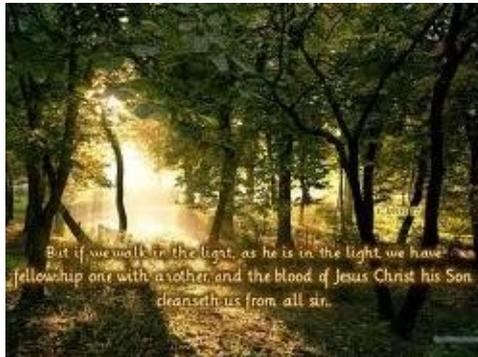


# ThroughThe Dark Trees

By : The Battlecry

Have you ever woken up in a dark forest with no idea how you had gotten there? Well it feels like a nightmare that you woke up from full of clammy sweat and a still pounding heart, except I hadn't woken up from the nightmare. I was living it.



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Have you ever woken up in a dark forest with no idea how you had gotten there? Well it feels like a nightmare that you woke up from full of clammy sweat and a still pounding heart, except I hadn't woken up from the nightmare. I was living it.

Looking around me I could see dark shadows move from tree to tree in unnatural silence. Seeing them move sent my heart beating faster than it had already, the clammy sweat I had felt earlier was now coming more freely from body. Standing quickly, a high pitched buzz ringed in my ears making me dizzy and disoriented.

“w-whos t-there?” I asked faintly, more shadows moved between the dark trees. Mist was slowly moving in, “*whos there!*” I screamed my voice high pitched, no one answered. Running my hand through my long curly blonde hair and holding my other to my stomach I started to sob. My eyes darted side to side as the hysteria started to seep into my mind closely followed by paranoia that someone was laughing at me. The next thing I know, I’m running.

Branches hit my arms scratching them as I push forward through the dense forest, bushes and roots try to trip me as if they were alive. For I knew, they could be.

I wanted to stop running but my legs wouldn't let me, I wanted to clear my mind and take a breath but something, or rather *someone*, didn't want me to. Tears fell freely down my face as I thought I heard a man laugh at me, not with my ears but inside my mind. The paranoia was hitting me hard when I saw more shadows around me almost like they were trying to hunt me. Blood pounded in my ears as I tried to run away from these. . . these *demons* that were hunting me, that were laughing at me. Making the mistake of looking behind me I didn't see the tree branch the hit me in the face, falling to the ground I heard more cruel and inhuman laughter coming from the darkness around me.

*They're gonna kill me!* I thought pushing myself back up, I was running again. I didn't know where I was going but I knew I had to run, I just had to or something bad would happen. “what do you want from me!” I screamed again falling on my face, I couldn't stop sobbing, I couldn't stop shaking from the fear of this living hell.

*no.* a voice in my head said, *hell's much, much worse.* . . then it laughed at again, that laugh was so cruel and pure evil it was like it wanted me to get hurt. It enjoyed my tears of pain and fear, I wanted to see me die slow and painfully, It wanted me to become even more frantic and scared and lost just for it's entertainment. Looking around me frantically I felt completely hopeless, all around me were trees and shadows filled with hatred and rage focused at me for something I didn't do. Stopping I looked at my dirty hands, something dark red was on them. Looking a little closer, not really sure how else to react, I saw that what they were smothered in was *blood*.

“oh God,” I gasped, my knees were shaking uncontrollably. Falling to them I felt the hard earth beneath me. Shadows surrounded me as if waiting for this moment when I would fall, when I would give in. I took a deep shaky breath remembering something from the church my mom made me go to.

*One of the soldiers pierced Jesus' side and there came a great flow of blood and water, Ephesians 2:13* looking at my hands I knew who's blood it was, it wasn't mine, it was Gods. although I never believed in him I felt like in this dark and demented place he was my only hope of life.

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â God,â I prayed, â i never really believed in you before, and I thought anyone who did was stupid for believing,â I looked up to the gray sky, â but now that Iâ m here, now that I see the your blood on my hands, the blood you gave so that you would die for me-â my voice cracked so I looked back my hands unsure of how to continue, biting my lip I tried to keep back the flood of tears rolling down my face. â i just want to say Iâ m sorry, for taking me this long to realize that your there. And I want to say sorry for everything Iâ ve done,â I said looking up again, â for fighting with my mom, for stealing and lieing, for drinking and giving up my purity to dirty men,â looking around me I knew it was just a matter of time before I died, the shadows were already smothering me with fear as they grew thick around me to the point that I couldn't see my own hands. Seconds were left I and I wanted to make them count.

â God, Iâ m sorry, and I love you. So please, please save me, because Iâ m-â and thatâ s when my last second was up, I was on the ground my last words becoming thoughts.

*Forgive me. . . and just like that a blinding light appeared at the end of the tunnel. Except it wasn't a tunnel, it was the demons that surrounded me. They were screaming as the light hit them, shrieking in pain all shouting one name.*

*Jesus!* It came out in hisses, in screams, in agonized voices. As the light grew closer and the darkness fled away another bible verse popped into my mind.

*To make their eyes open, turning them from the dark to the light, and from the power of Satan to God, so that they may have forgiveness of sins and a heritage among those who are made holy by faith in me. Acts 26:18*

new tears of of happiness fell to the ground in the dust, the love coming from this light was for me and I knew from the bottom of my heart the darkness would not, could not, hurt me any longer.

*Stay away from her satan, the light said, she's mine.* All the darkness fled at that moment leaving me alone with Jesus. I stumbled off the ground before he could reach me and once again I was running, running into his out stretched arms.

â daddy,â I whispered as he held me tight, â daddy, I came home,â his gentle laugh shuck my body, I open my eyes to see his joyous face.

â and I couldn't have asked for a more beautiful gift,â he whispered into my ear petting my hair lovingly. I smiled as another bible verse popped into my mind.

*But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship with one another, and the blood of Jesus, his Son, purifies us from all sin. 1 john 1:7*

smiling I closed my eyes, I sighed happily.

â i love you,â I whispered into his chest, his warm love washed over me in response.

â i love you too, my beautiful and brave, brave daughter,â he said, then I woke up.

His words still lingering in my mind I hated to open my eyes and ruin the dream but I could already feel the blankets on top of me and the slightly hard bed beneath me. A long beep was coming from my left and from my right I could hear my mom crying. All around me I could hear a jumble of voices and I felt hands pushing down on my chest then raising, then push down on me again. I felt something being pressed over my mouth and push air into my lungs after each push on my chest, I wanted to pull it away with my hands but my arm wouldn't move, I wanted to breath but my lungs wouldn't budge. The beep was becoming loud in my ears, I

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wanted to tell the people to make it stop but no air came to meet my unmoving mouth. The harder I tried to breathe on my own or to say words the more my chest hurt, just as I was about to give up I heard a soft voice in my ear and a warm hand on my chest.

*Breathe.* . . he told me, and like that I could. Gasping, I opened my eyes the same moment the long beep turned into *beeping* looking to my side I saw it was a heart monitor. Looking above me were doctors and nurses who all looked shocked. I was in a hospital.

â she. . . she's *alive!*â my mom cried rushing past the doctors to my bed side grabbing my hand she looked at me happily. â baby, oh my baby!â she cried, â i thought you were dead,â and like that I remembered everything.

I was at home, depressed as usual. I was doing dishes and mom was in the other room, we had just gotten into a fight. I remember crying and saying I was sorry then I reached for a knife and stabbed myself right were my lungs were then everything went black. Looking at the doctors and then my mom I thought it was strange that I didn't feel any pain there, pulling up my bloody shirt, despite the doctors attempt to stop me, I saw that there was no wound. No blood or scar was there to show what happened to me, but what was left was a hand print of a man. All the doctor looked at me in shock, a few fell on their knees started to praise the Lord, my mom looked at me through unstoppable tears.

â mom,â I whispered, â i met Jesus, and he said he loves me,â my mom looked at me, I thought no one could ever look happier.

â praise the Lord,â she whispered hugging me, â Thank you God for bringing my baby home!â she cried, I smiled, we both heard a voice in the room say.

*For God gave his one and only son so that whoever believes in him will not die, but have eternal life.*

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