Liv Martin

Looming in the spill of ink that was the hour of twilight, the moon haughtily glared down at me. I myself was focused on the dried-out petals that were slowly falling off a dead, thorned rose. A pitiful and morose symbol of the place I was at. Gravestones drenched with age and carelessness filled the miserable place and many a crow could be heard, crying out it's songs of sorrow and apprehension. My eyes wandered from grave to grave, a monotonous task of observing each name, each life forgotten. Every grave a fragment of time, lost to death. The silence was obnoxious. It festered. I tried to listen for anything, any sound of the night. This place cleared the numbness, opened the wounds of memories I begged to forget.

Quiet.

Too much quiet.

I could feel my blood gushing through my body, feel the terror take my soul.

Rustle of leaves.

Winding of a spiderweb, diligently being formed by a spider.

My senses were heightened and I could see everything, feel everything.

There was something in my head!

Squirming about.

It was making a sound, a ringing.

Ring

Ring.

Ring.

Whatever was in my head, it was clearly pointing me in a direction. Now, I am unsure as to why, but I felt compelled to listen to this unfamiliar noise. It took me to a grave with no photos or flowers. Nothing to tell me this person ever existed.

Silence came again.

But I could sense the ticking countdown of time; something was about to happen. And happen it did.

For a hand of a ghostly ghoulish colour clawed out!

Open wounds full of infection and bits of flesh hanging off covered the hand. Veins of every shade spiked through the skin and in places, jagged chunks had been teared away revealing bone.

Horror clutched my throat, as a shrill shriek crawled out of my mouth.

Very much similar to my own scream, the creature let out its own guttural cry.

As you could've assumed its head had poked out at this time; shrunken eyes drained of any soul, of anything, bored into my eyes. Tightly stretched skin pulled over bones.

I then noticed something.

It was freeing itself.

Despite my fright, I ran. I didn't think. I didn't hesitate. It could hear the groan of the beast, signalling it was out.

The woods were ahead, and I rushed into the thick trees, hoping to be swallowed by its vastness. Hidden from the creature. I kept running.

Deep into the forest, my heart was thumping louder than my brain could compute. I felt as if I was watching my life through a screen, a mere observer of what was happening. Distant to reality.

But of course, I wasn't.

I hid behind a tall pine tree, holding my panting breaths. It walked past in all its repulsive glory. Scars and bruises covered the body, from many, blood leaked out. Much hair was gone, leaving a few lonely patches, and the eyes, oh the eyes. Tormented by agony, scared by memories, much like my own. I thought it had limped past, and I was free to run. I let out a much-needed breath: it heard. Turning around rapidly, it lunged for me in a quick moment of delusion and mania. It managed to grasp my leg, and pushed its disgusting fingers around my skin. Hysterically, I screamed and this burst of adrenaline forced me on. I got up and ran. And ran and ran.

When I covered my ears, I still heard the screeches coming from its throat, saw its disfigured face when I closed my eyes and no matter what I did, I knew it was somewhere. Eventually, I reached the local village. Something was wrong. I couldn't see anybody. Anxiety crept through my veins, raced through my blood. Eventually, people started appearing, but, oh God. Everyone there was, in some way, the creature that had been terrorising me! What on earth! I gasped and fell back, collapsing on to the cobbled floor. Snarls and hisses got louder, as the terrible beasts surrounded me.

As they all clawed to get a piece of me, I fainted from fear.

"They escaped again."

"How, it's supposed to be impossible?"

"We don't know, they're refusing to tell us."

"What happened while they were out?"

"Supposedly, everyone they saw was a beast. A violent one."

"What … is everyone ok?"

"Yes, but the escaped patient keeps talking about something in their head, telling them about the creatures."

"They just went to the graveyard, where they attempted to dig up the grave of the man they murdered."