

The Mystery of Hut on the Mountaintop

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By : **Marcela Re Ribeiro**

It is about love, loss, mystery...



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It was almost midnight. An icy mist covered the empty streets of a small fishing village. The only plangent sound was caused by breaking

of waves that resounded violently on the icy rocks around the seafront.

The landscape, seen from the top of the mountain, by the window of a small hut, was almost magical, if it not been for the loneliness that consumed the eyes of those who admired such beauty.

Absorbed in his thoughts, the lone man spent hours at the window, but did not dare open the door and breathe the breeze coming from the sea. Full of hate in his heart and angry at the loss of his life, he saw only the pain and loneliness.

Without friends, and family, he spent the remnant of his days looking out that window. Perhaps, imagining the happy days of yore, which had run into the arms of his beloved, after weeks at sea. His former shipmates said she was gorgeous, and many others believed she was a mermaid.

There were those who said that it was she who prevented him from leaving. That could be the spell of the mermaid. What is known is that she disappeared without leaving a message, a note... Some confirmed that had seen her go into the sea and turn into a mermaid, others deny. But since then, even those who claimed to hear her singing, always at midnight, did not hear the mermaid's singing over.

Myth or truth, the fact is that everyone's eyes sparkled when they spoke of her beauty. She had fiery red hair, green eyes like the sea water and her smile lit up his whole face. It was almost mesmerizing. And, so, the years went by until one day, a fisherman, down there, saw that the door of the hut, did not stop beating by the wind, and decided to climb the mountain.

Many were afraid to go there and not come back because of the mermaid spell. Then, away he went, full of fear, with trembling hands and wobbly legs. But his curiosity was greater than his fear. Tired of rising and terrified at what he could find, he came softly, one foot after another, looking at all sides without stopping.

From inside the house nothing was heard. Leaves scattered on the floor, an old rocking chair fallen in front of the window, an empty coffee mug and a pair of slippers, made up the scenario seen by the fearful, but courageous fisherman. He called the old friend. Silence. He called again. Silence.

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Suddenly, a light breeze on his face and a guffaw cut the silence. He turned and saw nothing. The poor man could not even move. Confused and not sure if, indeed, had heard a guffaw, or if it was all his imagination, he asked for help to the saints, muttered a few prayers, and sped off.

Nobody ever dared to climb on the mountaintop. The mystery of the passionate and abandoned man, immersed in his grief by had lost a great love, is still subject on the chat of the small village.

Just in case, before the clock strikes midnight, everybody come back to their homes, and the silence is only broken by the sound of waves breaking on the rocks around the seafront. Sometimes calm, and sometimes violent.

By - Marcela Re Ribeiro

I Hope you enjoy it! Brazilian Kisses :)

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