

The Way She Dreams

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Willow dreams frequently, of horrendous crimes and gruesome deeds. When murders start appearing in the paper, how will she deal with it?

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This may seem like a horror story at first.. and it kind of is. But I promise you, in a couple chapters or so, the mystery/crime part will start to begin. Enjoy! (:

Leaves, white as frozen snow, light as the slightest feather, drifted down by the hundreds as I looked up. They lay in thin sheets on the crystalline floor, remnants of them crushed into a fine powder. My face split into a grin as I danced my way through the never-ending room. A beautiful, yet haunting piano song played itself through, the sounds reverberating through my body, inspiring my graceful, ballerina like steps.

The haunting music started to turn frightening off. Keys were hit rapidly, often in the wrong tune, the strings vibrating and distorting the once gorgeous music. My bright, olive green eyes widened as I heard a low pitched chuckle in the background, accompanied by the scream of a child. The small, oval leaves turned dried up, turning a dark red, the powdered leaves on the floor turning sloshy, grotesque, and liquidly. It covered my feet, and my breathing turned harsh and panicked. The crystal floor turned transparent, showing it's contents. Black flames had erupted were the dark liquid lay, igniting the flames like gasoline. Footsteps made themselves clear, and the screams returned. I turned, long, wavy blond hair swaying, and saw not only children, but men, women, the elderly, all running. The screams... they all sound the same... I thought despairingly.

The frightened humans got closer and closer, and I stood, frozen in place. My feet were glued to the floor, the thick blood sloshing around them, looking eerily like blood. The people ran, splashing themselves and other in their desire to escape. My attempts to move got more and more desperate, though they were all futile. Sweat drenched through my light navy dress, beads of perspiration falling from my forehead. Damn, I thought. The thundering crowd was near; even if I somehow got free, I could never outrun them. I tensed, eyes clenched shut, waiting for the impact of the stampede to knock me out cold.

But it never came. The people passed right through me. I was never hurt, but ice filled my veins, chill bumps covering my body. They must have felt it too... They hesitated as they passed. She whimpered, the sensation of it all was extremely uncomfortable.

A small girl, who looked merely 3, was pushed out of the way by a young man. She fell, elbows taking most of the impact. Her light brown pigtails were soaked in blood, and she must have gotten a few scrapes by the way her face crumpled up. The maniacal chuckle reappeared as the crowd fully passed. She squealed, thrashing around, unable to move.

The owner of the chuckle walked through the shadows, dressed in flowing white robes. He stopped and kneeled before the girl, placing a long, rough finger on her jaw.

"Scared, are you? I promise, I will help you, though it comes at a small cost," he drawled in a raspy voice, his finger now tracing the girl's hairline.

"Please, please..," the toddler whimpered. The man nodded.

"As you wish."

He unhooded himself, and I nearly threw up.

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His scabby face, rough and tinged gray, looked like a patchwork of different people. A dark, tall nose, thin pale lips. One rosy cheek, one with a high cheekbone. But his eyes, oh they were both the same. Blackened red, dark outside the irises. They... They reminded me of Hell.

The little girl screamed, her brown eyes wide and glassy with unshed tears. The man laughed maniacally as he placed his hands tenderly on her cheeks.

"Your wish... Is granted!" He twisted the girl's neck. Her head was rotated 180 degrees, fear plastered on her face. The robed man picked her up. She could no longer speak, but she had might as well been screaming. The word, unspoken, forever remained on her lips, echoed endlessly in my head.

"Help."

The bloody floor beneath me shattered like glass, crystal shards flying, and I fell straight into the fiery pits of hell.

I woke with a start, palms sweating, lips and cheek bloody where I had bitten them. My breathing was harsh, heart hammering against my chest.

This wasn't the first dream gone wrong. Months ago it had happened, but never again had it occurred. Until now. My dreams were always extremely lucid, and I always remembered them to the last detail. His gray, scabby face alight with glee as he snapped the girl's neck... I shuddered. I never told a soul... but should I?

I felt a nudge on my chest. My cat, Ruelle, purred as she rubbed her face against mine. My full lips curved at the sides, my breath nearly back to normal, as the small animal calmed me down. The year old feline was hardly the size of my head, but chubby nevertheless. She had grayish blue fur and piercing, ice blue eyes that shut when you scratched between her ears. "Is it sad," I whispered, "that only you can comfort me? No one else, not my family or a single friend..." I trailed off. The soft, dancing footsteps that belonged to my mother pranced down the corridors of our home; very near my room. I scooped up Ruelle and slumped on my pillow, feigning sleep.

The door opened. "Willow?" My mom called out softly. She padded over to me, bare feet sticking to our wooden floor. She stopped at my bed, bent over, her brown hair tickling my arm. She pressed her cool, deep pink lips to my temple and whispered a fast "sweet dreams" in my ear before leaving.

If only she knew.

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