The Light at the End of the Tunnel

By lusanu_blackmoon

Submitted: June 14, 2006
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*Okay this is a Horror type story. Sorry for any spelling mistakes by the way! Not much else to say about this story, you'll see what happens as you read on :) Hope you will like it^^*

1 - The Introduction

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The large, exquisitely decorated, room was dark, shadows prancing and leaping over the grand piano
and long velvet drapes from the weary dancing flames of the slowly dying fire
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The large, exquisitely decorated, room was dark, shadows prancing and leaping over the grand piano and long velvet drapes from the weary dancing flames of the slowly dying fire. It flickered in the great marble and ebony wood fire place. A small almost rectangular shaped table, glowing a beautiful red-brown colour, stood oddly in front of the fire. Even more oddly, a woman sat, straight-backed, facing the flames at this table. The perfect ringlets of her auburn hair fell softly and rested elegantly on her shoulders.
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Though the room was dark, the deep, rich colour of her midnight blue dress could be glimpsed with the flickering of the flames. Her face was thin and features pointed, her eyes a vampiric mixture or brown, green and orange. They stared deeply downwards at the table at what seemed to be a red satin purse with black ribbon tie. On the table lay broken shards of stained glass in deep reds, greens and blues.
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She tinkered with the broken glass shards taking care of the jagged edges and carefully lifting each piece, without a sound, would again lay each piece back down to rest on the table, avoiding the blunt clink of glass on wood. Alone she arranged the shards of glass on the table each night, making a new image, a new story. Long into the night hours she worked, until, finally, when forced by the dead embers of the fire, she swept each piece into the satin purse carefully and retired.
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Alone in the old great house, save a few servants, she was as silent and mysterious as the shards of glass with which she played. Not since the death of her husband had she uttered more than a few

words. The towns' people feared her, and stories arose from gossip of how her husband died. Very rarely anymore was she invited to parties or masquerades of the aristocrats and so was an outcast, in a lonely limbo between the too extremes.
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This night was no different, its quite aura of solitude. The slight sound of the whistling wind outside the shuttered windows, the soft crackling of the malnourished fire, the slow, rhythmic intake of her breath. All as familiar, deafening sounds to her ears and disturbingly reassuring to her mind; "When it is this quite, I will always here the footsteps of on comers. Never…..will they catch me unawares…..I will hear them…." And so her mind revolved, paranoia its driver.
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2 - Chapter 2

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The night was yet young. Her feet rested firmly on the wooden floor. The dark shadows flickered behind
the sofas and left the room a gaping chasm of doubt. To the darkness behind her she paid no attention,
she looked at the dying light.
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Just as the antique grandfather clock struck three in the mourning the woman felt an uneasy presence in
the room. Almost immediately she froze, still looking down, one arm in mid-air, fingers softly griping a
shard of glass. Only her eyes strayed slightly upwards to stare directly at the now dead embers of the
fire. She felt her chest grow heavy with fear and doubt. Her arm which clutched the glass began to
tremble. A sharp an icy feeling spidered up her spin and her mouth slipped slightly open as if she wished
to say something, but no sound came, only a caught breath slowly and painfully being let go.
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All was silent. The clock had tolled and now not even its reassuring "ticks" were smothered under the aura of fear the woman felt. All stayed silent….she waited, holding the same monotonous position…….until… there was nothing! She looked for reassurance in this silence and slowly her arms grew steady and chest lighter as she managed to regain her confidence in this dark room. A soft, relieved sigh she let out and closed her eyes slightly. Never once did she peer around into the dark room, as if denying what ever may be lurking there.
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Her heart felt as if it had been impaled. It throbbed faster and faster and the blood coursing through her veins made a painful ach underneath her pale skin. She heard its powerful throbbing in her ears and her eyesight quivered in sync with every beat. The adrenalin rushed through her veins now as well. She could barely sit still on the chair.
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And again she heard it, the creek of the wooden floor. Long and drool, echoing off the walls with the noise rippling upwards through the dead still air towards where the woman sat. Then the heavy thud as the foot that made this noise came finally to the end of its step.
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Petrified the woman was stuck, frozen in fear. The glass shard fell from her hand as it drew blood. She had been holding it so tight…she hadn't even noticed the blood trickling steadily down her wrists and softly caress her fingers. The sharp sound of the shard as it fell and scattered the glass jigsaw on the table sent the women into a frenzy of twitches. She was now shaking uncontrollably, her fingers and nails digging into the table's side.
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But yet she wouldn't turn around, didn't look, it couldn't harm her if she denied it….death was only death if
you accepted it.
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3 - At the end...

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<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
A thug on her dress….
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A small hand reached up with outstretched, chubby fingers and touched her lightly on her cold, tense hand, which immediately loosened its rigor mortis like grip. Slowly as if she had forgotten all her fears she tilted her head and gazed at the tear drenched face of a little girl.
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Slowly the little girl clasped the woman's cold hand and quietly persuaded her out of her chair. Silently without a word, the woman stood up and turned away from the fire place. Her eyes were staring at this

mysterious girl with her creamy-white embroidered dress and golden ringlets. The girls face and icy blue eyes were red and distorted with a silent sadness. She coaxed the woman with her sad mysterious face to walk silently to the centre of this dark room. The woman was hypnotised and gently took the little girls hand and aloud herself to be lead. Her eyes were now dull and pupils dilated in the darkness, her face showed the same stony, lonesome expression but now with the same hint of sadness as the girls.
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As they reached the centre of the giant room, the grand furniture around them all covered in white sheets, the little girls stopped.
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The frosty moonlight poured in through the tall, thin windows of the room, leaving long pale blue-white stripes of cold light on the otherwise dark floor. It was all so still, a silent time capsule, not even the dull sound of the whistling wind or the swaying shadows of the leafless trees in the moon-light could be hard or seen. The fire that had been crackling was now no more than black embers, dead and cold. No kind, warm light, only darkness.
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The woman continued to stare down at the little girl. A strange sense of malevolence entered the motionless cold air of the room. A wicked, burning sensation cut the woman's throat at every breath. It irritated her as if thousands of nettles caressed her skin with their stinging leaves. The little girl turned her head upward towards the woman, but she was not crying, her face not red with tears, but an evil grin. Her eyebrows lowered and eyes took on a black shadow, engulfing their icy blueness. The woman quickly woke from her hypnotised state and looked frantically around in horror.
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From the dark shadows of the room came figures of pure black, a rough outline of their shape contrasting with the pale moonlight. They seeped from the shadows like black oil which had taken form and movement. Shadows of people, each with their own distinctive inhuman features. The woman twisted and spun looking all around. They had encircled her, a perfect circle, and a circle growing tighter and tighter at every heart beat. She opened her mouth and let out a helpless gasp of fear. She was shaking uncontrollably and she could feel her knees give way with spin. She twisted around and around in this circle, the terror she felt penetrating deeper and deeper into her as is someone had plunged her into an icy cold bath of water. She was in a frenzy of mindless panic, petrified beyond sense.
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Screams, blasphemous screams, so high pitched rang agonizingly in through her ears; she tore at them insanely, her nails digging into the soft flesh, ripping it effortlessly. Closing her eyes tightly she tried to block off the insane thoughts racing through her mind. She screamed and finally crumbled to the floor, sweet blood trickling over her cold cheeks and dry lips. "She who lost…" The screams began to taunt, over and over again.
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The enclosing circle of figures had ceased and stood entirely still, taunting from afar, as if making an evil mockery of the blood-covered woman screaming and whining on the floor.
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The woman screamed until her throat was raw and the taste of blood in her mouth overpowered her. Her hands clutched at her ears and eyes and as her screams grew into painful whines she noticed the screaming of the figures had ceased, as if there never had been a sound made. Had she imagined it? Had they even opened the red, fire-licked pits that defined their mouths? It seemed now as if she had dreamed the screams. She looked up confused and a small seed of hope twisted its cruel roots inside of

her. The figures she could still see, they had not gone. Each bowed their heads and stood unnaturally stiff. And then, directly in front of her turned head she saw the familiar leather boots of someone she had never forgotten.
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Before her stood the instantly recognisable form of her husband, he was as she remembered him, tall, straight -backed with a well combed mass of brown curly hair. She saw him now in a strange new light, as if all this darkness did not affect him even in the slightest. She stared in awe from the floor and painfully began to crawl to her knees. She was in a state of semi-consciousness, surreal reality, this was ludicrous! Perhaps nothing but a figment of subconscious imagination and longing! Some thing she could never quite accomplish or even grasp in her pitiful everyday life she found in her fantasies, convoluted and twisted as they may be. Her strange mind worked itself through solitude and her subconscious second, doubtful vice which echoed her every thought drove her to this state.
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She looked up and with her outstretched hand made to clasp happiness the final time as the encircling figures of black closed in swiftly, shrouding her in threatening darkness.
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