

Gothic Sidestory: The Masqrade

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A small story that I wrote for a friend of mine.pretty good actually.

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1 - The Masquerade

A great party of masked dancers and secrets. Of great lights and music. I stood in the corner silent as a mouse in the night. The dancers swept past leaving cool air in their wake. I watched the guests enter through the Grand Doorway, sweeping their skirts and adjusting their cummerbunds. As my lady descended the staircase I stepped from the shadows. Her black and red dress glistened in the dim light and her sickly pale skin glowed. My cape billowed back and revealing my tux, a soft, black velvet with red cummerbund and tie. Held under my gaze she took my hand as I swept her out onto the dance floor.

A giant mirror stood as one wall of the hall. With all the people in the room there was only one reflection. It was my Lady's reflection, her death was of late yet her soul remained against the will of her dead body. Swiftly she turned as the tumult of the quickened. Faster we danced. We danced through the others as if they weren't there. Disappearing into dust the others fell. The orchestra faded as the clock chimed midnight. We froze in mid movement as stone spread over our exterior. Locked forever in a stone casing that was cast upon us by The Midnight Witch. When the last of our kind dies, my lady and I will weep crimson tears of sorrow and our stone casing will shatter causing the blood of our nations to rush forth and spread Death, War, Greed, and Famine throughout the countries of the world.