

Mort

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Strange things are happening to Mort. He's had this one dream as long as he could remember and now he's wondering if it was a repressed memory. If it had happened why weren't the other villagers warned about this man? Was the King apart of it?

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1 - Dreams of the Past

Blood, that's all I see, blood. It's everywhere! Where did it even come from? I can't seem to see anything but blood and a face with yellow eyes and a sinister smile. Well that's all I used to be able to see but this time it's better, almost clearer. The man has blood all over himself. Mostly his mouth and hands. Are these people at his feet my parents? OH MY GOD!

I woke up screaming and breathing heavily, was this dream a repressed memory? Well whatever it was I know I'll find more out next time I sleep. It always seems that more comes every night. I remember the first time I had this dream all I could see was red and yellow, there was no sign of anything else but it made me feel like all the life had been stolen from my very blood as if I was the victims. Laying there watching my murderer smile with pleasure. Of course I knew no one had actually looked into my parents death since it was the dark ages and what do the kings and queens care if they loose two peasants? They probably only see it as two less people to worry about and feed. I wish someone had done something, or if they knew tell me. Maybe they didn't want a child and left me on some strangers door step then ran off so I could never find them. There came a knock at my door around then.

"Mort, are you up?" that was the voice from Laetitia, Vince's mother but also the only one I have known. She was harsh at times but you could tell that she cared for you. "It's time to start the morning chores."

"I'll be right there Laetitia."

Me and Vince always had to take care of the animal's every morning then sometimes head out to the field and help tend to the wheat and what not. At least we were able to work together and that made it a little more pleasurable. Well with Vince it made it a lot more pleasurable and we were always getting into trouble from everyone about goofing off and not working hard enough. I say if your going to do something you know you aren't going to enjoy why not try and make it fun, it seems like when we work together I get more done then working alone. Oh well it was time to start this day and if we were lucky we wouldn't get into trouble from one of King Theoden's men.

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"Well that' was better than usual don't you think?" Vince half laughed after we had come out of our area's supervisor's hunt.

"Yes indeed, we only got five lashes this time." I smiled rubbing my sore back.

By now it was getting dark again and people were heading in for supper then off the bed. It was the same thing every day and it was starting to get pretty boring for me.

Blood again and the same yellow eyes with the sinister smile. Again he had blood all over his mouth and hands. The same bodies were on the floor at his feet and I felt like I should some how know them. Somehow they were close to me. Running? Why I am running now? The man... where is he? I don't see him but I feel like he was chasing after me and I should know where he is at all times.

I wake again certain this time that the two people were my mother and father and I was running away from whoever had killed them. So why this time do I feel like I should still be on the look out for him? Was I still in danger?