—but had to carry. Bloodlines cursed. Mirrors cracked. Doors left open too long.

And in the margins?

Hope.

Hope wrapped in a ritual. One that could end the cycle.

But it needed somethin'. Something lost.

The Astral Compass.

Billy didn't flinch.

He traced the symbols, felt the pulse of the words, let the whispers around him rise like smoke.

They were louder now.

Angrier.

They knew what he was plannin'.

The door creaked.

His father.

"You okay, son?"

Billy didn't look up. Just nodded.



“Reading,” he said.

But this wasn’t reading.

This was summoning.

This was \*remembering\* who he was.

Later that night, he laid down.

But he wasn’t resting.

He was preparing.

The shadows hissed and whined, clawing at the edges of his vision.

But his voice was steady.

“Don’t kill Bill... just chill.”

It wasn’t a whisper anymore.

It was a war cry.

He slept—but his dreams were maps now. Star-born roads. Gateways. Clues.

In the morning, he packed.

The book. A note for his father. A heart that didn’t fear the dark anymore.

He stepped outside.

The wind kissed his face. The sun pressed warm into his chest.

He didn’t look back.

Because forward was the only way through.

The Astral Compass was out there.

And so was destiny.

But let them come. Billy was ready. And child? The shadows? They were trembling now.