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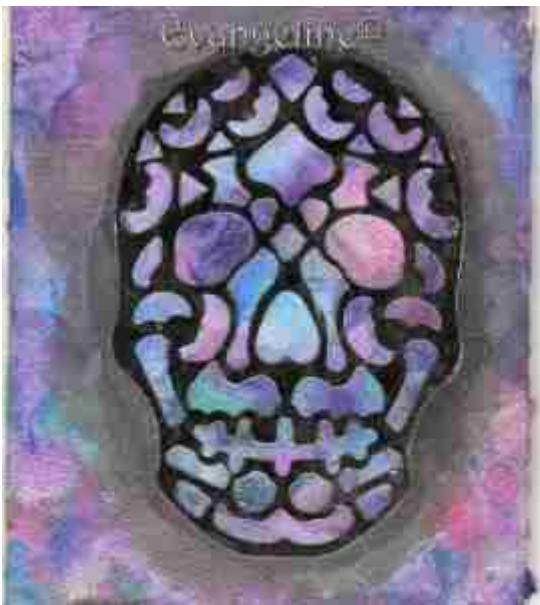
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1. 2015

1.1 July

Are You Thinking About It Yet? (2015-07-01 11:41)

Halloween 2015...it's not that far away...



Let The Whisperings Begin... (2015-07-15 13:30)

It's coming...

You know it's coming...

Soon it will be time yet again

for another year

of Halloween-y goodness

From the Sisters In the Shadows...

You don't want to miss a thing,

Do you?

Sign up in the sidebar to receive every post directly in your inbox...

Mwaahahahahahaha....



1.2 October

Rats (2015-10-01 08:47)



The bank was really on Joseph's back. He had the misfortune of having a piece of property which kept finding its way back in the bank's hands in his account book. This property had come into the bank's possession a little less than three years ago when the couple who held the mortgage seemed to fall off the face of the earth. The house was an old Victorian, but it was in great shape, so the bank thought that it would be a safe bet to take possession and turn an easy profit.

When they had gone in to inspect the house before officially putting it on the market they had found a few signs of rodent activity, called in an exterminator, and had a buyer within a few months. Before the buyers had been in the house for three months, they had called the bank five times complaining about scratching sounds in the walls and bad smells. Each time the exterminator went back out to the house, he reported seeing nothing to indicate a pest problem. By the fourth month they walked into the bank, went straight to Joseph's desk, and handed him the keys and a signed quit claim deed. "We can't get any rest in that house and you guys aren't helping. We're out of there."

They had sent the inspectors back out. The report stated that there were no signs of any problems, so the bank put the house back on the market. This time it took around a year for the property to sell, which had cost the bank a good amount in maintenance fees. Joseph had been catching a lot of heat, so he had gone out on his own and found a middle aged couple who had a dream of opening a small inn. Since the home had six bedrooms and had so much historic charm, it had been an easy sale. They had been in the house for about a week the first time they

called Joseph, complaining of scratching noises in the walls and bad smells.

This felt like a bad dream. He called a different extermination company this time and met them at the house. They went through the house thoroughly and other than finding a few signs of rodent activity and small animal bones in the crawl space, there was nothing. They put out some traps and told him that they would go back in a week to check them. When they called Joseph the following week, they said that they had caught a rat down in the basement, but that was all. Given the property's close proximity to the river, it wasn't surprising to find a rat in the house. Things were quiet for a few months, but the peace ended when the buyers called to report that the noises in the walls had gotten strange. "We're still hearing the scratching, but we're also hearing a sound that sounds like a heart beat. This is getting weird Joseph. We will be going to a hotel tonight. Please get someone out there and figure this out. Call me on my cell when you have things under control".

The next morning, Joseph went back out to the house with the exterminators and an inspector from the bank. They could find no signs of any pests, nor were there any odd smells. Everyone but Joseph left. He stayed behind, feeling frustrated and searching for answers. If this house landed back on his desk again, his boss was going to have his head on a platter. Not knowing what else to do, he headed to his condo for a change of clothes and a few things to take back to the house to spend the night. He had been in the house for about four hours, when he began to hear scratching noises coming from inside the walls. He got down on the floor and put his ear next to a heating vent to listen closer. The scratching began again. Whatever this was sounded bigger than a rat. What he heard next caused him to jump up from the floor, grab his bag, and head for his car. He could have sworn that he had heard something growl.

Sitting in his car, he called the exterminator back. "You have to come back out here to this house. The scratching noise sounds like something bigger than a rodent and whatever it is growls". The extermination team said that they would be back at the house in around an hour. He waited for them in the car. Once they pulled into the driveway, he got out to meet them and explained to them what had happened. "Look guys, I'm about to get this house handed back to me again. My boss will kill me if that happens. I don't care if we have to stay here all night or how much it costs. We have to figure this out tonight". They agreed, grabbed some gear out of their truck and went into the house. The five of them did spend the entire night there, but turned up no evidence of any type of insect or animal activity in the house, under it, or in the attic.

He called the buyers the following morning to give them his report. "Please come and meet us at our hotel and give us the report over coffee". When he sat down and told them what had happened the night before, the man reached into his jacket pocket and handed him a quit claim deed. "Look Joseph, I'm sorry but we know that there is something wrong with that house. We'll have our stuff out by the end of the day". His hands were damp all the way back to the bank. He didn't know how to give his boss the news, so he just went into his office and told him. "You've got two months Joseph. I'm sorry that you're having a hard time with this house, but there's no reason for it. This time, be more careful who you sell it to". Joseph tried to remind him of the noises that he had heard, but his boss held up his hand indicating that he didn't want to hear it, and motioned toward the door.

The day after the middle aged couple moved out, Joseph began showing the house to prospective buyers. He had shown the property to eight different families, but only one of them had a large enough family to want it and high enough credit score to get financing. The bad part, in Joseph's eyes, was the large family. He decided to spend a weekend at the house with the extermination team before officially offering the house to the family. There was no way that he could live with himself if he sent all of those children into an unsafe or unhealthy environment. On Friday evening, the team met him there. Before they went into the house, he paid the exterminators their fee. That was the only way the owner of the company had agreed to do it.

They hauled all of the gear into the house and split up to inspect the different areas of the house. It didn't take long before the scratching noises began. Several of the men reported smelling bad smells in a few areas of the

house. "It smells like something rotting", one of them said. All who had smelled something reported that they had smelled something similar. They were all in the dining room, giving their final report of the night before turning in until morning. In the middle of the night Joseph woke up to the familiar sound of scratching in the walls, his nose accosted by the foul smell of decay. By the time he had slid his feet into his shoes, he heard footsteps in the hallway.

The entire team was outside his door when he opened it. Before anyone could speak, it sounded like the house was alive with scratching and the sound of a beating heart. "No way buddy. We didn't sign up for any of this paranormal type shit", said the owner. They all went back into their rooms to pack up. A few moments later, they heard a shout coming from one of the rooms. All of the men rushed into the room, to see the walls throbbing in time to the sound of the heart beat and the feet of the man who had been staying in that room being dragged through the vent in the wall.

The remaining men rushed out of the room and made their way to the top of the stairs. As if shoved by a pair of invisible hands, the first man who made it to the top went flying down the stairs and landed at the bottom with a sickening crunch. The rest of them stood at the top, frozen in fear and watched as a pair of clawed hands came out from under the stairs and dragged the large man under them effortlessly. "What the hell are we going to do Joseph?", asked the extermination company owner.

"I don't know. You think I would have wanted to spend the night here if I knew this kind of thing was happening?", he replied. They agreed to calm down and try to figure a way out of there. One of them suggested heading up to the attic to see if there was a way out through a window and down a tree or downspout. The remaining three men made their way up into the attic. When the last of them got up there, the stairs slammed back up into the attic from below. They were trapped up there. Joseph ran to the window and threw it open. He slid out onto the roof and turned around to see one of the exterminators being dragged into a door in the wall. The other ran over to the window and slid out behind Joseph. They made their way to the other side of the roof, looking for a way down. "I'm really sorry Bert. Honestly, I had no idea that we were dealing with anything other than a nasty animal of some kind".

Bert laughed at that. "It's a nasty something of some kind alright. Let's just worry about getting the hell off this roof right now. I can kick your ass later". Joseph spotted the big oak tree right around the next corner of the roof and started walking a little faster, motioning to Bert to follow him. As Joseph swung his legs into the tree, he heard Bert scream. When he turned to look he saw a gray skinned creature with a few strands of white hair on its head, red glowing eyes, sharp teeth, and thick claws on long bony fingers. It had its hands on Bert's shoulders, with the claws dug into his flesh as it bent its hideous face closer to the man's face and took a huge bite.

Joseph scrambled down the tree and made his way into a shed in the back yard. When he went inside, an idea formed. Against the wall, next to the lawn mower was a large can of gasoline. He grabbed it, and ran for the porch off of the kitchen. After he dumped most of the gas onto the wooden porch, he turned and spilled a trail behind him as he went back out into the yard. Reaching into his pocket, he grabbed a book of matches that he'd put there in case he needed to light the lantern he had brought. Striking one of the matches, he tossed it onto the ground as soon as it ignited.

As the gasoline caught fire, he ran further away from the house. "I'm going to watch you burn", he said. With no idea how he was going to explain any of this to anyone, Joseph stood there and watched the house go up in flames. The noises that came out of it were terrible. It was as though there were about twenty people in there being burned alive. He looked up to see the gray creature looking out at him from the attic window. The thought that went through his mind was that it was going to come down that tree after him. Just before he could turn to run away, a wall of flame rushed into the attic and he watched the creature melt right before his eyes. In the distance, he could hear the sound of approaching fire trucks.

He was fully prepared to be arrested and blamed for murder and arson, when he felt a tap on his shoulder.

Joseph must have jumped two feet off the ground. Behind him stood an elderly Catholic priest. "Listen son. We have had our eye on this house for a very long time. The problems here started many years ago, and no one who lived here asked us to come in. Once they were gone, the place never stayed empty long enough for us to get in there and do anything. Before that fire truck gets here, you need to lay down on the ground. I will tell them that I came over to investigate because I saw someone sneaking around and that I saw you running out of the house not long after the flames appeared".

Once the official vehicles left. The old priest and Joseph walked down the block to the church. Once they were safely ensconced in the church's office with whiskey in hand, the priest proceeded to tell Joseph a story. "Almost two hundred years ago, the land where that house sits was a prison cemetery. The worst of the worst criminals and deviants were buried on that land. From the first day that house was built, it was inhabited by the souls of those evil men. They have been feeding on those who have lived there ever since. If you hadn't done what you did, who knows how long it would have went on before we had a chance to get in there. Now that the structure is gone, it will be easy for us to go over there and rid the land of those entities once and for all. All we'll have to do is say that we are blessing it on honor of the men who perished in the fire and no one will question it. You've done your community a great service and it was my pleasure to help you in return".

A Little Fairy Tale For You (2015-10-02 03:22)

Once upon a time...

Isn't that how all the great tales begin...whatever sort of tale it may be...all the lies bound up within the mythology...

Come a little closer, Children...there will be no lies here.

The Witch is in...and dinner can wait...I have a scythe to sharpen as I speak...

I Am Not Alone... (2015-10-02 19:26)

Evangeline asked me about ideas for what to do, what to create, for this year's Halloween festival...so I gave her a prompt: Spider.

We will be posting the daily prompt here for October, if you are interested.

No expectations. No rules. Whatever you want.

Here's my contribution for yesterday's Spider – one of them at least...Evangeline is nearly done with hers as well...



The Shadows on the Wall by Julie Bantin (2015-10-03 08:32)

The shadows on the wall are calling me tonight
Would you care to come with me and see the sights?

Frighten you I promise it will
You'll be howling to see the light

But darkness and fear is all you'll see
Your own mind is playing along just right

The fingers you feel brushing on the back of your neck
Are not your imagination, want to take a guess?

Step into the shadow and follow him in

If you're lucky, he might let you win

I wouldn't count on it though
That scream that you heard

It was yours, didn't you know?
This is no dream, no nightmare

This hair raising horror you feel
It's real, look around but don't make a sound

Don't move or they'll hear you
The hands they are grabbing from down beneath

They'll pull you under if you speak
Around the corner you take a look

You close your eyes but it doesn't work
The scene is one of blood curdling screams

The blood is boiling in your veins
All of a sudden it all goes black

The next thing you know
You are back in your room

You got lucky this time
The shadow let go

The fear that you felt
You still feel inside you

You close your eyes
And think over and over

It was just a dream
It was just a dream

It was just a dream
It was just a dream

Open your eyes
Just a crack for a peek

The shadow is back
Beckoning you to follow

Do you go
Dare you go

The shadow is calling you
Do you hear?

Oh Yes, I'm Real (2015-10-04 08:30)

[embed]<https://youtu.be/R1jG99z7IVY>[/embed]

Tuck them in gently, tell them that I'm not there
They know the truth...as for what you feel, I do not care
It isn't the wee ones that I come for at all
Their room is just my doorway, for you've put up a wall
Worry not for I will get in...I always find a way
My eyes are on you always, night and day
When you least expect it, I will prove the innocents right
Raking my claws down your back will be a delight
Even then I know that you will say that it's no big deal
It has happened before, but in the end I always prove that I'm real
Time and time again, my presence will be painfully felt
Making you wonder what sort of hand you've been dealt
Tis nothing personal, this is my job you see
At one time I was just like you, but made a deal for all eternity
I walked through a door from which there is no return
Perhaps through your fear of me, you will learn
As my fangs tear into your ankles when you climb into bed
You will hear my laughter, as your heart fills with dread

It is not for me to drag you into the depths of hell and misery

I am here to give you a taste so that you can see

Shall you follow my lead and wander endless nights

Or will you figure things out and put up a fight?

The choice is yours, as it always was and ever will be

Will you shackle yourself as I have or set yourself free?

JoJo (2015-10-04 20:09:31)
Nicely done! And scary too!

Tracy Moore (2015-10-04 20:21:56)
Thanks JoJo! :D

The Last Time We Met (2015-10-05 05:26)

The last time we met, I was dead. Now, isn't that convenient.

You thought we were through.

I remember each slice of your blade, your sweat dribbling onto my skin, the stench and heat of your breath in my face.

You know what you did.

Revenge is a bitch—and so am I.

If you think I am planning to stoop to your level, you are wrong. I have no intention of lying to you. I won't ask you out. I won't take you to a movie. I won't invite you back to my place. There will be no coffee.

You get my drift, don't you?

I was a straight forward sort of girl before you stole away what you believed was my last breath.

Oh no.

Cut the head off a hydra and two more grow back, as goes the old adage.

Are you afraid I might be a hydra?

Oh no.

Oh, no, no.

My poor dear darling boy.

Walk with me.

I will show you the way...

He sits there, at the bar, slurping his beer, guffawing with those other dudes he calls friends, the ones who never have his back, who always take advantage of him. Yeah, the ones who talk about him behind his back, the ones that always hit on me.

I wonder if he will recognize me. I don't think so.

I walk up, sling my arm around the skinny one, and start talking. Not a single one of them notices anything amiss. He is on me like stink on garbage. It's just his way.

I remember his way...all jovial and joking, tender kisses and sweet caresses...until it isn't anymore. I smell his soul; it reeks worse than the pits of Hell. How did I miss that before? Oh yes, the lies. The charming lies. Glamours don't work on me—unless I cast them myself. Put a man in front of me when I am at a low point—stupidity, I am thy slave. I purr, leaning forward, showing off in a low-cut top with nothing but me underneath. I can hear the sharp intake of breath from all of them. My eyes never leave his face, but it is the skinny one who clings to me as if I were his life preserver. From what I know of him, perhaps I am. But not tonight.

I give them all my number. I tell them I don't mind sharing if they don't. I kiss the waitress, deeply, passionately, give her a twenty for her trouble, then bat my lashes at the fools before turning and walking away.

It doesn't matter to me which one walks out the door. I saw enough while I was dead to understand. Each man has his hands in a pie that doesn't belong to him. They are all lesser shades of evil and despicable. It is my chance to save a few lives by removing these sad excuses of modern men from the gene pool.

It will be my pleasure.

I had laid odds that it would either be him or the skinny one hunkering down and jogging out that pub door after me. I was wrong. The chubby one, with the rich wife, he came busting out of there as if he were on fire. And here I was, ready to quench his thirst, ready to feed his hungry...so long as I got mine as well.

He did surprise me. I would not have expected him to move as quickly as he did. All that bulk, he looked as if walking alone could be much too challenging an endeavor. The other one once told me this particular specimen had to sit to pee because he had no other way to ensure he could hit the pot as he couldn't see to find his...self...if he was paid to do so...not that anyone else could—or would, for that matter.

He hit me like a freight train, all grubby mitts pawing, thick rubbery lips drooling, his tongue all over my face, as if he could not quite find my mouth in order to jam it in there.

The thing about this tub of lard is he didn't notice at first. I drew him deeper into the shadows and I relaxed. I did not move. I did not counter anything he threw at me—the kisses, the groping, the spittle. I let him work himself into a tizzy. The more excited he became, the more nutritious this little jaunt was for me.

He must have noticed something, all of a sudden, felt something, heard something. I don't know. I leaned into him—the first time I initiated contact. I did not use my hands. Gods forbid—how disgusting. Being this close was bad enough...but my fun must be had. I leaned further, stretching the skin, the fat, the bones...and then...I stepped right through him, as if he wasn't there.

I did not come away empty-handed. As he turned, face crumpled and contracted, aware something bad had happened but not quite sure of what. There was no pain here to sink it. I was not the creator nor the distributor of pain. Oh, no. He would do all of that to himself, very soon.

I held in my hand what equated out to be the remnants of his purest truest Soul. What did I need with a filthy perverted heart? He fell down, catching himself on his belly as he flopped. His direct stare into my eyes did not flinch. Still, he did not comprehend.

I held a tiny silvery-blue globule in my hand. There was not much of it left, he had worked hard at his own destruction. I tilted my head back, lifted the glowing object up high, and dropped it into my mouth. I didn't even have to swallow. It melted away instantly.

Although he did not understand what was going on, the effects of my actions were immediate.

Something came for him. I stood my ground, but out of respect I did avert my gaze. I had to. I did not want to know what was coming for him. There was a huge wave of heat and fumes, what felt like the flap of huge wings, and lots of growls and snickers. I heard a yelp, almost in recognition. It then felt as if the Earth shifted and cracked open. There was a single !pop! and then nothing more.

I let the air clear a few moments before I opened my eyes.

When I turned back, aiming for my car, there he was, the skinny one, waiting for me. I don't know if he saw anything or what. He was as casual as he had ever been.

It was his turn now. I smiled as I beeped the locks open. I let him take the driver's seat.

"Take me somewhere pretty." I told him. "Pretty and quiet."

He jammed his foot on the gas pedal as he dropped his hand nearly in my lap, groping to see if I had worn panties or not. "Your wish is my command, babe."

One more drop in the bucket, on the way.

I hope that he, the original he, is the last one to take up my bait. I hope I am again one of the ones he strings along for months, for years. I want to take my time with this one. Never again will I allow one of his kind to live.

Title submitted by Tim here.

Caroline's Kite by Julie Bantin (2015-10-06 07:41)

Caroline started her day just like any other. She woke up to the smell of bacon frying. Snuggled all warm in her bed she turned over and tried to go back to sleep. It was no use, once she smelled the bacon, it was all over. She heard her mom walking up the steps and call to her that breakfast was ready. Jumping out of bed and running to the bathroom, Caroline brushed her teeth and got ready to start her day. She decided to wear her red shorts. They were her lucky ones. Her mom told her she was silly, but every time she wore them, something happened and something was not always good.

After her breakfast, Caroline went out to the porch and got her kite. She had left it in the corner by her favorite chair. It was a hanging basket that her grandmother had gotten for her 4th birthday. The kite was from her grandfather. He had made the kite just for her and every year he would put on a new tail and repair the red paper if it needed it. Caroline was ten years old now and both of her grandparents had been gone since she was eight. But still, the kite got a new tail and was repaired.

She was very protective of her kite. No one but her was allowed to touch it. Caroline started taking the kite every where with her. It didn't matter where. Finally, her mother had enough and told Caroline that the kite would have to go.

Caroline didn't say anything to her mother, but calmly went out to the field behind the house where she normally flew the kite. Her mother was on the porch watching her. Caroline beckoned her mother out to her and she came. Smiling sweetly at her mother, she handed her the kite string. As soon as she took hold of the string, she knew that something was happening. She looked at Caroline with fright and again she got that strange sweet smile.

"No mother. The kite doesn't have to go. You do."

With those words came a flash of light and the kite carried her mother away.

Later that evening, Caroline's father came home to find her sitting on the porch steps holding her kite. She was smiling so sweetly. He asked about her mother, but Caroline just shook her head. Her father looked everywhere for her mother, but was not found. She was never seen again.

Her father knew somehow what had happened but never spoke of it. He just knew that Caroline was happy. His father (Caroline's grandfather) had a way of making things he didn't like disappear.

Puppet Man (2015-10-07 07:00)



When Jane walked into work this morning, you can imagine her surprise to find the place empty. Now, I'm not talking about no one being there yet. I mean empty. No people, no computers, no copiers, no desks. The only thing left were a few spare power cords lying here and there on the floor. This office has been her place of employment for the last ten years, and she tried to wrap her head around why no one had found it within themselves to give her a heads up.

She took out her phone and called the boss for some answers. Disconnected! This was unbelievable. After a few moments, she walked down the hallway to her office. It too was empty. As she was getting ready to walk out the door, she noticed something sticking out of the supply cabinet. When Jane pulled the door open, she jumped back. Inside, sitting on one of the shelves was a creepy puppet. He was dressed like a hobo. He even had a flask in one of his hands. She shoved the door closed and walked out the door. Jane's normal sense of curiosity wanted nothing to do with that thing. She thought that perhaps one of the movers had left it behind.

Puppets had scared her since she was a little girl. When Jane was seven, her parents had thrown a birthday party for her. All of her friends were there, and her mother had hired a man to come to the party and put on a puppet show. She was terrified when she saw the puppets, and ran shrieking and crying to her bedroom. About an hour later, her parents came and in yelled at her for ruining the party. When she tried to explain how she felt about the puppets, her mother said, "Stop it! You're being a big baby. Stay in your room until tomorrow. We can't even stand to look at you right now". The little girl felt awful. She tried so hard not to make them angry.

Not even a half hour ago when she came into work, the sun had been shining, but as the confused woman walked out the door it began pouring down rain. With no umbrella at hand, she ducked into a diner to have a cup of coffee and wait for the rain to let up. To be fair, a little time to digest what had happened was in order too. The waitress left her coffee, and she sat looking out the window. After three cups, the rain was still coming down and she was no closer to figuring out what was going on with work so she decided to head for the parking garage. It was only three blocks, and at least it was warm outside.

By the time she made it to her car, she was drenched. Before getting into the driver's seat, the dripping woman decided to go to the trunk and pull out a towel to lay down under her wet clothing. As she went around the back of the car, she noticed something propped up against the concrete wall of the garage. It was the same puppet that she had seen in her old office...or at least one just like it. Creepy! What were the chances? She decided to forget the towel. Needless to say, the frightened Jane hightailed it out of there. This had to be the weirdest day of her life. She was looking forward to getting home, where she could lock the door behind herself and change into some dry clothing.

A few blocks down the street, she remembered that she was out of cat food. The parking lot at the store was packed, so she had to park around the corner along the street. At least the rain had let up a little. She picked up the cat food and a frozen dinner for herself. After the day she'd had, she wasn't in the mood to cook. When she reached the front door of the store, the rain had started again...harder than ever. The air had gotten decidedly cooler, so she began running for the car. When rounding the corner, Jane found herself slamming face first into a man's chest. Pulling herself back from his black jacket, she looked up to apologize. The man had a rough little beard, as though he hadn't shaved in days and he was dressed all in black. For some reason he looked familiar.

As she told him that she was sorry for running into him, her eyes noticed the flask in his hand. This was getting weirder by the minute. Why did this guy look like that puppet? He had on the same clothing, had the same scruffy little beard, and was carrying the same shiny flask. She blinked her eyes in disbelief. He just stood there looking down at her with eyes so dark that they looked black. Jane took off running, trying to make her way back to the store. She felt hands on her back, shoving her into a little alcove beside the store. When she opened her mouth to scream, the puppet man clamped his hand over it tight. Then he spun her around, stuck his other hand in his jacket pocket, and pulled out a knife that was as shiny as his flask, but way more menacing. He lifted his knife high, and as it rushed down toward her chest Jane said, "I wasn't being a baby! Told them puppets were bad".

The Stuff Of Stars (2015-10-08 02:39)

We are all made from the stuff of stars.

Some of us, more than others.

When I awoke this time around, to say I was not happy to be back at my assigned job is a ludicrous understatement. My job, as given to me, was to collect the radical DNA that had been seeded across the millennia and return Home.

Snort.

Doesn't that make it sound so simple? Oh, just a little injection, dearie. It will remove all those bad 'toxins' from your blood and help you live to be, why, 110, at least.

Except that that is not the way things work. Think about it—if you remove the apple from an apple pie, does that mean the pie is still yummy apple-y good? Of course not. When I remove the errant coda from your DNA strand, do

you remain, well, you? Of course not. I withdraw material. I do not inject material.

From what I have seen in the past two thousand years on this plane, it is not a pretty sight to see when I remove that mutated information from your core physical body. The only thing I can honestly say is thank goodness no one ever screams. Usually there is little cognitive anything left enough to attempt to scream...but also, there is rarely any orifice to suffice to create said scream.

All I do is brush against someone along the sidewalk as we pass. Maybe at the laundromat. Maybe at the check-out at the local store. Maybe in line at the bank. Maybe as we pass one another on that empty sandy beach.

I am your doom. I am here to save you.

The worst thing about this is I am here to save you from the havoc your kind has wreaked upon itself. The mutations are so damaging, we no longer have any means to correct it. And correct it we have been attempting to do for centuries, ever since we first notice your intent to destroy the planet you live on.

That is a strange behavior for a species that claims to want to live, that strive to break the Universal secrets so that Humanity can live forever. Pollute your own waters. Destroy the planet from the outside in. Create such decay in your own bodies that reproduction must be done through manual scientific means, if it happens at all. The diseases that are so rampant, all caused by your own hand.

And yet, you pray to your Gods to save you. Many of you beg your "alien overlords" to return and take care of you.

It is not our job to take care of you. You were put here to take care of yourselves. Like unruly children, you have proven again and again that you cannot learn from your mistakes. The last time we sent a flood to purge the distress from this land, at the land's behest. Now this.

I do not feel for you any longer. There are not enough people truly sincerely trying to right the wrongs. One hand reaching out for that dollar, that euro, while the rest of the world burns, that is unheard of and so...we remove all traces of ourselves and allow you to destroy yourselves as you see fit.

There is nothing else we can do for you. It's obvious no matter what you say that you honestly don't want anyone's help.

She Knows You Within And Without (2015-10-08 06:40)

✘

In The Mist (2015-10-10 04:29)

✘

When at night by the lake you can hear the owl

You can be certain that others are on the prowl
The spirits of the dead slither betwixt the trees
If only you could see them, you'd fall to your knees
Within the misty fog pervading the dead of night
Are creatures and ghouls that on screams delight
Past the windows beat invisible hooves as a kelpie scouts
They are all waiting for you to dare to come out
With your heart thundering deep within your chest
You crawl out from the covers to investigate, curiosity's the best
Seeing nothing from the windows, out onto the porch you go
In the moonlight you see the dock rocking to and fro
A shriek from behind sends you running into the night
You can feel them behind you, and shriek back in fright
No matter which way you turn, the chase still ensues
Your mind asks over and over what you should do
An epiphany strikes to dash into the water to hide
So into the murky water you glide
As you tread out further, you breath a sigh of relief
For you are ignorant of what is floating beneath your feet
The ashrays, grindylows, and kappas lurk in the deep
They are worthy of terror, for your soul they wish to keep

As the fingers begin to brush against your legs and toes
The truth emerges from within you, and in your heart you know
That your fate has been sealed, in the lake you are ever detained
You realize too late that in bed you should have remained.

A Witch's Revenge (2015-10-11 04:28)



The roses are now a crunchy brown which makes me weep
As dry and dead as Autumn leaves under our feet
A poignant portrait they paint of my love grown cold
Sometimes we ignore painful truths foretold
It was written in bold letters that my heart you would betray
Being forced to see reality caused immeasurable dismay
You mocked and lied your way into this cell
The die was cast when you kept sending me back into hell

I begged and pleaded for you to kindly let me go

Your continual pummeling of my spirit caused the dark magic to grow

One day when I was at my saddest, with my whole world in tatters

You proved once and for all that it was only on your surface that I mattered

It was then that I knew what I had to do

When you kept taunting, you should have known that I'd come for you

Digging deep into the stores of your accumulated barbs I went

To gather enough venomous currency which needed to be spent

Little by little I cashed in piles of coins...my heart was thrilled

To stand by watching the chains wrap around your ankles, as I willed

Not mocking much now as you sit behind the bars of your cage

Where you shall ever be, for the metal was forged by your lies and my rage

I may have had to clean up the mess that you left in your wake

But I am now free, my soul wasn't yours to take

As you sit looking out at the world you've made from deep inside your shell

Remember that it was your own evil which sent you here to dwell

For the rest of your days, you will live in the house that you built

As you roamed around destroying without an ounce of guilt

Think not for a moment that I've stuck around to watch you bleed

My job is done...it was only to water the seed

You're the one who tended it...with reckless abandon you caused it to grow

As I turned my back and walked away, your look of arrogance thrilled me so

For I knew that soon, the tears would begin

Don't look at me darling, your creation now lives...looks like I win

Not fun to be stuck there without a shovel to dig your way out

Sooner or later, you'll resign and learn that it's best not to pout

That monster you've made thrives on seeing your misery

Maybe someday you'll understand that you should have been nicer to me.

If I Close My Eyes (2015-10-12 03:42)

If I close my eyes, will you take a hint and go away?

You know, like ghosts and the boogey-man and all the spooky things in the world that go bump in the night—if you close your eyes—sometimes you have to count to ten, sometimes you count to three, then when you open your eyes the nasty is gone and you know you are safe.

Why do I think this method will not be of service where you are concerned?

Sigh.

Is there no rest for the wicked in this dastardly place?

Of course not.

Never the feint (not faint, mind you) of heart has taken me by the hand...let me show you the ways of my people.

Walk with me, my darling friend, sweet beloved of the coming abyss.

What? Oh, hush now. Sweet talk is not my forte and this is the best I can offer you.

Does the idea of the Little Death not appeal to one such as you? Oft writ about in many a forgotten tome, I am sure, if you read the good ones, hidden in the back of the library shelves.

Come, let us enjoy this dazzling display as the Sun falls behind the mountains. Walk with me to the Sea, Mother Home for the likes of me.

Don't be afraid. Take them off. Slide beneath the waters with me. We are close to shore. No sharks to nibble on your toes in these parts.

There are larger predators lurking here.

Never you mind. With me you are safe. So safe. An embryo in the womb of life.

Every now and then, a sacrifice must be made.

Usually it is not my place to invoke the Old Ways, but for you, for you, my dearest, I make an exception.

I hope you can hold your breath underwater for a good long time.

It is a pity that I won't be able to hear you scream until after your heart stops beating. But then again, when there is only your wretched pestilence of a Soul left to deal with, that's when the true fun begins.

My Precious (2015-10-13 15:02)



Find more about me and about my work on my blog here.

There Was A Girl... (2015-10-14 04:55)

Once upon a time, there was a girl.
The girl met a boy...and a friendship bloomed.
After years of faithful devotion as friends, a romance bloomed.
Then the lies began to come to light.

One by one.

The lies, though supposed small, supposedly little white lies, told by the boy to make sure the girl would like him—those lies changed everything.

The girl started to see the boy for what he was.

A bully. A manipulator. A controlling creep who would not let go.

So, the girl plotted. Deep in her mind, away from the Light, she spoke to her own inner demons.

All those fears the boy had cultivated. All those worries. All that shame. All that embarrassment. Now, the girl fed them, fed them by her own hand, from her own heart. She filled them with raw meat and bloodied tears.

These beasts did not just eat. There was so much, pent up from a number of years, that they gorged.

Had they the notion, they would have gobbled all they could fit into their bellies, yarked it back up, and started afresh on a new pile of flesh.

With each bite they took, the girl felt stronger, safer, calmer. She felt lighter, more like the her she used to be, long ago, before girl met boy and created a history.

When the monsters inside her own shadows had finished, when not a bite remained, she gently loosed them, out upon the world, out upon the boy.

You might think they strode straight away to the boy and commenced feasting...but that was not their way.

The attack began subtly, pushing so-called friends out his life. Then, work assignments shifted, gravitated elsewhere.

Tragedies struck. Tires slashed. Bumpers dented. His roof even fell in with a crash. No one was hurt; no one was home. What a pity. His family turned their backs rather quickly. Where do you think he learned his tactics originally?

He found himself bereft. He found himself alone. He turned to the girl, begging for love, begging for comfort.

Do you think he was surprised when she drew back with his own knife and cut out his heart? She handed it off to the monsters he'd created...and stepped daintily from the room.

From that room came out nary a sound. Afterwards not even a single hair follicle was found.

The girl had her revenge and now a brand-new heart of her own.

She embraced her shadows...and her shadows had won.

The Old Cliche (2015-10-15 02:43)

Ahhh, the old cliché...how I miss my own kind. It isn't wrong though. Here I am, stuck above ground, above water, looking at the two-legged round-eyes as if I should belong with them for all eternity.

Soured old thing that I have become, I can barely tolerate the smells of the creature I am forced to live with these days. It seems I pass from one of these things to the next. I barely mark their faces. Their hands are all crude; their motions all the same, unfulfilling, unsatisfying. One is like the other. Foul, foul creatures.

Why do I stay?

I am looking for someone, someone special, someone close to my heart, my twin flame.

It was told to us long ago that she had been taken from us at too early an age, by one of these creatures who thought he knew what he had found, but he didn't. She was too young to know what I know. No one taught her the skills which should have bloomed naturally with her own clan surrounding her.

She has no idea what she is, like a kitten unable to hunt after being taken from its Mama's side far too young. That's my girl. A kitten fresh-born, her eyes still sealed shut. I may not be her own true Mother, but I am the Huntress who seeks her, who seeks to claim her, who seeks to return her from whence we have come.

Originally, I stayed close to the seas. Surely that ... man ... could not have taken her far from the waters. Surely he came there often, at some point. Alas, no. I am not the only one who scoured. I was the first who turned from the

seaside in disgust, roving farther and farther afield. I know I am one of the stronger ones. I long for the tides and the salts of the waters where I was born, but I can subsist for decades without the touch of the Oceans, even as it tears at my heart to do so.

I have grown colder in the years I have searched. I have grown bolder as well. I may lie in silent accession to the ministrations of one of these things, so bent do they get on 'winning my heart' and perhaps one day my hand...bleck...excuse me while I retch. There is rarely enough fresh soap and scalding hot waters to clean their filth from me once they roll over for the night.

These creatures bore me.

Maybe that is why, after so many years, so many decades, I have begun to hunt them. I doubt any longer that we will find the little one. I see what these creatures do to the spirit of we wild ones. I see what they do to one another. I hate them.

There is no pity in my heart as I begin to allow one being at a time to be lulled into platitudes of love and devotion before I wreaking my own havoced style of revenge.

One flick of a finger and the spines pop out, in just the right place, at just the right time. It is a real pity they stop feeling anything at this moment. I don't care to relish their pain, but I have to admit, looking into their eyes as I flash a bit of fang and unveil my true eyes, my true voice, as I slowly sing ... it feels tremendously ... freeing to know that the sound of my own true voice breaks the vessels in their brain, severs the ties of their organs within their body systems. I hold them still and I sing until they stop staring at me in shock. As the hormones, the addiction to the chemicals and poisons that I have injected into their bodies, I take my leave.

In the morrow, when someone comes for them, there is very little remaining. Enough to identify the creature, but not much more. I gave up listening to their news, reading their papers, whatever they do these days. All I know is now I am on my way Home again. The call sirens within me, demanding my own return.

Yes, I have been gone too long. I pray to the Lady that others were successful where I was not. Hopefully, the wee one has returned and all is well in our land again. I shall have a long recuperation time once I enter into my own waters once again. I require a deep spiritual cleansing, not to mention whatever I need to do to return my own body to balance once again.

That, my dears, is another story entirely.

Zombie Got Your Heart (2015-10-16 02:43)



Find out more about me here.

The Spaces In Between (2015-10-17 03:06)

The spaces in between get me every time.

I can sit here, watching, spaced out, lost in my brain. My monkey mind spewing at me a mile a minute. Then, I will find this pause. I will look up. Sometimes there are good things. Sometimes...it's just another job for me.

I was built to do this work. Lithe and lethal. I am nothing to look at. There is nothing to see. For me, the spaces come in between my thoughts. In the outside world, it is those spaces in others to which I cling.

My next job showed up an hour ago. All the information I need, such a quick download. One picture and an address. That is more than I want at this point.

Sometimes it is a good thing to watch a demon while it sleeps. So many details can be revealed. I don't have the time, nor the inclination. A tyrant of children tops my list of things to wipe off the face of eternity as quickly and simply as possible.

Does he struggle? They never do, once they can see me. It's the seeing me that stops them cold. Their minds do not seem to be able to register me until I snatch them away. That is fine with me. By the time I have hold of them, there

is no need to struggle. Their doom is certain.

This one lies awake in bed. A shell called Wife lies next to him in the bed, pretending to be asleep. I smell the blood on her, the alcohol in her body as well. Her coping mechanism, it seems. I've seen worse. I hear muffled sniffing, not quite crying, coming from other rooms in the house. The children, left alone now for the night.

And people say that I am the monster? I beg to differ. I am nothing but a cleaner. Eventually I will have to come back for the mother as well. Odds are she will find another one just like him or worse before I have finished this job; it's all she knows, but those kids deserve better. I always clean up my messes, and here the safety of all of these beings in this house has become my responsibility.

I want to say I stopped for just a brief second, to gather myself, but no. I work solely on intuition. I stepped out of the space in between, wrapped my claws around his throat, and snatched him back into the brevity with me. Now we were alone. I set a Watcher to work in the house of humans before I shut that door. I'd be back soon enough. I prayed it would be quick enough to save them all before anything else arrived.

Now to the task at hand. It must be subdued. It glared at me, choking on its own spit. It tried to move, tried to strike out, tried to spit. I would have laughed, but there is no room for mirth in my heart at moments like this.

Without any effort on my part, I begin the gentle methodical work of removing all excess appendages. Why be gentle with my task, you ask? Why, we save every bit of one of these things. I have no idea what is done with them, but these are useful bits to someone. Waste not, want not, you know.

There are horny things, warts and carbuncles. Fingers, toes. A nose, or two. Ears. Feet. I remove its skin, never loosening my grip around its larynx for even one breath. Once I have stripped away all the non-essential outer bits, its masks and coverings, I allow it to shiver. I look, waiting, staring, until it begins to feel shame, and horror, looking upon itself.

Now the tears come, flowing along with the blood. Its emotions are none of my business. I simply use this as a sign it is time to begin the next round of reclamation.

I step out of the stripping space here, dragging it along with me into a boiling space. We have to boil away all the fats and oils and waters this thing has consumed. I have no idea what the purification process of that mess is...and I do not want to know. I understand my job is to throw the beastly into the cage and lock the door. Well, it's not a lock per se. It's a hinge that keeps the door shut. This particular cage door has a nasty habit of rooking open at the most inopportune times. Dredging icky bits of useless monster out of this vat is not an appealing job, let me tell you. It's like picking cat food out of the middle of the ocean using a tea spoon. I won't mention the smell either. Not pleasant. Not pleasant.

Honestly, I could walk away now and no one would fault me. Once the outer layers have been stripped and all the vital fluids removed, there is no fight left in these things, but I am a stickler for the rules. I like to know the job is finished.

It may take days to boil this blister out. I can wait. There is plenty of time for me. Time flows differently when you are in between.

Title submitted by Lengray here.

Straight Jacket (2015-10-18 02:11)



Find out more about my work here on my blog.

Where Are We Going (2015-10-19 03:03)

When I woke up this morning, it was sitting at my feet on the end of the bed. I say it because I didn't have my glasses on yet and all I saw was a blur. I knew by the weight near my feet, the way the bed depressed, someone was there and it wasn't the dog.

As I reached for my glasses, I asked, 'Who are you?'

'You already know the answer to that.'

I pushed my glasses onto my face. A male, with a soft caressive voice. Dark hair. Green eyes. A gentle smile. Other than the strangeness of his sitting on my bed, he seemed - almost - safe...enough...

'What are you doing here?'

He shrugged before he stood. He held out his hand to me. 'Let's go.'

I shook my head. 'I'm not dressed.'

He chuckled. He made me feel as if he were dealing with an unruly child. 'Get dressed then.'

I opened my mouth, but shut it again. Really, what was there to say? I knew I was going to go with him the moment

I saw him clearly. Don't ask me why.

I dressed quickly, grabbing a cardigan as he took my hand and began pulling me from the room. I had an idea I would be needing that sweater.

As we walked out the front door, it dawned on me that my feet were bare. I didn't have a chance to think or fit twice. He pulled me along rather quickly, so I just let it go. I didn't have a chance to lock and shut the front door behind me. Oddly, it didn't bother me all that much. My brain moved forward, dwelling on him, not on anything else.

Then, he paused. I nearly ran him over he stopped so quickly. I managed to look up at what he was doing as he waved his hand in front of us. Then, my brain froze. The open air cracked open, as if it were a door. The sky, the background houses, whatever had been in front of us, vanished. There was only darkness where the entrance had appeared.

I felt as if someone had grabbed me by the throat and had begun to squeeze. I couldn't draw a breath. My eyes teared up. I tried to back up, to back away, but he held me fast. His grip tightened, reining me in. Now the fear popped up in my heart, a wild animal scrambling to catch up and warn me.

It was too late. He turned, glared into my eyes, and yanked me along with him. Through that aperture we went...and the icy blast of the air struck me like a fist. He gave me space to put on my sweater before snatching my hand back up and pulling me forward once more.

I wondered where we could be going...and if at some point he would find me some shoes. My toes were little ice cubes.

Space (2015-10-20 02:16)

It was the whisper, soft against my flesh, like a fallen leaf struggling to find the ground. I could almost make it out, but it was too hesitant by far. Or perhaps I was.

I moved closer to where I thought the origins of the noise had come, only to find ... nothing. Cats in trash cans. Mice scrambling through the night. Owls hunting on silent wings, ever open to opportunity.

I slid beneath the shadows, wending my way between them, careful and alert.

There was nothing there.

Only me. Only shadows.

Then...it reached out for me.

I saw the hands, the arms, coming for me. I understood what was happening...abduction...but there was nothing I could do. The wind was gone from my lungs. My throat was locked tight, shut down. My brain faltered, tripped over itself, stopped and sat back on its heels, waiting.

There was no grab. There was no snatch.

This was a tender caress. This was a lover's exploration. Lips met mine. I stared into eyes so dark, so deep—when I feel into them, there was no expect, no relief. The intensity. The scrutiny.

I leaned back, arching into the swirling abyss that clutched me to its breast. I sighed.

There was that space I've been searching for.

Release Me (2015-10-21 03:21)

I don't know who I am anymore.
If I close my eyes, all I hear is screaming. The screaming.
Why won't she die, he keeps asking.
The other says, she won't die quietly. She never does. I can hear him shrug as he walks away.
I don't get it. I don't understand. Who are they talking about?
Are they talking about me?
I try to roll over, but I can't. I feel as if I am a lead balloon, sodden and trodden and lost, unable to move.
I try to turn my head, side to side, nothing happens.
My eyes are open. What am I seeing?
Nothing. Nothing.
I see white. I see grey. I see tiny floating shapes that mean nothing to me. There is nothing.
I am nothing.
I stretch my feelings into my body...but I don't feel anything.
There is no bed firmly supporting me here. No chair for that matter.
I am neither hot nor cold. I don't understand.
What is happening to me?
I feel...I feel...oh, for the love of God, give me something...I feel...fine...I feel thirsty, as if a nice swallow or two of water may be just the thing I need to perk me up.
I try to speak, to ask for a drink. I don't hear anything. Not a gurgle, not a groan. What's wrong with me?
Am I even here? Really?
I don't know what to do. Nothing I try seems to be working.
I pretend as if I close my eyes. I sink into myself since I cannot sink down into the bed. I will myself to take a slow deep breath in. Gently I hold it for two seconds before allowing myself to push the air back out of my lungs.
Then again, maybe I just pushed myself to imagine that and it's not real either.
I will myself to walk into the caverns of my mind.
It's not a pretty place. Old storage cabinets, handles askew. Lots of dirt, dust and cobwebs. Insects scurrying everywhere, looking for safe places to hide. Sorry, there are none in my head.
I head into the lower levels, releasing the idea of the mind and follow what I hope is a light into my Heart.
My yearning heart, keeper of the secrets and the lies. Here I lie, broken to pieces, chained up to the walls inside, crying for succor, crying for release.
Why won't she die? I hear him again. In here, I thought I was safe, but I hear him still.
I told you, this one just can't let go. I scream inside my head.
How do I shut her up?
How do I know? She has no tongue. She has no throat. Still she screams and screams. It shakes the house foundations.
The cops have been by twice. Thank god you buried her so far underground, but damn. She never shuts up.
Am I dead? I can't be dead.
I'm still here.
What if they buried me alive?
What if I am their prisoner?
What if they come back?
What if they wake me?
Can they make that noise stop? Please stop it. I can't take it anymore. I just can't. Please. Please.
Release me.

Title submitted here by nkharrold.

The New Door (2015-10-22 02:35)

I had never seen that door before.

I've walked this hallway thousands of times.

I know every stain on the carpet. I am compelled to look at them, examine them, as I walk from one office to the next.

This way no one thinks I am looking at him. Or her in some cases.

I don't need that trash in my life. I am here to do my job. Then I go home and I don't think about anything that goes on in this place.

Yet...there was a door. It looked beaten, scratched, in need of painting. Just like every other door in this building.

I had to drop off these files, so I walked right past it, intrigued.

There was no sign, no placard, no name tag—and no windows either. Hmm.

If it is here now, surely it will be here on my return trip.

Except...on my way back to my desk, I had company. The tool from the help desk decided it was his turn to try to chat me up and be friendly. He had to see if I needed anything. How was the phone system. Was there an issue? I wasn't returning his calls. What about my computer? Could he check it out? I knew better.

Every time he touched my laptop, he installed spyware on it that allowed him to access not only my camera, but all my files. Not many here knew what I did for the company...and I meant to take that to the extremes. I had only allowed him access to my computer twice and twice was more than plenty. It took weeks to undo the damage he wrought in fifteen minutes with his so-called "expertise". Dismantling the programs he installed was simple, but every time he installed something, the computer started to give me fits in areas that it had never had issues before.

Tech boys, thinking they knew everything. Of course, this was probably the way he kept his job. Breaking things so he had something to fix. The more he broke, the more secure his job.

Men.

Funny. I never had to talk to him, or to anyone. Most of the time, I simply looked at them as they talked, bored out of my mind. I honestly thought things like, 'why do I care?', 'is this really my business?', 'don't you have someone else to talk to?', and over and over I repeat, 'I am so bored...I am so bored...' until his banter and chatter finally peters out and he smiles, shrugs, says good-bye and walks away.

Once he walked away this time, I took my time, flipping through documents, checking emails, listening to voice mails.

I made a list of things to prepare for the morning. Then, I did it.

I walked towards the door, the door that was never there before.

I distinctly felt that it had been sitting there, waiting for me.

I touched the knob. Maybe I had thought it would be hot. Or cold. Or...I dunno...electric. A static shock would hit me or something. But no, it was an ordinary doorknob. Until I twisted the knob.

There came a deep low buzzing hum that worked its way from the floor all the way up my body. I had activated something.

I pushed against the door, almost willing it to fight me, give me some resistance, but at my initial push, it whipped out of my hands. It should have smashed into the wall behind it, but there was no wall there. There was...there was...

Nothing...a big Nothing...and it was roaring, like a fleet of jet fighters buzzing over enemy camps. My hair blew wildly all over, ripped out of its tight chignon.

I stood there, agape, astounding, waiting. Watching. I can't tell you what for.

Then, the noise stopped. The wind stopped. The darkness grew...greyer. I cannot call it light, but it was no longer darkness.

I obeyed my heart, as I always do in all matters. I took one step in, felt nothing beneath my foot, and then leapt into the grey, arms outstretched.

Shadows And Waves (2015-10-23 02:47)

It's beautiful, watching the Sun die. The blue sparks, flowing into green.

We did this to ourselves. That's the real shame.

When money wins, when power wins, no one else has a voice, until there is no one left with a voice.

I stir slowly within my cave, taking a deep yet tentative breath. The air seems...all right. It isn't the cleanest, but it never is any more.

I move quietly, seeking to bring no attention to myself, as I move closer to that light. Sometimes there are comets and meteor showers. A Sun dying, taking out the Universe around it as it goes.

What a shame.

The water here is so cold. I wonder how the center of the planet became unhinged and loose. It lost its heat. No longer molten and pure, the ores have all been mined out of it.

I feel alone. I know there are others like me, also in hiding. We are the silent ones. We slide beneath the waves, sticking to the shadows, listening, gleaning, stealing what we can.

As I move closer to the barrier where the beach sands turn against the waves and become solid ground, I see it, the Halfling, playing there with a shovel and a bucket. So young. So fresh.

I feel sorry for it, for all of them actually. I don't know how breeders continue to do such things, bringing these tiny people into a world that strikes at them to kill them before they even have a chance to leave the womb.

This one is laughing, dark curls flying in the surf's surging air. I move closer. I sense no adults. I sense no guardian. I don't even feel a pet or anything else near.

Could this child be out all alone? It is early, even by their standards.

I creep a little closer, ever wary of the traps their kind lays out for all that thrive in these waters.

Today there are none.

There is only the child. There is only me.

I break the surface. The child giggles and runs to me.

'Are you a mermaid?'

I shake my head and smile. I move closer. If there is some plot to ensnare me, I have taken that final step. I cannot defend myself here. The waters are far too shallow for me to maneuver cleanly.

'Would you like to swim with me, little one?'

It titters at me, nodding its head up and down, wading into the water, so close, so close.

I have come close to saving children such as this before. It does not always end well, either for me or for the child. Usually parental interference fouls my catch.

Today, there are no issues.

It toddles into my arms and wraps itself against my neck. It smells soft and vulnerable. I kiss it, giving it the Breath. Hopefully this one is strong enough to survive.

It is not an easy thing to brave the pressures of the waters. I offer up some prayers. I snuggle the little child in return.

Now, back into the waters, back into the shadows, back home we go.

There are more of us, hidden within our community. A child like this, for this reason, we come together to raise it up, to nurture it. To protect it from its own kind.

If only it learns to live that long.

Web (2015-10-24 04:42)



I have to close my eyes.

It is more than just cloudy in my mind.

I have woven web over web,

Asked for help, assistance, guidance...

Save me from myself...

Am I the spider?

Am I the fly?

Some days I feel so lost...

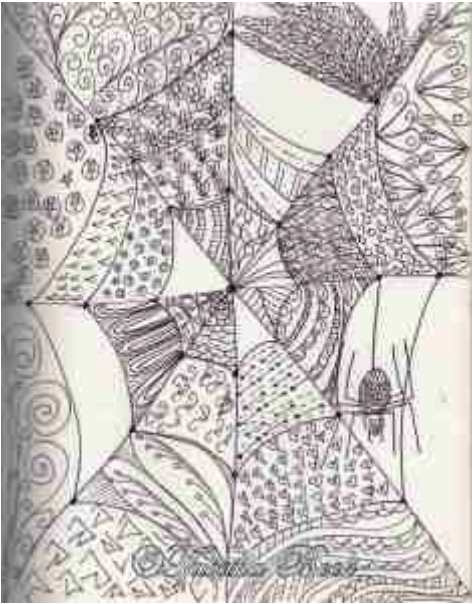
Why can I not simply...

Believe...

Paper Cuts (2015-10-25 02:49)

I thought about it for days.
It became something of an obsession for me.
Dying from paper cuts.
Could it happen? Could I make it happen? How long would it take?
No, oh no. I have no desire to kill myself.
Oh, I am far too happy with my life.
I have far too much to do anyway.
But, how long would it take? To kill someone, with kindness, with paper cuts, with a chainsaw?
It sounds like it is time for an experiment.
I think I will put an ad in the paper.
That's what I did last time.
I find it odd that I can be completely honest, upfront and forthright about my plans, and people accept. Most of them don't even ask for the money I offer them up front...which of course is a boon for me. Not that money matters all that much to me anyway.
This sounds like too much fun.
I shall ask for four volunteers.
One is my neutral subject. How long will it take this thing to die in its normal circumstances?
Then, the other subjects that I am more interested in. Paper cut death. Death by kindness. Death by chainsaw. Hmm.
How best to draw these out.
I think I may have to do this test a number of times, to test out all the possibilities. I see coming to mind.
I think I need to get busy writing up my notes.
Would you like to volunteer?

The Spiders Web... (2015-10-26 03:05)



Inspired by this post.

See more about this web here.

The Origins Of Fear (2015-10-26 13:52)

This is a true story about the origin of and the consequent dealing with...Fear.

This past August, on my youngest son's third birthday party, he stepped into a ground hive of yellow jackets.

He was stung over forty times, when we counted the day afterwards.

I'll spare you that terror.

The poor guy literally screamed non-stop for a minimum of three hours. After that, the screaming slowly morphed into crying - and it was still several hours before it went away completely.

He is still having nightmares. He is still afraid of anything that flies. Everything with wings now, even our beloved Monarch butterflies that we work so hard to feed and house during the summers, scare him to death.

How does a toddler, with limited verbal skills, learn how to deal with this sort of fear?

Well, my toddler deals with this in a variety of ways.

One way is creating bee-sicles.

Ahem.

Yes, we freeze "bees".

Don't tell him, but I won't let him freeze anything alive, but when we find a dead bug, we pop it in the bee-sicle jar and stick it in the freezer. Thankfully, he only needs a single "bee" at a time.

Right now, we have the remains of a june bug in our freezer. And let me point out-I have a mortal terror of june bugs. They get stuck in my hair and - it's not a good scene. Think Texas Chainsaw Masscre level screaming from me there. Seriously.

He randomly checks on his bee-sicle. He will often take the jar out of the freezer and will carry it over to his space, wherever he is busy, so he can talk to it and talk about it.

I too am still trying to process things.

Before the whole yellow jacket incident, I had found some adorable napkins with bees on them. I bought them, planning to use them in my artwork and art journals. After the incident, it took me awhile to be comfortable to even pull that package of napkins out.

Eventually, not too long ago, I did, because of this recurring dream I keep having. I can talk about that at a later date.

So, I pulled out a twelve inch by twelve inch piece of MDF board...and glued these napkin bee pictures onto the board. I was just following my usual art process.

Duncan (the toddler in question) watched me do this...and he wanted my bee 'painting'. Usually, he and I collaborate, no issues. Unless it is something important-or the piece is nearly done. He can have at it on my backgrounds. I'm good with that. But this piece, I needed to do this my way. So...I took another MDF board of the same size. I glued the napkin down for him.

We dried it with my heat gun, which he thinks is so cool. Then, I gave him his art supplies-which we have to keep put up - if you walk into our house, you will notice the scrawlings on the walls, the refrigerator, sometimes the floor, everywhere-courtesy of this boy. Last night he drew in marker all over the dog, while she snarled and barked her head off at him-which he just thought was hysterical. (No, the dog will not hurt him. Yes, we were watching, just in case. She knew he was playing-so was she. It just sounds horrid.)

Now, I will show you my WIP with the bees...and I will show you Duncan's WIP with the bees.

I will spare you the joy of seeing the bee-sicle.

This is my bee WIP:



This is Duncan's bee WIP.



Duncan works on this piece whenever the mood strikes him.

He carries this around, props it up where he can see it. He talks to it. He tells other people about it. He tells the dogs about it. He tells his stuffed animals about it. He will explain what the bees are doing, what he did to the bees, his plans for further arting on this piece.

Ever since he started working on this piece, he has become a little less terrified of every little thing that flies. So, that's a plus.

If you would like to see more of Duncan's work, please click [here](#).

But please, tell us what YOUR biggest fear is...and how you deal with it.

What Evil Lurks (2015-10-27 02:15)



Find out more about me here on my [blog](#).

Out (2015-10-28 02:11)

I had to get out.

I had to get away.

The Voices in my head, they were screaming, screaming so loud. I had no choice.

I could not stay. I could not get far enough away.

I sat down, beneath a tree, when my legs could carry me no further. My head crashed against my knees; I let the tears run.

I knew at some point I would have to return. That is always the bitter truth of these things. You can run, but you can never hide. These things, they will catch up to you.

Right now I just needed the time to figure out how to plaster some vapid smile to my face to avoid detection. Surely I could pretend not to notice and none would be the wiser?

This was the theory upon which I was working.

I knew I had to go back. I had been given this job. I had asked to be of some sort of assistance.

To allow myself to run away like a frightened girl...that was just untenable.

But, now, something had shifted. I could not exactly put my finger on it.

I know I had not been found out. But...but...I saw through the masks...I saw through the glammers...I saw the dark things, not quite shadows, somehow darker, somehow more menacing.

I had been given several ideas on dispatching this pod. Now, however, I was not certain any of those techniques would work. Sitting, cowering, hidden away in the bushes out in the woods, it dawned on me, as it probably should have before, that no one else had any idea how to actually destroy them either. Hence, all the ideas and suggestions. Hmmpphh.

Now I had to stop worrying, stop being afraid, and genuinely examine what I had learned about them.

As I sat pondering, my shivering slowly melted away. The shrieking in my brain shushed until it spoke no more. My hands unclenched, as did my jaw. I started to do some calming deep breathing exercises, embracing my core training. I softly recited my mantra under my breath until my head was clear.

And then...it hit me.

I knew.

I knew their weakness. How silly. How could I have missed it before.

So simple.

Now, I had to work myself up, until I could stand on my own two feet. I had to push myself every step of the way. Although I had the solution to their demise crystal clear in my mind, there was that little whisper that kept mentioning that perhaps I had outed myself, perhaps someone had noticed, perhaps my chance to strike would be stymied when they blasted me where I stood...

I could not give in to fear again. I had to continue forward.

Scratching In The Blood (2015-10-29 02:54)



Learn more about Evangelina here.

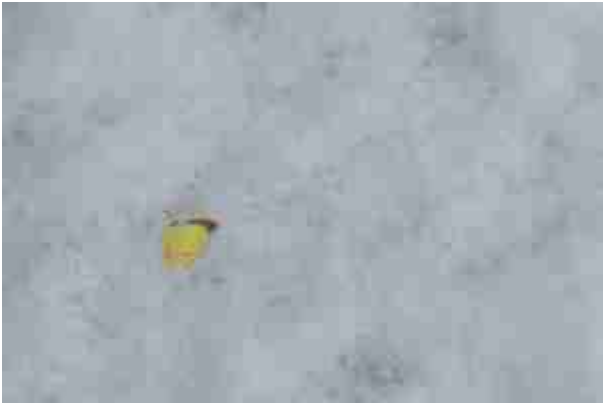
Oh, Witch Doctor... (2015-10-30 02:07)



Learn more about me and about my work on my blog.

Winter Comes (2015-10-30 02:21)

Butterflies all gone



Leaves falling now



Winter comes



Oh, They Are A Thinning... (2015-10-31 03:57)



Thirty-One (2015-10-31 04:18)



Learn more about Evangelina here.

1.3 November

We Hope You Enjoyed The Show... (2015-11-01 02:20)



Thank you for accompanying us on our journey.

Soon we will put out the notice of the free PDF of this year's journey.

We'll let you know, if you're following along.

We hope you enjoyed our show.

Next year we promise bigger and better things, Universe willing.

gads

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L^AT_EX 2_ε & GNU/Linux.
<http://www.blogbooker.com>

Edited: November 2, 2015

