

BlogBooker

From Blog to Book.

SISTERSINTHESHADOWS.WORDPRESS.COM

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Chapter 1

2013

1.1 September

We Are Coming.....Soon..... (2013-09-26 00:49)

Please stand by.....

About Tabitha (2013-09-26 05:25)



[1]

This is Tabitha.

She is an Initiated High Priestess, Intuitive Mentor, Writer, Teacher, Knitter...and so much more.

She also harbors a hidden mermaid within her soul, a mermaid who is slowly trying to learn that it is ok to come out and visit this world, one glimpse at a time. It's not an easy process.

Tabitha is an experiential journey creatrix, with many workshops and journeys ready for you to survey at a moment's notice.

For more information about Tabitha, check her out [2]here, and [3]here.

Her family website can be found [4]here.

Her personal blog can be found [5]here.

Her free creative prompt blog can be found [6]here.

Email Tabitha [7]here.

1. <http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/09/picture0010crop.jpg>
2. <http://becklowfamilyventure.weebly.com/tabithas-page.html>
3. <http://becklowfamilyventure.weebly.com/my-soul-vision.html>
4. <http://becklowfamilyventure.weebly.com/>
5. <http://onthewrongsideofthemirror.wordpress.com/>
6. <http://ravensinthewritingdesk.wordpress.com/>
7. <http://becklowfamilyventure.weebly.com/email-us.html>

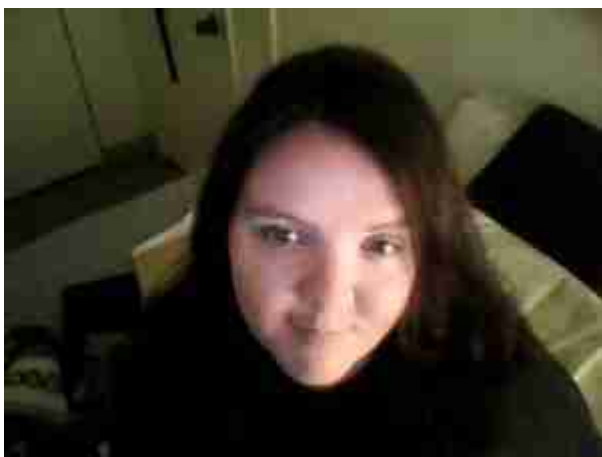
kvwordsmith (2013-10-25 17:38:51)

I am honored to be part of this sacred journey. That one mermaid may have melted deep within, but she is there, doubt you not!!!

Tabitha (2013-10-25 21:20:03)

Thank you :)

About Tracy (2013-09-26 05:29)



[1]

Tracy is a woman with a lifelong love of all things creative who wears many hats including artist, poet, writer, and fiber artist.

She is also a gifted intuitive who uses many different tools to assist others in healing themselves from the inside out and to tap into their personal power.

Even though she has a dark and mysterious side, when things get too heavy she channels her inner pixie and brightens the room by filling the air with glitter and laughter.

You can check out her personal blog [2]here where she posts a little bit of everything; ranging from short articles encouraging people to tap into their personal power, mini-workshops on subjects such as meditation and crystals, poetry, fiction, and some of her artwork.

1. <http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/09/img0518.jpg>
2. <http://pullupatoadstool.wordpress.com/>

About Kerry (2013-09-26 10:30)



[1]

About Feral Child

There are two sides to everyone. Some times I am a light fey, the delightful Fairy Kerry - and sometimes I am a wild Feral Child. Feral Child says Fairy Kerry has been stealing the show - it's time for Feral Child's voice to be heard again. She speaks (snarls, growls, hisses) from these pages...

1. http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/10/feral_child_by_iamkatia.jpg

About Eva (2013-09-26 10:30)



[1]

Evangeline is an accomplished artist, poet and writer...when she wants to be.

An avid reader, absolute dreamer, and fairy princess in disguise, she has several books of art and poetry published, available [2]here and[3] here.

To learn more about Evangeline, check out her pages[4] here and [5]here.

You can read her zombie blog [6]here.

Email Evangeline by clicking [7]here.

1. <http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/09/branson-day-2-ev-crop.jpg>
2. <http://becklowfamilyventure.weebly.com/poetry.html>
3. <http://becklowfamilyventure.weebly.com/evangelines-work.html>
4. <http://becklowfamilyventure.weebly.com/evangelines-space.html>
5. <http://becklowfamilyventure.weebly.com/more-from-evangeline.html>
6. <http://evszombieblog.wordpress.com/>
7. <http://becklowfamilyventure.weebly.com/email-us.html>

About The Sisters in The Shadows Project (2013-09-27 14:52)

10/2013

The Sisters Project is a coming together of two Sister-Friends who want to spread their message to the world. The main focus and drive of this project is to teach others how to engage their Shadows and bring them forth into the Light.

More information about our process and what we have to offer you, coming soon...

Coming In October (2013-09-27 14:59)

Hold on to your pants, my dears, my dears.

Oh, the goodies we have planned for you.



[1]

We have gathered our finest sisters to share their scary scaries and their darker dreams...maybe not the darkest of dreams...oh no...not those,, ,not just yet...not quite yet with those...

We five sisters here shall be sharing short stories, art work, and poetry all month-long, simply to entice you...and quite frankly to get the heebie jeebies out of our own systems.

Why should we along have all the frightening fun?

We must share, mustn't we, my precious...

Come back...soon...we will be waiting....

1. <http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/09/file000353504673.jpg>

parentsunwind (2013-09-28 09:02:39)

Can't wait! Especially considering how twisted I know two of your number to be.

Just A Few More Days (2013-09-28 18:19)



[1]

Darling pretties, what fun this will be
We're rubbing our hands together with ghoulish glee
Come by this spot often, but leave on the light
For your spine will be tingling with shivery fright
We will be lurking here in the shadows so deep
Ready with tales sure to give you the creeps
No, not our darkest but dark enough my dears
To fulfill your desire for the weird and awaken your fears.

1. <http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/09/super-moon-may-2012-016.jpg>

1.2 October

Don't Bug Me (2013-10-01 09:48)

All I've done for the past two years is mind my own business and yet, she just cannot seem to let me have any peace. If she's not telling me how to do things which I already know how to do, she's judging me and just making my life miserable in general. When I first moved here I thought that we were going to be friends, but have since found out that the only way to be friends with her is to allow her to push me around. Quite frankly I've had my fill.

If it weren't for the fact that I have a few new pets, my misery would be unbearable. Why is it that some people just don't seem happy unless they are making someone else unhappy? More importantly...why do those people seem to find their way into my life? Just the other day while I was checking the mail, she came barging up to me and just invited herself over for this evening. Of course I didn't have it in me to say no, so I dragged myself home and sulked...until I made a decision.

The demanding nuisance made it clear that she was expecting me to make her some of my lady grey tea and also asked in a non-subtle way if I had any scones. So this afternoon, I went out and bought some scones at the bakery. It was the least I could do, all things considered. As always her timing was impeccable.

I had just finished tidying up when the doorbell rang. I turned the tea kettle on before opening the door. She barely acknowledged me before craning her neck to look around the apartment.

She asked me if I had just cleaned, and when I said that I had, she made a face and asked if I would open a window because she didn't care for the scent of my cleaning products. Let me tell you, I bit my tongue so hard in order not to tell her off that it should have bled. The tea kettle whistled just as I threw the window open, and I busied myself getting a tray set up. She made herself comfortable and was sitting at the table so I joined her. After I poured the tea she made a comment about the sound of the night bugs coming through the window.

To my surprise, she didn't complain. She actually said that she had always found the sound of them soothing. I smiled and asked if she would like to go out and sit on the roof terrace in order to hear them better. She agreed readily so I told her to go on out and that I would gather our things and be right behind her. She called back in to me, huffily asking where the chairs were. Taking a deep breath first, I answered that they were right around the corner. I heard a few clicks of her heels as she stepped around the corner...and then I heard the shrill scream.

She came running back around the corner, her face covered with what looked like burns from the blister beetles crawling over her skin. Before she could get another scream out, several large assassin bugs had landed on her, injecting their venom...rendering her helpless to scream as she crumbled to the floor paralyzed. Before my eyes she began to melt as their deadly poison did its work, dissolving her from the inside out. I closed the window so that the bugs could finish their meal in peace.

Right as I reached up to close the blinds, a praying mantis walked around the corner and looked at me through the glass expectantly. It's a good thing that I've decided to break up with my boyfriend of six months. What does he expect really? Did he think that he could just keep putting things off and treating me as though I do not matter forever? I smile at the mantis and mouth the word Saturday to it before I close the blind. Anyone who says that pets aren't beneficial doesn't know a thing.

parentsunwind (2013-10-02 17:29:24)
Where can I get those bugs?!

Tracy Moore (2013-10-02 20:16:42)
They are here at my place of course, but I'll be happy to share. :)

Scene One (2013-10-02 07:46)

I was walking along the sidewalk, minding my own business. The sun glowed in the sky. The wind chilled the air, rustled the crackly fallen leaves along the ground. Evening came slowly, slinking into the sky with a shy little whisper. The joyful sound of children playing wafted up towards me from the playground below. All in all, I felt it was going to be a good night. I felt good, content, maybe even happy, in that moment.

I took one step into a big pile of colorful leaves, planning to kick some up into the air with my other foot with my next step, when something wrapped around my ankle and dragged me forward. I pitched over,

downward, preparing to brace myself as I landed on my hands...but my hands fell through the pile of leaves. The rest of my body followed.

I found myself plummeting down, down, down...into the dark...into musty stale air...into sordid wisps and tendrils that snapped across my clothing and my bare skin. I heard a distant rumble, a groaning. If I had been alone at home, I might have said that was my stomach, but, it wasn't me...not to mention, it was much louder, and more jarring.

At some point, I closed my eyes and I left my body to fall...I went away...I would love to say I found the sparkling rainbows and flying kittens, but ... no ... I just abandoned my body to whatever was coming. I, my mind, my soul, whatever, we just blacked out ... gone.

I came back, came to, in time to crunch into the sodden earth at the end of the ... tunnel ... My breath whooshed out of my body; a sharp silvery pain replaced it in my lungs. I don't think I broke any bones, but it surely felt as if I had. Bruises were the least of my worry. I could taste blood in my mouth. I felt tears streaming down my face. At least I hoped they were tears and not blood. I ran my hands through my hair. Several of my fingernails had torn back to the quick. That was a burgeoning pain that would grow larger and more obnoxious as time passed, I just knew it. Lots of dirt, but no new blood, showed on my hands. At least ... that's what it felt like, what I could tell in the darkedy-dark.

That distant rumble seemed a great deal closer now. The noise of it grew, grating and pounding into my discombobulated brain and body. My eyes may have adjusted to the abrupt darkness, but there was nothing to see. My body throbbed too painfully for me to really want to stand up and walk around, lest I cause myself more unnecessary harm. Although my internal warning system was in hyper-over-drive, I didn't feel like moving. I lacked the will-power, the energy. I sort of decided that if some monstrous beastie was on its way to eat me, so be it. I hope it choked on me going down, but I sure wasn't moving at the moment.

Snow On The Pines (2013-10-03 08:46)

This creepy little tale was written by Julie Bantin. You can check out her links on the right hand side of the page.

I woke up early this morning. The sun wasn't quite up over the mountains yet. I knew it would be cold enough to carry out my plans if there was snow on the pines. I just had to wait until daybreak to see for sure. Sitting up on the side of the bed, I thought I heard Jess wandering around out in the kitchen. Jess was my black lab and my best friend in the world. She must be as excited as I am. Getting out of bed, I got dressed quickly and made my way to the kitchen.

When Jess heard me coming she let out a quick yip and rushed to greet me. I gave her a hug and a pat on the head then headed for the sink. I made a pot of coffee and put it on the stove burner. No new

fangled coffee pots for me. I like my coffee to perk for a long time so it is nice and strong. Jess nudged me from behind letting me know she was hungry, so I went to the pantry and filled her bowl with food. When she started eating, I put my coat on and went out to the porch. I shut the door behind me so Jess couldn't get out. I didn't want her wandering around just yet. Not until I could see if there was snow on the pines.

I went back inside before it got daylight. It's cold out this morning. I could hear the coffee perking wildly, so I hung up my coat and went to the stove and turned off the burner. I poured myself a cup of the strong stuff and went over to the table and sat down. Jess wandered over and I patted her head for a while. Those big brown eyes just get me every time so I gave her a big hug. She lay down at my feet and waited patiently.

Getting up from the table, I walked over to the window and could see the tree line up on the mountain. Yes, there was snow on the pines. I could carry out my plans. It was a good thing that Daddy built this house so far out of the way. I think he must have done it on purpose.

I put on my coat and boots, called for Jess and went out to the barn. Opening the big double doors, I stepped inside and just stood there for a minute to let my eyes adjust to the dark. Soon, I could make out the truck at the back of the barn and made my way to it. Just on the other side of the truck, was a trap door in the floor. I lit a lantern that was hanging on a post and took it down, then I bent down, grabbed the handle and opened the door.

Going down the steps with the lantern held high, I could see my package. I had wrapped it so carefully. Lucky thing it wasn't very big this time. I wouldn't have to use the winch on the truck. I hung the lantern on a nail and went over and picked up my package and slung it over my shoulder. Adjusting the weight, I made my way up the steps and over to the truck. After putting the package in the back of the truck, I went back down and got the lantern and shut the trap door.

Jess was waiting patiently by the truck as I went to get a shovel and put it in back with the package. After making sure the lantern was out, I opened the truck door and let Jess jump in and I climbed in behind her. The truck started easily. I stopped it outside the barn doors, got out of the truck and went back to close them. Hurrying back to the truck, I made myself sit there for a minute to settle down. Jess came over and licked me on the chin and laid her head in my lap. She has such a calming effect on me. Finally, I put the truck in gear and headed up the mountain toward the pines.

Stopping the truck at the edge of the tree line, I could see everything would be perfect. I got out with Jess following me and went to the back to get the package. I would come back for the shovel. I put the package across my shoulders and walked to the pines. The path was easy to follow and the package was fairly light. It wasn't long before I got to the garden. Daddy always called it our little snow garden. I laid the package down and went back for the shovel.

When I got back, I carefully looked at the garden to make sure that I dug the hole in the right spot. You have to be careful with gardens you know. You can't just plant them all willy nilly. I found the right spot and dug. When the hole was done, I got the package and placed it carefully in the hole. Covering it up, I made sure that I repeated the words that Daddy taught me to say.

"Bide your time. The garden is mine. I will plant you when the snow is on the pines."

Those pesky salesmen. When will they learn to leave me alone. Living this far back, don't they see I don't want to be bothered? If he wouldn't have come back, I wouldn't have had to plant him.

Tabitha (2013-10-03 12:13:12)

Oh my god, I love this...I'll show you my garden if you show me yours...

Tracy Moore (2013-10-03 18:17:40)

Some people just can't take the hint can they? Love this story mwahaha.

parentsunwind (2013-10-04 19:06:02)

Who needs a green thumb when you have a red one?

Tabitha (2013-10-04 23:13:02)

Precisely >:)

parentsunwind (2013-10-06 01:32:11)

Tab, don't get any ideas! ... yet.

Tabitha (2013-10-08 19:34:06)

Yet! Snort!

Malcolm (2013-10-04 09:58)

If I were suddenly set upon some island off the coast of one Isle or the other, what would I do?

If I found myself stranded upon the beach, covered over with sand and bits of debris from the ocean, what would I do?

Well, the first thing I have to do is get up. I have to dust myself off, removing as much of the damp sand and the clinging bits of seaweed and whatnot.

I would move off towards the woods, away from the shoreline, seeking shelter. I am not interested in finding other life...I simply want to be somewhere out of the wind, somewhere warm...somewhere safe for the night.

Cold and wet are not anything close to my favorite state of being, but I don't have a choice. I am hoping to warm up some through exercise. It works, a bit. Clammy clothing is not ideal either. I do what I can.

I hate to say that I am lost, because that implies that I had a clue where I was and where I might be going. I'm not "lost"...I am simply trying to figure out where I am.

Walking is hard work, especially on bare feet. There are rocks and sticks under a layer of leaves and grass. I am on a path of some sort, probably an animal tract of some sort. I know it doesn't lead to water. What animal would come to the edge of the ocean to drink?

As soon as I reach the woods, the sunlight fades. I am not saying it is pitch dark in the forest, but the shadowy underbelly is a bit...disconcerting...a new chill pulls at me, one that exercise alone does nothing to push aside.

There are noises on every side. Rustlings in the underbrush. Insects flying and buzzing in the air.

Birds above me. Other noises I cannot identify coming intermittently.

I don't know. I am not usually the nature type. Well, not this type of Nature. I am all good with having grown up on the farm, but that doesn't make me an outdoorsman. I am not used to being anywhere this deep in the woods all by myself. That's the big difference with me. A little bit of Nature is not a bad thing...just unnerving for me right now.

I keep walking. I have no supplies. I have no tools. I have no weapons. I am lucky to have the...gown on my back? Gown? It's true. I am wearing this long and plain dirty whitish gown. Thin cotton that hangs off my shoulders, cinches at the wrists, and trails along the ground. If I stood still, there would be a slight pool of cotton surrounding my feet. Another thing I am not all too certain about.

I think that I hear footsteps behind me. I turn to look periodically, but I never see anything when I do. The shadows of the forest naturally shift and sway as it is. Maybe it is just all in my mind. What else am I supposed to think?

The air changes, not a little bit at a time. It goes from warmish with a coldish wind to an icy chilled briskness that seems to be growing stronger and stronger with every passing moment.

I don't know what hits me. All I know is I am on my knees, with my head stinging, tears dripping down my face. Tears? Maybe it's blood. I can't tell.

Something else happens. I feel a blast of pain. A sharp snap near my ribs...then blessed black as darkness swallows me whole.

When I wake up, I am bound to a chair. When I look down, I see I am wearing different clothing. I have on a heavy dark-colored gown. A velvet gown. Maybe red? Maybe blue, for all I know. The light here is awful. Off-all. I feel thick ropes around my wrists, around my ankles. It also feels like there is something around my waist.

Oddly enough, I am not afraid. I am not worried. I feel..way too calm for the situation.

The strange thing is, along with my clean clothing, I feel as if I have been washed. I feel as if my hair has been brushed. My feet were covered, perhaps even bound with bandages.

I have to wait, there is no two ways about that.

I close my eyes, noticing all the little aches and pains I should have been having were not present at all. That alone is enough to help me settle down. I slow my breathing, not quite meditating, but not letting myself dwell too much on the current situation either.

I didn't realize I started humming, until he enters the room and clears his throat.

I look up, my mouth agape. I couldn't shut my mouth tight if forced.

He smiles at me, and it is a genuine and honest smile. It dances in his eyes. 'You have a lovely bit of music within you, dear.'

I can close my mouth now. All I can do in response to his statement is nod...and watch him. He speaks with a lilt that I cannot quite place.

'Is it safe for me to release you then?' He asks me.

I nod, still not quite capable of speech, at least not while he is present.

'All right then.' He walks closer to me. I can smell him. He smells of clean dry leaves in Autumn, with a hint of some animal scent buried within it, hidden within. The essential essence of him.

'There are rules.' he informs me. Again I nod. 'No screamin', m'lady. Not at any time.' I nod. It seems all I can do in response to him is nod, so I stick with it. 'Stay right by me,' he looks me directly into my eyes and shivers my heart, in too many ways, 'no matter what happens, no matter who tries to pull you away.' There is a lump in my throat. I nod again, blinking heavily.

He unties my ankles, taking his time, stroking my calves as he releases me. Before he moves on, he slips something onto my feet, using careful and gentle fingertips to slip what I am guessing is slippers onto my injured tootsies.

'Do not speak,' again he gives me that penetrating glance, 'unless spoken to, not under any circumstance.' I nod.

He unties my wrists, again using the gentlest of touches. It's unbelievable, how he strokes my flesh so tenderly. He is feather light in his caresses. I can think of them no other way. My body temperature is steadily rising. I can feel the flush all over my body. I am beginning to tingle, not surface shivers and shakes, but soul deep probing tingling that travels from my inner core heart up to my brain and all along my body, head to toe.

He is on his knees behind me. I can feel his body pulsing. I swear I feel his heart beat...as my heart has begun to beat in time with his.

He brushes his lips along the nape of my neck, pushing my hair aside so he can taste my flesh. So much for tingles...now I am shivering...all over.

He lifts the thick rope off my waist and over my head. Then he walks around in front of me and bows regally from the waist. He offers me his hand, the perfect gentleman. Shakily, I reach for him. I lack his grace. I lack his finesse. I rise, stumbling into him. My legs are more than half asleep.

He grabs me, drawing me into him, up against him, allowing me to cling to him like a damsel in distress. He chuckles at me. I know I am crying now. Just a tear here and a tear there. I cannot help myself. He uses one knuckle to brush those tears from my cheeks. He kisses the tip of my nose. His breath smells of chocolates and mints. An odd combination. I rest my head on his shoulder, just for a second. Just to regather myself, to regather my senses.

He pats my back, fingers playing over my shoulder, tender, loving. That does not do anything to halt my shaking at all.

'Come.' He pushes me away from him, off of him, with a solicitous hand. He does not let go of my hand. I smile, haphazardly, trying my best to live up to his expectation, or what I assume would be his expectations.

'Shall we?' he asks. I nod.

I am beginning to wonder if I am capable of speech after all of this time.

I trail behind him, clinging to his hand as he strides from the room.

All the questions I should have asked, the ones I should be asking, boil up in my brain...but I do not open my mouth. Not one question passes my lips. Where am I? Why am I here? Who are you? What's your name? Why am I dressed like this? Where are we going? Who am I not supposed to talk to? What the hell is all of this?

It is difficult for me to keep up with him. He has a long stride, and he is walking quickly. I am tripping along, staggering under the weight of my skirts. My feet are slipping and sliding on the stone flooring. Despite the heavy fabric of my gown, I am cold. There are torches lining the walls, but it doesn't warm the interior of the...building we are in.

He does not slow for me. As we troop down the corridor, I hear music, softly playing at first, but as we move closer, the volume increases. It never reaches ear-splitting levels or anything.

There are five beautiful people playing a variety of instruments, sitting discretely in a corner, away from the main party goers. One of them plays a flute-like instrument. Three others strum different sorts of stringed instruments. The last fellow has something akin to a xylophone, or something along those lines.

My lord pulls me close, stopping my tripping. He allows me to lean against him for a moment, to catch my breath. I take this time to breathe...and to look around.

I wasn't actually expecting anything...even so I am quite surprised by what I am seeing.

If I could explain ... words seem so bloody inadequate. She is the Queene...but she is unlike any Queene I have ever seen. She is lovely and radiant...but dressed so simply...unlike all these ... people ... and creatures ... who surrounded her like sycophants ... but ... it all seemed like such a ... jovial and conducive environment.

All eyes swivel and turn on us. The musical group ceases to play. If I could have stepped closer to my keeper, I surely would have done so. The shivers that run up my back this time were of fear. I have a primal urge to pee on the spot before running away as fast as I could.

The Queene catches sight of me and her amazing laughter sweeps me up as if she were extending to me a great energetic hug. She arises immediately. She sweeps across the floor, floating, flying over the floor, touching nothing and no one during her journey.

She stops before us. I try to cover behind my lord as much as I can, without moving, trying very hard not to appear rude or impolite in any way. I am shaking with fear. It is hard to contain that, but with his reassuring hand on mine, I do the best I can.

My lord bows, deeply, from the waist, never taking his eyes away from hers. I mimic him to the best of my ability, although I allow my eyes to follow him, and his movements, rather than watching her. I am afraid I have broken some sort of protocol...but there is nothing I can do about it. I am praying for mercy as I am new here.

The Queene laughs, a sweet high-pitched bubbly sound. 'You have no need to fear me, my dear.'

I can do nothing but nod. If I cleave any harder to my lord, I think I shall penetrate his skin and truly become one with him. Given those amazing emerald eyes of his, I do not think that is such a terrible, if you remove the other issues in front of us.

‘Malcolm, darling.’ She turns to my lord. ‘You have brought us a stunning gift here.’

This time, my lord nods without saying a word. ‘Join us.’ The Queene invites us. She sweeps her skirts behind her, her arm wide in offering to us the entire facility.

The room was huge, tall, curved, a real honest to goodness living breathing castle ballroom in all the grandness that those few words can muster.

The Queene bore us along in her wake, smiling and laughing at everyone along the way as she came upon them.

The Queene returned to her throne, and her wasps quickly surrounded her yet again, living through her every whim. My lord, my Malcolm, led me to the tables at the left of the Queene. We sat, close enough to be at her beck and call should she require us, but far enough away that we were not a part of the hive working over her.

I had no desire to speak. I had no desire to move. Malcolm pried my hand from his and set it on his thigh. I grasped the hem of his tunic and clenched onto it. I do not even dare to look very far from where we sit.

Malcolm begins to engage others seated near us in conversation. I say nothing. I touch nothing. Food is set before me. I have no idea who set it there. Goblets of beverages are also brought forth for me. There are three goblets and one crystal glass. The crystal glass looks as if it is filled with sparkling clean water. I am sure, by the scents, that the goblets hold wine and meads, each in a separate goblet, of course.

Voices rise. The music plays again. No one speaks to me, which I find to be a relief and a wonderful thing. Soon, I find myself dancing to the music, dancing only in my head. My body in all reality will not move, except to hold tighter to Malcolm’s skirting.

In my head, I am spinning and swaying, humming softly as I dance to the music. My eyes are half-closed; I want to make certain that I do not run into anyone ... or disgrace myself in any way. People speak to me while I dance, but I do not speak in return. I smile and nod and sway to acknowledge them...and then I turn, continuing to dance, without being rude.

The music stops; the musicians need a break. The group of five moves off while a new group, now of six, quietly shuffle in to take their places. This group has more flutes than strings. It’s beautiful.

I find myself being stared at by everyone in the ballroom. Malcolm’s hand is now covering mine. He seems a bit more tense, but at the same time, he is relaxed and open. I feel his heart beat, beating in my own...and inside, he is calm and waiting, without anxiety.

Suddenly everyone, including the Queene, bursts into this brilliant applause, all while looking at me. It seems I am receiving a standing ovation. I have a question...but my lips remain sealed shut. I turn to Malcolm, the question clear in my eye.

He smiles and nods at me. 'You are doing quite fine here, little one.' He approves...of what, at the moment, I have no idea. I smile and nod in response. I am pleased that he is pleased...and that is enough for me.

The Queene catches Malcolm's eye. Something seems to pass between them, some sort of silent, perhaps telepathic, communication. What I catch of it seems to say that he and I have both done well and that at any point he so desires, we may leave the ball. We are gladly dismissed in our own time.

Malcolm does not immediately stand to go. He continues his conversation with the people on the other side of him. I pay more attention to him now. I watch the way he moves, the way he speaks, the way his face changes depending upon what he is saying and to whom.

The new group of musicians plays more upbeat music, still not rock and roll, still not raucous. My toe starts tapping along. Malcolm must have noticed, because he excused himself, and turned to me...

'Would you like to dance, my sweet?' I grinned, nodding excitedly.

He arises and pulls me up with him. I am his. We begin to dance, right there, behind the table. Waltzing. His eyes locked upon my eyes. Our souls speak to one another, sharing every moment, every breath. He has locked upon me like a mongoose locks on a cobra in battle. There is no battle here. I will never fight him. I feel as if I belong to him. I belong with him. There is no way to separate me from him ... or him from me.

We are dancing, but there is something so much deeper going on. I don't think making love with him could be a closer experience. Not that I was thinking of making love to him...not that I wasn't thinking of it...not that I wasn't wanting it right that very moment...to be honest, if stripped me naked right that moment, and told me he wished to have me on the floor in front of everyone present, I would have gladly obliged...and encouraged it.

He buries his fingers in my hair, pulling the hair taut, his fist up against the nape of my neck. He is not hurting me. He knows this. I smile, and nod. I would move closer to him, but skin and cloth is pressed together so tight at the moment they might as well not exist.

The music stops...the piece is over. We bow to one another, hands still held. We turn as one unit and bow to the Queene. He hooks onto me, and we leave the room without drawing too much attention to ourselves.

Outside in the corridor, he yanks me close, his breath hot against my chin. His hands are in my hair again...and he is kissing me.

I am so gone. His tongue in my mouth, testing me, savoring me. I can taste him, his masculine prowess, his need. It is a beautiful thing. I respond, in kind, desire rising, a fierce beast in my chest, between my legs.

He leans into me, bending me backwards, one hand moving from my hair to the small of my back to support me.

I am lost. I am anything he wants. He is everything I want...everything I need. My eyes are wide open and watching him, intention flowing between us.

He's never told me his name. He has never asked me my own name. None of that matters. We belong to one another.

We break the kiss, still fevered, still aching for one another. He comes closer to me, whispering something against my cheek, something in a foreign tongue that I do not understand as he speaks it...but the meaning of his words comes to me after the words touch my skin.

We are about to become one. We are about to be made one. We are about to be made inseparable. I've never wanted anything so much, so badly, in my life...I ... hunger ... in ways I have never thought possible before...this is a new sensation for me...this is something I have read about, dreamed about, and never though I would...never thought I could...experience...and yet...and yet...here I am...and here I stand...and I want more.

Malcolm turns, steering me along with him. If I thought he moved quickly on our way to the throne room, the speed with which we fled the same room, the speed with which we sought out Malcolm's own chambers, put the other speed to shame.

We reach his chambers. He throws the lock, yanks me into the room. He bolts the door behind us. A fire has been lit already. He leaves me trembling in front of the hearth while he lights dozens of candles. With candles lit, he stands before me, so that I have a clear view and removes his garments. He motions for me not to move. I am to watch.

I remain silent, not from fear, but because I am ... speechless. He is an amazing specimen. His skin has this pale green look to it. This is not a complaint; this is merely an observation. I am impressed...and I am honored.

I didn't even notice that I fell to my knees while he was undressing himself. He lures me up to my feet, then turns me around so that my back is to him. I don't know what he is doing, as I have no clue how I was put into this dress, or how it is closed or anything. All that matters is that he does.

I am apparently wearing several layers of cloth. The velvet drops to the floor. Followed by some linen shift. Then some thin cotton. Then another layer of cotton. I have no undergarments on.

He lifts me from the pile of cloth pooled around my feet. I am still wearing my slippers. He carelessly tosses me onto the bed. I expect him to be on top of me any second...so ready is he...so ready am I...but no...he stops to remove my slippers...and to run his hands over the bandages on my feet to see how my wounds are doing. Apparently, they have been bleeding while we were dancing ... and running for the bedroom.

He kisses his way up along my inner thigh...his tongue tracing figures along first one thigh and then the other...his lips touch my fur...

And as much as I hate to say it...that is when I woke up...but when I awoke...my feet were bloody and cut up...

But I know, with every beat of my heart, I will be meeting him again...and very soon...as soon as I close my eyes and fall back to sleep...then he is mine...

Julie Moore Bantin (2013-10-05 00:01:29)
OMG! I think I like this guy...in a creepy sort of way!

Tabitha (2013-10-05 00:41:30)
Acht-if you could see him – and if you really Look maybe you can – oh yes – creepy maybe but boy does he make up for it >:)

Silent (2013-10-05 07:56)

You run though the woods loving the feel of wind in your hair

You stop to take a breath of cool air.

Then you sit down and drink some cold ice water to help refresh yourself.

As you drink you here branches cracking overhead.

You look up and see a creature that's half woman and half black widow spider.

It was bigger then a car.

As you watched it slowly crawled off its web and jumped onto you.

AHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

You thrashed and hit at it but it didn't let go.

You screamed as it sank its fangs into your leg and drags you to its web.

Then all was silent.....

Tracy Moore (2013-10-05 19:34:22)
Nice work Eva!

Julie Moore Bantin (2013-10-05 22:32:53)
Very Cool...spiders are very creepy!

Follow Closer Still (2013-10-06 07:11)

Under Hill we go.

Beware. Beware.

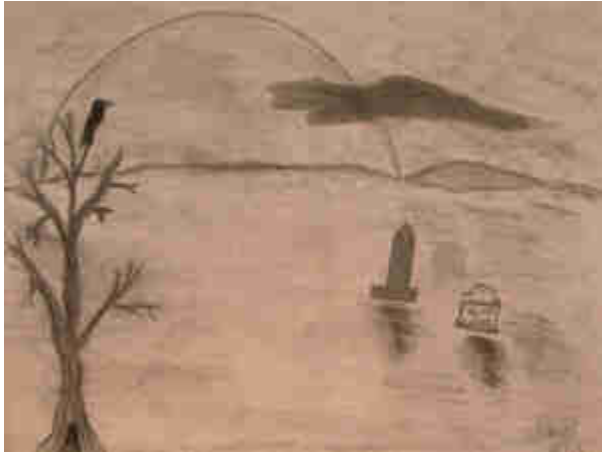
Do not follow so close,
Yet gather closer still...
I am not of this Kind;
I can get you killed.
I lead you into temptation
Designed to steal
To delude and denude and feast upon
The supposed innocence abound.
I need not tip-toe here,
Even though this is not my home.
I am the Hunter;
I am the Prey.
Tonight is not my Night
To die.
Is that why you have come?
Is that what you desire?
Deep in this dark myriad passages,
The Faery Song so clear in the air,
The silver bells drawing you near.
I cannot save you.
I dare not try.
Follow me in.
You swallow your pride.
Were I you, I would toss out that dagger
And plead for mercy

Rather than that wine.
Red with blood from vine and web,
You suck it down –
You'll be worse than dead.
I travel through,
Under Hill,
'Cross the Veil.
There are other realms
From whence I come.
Follow me now,
If you so feel the need,
But heed my words...
This is where mortals need feel the dread,
Follow the rules.
Your real trouble is
I know nothing of rules.
This is your choice.
All I can do here
Is wish you well
And turn aside
As the first scream slithers inside
To twist your insides.

Julie Moore Bantin (2013-10-06 10:50:01)
Twisted! Makes you think though. Love it! :)

rosemary (2013-10-07 10:55:49)
beautifully grossed out!!!!

Nevermore (2013-10-07 08:06)



[1]

1. <http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/10/nevermore3-003.jpg>

Things That Go Bump In The Night (2013-10-08 09:10)

Claws scratching at my bedroom window
Footsteps coming down the hall
Shadows at play on the wall by the chair
Eerily making their way across the room
My eyes shut tight trying to make them go away
Open wide, I see they are still there
Crazy laughter coming from upstairs
The attic where no one is
I am dreaming I think and then
I try to scream and nothing but silence
Suddenly it all stops as quickly as it came
Slumber has taken over
Weariness has overcome the terror
Sleep at last. Peace for a while and then...
What nightmares will come in the morning?

Divinity (2013-10-09 07:25)

There is blood on my teeth.

Damn it. I can't really hide that.

I can take off my clothes, burn them,
Wash them, whatever.
I can scrub my skin,
Blistering it in hot water,
With peroxide and bleach,
Finishing it with alcohol—
Always trying to be neat,
To keep up,
Maintain your standards.
What can I say?
You once were my greatest love.
Too bad you drove me insane.
Nitpicking every little detail.
Harping about the towel damp on the floor,
The unweeded garden,
The open door to the shed.
You blame me for things
I have no control over
As if I went out on purpose
To screw things up
Just so you could yell at me.
I told you once,
Just like you told me
Over and over,
No one gets out of here alive...

But remember,
I told you too,
We would always carry a piece of one another
For the rest of our lives,
In this world and the next.
Chopping you into little pieces
And stuffing you in the trunk,
None of that was difficult.
Deciding how to prepare you
For the meal,
That took time and precision.
The long muscles worked out well in the pit,
Buried under the earth in a rock bed
Until the flesh slid greaselessly off the bone.
I wrestled with your head,
All that knowledge,
The cheeks and tongue,
I know,
The best of delicacies,
But what of the brain?
No, no brain for this one.
That is where the diseases thrive, eating away
At the tissues,
Aching to carry over to infect the next one.
Mad cows, these humans,

So I decide to pass.
I dislike tongue,
So I fed that to the dog.
He got all the tender bits
I found so prohibitive,
Lungs, liver...
Your throat makes an excellent chew toy...
But your heart,
Oh that blackened shriveled thing...
I would never dare poison
Anyone or anything
Especially none so beloved as that dog
With your mealy wasted heart...
That I cast upon the fires
Replete with rosemary and sage
And I let it burn
Burn burn baby burn,
Smoke wafting up to my gods,
To my peoples,
To my ancestors.
I hope it burns in Hell
Where I know you now stew
And I hope for you the devil
Is a simple old shrew
Nagging and griping

Each moment

A billion times a day

Until your soul shatters

And those shards disintegrate

Never to be reborn...

Meanwhile,

Cheek with mushrooms, a tiny bit of thyme,

Cooked with a few wild onions,

A couple of dandelions,

Into a short little soup...

Ahhh, yes...

Now, darling,

You are divine.

The Dark Season (2013-10-10 08:10)

For a little while now, the days have been growing shorter and the nights just a little chillier. This has always been my favorite time of year. For some, the Fall season lends an air of depression due to the long, cold Winter to follow...but not for me, especially not this year. I have come to enjoy the smell of the fallen leaves and drying grasses. The night sky always seems so much more brilliant in the dark part of the year...the stars appearing close enough to touch, filling the air with their icy silver light.

The best part of this time of year for me is that it seems as though it's easier to make myself heard. Maybe it's because everyone is spending more time indoors and isn't quite as occupied by all of the activity of Summer, but I really don't know. At least during the lighter seasons of Spring and Summer, the cat would still acknowledge me. Granted, sometimes she hisses at me, but it's better than nothing. It isn't that I don't try to talk to my family, but they're in such a rush that it makes me feel like they see right through me and I'll be the first to admit that it hurts.

Sometimes I get so upset at them that I wait until I know that they are all asleep and I sneak into the kitchen and rattle all the pots and pans, only stopping when I hear them pounding down the front stairs. Of course that is my cue to hightail it up the back stairs. So far, I've been fortunate enough to escape being caught. The kids lessened attention is understandable...after all they are both in their teen years. My husband is a different story though. His attention has been waning for quite a while and I've even taken to sleeping in a guest room because it's been so long since he has even tried to touch me that I can't bear being

in the same bed.

Anyway, I digress. Now that Fall is here, it seems like things are getting a little better...at least with the kids. Last week, I decided to stay home from work and make cookies for the them. It isn't like the jerks at the office missed me anyway. They have pretty much ceased speaking to me too. Once in a while, my old friend Jodi stops by my cubicle and talks to me, but she never sticks around to listen. Back to the kids. I made the cookies just in time for them to come home from school. They both stopped in their tracks instead of bolting up the stairs to their rooms and sniffed the air, looked right at me and smiled. It was odd though, because my daughter looked as though she was going to cry and my son simply shrugged before they both ran up to their rooms without even taking any.

They came back down after my husband got home from work and seemed shaken as they told him that they smelled cookies when they got home that afternoon. He got really annoyed with them and told them to stop being silly. I tried to ask him why he was acting that way, but as is his normal routine, he stomped out of the room and poured himself a drink. The kids were inconsolable. I tried to hug them, but you know how teenagers are. They just ran back up to their rooms, the takeaway bag that their father brought in unopened. I sat down at the kitchen island and cried, which I seem to be doing a lot of lately.

Over the course of the next several days, I really increased my efforts to get my family communicating again. I sure do miss the days when we all used to sit together watching movies and laughing. Where did it all go wrong? I've made up my mind that tonight is going to be different. I took yet another day off from work and stayed home preparing their favorite meal. Tonight we're going to sit down and talk. That's all there is to it. On Thursdays they all come home together, because the kids both have sports and their dad picks them up on his way home.

Once more they stopped dead in their tracks and sniffed the air...even my husband. The kids both started talking excitedly, pointing out to their father that it had been the same with the cookies last week. He put his hand up in the air and said, "There has to be a logical explanation. She's been dead for eight months. This has to stop". I was in a full panic. I needed some air. Could it be true? I decided to try something...and walked right through the back door without opening it.

stbcoville (2013-10-10 09:43:19)

This is a great story! I think you should submit it for the Rewarding Reads Short Story Contest. You could win \$200!
<http://sammythebookworm.com/index.php/rewarding-reads-2013>

kvwordsmith (2013-10-11 14:02:25)

nice and creepy! I used to wonder if my kids & ex would notice if I were no longer there...

Tracy Moore (2013-10-11 15:54:16)

Thanks! Does make you wonder doesn't it?

Silver Whispers (2013-10-11 05:55)

Silver whispers caress my ear...

Time to go hunting again.

This time of year

The wolves run wild
And I am their clear-eyed child.
I gather my skills, my wits,
My bow
To stalk out into the snow.
A Full Moon above?
Not yet, oh no.
No need for that.
My blood's too strong.
I tip-toe lightly,
An ancient tune caught up in my throat
As I go humming
Along the streets
Covered with oil and grit.
The once white snow turns to blackened
Char,
Destroyed the peace in my heart,
Driving razor blades through my soul...
It is time to move,
To move on,
To take this meat,
To dine this night,
Then begin the trek back to my home,
Tracing my way between this star and that,
Until the Moon opens wide

To swallow me whole...
Hunting this night.
Prowling about.
The black cat with her tail swishing,
So oft ignored.
I move like that,
Using her shadows,
Stealing her cover.
I watch them trundle,
Wrapped up in furs,
Swaddled in their mufflers.
Odd things wiggle and whip
Around their necks,
From atop their heads.
In their efforts to keep warm
They strike me as imitation peacocks,
Without the pride,
Without he grace.
It doesn't take long for one of the weaker ones
To stumble a bit too close.
I reach out with a deft hand
To snap his neck in peace.
He lays at my feet,
Now a child laid bare
Before the altar of his god,

His soul rising or falling,
Based on his happenstance life.
It is my duty and it is my chore
To thin the herd,
To take the heart,
To swallow the eyes...
To feast upon the flesh
Cast out and cast aside.
I need not take much,
Much less than my due,
As the scavengers arrive,
Screaming for food.
I slice out the pieces,
As many as I can,
Before the larger ones merge
To snatch the bones from my hand.
I slip out and away,
My eyes never leaving
Those feasting and gnashing
Upon the man that I felled.
I keep eyes on my back
As I take flight into the night.
It's time to go back.
I've stayed overlong.
I offer up prayers

For those I leave behind,
The fallen, the slain,
As well as all of those
Who merely carry on.

calling all lovers of dark arts (2013-10-11 13:23)

Allow me to introduce you to the deep dark talent of Mary Tumulty...



[1]



[2]



[3]



Now get on over to her facebook page and see some more of her work - or else!

<https://www.facebook.com/marytumultyartist>

1. <http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/10/mt1.jpg>
 2. <http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/10/mt2.jpg>
 3. <http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/10/mt3.jpg>
 4. <http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/10/mt4.jpg>
-

feral child (2013-10-11 13:30)

She's sneaky and snarly and hasn't shown her face yet - but she decided to come out of the shadows.

She is angry and half wild and that's just the way it is.

She has a sister who is nigh on to being a saint and feral child is sick to death of her goody-two-shoes ways.

So feral child is about ready to set herself loose and have her say. She's been quiet for far too long.



[1]

I'd watch out. No telling what she will do or say.

1. http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/10/feral_child_by_iamkatia.jpg

against the current (2013-10-11 13:34)

Dredging the river

For a lost soul

An innocent child

Drowned long ago.

Swallowed up

By lies and fears

Sucked under

Held fast.

Her frail and lifeless body:

Bloated, bruised, pale.

Watchers turn away.

* * * * *

...Downstream

Other children

Wade and swim,

Splashing,

Laughing,

Unaware...

By Kerry Vincent © 1993

The Lost Child (2013-10-11 13:36)

Still as the roots of a tree she sits, staring off into space. She holds her sadness close to her, like a beloved doll or teddy bear. She shows no emotion, but she rubs her thumb roughly back and forth over her index finger constantly. Each memory is a stinging slap on her cheek, a hot poker on her bare skin.

Years before someone had commanded, "Leave her alone, she's dead." So she walked away from herself, from her own childhood, nevermore to return. She grieves alone, in silence now, not sure what she has lost, but missing it all the same.

The child she left behind is still asking for her help, for someone to listen, for someone to comfort her, to believe her, to make the monsters go away. She tells the girl to be quiet – no one cares. "Quit crying. Don't be a baby."

Every now and then, she lets the little one sit with her, coloring pictures are her feet. As long as she is good and quiet and doesn't ask for anything. If she speaks, the child is shoved back in the closet again.

She says she doesn't know any little girls, never has, doesn't want to. She doesn't like children. No one would want her for a mother. Maybe, someday, she could love a child – be kind and nurturing – if caring did not hurt so much – or feel like a weakness – if love did not seem so impossible – and especially, if the little girl, did not look so much like her mother.

by Kerry Vincent (c) 1993

Floodwaters (2013-10-11 13:38)

I rage like a rising river

Bursting my banks

Flooding my plains

Not to be contained.

I rage like a cancer

Infecting a body

Wasting tissues

Destroying cells.

I rage like a farmer

When my crop is ruined.

I can't feed my children –

Helpless, hungry, prayers unheard –

I seek a bullet to make piece.

mother's hands (2013-10-11 13:51)

My Mother's hands were never soft and scented.

Mom was always a hard worker, and her hands told her story.

Today, her hands tell another story.

I remember Mom's hands, red and raw, scalded by the dishwater.

I remember Mom's hands, caked with dirt from the garden, her nails rimmed black.

I remember Mom's hands, quick and sure, peeling potatoes for her famous potato salad.

I remember Mom's hands, cold and bony, touching my cheek to prove to me how cold it was outside.

I remember Mom's hands, sharp and hard, like her sudden slaps.

Mom's hands are no longer rough and worn.

Her papery skin looks like vellum,

But is soft like velvet.

Her left is paralyzed, claw-like.

Mom can still feed herself,

Write some, scrub a little.

Now Mom has to ask for help.

I know she hates that,

She who was always

so independent and strong.

It took a stroke for Mom to have soft hands.

That doesn't stop her from being cruel.

In Case I Wanna Die... (2013-10-11 13:53)

Things are better now, so I don't keep one anymore. Don't feel the need for it these days. But awhile back, it was a life-saver, literally. I called it my "in-case-I-wanna-die" bag.

I was going through some hard times, in deep therapy, not sure if anything good would ever happen to me again. My therapist would end a session saying, "Hang on, kiddo," and "Do something nice for yourself this week." Sometimes, when I was feeling suicidal, it took all my effort just to sit there on the bedroom floor and not do anything self-destructive. So to distract myself, I created a special activity bag. It kept me occupied until the black mood passed.

I went through a couple different pretty gift bags over a couple of years. I filled them up with favorite things – ink pens, journals, favorite perfumes, photos of people and animals I loved, postcards from museums I'd visited, books that made me smile again, like "Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy" and "The Book of Weird". It was evidence I compiled that there had been some good days in my life, even if I wasn't having a good day right then. Remembering happier times helped me to hang on. I'd sniff the Silver Rose scent and be reminded of a lovely bed and breakfast stay the year before, see the pictures of my kids, that I did not want to have to find me if I "did something drastic", and be scarred for life...I'd re-read sweet thoughts in pretty cards friends had given me. Often it was just empty journal pages I could bleed ink all over until the pressure subsided.

I've had smaller versions since. I used to carry a medicine bag, a petite version of my "In-case-I-wanna-die" bag. It held an acorn from the ancient oak in my grandma's yard, a symbol of her strength and perseverance, an ID badge from visiting the Metropolitan Museum in New York City, a lock of my partner's hair, a souvenir coin my son and I made years ago, a sugar cube from Les Deux Magots in Paris...These things symbolized sources of power and strength for me...

Like a toddler who relinquishes her security blanket strip by strip, I am down to carrying just one stone with me. It is painted with my spirit animal, Coyote. I am looking within and finding my own strength, and taking good care of myself.

kerry vincent (c) 2008

Scary Stories (2013-10-11 13:56)

The ghosts have gathered. It is their time of year, Halloween soon approaching. In truth, the ghosts are always here. But they become more active when more people believe. Or should I say more people are willing to suspend their disbelief when nights grow cold and stories grow scary and we wonder about the things we cannot explain, things that go bump in the night.

Like white-gowned specters, old guilt drifts out into the open, dressed up like ghosts. We call them unsettled spirits, someone who suffered and died. Confederate prisoners are said to haunt Hopp Hollow Road in Alton, Illinois, where I live, begging strangers for a decent burial, then vanishing again in the shadows. The lights flicker in a downtown Walgreens drugstore – is it the electricity, or spirits of those slain in a pioneer massacre almost 200 years ago?

I appreciate an explanation for something I do not know, but not just any story will do. I reserve my right to exercise critical thinking. And, as Rilke said, I have "learned to love the questions themselves". I

enjoy the chill of a spooky story, but they don't scare me (much): the logical, rational side of me keeps interrupting. My inner skeptic is quite active.

Anyway, all I have to do, if I want to hear something truly frightening, is turn on the news. That's where the real monsters are.

Ghostwriting (2013-10-11 14:41)



[1]

It's a vintage Olympia SM8 manual typewriter, 10 inch wide carriage, solid in feel and function, off-white and turquoise. Whenever I get writer's block, I can go to this handy old-wordslinger and get going again. Easy to use, dependable, reliable, portable. The only problem is the machine is haunted.

I picked it up at a yard sale. Best three dollars I ever spent. A little hard to find ribbons to fit these days, but I manage. I like the feel of rolling in real paper, flinging the carriage, the ding at the right margin. Electronic keyboards are very nice, but there's just something so comfortably old school about a typewriter that's been around.

When it wants to work, everything is great. Page after page, not too many key jams, just keep the coffee coming and I could write for hours. A nice stack of finished copy builds up...

But then there are days when I swear the machine gets mad and won't let me get anywhere. It keeps bringing up old story lines I started and dropped. Characters that had so much promise that I tired of and killed off. Plots that twisted and died. Metaphors that didn't make it. Similes that slid into oblivion. The ribbon gets stuck and the words won't come. Or they spit out but spell themselves wrong. Typos infest each paragraph. The rollers smudge the sheet when I unroll the paper.

Maybe those stories are still crying to be written. Strangled voices waiting to be heard. Never mind that I have a day job that take up my time and my brain power. Or that getting published is nearly impossible these days or my non-mainstream tales would not sell. Or that dark poems don't pay bills. My literary children, accusing me of suffocating them, trying to ignore their pleas and un-hear their cries. Silent stories that want to be shared.

Oh I do believe in ghosts, I do, I do.

By © Kerry Vincent 2013

1. http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/10/olympiasm9_sm.jpg

The Bear (2013-10-12 07:35)

You sit in a garden reading a book. You keep reading until you hear a noise.

It was something...a BIG something....scratching at the gate that leads into the garden.

You slowly turn toward the gate and you gasp.

The thing trying to get in is a brown and black bear that has parts of it cut off of it.

You try to back away as the bear breaks the gate and starts walking toward you.

You scream and try to run but it grabs you and slowly, painfully starts to eat parts of you.

Through the pain you see that every time it takes a bite from you it heals a part of itself.

Soon the bear is done.

The bear runs away fully healed.

But now you are what the bear was. You walk out of the garden and you start the whole process over.....

Tracy Moore (2013-10-12 09:16:55)

Nice one Eva! The part about how the bear heals itself was a nice twist.

What Is There To Fear? (2013-10-13 10:34)

In the deepest recesses, the cobweb filled gloom
Where nightmares are born and beasties abide
Your darkest fears live here, biding their time
Dripping fangs, razor sharp claws, keening and moaning
Just waiting to devour all peace and pillage the victim of sanity
Eyes glowing red, alive with hatred in their otherwise dead sockets
Boring not only into flesh but into the very soul
Wandering aimlessly in this place, filled with dread
All hope is lost, the ghouls and demons edge closer
No one seems to care as fetid breath skitters down your neck
Making the hairs stand up and footsteps quicken
Until you crash into something immovable
Reaching at the same time you cry out in fear and pain
Your fingers brush against objects resting on a table
A book of matches and a candle
Shaking with trepidation you strike the match
Do you really want to see these creatures?
Somehow it feels that it will seal your fate
Turning quickly, you look for a way to escape
Across the chamber something gleams
You move toward it on trembling legs
Lips part in a silent scream as wild eyes come into focus
Your darkest fears are becoming a reality...wait

There is nothing in this place but a mirror.

Questions Three (2013-10-14 02:33)

What is there to fear, you ask?

Is this what you fear?



[1]

Would you fear if the angels turned their backs on you?



[2]

Or perhaps there is nothing worse than simply ... being forgotten?



[3]

Rest in pieces, dearie.

1. <http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/10/file000601569349.jpg>
 2. <http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/10/file000664746520.jpg>
 3. <http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/10/file0001445338252.jpg>
-

A Reckoning (2013-10-15 04:35)

Ya know, I lay here every night listening to him snore. I stare at him, examining him in detail, wondering what the hell I ever saw in him. Oh, wait, I know. I gave up something very precious because he pushed me into doing it – and based on how precious that one tiny thing was to me, I felt obligated to stay with him, to prove that he was worth breaking my heart and destroying all that was well and good in my world. Turns out, he's not.

Thank goodness his puppy dog brown eyes are shut. Thank goodness his lying manipulating viper's tongue is firmly in his head, behind his closed lips. Big fat slobbery lips. The dog kisses better. Oh, how gross a comparison is that! I really would rather have puppy kisses. He knows all too well how to use those eyes to manage my emotions. He lies so smoothly, so devilishly well. He always knows what to say to keep me spinning to him as the center of my Universe.

Well, isn't it just too bad that photographs cannot be untaken...isn't it just too bad that tape recordings cannot be unrecorded...and doesn't it just suck that when three or four women who are sleeping with the same man come together and reveal—revel—in all his lies, mayhem ensues.

I have been waiting for the right opportunity to do this. I have him now. I have his hands bound in handcuffs. I have his feet bound in ankle restraints. I have duct taped his chest, his thighs, his arms, his legs. Don't worry—he'll be too far gone by the time I rip that off. He'll never feel it. If I even bother to rip it off when I am done.

I was thinking of just strapping him down on the bed, but I kinda like the sheets. They'll wash. If I end up keeping them. I have no intention of keeping this ugly bed that he claims he bought me for Christmas two years ago, the bed I have never understood and have disliked since it entered my house. The mattresses have been covered with a plastic sheet and a mattress cover for months, supposedly for 'play times' and in case the dogs get on the bed and have an accident of some sort. The mattress will be protected. Anyway, it's going in the guest bedroom, right after I get rid of all his junk. Ahhh, the bonfire comes later on.

I thought it would be harder to get a ball gag in his mouth. After talking to a few men around town, come to find out, he likes this kind of thing. And I thought it was only the women I had to worry about. I never thought for a moment he would be faithful and I never cared about that—but the lies—the lies—oh the lies, they will stop. The buck stops here, buddy. A blindfold is simply a tasteful bit of proppery to make him think I am fulfilling another one of his twisted fantasies. I wonder how long it will take him to realize this is my fantasy and not his?

I leave him where he is to give the house a final once over. I make sure the dogs are safe outside. I make sure the area outside is calm and quiet. All the doors are locked. All the windows shut. I turn on the television and turn it up, just a little. Not enough to be obnoxious, but enough to cover any sounds that may need to be covered. I turn up the stereo in the garage, the one in the office and the one in my studio as well. No need to play it too safe. I relish the noise. The great cacophony of chaos to cover up my well-conceived, well-plotted and well-carried-out plans for this evening.

I have two days to do my work. I have two days more to handle the clean up.

I start with the riding crop, because it has always been his favorite. Shame about that blindfold...I really wanted to see his eyes pop open in shock and then dissolve into pleasure, before cresting into panic and genuine terror as I continue. I start at his feet and I work my way up, one stroke at a time, meticulous. I start not exactly softly, but a hell of a lot more gently than where I end up. I am not splitting flesh by the end...I am hammering it home. I am flaying him open. I flip him over and start on the back. Do you know how hard and how often you have to strike a healthy human being wrapped in three layers of duct tape before the tape splinters and the flesh beneath it parts like the waves of an ocean fleeing the staff of the All Mighty's chosen? Not as hard nor half as many times as you might imagine. I keep at it awhile, regardless.

I'm hungry. I think I will leave the moaning mass of gibberish to his ghastly task of bleeding while I get a snack. As I gulp down a glass of milk, I think a sponge bath, with vinegar water, is just the thing he needs. I add a few drops of tea tree oil to the mix, to keep things clean, especially on my end. It makes me feel better.

I return. Carefully, compassionately, I take the sponge. I dip it into the water. I ring it out. His body is tense, quivering in anticipation. I start talking now. I start naming names. I start giving dates. I start quoting phone records, emails, credit card receipts. I wipe him down, from head to toe, and I start over again, from the top, continuing my recitation the entire time. His throat-bound screams are of no mind to me. I could care less. This exercise is no longer about him. It is all about me.

I gave this vile bastard my power for over ten years. Ten years that I could have lived a good and decent life. Ten years that I could have spent with someone who genuinely loved me and cared about me. Ten years gone, never to return and I spent most of them in a stupor, dead through my core, doing whatever he told me to do, believing whatever crap he chose to shovel down my throat.

I set the sponge aside once his screams stop. I guess he passed out. Good enough. I have plenty of hot wax to revive him. The interesting thing is how the wax and his watered down blood interact. It doesn't always jell up right away, the wax. It sort of puddles up, not absorbing the blood, almost afraid of it. I can understand. From what I have been told, every one of us who has slept with him in the last eight months is lucky to still be alive, much less not deathly ill. Thankfully, a few years ago, I started taking much better care of myself, due to his inability to keep his pants on. It may have actually saved my life this time. Condoms, people. Condoms save lives. Believe it.

I use a putty knife to pluck out all of the wax. There's still little pieces left, here and there. I

wonder, do I cut them out now, or later? I decide to dispose of the wax. Let him sit there and stew. I can hear his labored breathing. Amazing how tenaciously some bastards will cling to life, even when it is obvious to everyone around them, life no longer wants you. That's my man there, never knows when to quit, thinks he's God's gift—to everyone—all the time.

I take my time walking around the property. After he had gone to bed, half a bottle of whiskey knocking him out and keeping him there long enough for me to move, I had piled up quite a bit of his stuff in the backyard. I have a burn permit for this week, told 'em I'd be burning off and on, night and day, depending on what we could pull up out of the hollow. The storm came for me just in time. With this four-day weekend of his, I couldn't ask for anything more. I'm lucky they know me around here, know I have terrible insomnia, know why I have such insomnia. No one will blink when they see the fire tonight.

It's his computer I lay on there first. I pile his electronics, the printer, the fax machine, the cell phone, all his myriad gadgets and game systems. I add a nice layer of wood. Then on goes videos, DVDs, VHS taps, CDs, computer books, which I neatly ripped up to help the heat get in and fry them that much faster. More wood after that. I also throw in some newspaper, some tinder, some kindling...I want to make sure this all goes up. A bit of lighter fluid over this layer doesn't hurt either. Next, all his paperwork, his documents, pictures from our years together, the contents of his wallet, the contents of his filing cabinet, it all goes in. Anything of his I think will burn, I pile it on for the burning time. I add each and every single item of clothing, every toiletry in the bathroom. I top it off with more wood, more brush, more kindling...and a great deal more lighter fluid.

I walk back into the house after making sure the dogs are all secure still. I've been waiting for this part.

I saw off his legs first at the knees, one at a time. I knew I wouldn't want him dead yet. The blow torch seals the wounds nicely. He's rubbed his blindfold off partially. Enough for me to see one eye peeping at me, horrified. He can no longer scream. There is a lovely pink froth around that huge ball gag in his mouth. He is begging me, begging me, with that one wild eye, to help him, to save him, to forgive him.

I hoist his calves up over one shoulder so I can pat his arm. I tell him he doesn't have to worry about me. I have already forgiven him for all of his sins, all of his indiscretions. He has nothing to worry about from me. All is forgiven. However, as I straighten up, holding one ankle in each hand now, nothing is ever forgotten. I turn and walk out.

As I toss his lower legs onto my burn pile, I wonder how long he will survive, as I cut little pieces off.

Back and forth I go. The arms at the elbow, then sealed with the blow torch. I don't want him to bleed out or anything, doncha know.

He is still alive when I chop off his thighs—although he loses it a little when the blow torch hits him, crisping up his short and curlies. It's when I throw those thighs into the pile that I decide I better start lighting it. Wouldn't want any wild animals coming and snatching up a bit of a snack and dragging bits of body to unknown places where it can be discovered by who knows what.

He survives my cutting off his arms at the shoulder. Unbelievable really. I cut off his penis and I hold it up in front of him. That's when he goes out and stays out. The wuss. I slice open his sack and snatch his balls out with my bare hand. Why not? It doesn't take all that much strength. Not to mention, after he spent years shattering my soul, what's a little pay back now, huh? It's always been all about his cock...why

not make sure he knows I treat his cock and balls special, one last time?

I have to cut his torso into three pieces to maneuver it to the fire. I kinda like this hand saw. It's a shame I have to get rid of it. I am not saying I didn't have to do some major work to saw the guy to bits, but it's not all that different from butchering a chicken...or a deer. Pop. Pop. Pop. There you go.

I take a shower, scrubbing and scrubbing, using hydrogen peroxide as a rinse. So much for the sheets. I ball them all up, including the rubber sheet underneath, and that along with my clothing that I wore during all goes out into the blaze. It feels too good, that heat, against my naked damp skin.

It is his truck that holds me for a moment. I can pile trash and debris and limbs and gasoline on that fire for the next two days, and I will, but I have to ditch that truck, and not be seen. Not as difficult as it seems, since he loves to frequent this one shady little bar where all the dopers and head-cases chill day and night. Plus, it's only a five mile walk home, three if I go through the woods. Think I need some clothes on before I do that.

I already have my story. Hey, I talked to all of these people, men and women. I have all this proof, all these pictures, all these documents. I filed for divorce three days ago, even though he hasn't been served yet. I plan to say I told him I filed and what I was after. I told him what I had against him. I told him who gave it to me. And he up and ran. He packed up all of his shit and he ran. I have no idea where he went, officer, but I guarantee he avoided every single person to whom I have spoken and who gave me evidence against him.

I emptied the bank accounts and closed them all three days ago. Except for his 'private' account. The one he keeps for his 'emergencies'. He never kept more than five hundred dollars at a time in there, in case someone he was scamming tried to scam him, but he always replenished that account the second he was done with his little adventures. When I dropped his truck off at the bar at two in the morning, their outdoor ATM was so perfect. He'd said awhile ago he had helped disable the camera so that some of his buddies couldn't be caught on camera by 'nosy wives'. I still dressed in a hoodie, which he sometimes did when he was in trouble. Hoodie, ball cap and old rusty jeans. Good thing everyone around here wears cowboy boots. That's what I wore there. I withdrew three hundred and fifty in cash, because I want it to look like he is planning to be around with that account. As if he is still alive and willing to make his mischief elsewhere.

I change into my running shoes once I am in the woods, slinging my boots into a pack on my back. I start off for home at a fast trot. I am not afraid. Why would I be? The big bad wolf is dead and his earthly remains crisping away in my back pasture. I told him one day I would have my revenge. I told him. I warned him one day he would regret every lie, every nasty thing he ever did to me.

Do you think he regrets it now?

I burn that brush pile for all four days, adding and adding to it every few hours, watching it, tending it like a concerned lover, while I scrub every inch of my house, ceiling to floor and back again, using bleach and Lysol and anything else I think can get his stink out of my Home for good, much less remove and cover up the blood.

I let the fire burn down. I rake all the ash together. At those temperatures there isn't all that much left. I sweep it all up into a bucket. There are very few pieces larger than a quarter. The bucket will get dumped in the river about forty-five miles from here the day after tomorrow, when I go on my little sojourn. I have already informed my work that I would be taking off. Not difficult since I work from home anyway. I called the sheriff, told him about the divorce, told him I'd be taking off for a few days and could he keep an

eye on things to make sure the doomed man didn't burn my ranch down or anything...no problem there.

I set up another burn pile, a smaller one, made of birch and rowan wood. This one I fill with sage, fill with sweet straw, fill with lavender, fill with rosemary. I throw in a bunch of prayer cloths I have been working on for the past month. I need this space cleared. I need my soul cleansed. I am guilt-free. There is no little voice of conscience telling me how bad I have been. The voice in my head congratulates me for finally stepping up, for stepping into my power. I grin.

Thank God it is all over now.

Now I can have some peace, finally.

Midnight Feast (2013-10-16 07:13)

She flies like a raven through the midnight sky
Catching a glimpse of the moon as she glides by

Ghostly fingers of fog wind their way through the streets
Seeking innocent victims for their midnight feast

A distant howl fills the air and your senses tingle
You wonder with whom will your spirit soon mingle

Shadows glide with ease around corners they peek
Searching you out from the safety you seek

The raven cries out with a raucous call
The midnight victims are starting to fall

One by one the spirits dance by
Waiting to catch you when you start to cry

They leave no stone unturned you can't hide, they won't miss you
It's much easier on you if you just let them kiss you

You sense something is there, a feeling of dread and a chill in your bones
Making you dizzy with fear knowing you aren't going home

The raven lands near the scene turning into the crone
She lets out a cackle and the spirits they moan

The midnight feast has come and gone
The crone wanders over to her cauldron alone

She calls the spirits to her with a flick of her wand
Lining up at the cauldron waiting for her command

One by one they step in to the chasm and the crone starts to chant

Sending sparks in the air She has started to rant

It's over she cries
It has left her tired
She has almost expired

One more mouth to feed
She will fill the need
She steps in to the cauldron

Giving up her throne
There will be a new crone.

The White Wolf (2013-10-17 05:39)

On one chilly February morning you and your friends were walking in the woods.

After a long time of walking your friends had to go back home...

Leaving you in the middle of the woods all alone.

But you just kept walking thinking that everything was fine and you had plenty of time to get home.

As you walked you started to stray from the path. You kept walking until you found a small cave. It was just big enough for you to crawl into it without hurting yourself. So of course you went in to the cave but before you could get that far in to the cave you heard a noise behind you. The noise was a very loud very scary growl. You try to crawl out but soon you are being dragged out by very sharp teeth. When you get out of the cave you see the thing that growled was a Alpha wolf. The alpha of a pack of six wolves. The the wolves attack you and you try to fend them off. Luckily you are able to run away when you get a mile or so away from the wolves you see that you are cut and bruised very very badly. You lay down to catch your breath and you see a pure white wolf with eyes a blue as the sky walking toward you. You think that you should feel panic and fear but all you feel is a calmness spreading through you. The white wolf kept walking toward you then when it got to you it leaned its head down and touched you with its snout. You started to feel very sleepy and your eyes began to droop. As you were falling asleep you saw the white wolf begin to walk away from you.

You then fell asleep. When you woke up you saw that you were completely healed.

The End.....

Mr Jaggerty Man (2013-10-18 02:04)



[1]

1. <http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/10/mrjaggertyman.jpg>

The Thing In The Lake (2013-10-19 07:59)

You sit by the lake watching the fish swim by.

Suddenly you see a thing that's not a fish, it looks like a eel only with 2 front legs and its covered in scarlet red scales. *It swims/crawls toward you.*

Then it crawls onto land next to you and starts to speak.

"why hello hello look at what we have here. Is it my next meal? This is what I know you are going to be."

Then the thing crawls closer to you and starts pulling you into the water.

"NO!!you cry.

You try to run but it bites you harder and you try to yell for help. but none come...

It drags you under water a little more. You try to claw your way back up to shore but all you get are muddy hands. You struggle but it won't let go.

Then all is black....

Worm Shortage (2013-10-20 07:57)



[1]



[2]

1. <http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/10/worm-shortage-001.jpg>

2. <http://sistersintheshadows.files.wordpress.com/2013/10/worm-shortage-003.jpg>

JoJo (2013-10-20 10:12:33)

o.O Geez that's brutal! lol

Tracy Moore (2013-10-20 11:15:24)

JoJo, bwahaha...yeah but the bunny will be back ya know. ;)

Mina Lobo (2013-10-20 20:02:40)

Agreed, LOL! ;-)

Tracy Moore (2013-10-20 22:27:39)

lol Mina. Tis all in the spirit of creepiness for the month of October. Even so...guess it is just a touch brutal. Like I told JoJo though...the bunny will be back ;)

Mina Lobo (2013-10-20 22:41:00)

Oh, honey - that wasn't a complaint, that was admiration! :-D

Tracy Moore (2013-10-21 14:19:39)

Why thank you ma'am! ;)

All The Pretty Pumpkins (2013-10-21 07:16)

Jonathan's Greenhouse and You Pick farm had the best looking pumpkins this year. Four acres of pumpkins were behind the greenhouse in a lit field. I was glad they had lights out there, this time of year it gets dark so early. There was only two weeks left until Halloween and Greg was supposed to meet me after work tonight to pick out our pumpkins. The kids were still visiting Grandma and Grandpa and wouldn't be home for another two days. That would give me plenty of time to get the pumpkins done. Jenny (age three) and Bobby (age five) always wanted to help carve the pumpkins but I would beat them to it. They could pick out their own Halloween costumes this year, that would make them happy. Greg said he would stuff the giant spider with leaves and hang all the little ghosts on the willow tree by the front walk. I tried to talk him into getting a mechanical skeleton that rattled when someone walked by, but he said not this year, money was a little tight.

When I got out of work it was already getting dark and a little chilly, so I started the car and let it warm up a bit then I turned the lights on and headed for the greenhouse. I had to head north on Highway 13 for about 25 miles, then go east on Little Fox Road for another 20 miles. It would take me a good hour and a half to get there only because Little Fox Road was not paved and very dark. There were a lot of accidents on Little Fox Road. Most of them were people in their teens looking for a place to get high. They didn't realize how many curves were on this road and when you went too fast, the gravel made your tires slip and there you went, over the side of the road. I turned on the radio to help pass the time on my long drive and tried to find a station. No such luck. I couldn't get a signal out here. That was probably for the best since I could see the turn off for Little Fox Road up ahead. I slowed down and put on my signal for a right turn. Suddenly there was a gray mist in front of me and I couldn't see a thing.

I slammed my foot on the brake and skidded to a stop. Good thing I had slowed down or I would have hit the corner of the stone bridge. Where did all this mist come from? It wasn't here a minute ago. I sat for a minute wondering what to do when the mist started to lift enough for me to see the road. I couldn't see very far ahead, but I could see enough to drive very slowly. I eased my way through the little stone bridge and onto the gravel road when out of the corner of my eye I saw what looked like a very large dog coming toward the car and then without warning it just disappeared. I let out a scream. Not wanting to stick around and find out what it was or what had happened to it I stepped on the gas, hit the door lock button and headed for the greenhouse. My heart was racing, but there had to be an explanation. After all, it was close to Halloween and it could have been someone in a costume. I was driving a bit too fast for this road so I decided to slow down a bit. I had to think rationally. The mist was not an uncommon occurrence on this particular road. No one could ever say what caused it, but it happened on a regular basis. The dog...well that was another story. It didn't really look like a dog. It was just too big, and then where did it go?

As I approached the greenhouse I put the incident out of my mind. I could see Greg's car in the parking lot, so I pulled in and parked next to his car and shut off the ignition. It seemed funny that ours were the only cars there being so close to Halloween. This place is usually packed with people. Well, at least we could have our pick of the pumpkins. I wanted at least six big ones. I couldn't see Greg anywhere so I got out of the car and headed for the field to see if he started without me. As I was walking across the lot, I could see the lit field and the gleaming pumpkins and I thought to myself, "Look at all the pretty pumpkins." There was a glorious full moon so that added to the beauty of the night.

I walked out into the field and got about half-way across when the lights went out. I stopped in my tracks and tried to get my bearings when I heard a howl and loud rustling noises on the other side of the field. My eyes slowly adjusted to the darkness. I could see a shape coming across the field toward me. My heart was racing, I thought I would pass out with fright. It was the largest wolf I had ever seen and as it got closer, got up on its hind legs and walked toward me. I was frozen to the spot and terrified. The wolf got closer and towered above me. I couldn't believe what I was seeing and when I looked up at the wolf, I recognized the eyes. It was Greg. The huge fangs spread into an uncannily familiar grin before he loped out

of the field into the woods.
Happy Howloween!

Till Death Do You Part (2013-10-22 08:21)

Did he think that I wouldn't notice that he was barely speaking to me if he stopped gradually? That he could just banish me from his presence as though I were some silly, simpering peasant girl fresh in from the pasture? Oh he's going to find out that it isn't that simple. All of those nights that we spent stealing off to darkened places. Hidden in our naked glory from prying eyes. I know that I've been a fool to lie down for him just because he said that he loved me, even though he'd been betrothed to another. A business arrangement is what he called his engagement. He called it a union which could never bring him the happiness and passion that he felt for me.

A few months ago, the woman arrived in a carriage bearing a royal crest, flanked by a dozen men, armed and armored. My beloved was there to greet her. A raven haired ice queen is what she resembled with her pursed lips and prim propriety. Now I can see what he meant about not feeling much passion with that one. Yet, as he handed her down from the carriage, I could see in his eyes that there was more to the story. He saw me watching and quickly turned away, guiding her into the manor house in which she would be staying, while I maintained my suite in the larger family home. You see, I might not be the daughter of a duke from France, but I am related by marriage to an earl of our own nation. I'm aware that he has obligations and could almost, but not quite, live with that if I hadn't seen him look at her that way.

Very late that night, he entered my suite and acted like nothing had happened. We enjoyed one another by the dying glow of the fireplace. As he was leaving at dawn, he kissed me and told me how much he loved me. My heart soared and all felt right with the world once more. It was four days before I spoke with him again. He spent almost every waking moment in which he wasn't tending to business with her. The entire house was abuzz with talk of how lucky the couple was to be so smitten when these things are usually so cold. I was shattered as his attentions were less and less over the next few months. He would still come to my suite now and then, in the middle of the night, only to leave abruptly after he had satisfied himself with barely a lame apology.

He was last with me two weeks ago and I haven't spoken a word with him since. Today, she left to return home until the wedding in three weeks. As she climbed into the carriage, she looked at me with an ugly little smirk and a hard glint to her glacial black eyes. Later in the evening, he asked me to walk with him. For a moment, I thought that he was returning to his old self as he looked at me with softness in his eyes and asked me to sit on a garden bench. I gazed at him as he sat close to me, ready to feel the familiar, yet exciting sensation of his lips on mine. He turned to me and placed his hands on my shoulders. Oh, how my heart sang to be feeling his touch again. His expression changed and he said that he was sorry to have to ask me to leave, but that his soon to be wife had insisted upon it. He even had the audacity to tell me that he was sure that I could understand the sense of my relocation to the isolated country house at the opposite side of the country.

I burst into tears and his reaction was to tell me to stop being daft. That surely I knew that this day would come. How could I have been so foolish? As he rose from our seat, he warned me not to make a fuss because, as he put it, he has powerful friends. My tears continued to fall as he walked away. I'm not sure how long it was before I stopped crying, but I knew that it was the middle of the night by the position of the moon. I couldn't bear to enter the house just yet, so I got up and started walking. After a while, I

found myself in the family cemetery, standing at the tomb of my mother and her family, who were originally from Romania. My mother had taught me some things...ancient things.

I opened the gate and went inside, walking to the far wall to my uncle's resting place. I laid my hands upon the cold stone, murmuring the words that mother had taught me to use in cases of dire need. This was one of those times. I felt a tingling sensation all the way to the tips of my unruly hair and heard the slate walls rumble. As she taught me to do I made my request, kissed the stone, turned on my heels and walked away without looking back. Even though I could hear the heavy stones moving behind me, I didn't dare look. With a smile on my face I walked to my room to sleep. In the morning, I would start packing. In three weeks, I would ride my horse back in time for the wedding night. It would be bad form not to be there to present my gift.

Over the next few weeks I settled into my new home. I thought that I would hate it here, but it's beautiful. Green grass, a lovely herb and flower garden, and fresh air from the sea. It's idyllic. Too bad that he wouldn't be here to enjoy it with me. I began feeling wistful and started questioning my choice until I remembered how he had treated me.

On the wedding night, I crept into their suite while they were still celebrating downstairs. I could hear rustling noises in the recesses of the room, creeping noises, faint sounds almost like breathing. This room felt decidedly chilly. I could hear them coming down the corridor. He was declaring his undying love for her. Those words were so familiar. I heard her remark on what she called his immature, emotional nature. At his wounded sounding reply, she told him that it was sort of endearing. From my hiding spot behind the heavy curtains I could hear them kissing and his soft groan of pleasure and longing. I peeked out into the room and saw her almost dispassionate face, as well as his which was full of love and lust.

As he pushed her down onto the bed with his hands unbuttoning her gown, I stepped out of my place. I watched as he undid her gown and then cleared my throat. They gasped as they saw me. He started to jump up from the bed angrily, but I motioned for him to stay there as I intoned the words handed down from generations of the past. He asked if I had gone mad and she was looking at me as one looks when they get a hint of an unpleasant smell. I smiled at them and said that I had come for their wedding...that there were some things that I needed to say, and that I would leave quietly once I had said them. He nodded and she made a derisive sniffing sound as she covered her bosom. This is what I said:

"He has said the same things to me as I heard him say to you tonight. The only difference is that I have known the feel of him in my bed. The two of you have made a vow to be together forever...until death. I know how difficult it is for you to keep a promise darling, so I've come to help. Remember how you talked of having powerful friends? Well, you aren't the only one. I've asked my uncle and my mother to come here and see you into eternity. Consider this my wedding gift. Until death do you part."

I turned to go as my uncle and mother stepped out of the shadows to descend on the newlyweds, eyes shining and fangs bared. Even after ten years in the tomb, I have to say that my dear mother looked beautiful.

Spinner (2013-10-23 04:26)

Tiny little steps. One tippy-toe at a time. Forward. Forward. So cautious. So slowly. Glorifying in each small movement. Pausing at every shift, every noise, every whisper. Starting up again. Slipping along. From under

the bed. On to the bed. Across the bed. Silent. Silent. Filled with wonder. Gazing at the world with multiplex eyes.

Over the lumps. Into the valleys. Climbing the mountains. It takes most of the night to even get there. The cave that was sighted the night before comes into view. There are two openings. Could they lead to the same place? What if they do?

Careful steps. Leaving the thinnest trace of silk trailing behind. Boldly entreating into unknown space. It is warm. It is damp. There is an air current. First it goes one way. Then it goes the other. A constant flow. A constant stream. Surely this will bring prey in quickly.

Setting up. Settling in. Beginning to build a web. Fastening on. Stretching out the foundation. Making certain it is secure. Spinning. Weaving. Dipping. Swaying. Humming a mindless thoughtful little tune.

Hours and hours the delicate web takes. A funnel built for both entrances. She sits back to regal her work. Satisfied. She settles in. Between the two tunnels. In her sweet spot. She falls asleep.

At the sound of the alarm clock, I watch as my partner reaches to turn it off. He snuffles a little, scratching at his nose. I cannot help but smile. I know what's been done.

I have to wonder, as I snuggle down beneath the quilts, how long it will take before the spider catches the fly. How long will it be before the man himself feels the sting of the venom of what's inside?

I close my eyes, imagining the intricate trails and runnels that little brown spider will make inside his head as she travels along with him throughout his day. Will she kill him? Can she? I smile.

I wonder, will he be alive when the baby spiders hatch and spill forth from his mouth and nose? Will he be at work? Perhaps at the dinner table, with guests? I don't know.

An easy death would be far too good for him. The leniency of my darling recluse inside his head is all that holds him to me. When he dies, it will be so good. I can finally have a life. He shall give his to sustain that pet of mine.

What greater honor could there be, for a man such as he, who has no honor to speak of?

If I Close My Eyes (2013-10-24 01:07)

If I close my eyes, I cannot hear it...I can feel it. Something is moving beneath me, shaking the earth, shaking my soul. There is something loose here. Something unhinged inside me.

I shift to the side, covering my eyes, wondering if hiding will help. I have heard the lies, the oft told tales. Now I ponder saving myself.

What's the use, anyway? Trying to save my self. Who will be better for it? What stories will be told?

There is no one to care. No one who'll dare. I am lost, alone, as it is. If I try too hard...what else will happen? More beatings? More anger? How can that be allowed?

I Heard A Raven Call My Name (2013-10-24 07:14)

The sun was shining brightly through the window and I could see that the melting snow was bringing a torrent of drops from the roof on the porch. I could hear the ravens calling from the empty corn field below the house. They were calling my name.

When I first heard the ravens seven years ago, I didn't realize what they wanted. I wasn't ready to listen, but they were persistent. There was one in particular that followed me everywhere for weeks. I could be at the grocery store and when I returned to my car, there it would be, sitting twenty feet away watching me. The ravens were patient, they wanted to make sure that I understood. Then one day, I heard, and this is what happened.

The snow had been falling for days and I was feeling quite housebound. I needed some air. I had been hearing the ravens calling. Some had even become brave enough to come onto the porch and sit on the railing looking into the windows. I tried to ignore them and went to turn on the radio. I was barely listening to the music when I heard someone call my name. Since I lived alone, I went to the door thinking that someone had knocked and I hadn't heard them. When I opened the door, no one was there. It was cold, so I grabbed my coat and stepped out onto the porch. There were no footprints in the snow. No one was there, just a single feather from a raven. I heard my name again. This time from out beyond the old corn field. It happened again and again. I wasn't frightened, just curious. Picking up the feather, I decided to get my boots on and find out who or what was calling my name.

Following the raven's call, I crossed the old corn field and passed through the tree line and into the field beyond. There were six of them and they waited patiently for me to catch up. They had landed on an old fence post. The largest of them hopped off the post and I heard my name being called over and over again. I was only a few feet away so there was no mistaking it, my name was coming from the raven. I was beginning to feel a familiar tingling in my arms. Something in the back of my mind was trying to make its way into my consciousness. The large one looked at me and I knew at once who it was. I had been having dreams for months. I knew she would be coming for me to join them. All through my childhood I had heard stories of the Seven Sisters, how they turned into ravens and how they work to break the cycle of winter and turn the snow into spring rains. My Great Grandmother had been seventh sister and she was ending her reign. I would take over for her and be the seventh sister.

You see it takes seven to complete the cycle of winter and the progression into spring. I cannot tell you the details of this feat. It would be against the rules. So patiently I wait for them to come to me and once a year at this time, when winter tries to break its earthly bonds, I take flight with the ravens.

Hell In A Handbasket (2013-10-25 07:27)

Sometimes I wonder if you remember when you told me all those years ago
To go to hell...do you remember?
Well, I'm still up here walking around, while you've been long under ground
Has it occurred to you yet that there is no difference
That it doesn't matter in which realm we dwell
That hell is nothing more than a state of mind
No matter how hard you may have wished me there
Maybe even tried to send me there for all I know
You and your minions managed to inflict wounds
Some of them deep, and yes some of them festered and oozed for years
Seeped inward...poisoning me for way too long
It took me so long to understand that your wish for me
Was a reflection of where you had found yourself
Brought about by your own past...and later your own vitriol
Both while you roamed around up here among the living
And now I am sure that hell followed you down there
That you are still there...suffering in torment
Filled with snarling hatred and ignorance
I suppose that I should thank you really...for showing me
That hell is a real place, an awful place
Too bad that your Priest never told you the rest
That it is only lasts as long as we choose it
Too late for you

kvwordsmith (2013-10-25 07:56:44)

This is my favorite piece on this blog so far...very thought provoking

Tracy Moore (2013-10-25 11:37:23)

Thanks Kerry! I am glad that you enjoyed it.

The Bear In The Front Yard (2013-10-26 07:37)

You look out your window and see a bear sitting by your front door... staring into the window your looking out of.....

It stares at you through the window and you stare back at the bear.

As you look at the bear you realize how pretty the bear is. The bear is a beautiful russet brown with black and white specks all over her.

But what is scary is the bears eyes.

The bear has no eyes. None at all.

The bears eyes are bleeding red holes.

She can see you but you don't know how the bear sees you if it has no eyes.

You try to back away from the window but the bear starts walking toward the window.

You then turn around and run into the basement but the bear jumps in and breaks the window, landing right on top of you.

With the bear pinning you down you now have nowhere to go.

So you start to scream and thrash around, trying to get free.

But you can't move.

You suddenly grow tired and see that the bear is eating all you energy.

Soon you grow so tired you cant do anything and you black out never to wake up again.....

Shattered (2013-10-27 04:45)

I have heard the tales of the Bone Collectors before, but I never thought that I myself would become one, much less become one for my own self.

I don't remember much about "the incident", where I became nothing more than a chopped up pile of carnage, flesh and bones and gooey bits spread out on the floor.

I have no recollection of how the flesh was stripped from my bones, but as I gather those same bones now, I can see the teeth marks of predators, knife scrapes, even charred bits. Did he really actually try to burn me? What happened with that? I wonder.

There is no memory of arriving at this place. Some may call it a desert. Some may call it something else. I do not think this is Hell. Would the Masters of Hell allow you to collect yourself, piece by piece, taking up that tiger by the toe, knowing full well you mean to put yourself back together? I think not.

Perhaps this is what is left of Purgatory, as the Church did away with such a place years ago. I, like my grandmother, ponder the fate of all those unbaptized babies—where did they go, if they could not go to Heaven and they could not go to Hell and Purgatory was denied them? Every Priest had his own answer, not all of which matched another's.

Regardless, it is in this barren place I find what is left of my self now. I wander almost aimlessly, amidst many various bones. Not all of them are mine. I have to identify each one. I have put back together many a wolf, many a raven. I hadn't realized that I was singing until the first Bird turned to thank me for his life back. How strange.

What am I to do, once I find each shard of bone and reconnect it to the bones that should surround it? Will I then become whole, as have the birds and the beasts I create as I ponder? I don't know.

Should I find myself intact once again, will I vanish from this place, to find myself again where that man lives and breathes? Should I enact some form of revenge? I don't know.

There is much to think about as I dig through this desert made from disintegrating bones. What if I cannot find each fragment of myself? Will I be able to become whole again if there are tiny fragments caught outside my reach? I know plenty of fragmented people, back where I come from. They walk and talk and avert disaster every day of their lives. Are they each less a person for being unable to become whole? I am not sure.

All I do know right now is that I must complete this monumental task before me. One piece at a time. I can bear the heat. I can bear the wind. I fill the basket on my back, one piece at a time.

As The Phoenix (2013-10-28 07:52)

Vile words tore through to the very core of the girl
With carnage equal to a butcher knife plunging into the middle of her body
Sinking ever deeper with each assault
Stripping the innocence away one syllable and disdainful look at a time
That which was once a wonder-filled, dancing, laughing little fairy
Has been methodically shapeshifted into a soot darkened creature of sorrow
The laughter which once tinkled like bells was snuffed out
Replaced by mournful sobs and a tear soaked pillow on a pink ruffled bed
Decades of time does the girl spend bowed in fear, wings folded brokenly about her shoulders
Around her, those who had pushed their weapons into her with gleeful malice ask her
Where the light-filled magical girl went
Slowly, sometimes painfully she rises back from the barren lands of devastation
Miraculously still radiating light and love
Though now she sometimes flickers with the flames of the Phoenix
Transformed into a blazing angel of justice
Ready for battle as only a being risen from ashen devastation is
She has been to the deep shadows and returned
Battle torn, wounded, glowing...strong.

Lily Pad Lotus (2013-10-29 05:03)

Once upon a time, I was a real live person, with hopes and dreams and, you know, skin and blood and bone. I could breathe fresh air, feel the sun on my face.

Then, He happened. Isn't it nice to fall in love, get beaten to death with a baseball bat, and end up in the swamp? Didn't something similar happen to a most lovely lively French vampire in some novel some time? He came back. Why shouldn't I?

I am not eating frogs and toads. It just seems wrong. I cannot catch fish, not while I am down here. That, well, that requires hands, you know. No alligators for me. Not even flies. What is a lady to do, I ask?

I do what I can, in my current state, and that is pray. I imagine walking into the church of my childhood, the one on top the hill, and I light candles, hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of little white candles in their blood red dishes. One after the other, after the other, after the other...and I pray...I promise I will be a good girl from now on...I won't keep falling for those bad boys...I'll find a good man, one who loves me and treats me gently and fairly...I swear...

After some time, I feel something funny. There is something growing inside me, pushing, pushing hard, trying, trying to shove through me...but I am already broken. I do not break again.

It keeps thrusting into me, bearing up into me, pressing, jolting, straining...compelling me by the force of its growth upwards, ever higher.

At some point, I begin to see the Light. I had wondered why the Light had not yet come for me, the Ancestors clamoring around, beckoning me to follow them all down the Tunnel...yet here is the Light.

It took another few days to break through the surface of the Light, out into the Light. Oh, I've been in stuck deep in the mud and the muck. I have simply made it out of the water and into the air. But where? How? Surely there must be some way for me to tell?

Then, I hear this scream. A fairly maiden-like shriek. Although when I cast my gaze about, I see it comes from a rather large burly man in overalls. He has bare feet. "Lookit, Luthah," the man gibbers..."that skull there." He is pointing at me? "Lookit."

"Whachoo gabbin' 'bout, Toe-mus?"

Then I hear another gasp...

"That there flower dun grew through dat ladies skull there."

"Look how high out da water dey is."

"We best call someone. Da sheriff."

"Yup. We best betta."

Oh, a flower grew through me, pushing me to the surface. Apparently high above the surface. Perhaps now someone will come. Perhaps now justice can and will be served.

Maybe once they pull me out of the swamp, what remains of me, my soul will finally find peace...or at least the way home out of this swamp. I wouldn't mind having some haunting to do.

Just Your Imagination (2013-10-30 07:42)

Tendrils of wind snaking around corners eerily
Like a specter keening noisily in the night
Stranded here eternally, ever moaning and wailing
A mournful sound which sends chills into the hearts of those who hear
Black clouds swirling in the air, scudding across the surface of the moon
Shadows dancing by the windows looking over the back garden
Just as a stroke of lightening illuminates the landscape
Skeletal fingers wiggle across the ceiling as branches whip in the building gale
Clashes of thunder rumble through the air, sounding like a herd of ghostly horses
You huddle in a corner lit by a single flickering candle waiting for it to pass
Telling yourself over and over that there is nothing to fear...only the storm
There are no wailing spirits waiting to accost in the darkness, it's just your imagination
After what feels like forever the winds calm and the lightening ceases
Breathing normally once more, it's time to rise from the chair and return to bed
As you're walking slowly down the silent hallway, fingers brush through your hair
A cold rush of air speeds past and a shadow drifts through a doorway ahead
Picking up the pace, you rush to get safely under the blankets seeking comfort
When the sound of laughter splits the silence and the door slams closed
No way to explain this away, but should you believe that is nothing more
Than just your imagination

Kali Help You (2013-10-31 09:33)

You'll find me in the deep stillness of the night
In the middle of a glade, my nudity illuminated
By the cool, silver light of the moon
Arms raised high and head thrown back
A look of near ecstasy written on my face
You may think that I look magical...appealing
Summon what wisdom you have and use it
To quell your desire to approach me
For while I appear to be open to another night of passion
I am summoning, invoking, drawing the power of Kali into my being
Beseeching her to erase the remnants of my longing for you
For you knew that this was never a game to me
That the risk to my heart, my very spirit, was high
For I laid myself bare to you, told you my story
Yet you used those three words...I love you
As you were well aware that for me this was real
You chose to allow me a delusion of hope
When it seems that you knew that there wasn't any
At least not the sort that we both know that I needed
The sort that for all intents and purposes is for keeps
There are no guarantees in life
I know this, I am not an utter fool
Despite the fact that it seems you've taken me for one

Oh how hard I tried...Kali help me
Maybe you are the one who needs help now
For Kali and I you see are lovers, but also fierce warriors
Since it seems that I haven't been able to protect myself
I summon her to help salvage the pieces of my shattered heart
As for you my dear, that is up to her
For I have done my best...given you every chance
To either be in love or to let go...and you've faltered
She may very well choose to rip your heart out
In a way far more brutal than you've done with mine
If you somehow wind up being another skull on her necklace just remember
That you had a choice, that I practically begged you for mercy
Someday you might find yourself on the receiving end
With no one else to thank but the man in the mirror
As you reap what you sow and it all crumbles down
You might be left lying on the ground wounded and bleeding
Or perhaps you might find yourself instead becoming
The person you've always been capable of being, but weren't

Firefly (2013-10-31 15:14)

Whispers.

I hear whispers.

Running up and down my spine.

Like shivers.

Like chills.

Like fingers of ice,

Molded over with clay,

Chewed on by mice,

Beckoning from the grave.

I have a sense of urgency.

I cannot move.

I cannot breathe.

I do not know what is required of me.

I would close my eyes,

But my eyes are gone.
All that is left is me,
The hint of me,
A paltry vapor,
Clinging to the bones
Of what I used to call
Me,
My body.
I would swoon,
But there is no one here to catch me,
If I fell,
I wouldn't really smash into the ground
As there truly is none beneath me.
There is a quiet,
A hum,
Not quite a buzz.
There is something coming.
It is rising up,
Enveloping my bones,
Reckoning my spirit,
Gathering me close.
There is a heat,
A sweet warmth,
A most loving touch,
As the hoard begins to crawl,

Writhing around,
Fleshing my bones,
Moving my skeleton.
I am aglow.
I am the Firefly Boon.
See me.
Know me.
Watch me fly.

1.3 November

Aftermath (2013-11-01 04:06)

I went home. I'm not sure what I was expecting. All the physical wounds had healed, but—there were too many injuries the doctors had been unable to see, much less diagnose.

I was scared. Hands down. This was my home. It should have been my safe place, but that safety had been defiled.

I know Mike had had the place cleaned. I know he'd redone and made over both bedrooms, as well as the living room. He had kept me apprised each step of the way. He'd kept me involved, even from my hospital bed. Every day—every detail—he had gone over it with me—dragging me through the minutiae along with him, arguing with me until I say yes or no...and I had to be honest and not just fed up with things before he would stop pressing me to be so involved.

He had forced me to survive, to live, just for him. That amount of love and devotion, coming from a friend, was humbling—and edifying.

I knew what to expect, for the most part, when Padriac opened the door, as Michael ushered me into our home. I had seen so many pictures of every change that it was almost as if I had never been gone and that these things had been here all along.

I had expected Mike to throw together a little something for my welcome home, some little party. I had tried, very hard, to talk him out of it. Really. Then the door opened. Seven people stood up upon my entrance. I was completely relieved that it was to be such a small gathering. I could not have taken much more than that.

Then, I saw him. Smiling. Tears shining unspilt in his eyes. I don't remember running to him. Just collapsing in his arms before I could think of anything else. He held me, murmuring in my hair, stroking me. I inhaled deeply, growing intoxicated by the smell of him, his skin, his soap, his deodorant. That evening, nothing else much mattered after that.

I know we had plenty of food and drink that night. I know we talked, all of us, for hours. I know he never left my side that evening. After everyone headed out home, he stayed. He helped clean up. I asked him if he would spend the night. I don't know for sure if I would have been able to remain in that place or sleep in my own bed, despite all the alterations, without him beside me.

He did not ask for a single thing. He held me while I shook, while I cried, while I fought to hold on to my sanity that night once we were in bed, waiting for sleep to appear.

What more could I ask for? From anyone?

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L^AT_EX 2_ε & GNU/Linux.
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Edited: November 1, 2013

