

Dancing lights

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mystery story

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1 - Dancing lights

The rain crashed down hard, the lightning flashed as quick as a gun shot, the thunder boomed and howled and tried to open the window with its long tormenting fingers, it was the most scary night Beryl had ever had to sleep through, she put her head under the pillow, curled up and quivered.

Her dressing gown hung swinging on the back of her door, looking like ghosts coming for her screech's of terror, her china doll stared at her with small evil eyes, Just standing there as if it had witnessed her committing a horrible murder, wind chimes and dream-catchers added more beats to her heart, as they swung, back and forth in the wind. Beryl squeezed her bear she kept speaking to herself thinking...In a moment I would be in dream land, all the gnomes and pixies would be waiting for me to come and enjoy there fun and games. However, it never happened, every moment became a minute, every minute became an hour and every hour became a nightmare, her body restrained her from sleeping. She heard the snoring of her Mother, (not her Father as he had died in a car accident three years ago) and if her Mother was not awake no one was.

The next thing Beryl heard was the sound of a rustle coming from the living room. She didn't want to see what it was but inside her gut feeling was that she had to. She slowly climbed out of her top bunk, making sure her sister didn't awaken. Her tennis racket was leaning against the door, so she grabbed it and quickly opened the door making sure it didn't squeak. She held the racket above her head getting ready the smack what ever was near, but there it was again, a rustling noise, but this one was followed by what sounded like singing. Singing, Yes soft soothing singing, the kind that could put you to sleep, and the kind that could melt your insides instantly. Beryl followed the sound and opened the door that blocked the sound out, and nothing could prepare her for what she was about to see.

Beryl felt her heart sink, in front of her were small, dancing lights about the size of a light bulb, she wiped her eyes to see if her mind was tricking her, but it wasn't. She walked in fully, and the small creatures gathered around her, apart from four light blue ones who were huddled around the fish tank, but what were they doing? Just then, a wispy cloud floated out from it in to the air. Beryl had realised, they lights were taking the spirits from Gengas there dead fish, They where Angels. A green light went up to her and put its small hand on her mouth, "shhhhh" it whispered in a high note. Then the small angels did some strange dance, and then they disappeared.

What was Beryl to do, she had just seen the most amazing thing in the world, but she couldn't tell anyone. She kept her promise to the small, green light, she wouldn't tell, not now, not ever, and thats how it was going to be. Beryl sat there next to the fish tank shocked, what if they came back. What if they came for Beryl? The last thought she had before falling asleep was "They can't harm me, their Angels..." The next day was a misty sort of day, the white cloud hovered low the trees swayed in the gentle breeze, and there was rustling in the bushes where the birds made their nests, It was the perfect

day to just sit doing nothing. Beryl stroked her dogs one-by-one as they woke up. As usual, Dizzy was the first one to wake up, followed by Dixie and finally Duke, all three of the dogs were westies, little white troopers, adventurous, mischievous and loud. Dizzy got her name because she was always on the move, running around in circles all day long. Dixie got her name because she was the little cute one, the kind of dog that you would walk too in the streets and stroke. Then Duke the little devil, always running away and raiding the bins, named after the "Dukes of Hazard". As Beryl lay there, she wondered if she lay some bait, maybe the dancing lights would come back...there was only one way to find out.