

A circulating painful grip on life.

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By : Livebecauseyoucan

Donâ t keep your expectations in sight, because what you will read here will banish expectations, this is something you will read and never expect any of it.



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## **A circulating painful grip on life.**

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No one saw her slip through. No one took any notice of the girl when she latched open the door, pulled the ivory doors wide enough to squeeze two people through. She stood at the edge of the room, one foot step away from everything that held a change so big, it had the universe in sake of dying. She took a risky glance back but all of her friends were laughing and flirting with others. No one stared at her with startled eyes as they swarmed to see the rest of what was hidden. No one would stop as she took her final step of life.

No one to stop her... no one to help her... no one to save her. These were the words which repeated in her mind over and over in her head. Until she came to the conclusion that this really meant she was going to die.

She lifted her watch; her eyes read the numbers eleven fifty nine. One more minute. Her insides were sweating and clenching of nerves. Why was she so nervous to die?

She leant her head further outside the door, and took in the already forming scene of Hell.

Her eyes set on the birds first, there sharp wings cutting through the air as they squealed, the patterns on their skin were a bluey- black colour and their skin looked rough, papery. The sky was a thick, curly puff of smoke that was spread all though Hell eclipsing in the life of darkness. Nothing was clear, everything you saw you had to squint at first to see it more precisely. There was no humans in sight only a small amount of black cloaked, red eyed creatures which growled at her, there strong eyes glaring into mins shadowing everything around. The town now looked pitch black apart from the deep, blood colour eyes full of bitterness waiting to explode.

A clean blow of a whistle sharpened her senses. She looked around herself seeing no longer the loud, noisy bar with laughter escaping within. No green and purple striped walls with windows in the corner needing a wash. No glasses smashed or any of that kind situated anywhere. She was nowhere.

Then she was falling, a deep sense of nothing washed over her. Her body was splitting in part, getting pulled in half, a rubbery feel escaping throughout my body. Her legs were hanging mid air and she was no longer falling. She was never falling. She was frozen in time, her life dying- changed everything.

There was no earth now. No home. No movement. No escape.

There was only one place where we would be free to move around One where, if you choose means betraying everyone. Not that that mattered anymore. Although it was just an awful, disgrace to change dimensions, to wander in the place where death is life, where you lived on the smell of fear, where pain was enjoyed by everyone, a place that when you think of it sent mini spasms through your body. A place she had already stolen a glimpse at.

A place where she would automatically be transferred too. Because she had no choice, she was already on her way there.

She was fighting her mental self trying to keep her body in this dimension, even if she was forced to go. Her mind was fighting off the stretching and pulling aching through her body.

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It was no use though; the curse was made, saved- Erasable.

She was transferred into hell, while the rest of earth was frozen.

There was only one way this could be started again. The curse couldn't be erased but could be started again life on another planet maybe, to awaken this form of dead.

The satisfied demons only needing one form of a person to change the way everything was spinning. And maybe not far from now that one person would continue on the life span, human or not- a world of people was better than none. If nobody came they would be forced with incredible painful thoughts and no movement- Or the choice of joining with Hell.

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