

Tower of secrets, Tower of scars.

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What if there was a reason Rapunzel never left her tower? A terrible secret? A huge horror? Enter Garret, a servant, and you have a monster girl who's secret is deeper than anyone knows, and a boy whose secret could destroy him for life.

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Darkness. Perfect for creatures like me. No one can see my face. Suddenly,, a shred of horrific light cuts threw my blissful rest. The new servant, come to bring the monster her dinner. It's a boy. You can see terror, plain on his face as he closes the trapdoor, leaving it open a sliver so he's not in complete darkness. "Miss? Dinner.....um,... for you." How sweet. He's shy. I move off my bed, unwinding my hair from the long wooden posts. I have a LOT of hair. I jump off the platform, not having to look or focus on anything except for my legs, bending them and stretching as I perform pointless acrobatics, the one thing I know I can do well. "Set it down where you are.Leave." I've worked on my commanding voice, husky and harsh. It has the desired effect, and he jumps. The tray clatters to the floor, spilling whatever gruel my mistress has decided to serve me. He bends down and sighs. "My first day, and I screw up. It was hard enough to FIND work, now I won't be able to keep it." Mopping up the slop with his shirt sleeve, he doesn't seem as afraid as before. The sliver of light reflects his face, and before I can stop myself I think "*He's cute. Looks around my age too,*" I mentally slap myself. However, I feel sympathy. That's new. So I say, not bothering with my voice, "I won't tell if you don't." He laughs. "That's it? This is you?" Then he gapes, or I imagine he does, like a fish. "What do you mean?" I twist one of the shorter strands until it coats my finger in a fine case. "Nothing, miss..... Just that there are all these rumors of a fearful demon who terrifies anyone unlucky enough to serve her. Not that you're a demon! You sound very attractive...Not that I think you're attractive! I mean...." I shush the poor boy before he can embarrass himself anymore. "The other servers think it's fine to serve me like I'm a mad animal, and command me. I'm good at scaring people. Be nice and nothing will happen to you." He chuckled. I haven't heard laughter in ages. And as he turns to go, waving and saying he'll serve me tomorrow, I can't help but feel I've gained a friend. I shake my head. Monsters don't gain friends. But maybe I wasn't such a monster?

It's been a week.

Everyday, at least three times, he's come back. I don't know why he does. Only that I enjoy his company immensely. My room is lighter now, because of him. He admires my hair. Runs his hands through it sometimes, when he thinks I've fallen asleep. I don't say anything, and neither does he. One day, though, he enters my chambers, and I can tell something's wrong. He's limping. He doesn't look at me, and I touch his shoulder. "Garret? What's wrong?" He slaps my hand away. "Don't touch me, monster!" His voice is quivering. I back up. Everything I've thought over my years of solitude come crashing back. I draw back in on myself like a shell, feeling my face go blank and all my emotions become locked inside. That's my defense. Those years before I was locked here, when I was a traveling sideshow act, this was my only comfort. The knowledge that they didn't know how much it hurt. And it is a habit when my world is crushed. Over the past week, my world has lightened and folded into a delightful mold, a mold that proved I wasn't such a monster. Garret turns to go, and I notice his limp even more. That's when I see the long stripe of blood falling down the lower half of his pants leg. Call it intuition, call it stupid, but I acted quite quickly after that. It was a bit dramatic, if I do say so myself. I whip my braid, trailing behind me, in a long arc over the light. It flashes a quick darkness. and suddenly my hair catches the latch that allows light to filter in. Sudden darkness floods over the tower room, and I leap forward and grab Garret. The empty tray clatters to the floor, and I pin his arms behind his back. "Scream." I whisper. "What?" I kick him, and he hisses. I kick him harder, and he finally screams. I swear, I almost broke. But I didn't, and I kicked the trapdoor shut, keeping us both, and anyone watching below,completly in the dark.

Garret

Shit. That is the only word for what's happening now. My leg is killing me, and my only friend thinks I've betrayed her. And my week started out so nicely too.

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I don't know her name. I usually just announce myself and say I'm coming in, I don't call to her. But basically, my week with HER has been completely amazing. Everything about her fascinates me. The graceful way she walks, her acrobatics. She's like a gymnast, except with long, long, loooong golden hair. It trails behind her like a fountain of gold, and I play with it while she sleeps. Her room is basically my only quiet time, and I stay up there for hours. When she's sleeping, her face is so unguarded, and I find it beautiful. Her long scars don't even affect me anymore. Of course, until I feel them as she throws me on the bed, telling me to scream. My leg is on fire, so I do. She stops. "I'm so sorry Garret. Did she hurt you?" How did she know? How did she know the mistress had ordered some guards to slam me and cut me? It was humiliating enough that all the wait staff had seen it. She slowly switched some lights some, only a dim glow. Then she unloaded some medical supplies, and slowly started ripping open my left pants leg. She gasped in her breath, and looked up. "It's bad, Garret. You ain't going downstairs for a while. You'll have to stay up here."

Great. I had a roommate.

end up chapter one. (sry it's long, got carried in the writing.)

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