

Help is there and so is Vengeance

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A man was visiting the graveyard meeting a girl there. How would this make him feel and how would the girl act? Are they related or just a victim to succumb to the darkness?

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The moon was glowing brightly with tiny, little stars surrounding it. The night was drizzling at wee hour. The graveyard was eerie and quiet. I had been here for hours now, standing in front of the gate - staring at the rusty gate. I was waiting in the small hut nearby the graveyard but for no one. A young man came out of his car and saw me sitting in the hut. He smiled at me and came nearer. "Hello, are you waiting for someone?" he asked politely, while caressing the gate's crest. I looked up at him solemnly. I shook my head. Then, the young man walked away, in confusion, and went back into the car with questions on his head. I was pondering why the young man came here. I reminded myself that no one ever came to this graveyard because it was long abandoned; maybe he was just passing by.

I moved away from the gate and began to walk back to my manor. On the way there, a very similar car was crashed by a tree. Then, a young man was struggling to get out. It was the same man from just now. I helped him out of the crashed car. He thanked me and I invited him to my manor for a night. My manor was empty all the time and now, it was quite old and ancient - well, I didn't tell the young man, of course. The man looked around the front yard and asked, "You live here alone?" The atmosphere began to feel colloquial and the man quivered tremendously. I just kept quiet and opened the door. I had not been in the front hall for so long; usually I just climb inside from the side stairs. I switched on the light and tried to recall something that seemed missing. The young man came in and locked the door. My expression was blank for a moment because I haven't been in the front hall for too long, everything seemed different. I was walking into the living room and the young man followed behind with curiosity showing on his face.

"How long did you not clean your house?" the young man asked with much astonishment.

"I don't know. I don't remember!", I shuddered after failing to recall the time I last cleaned the house and dropped on the couch. There was a huge family portrait above the grand chimney and one of the five happy members was me. The young man analyzed the portrait with great sadness and I wondered why he should feel that way. He sat next to me, while grabbing something that was dangling from his chest, and I was disappearing into the thin air. He was shocked and moved away from me. Suddenly, a bone-shrilling scream was heard from the upper floor and the young man jerked up from his position. He was going to run but I grabbed his hand: shook my head.

"Not now. You will be killed by them," I finally spoke up and he was pale.

"Very well then," he replied with his whole body shivering from the coldness that I spread to his hand.

"What is your name?" I asked after he calmed down and the scream was fading away.

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“Louvre De Caprio,” he answered when he slowly sit down on the couch. Then, a bright fire was lighted in the chimney, and once again, he got shocked but I was soothing his hand gently. The next moment the fire lit up, my entire outfit changed into something else: a white gleaming dress with a bow on my head and a string of pearls was streaming on my neck. The young man wanted to scream but he didn’t.

“It is alright,” I said while smiling at him. The whole room was transformed into a nice and clean room. A man with rich clothing was walking in. He was taking a bunch of documents in his hand and he just walked away to the door without any words from him.

“Who is that person?” Louvre asked while observing the surrounding scene. I sighed sadly with tears welling up in my pair of eyes and replied, “My father. Our family is the richest in the town and all my parents cared about is forever being rich.” Then, a butler appeared in the hall that we were in; with him was a tray of food and beside the chimney fire was my elder brother and twin brother- reading books and telling the younger me stories. I had never been in this scene for a long time and tears were falling down like a river, falling onto the ground silently. Louvre was trying to comfort me but never know how since I was blurry in the form of ghost. “The house was always so lonely and only my brothers are my comfort until one day. The day when my elder brother went missing, kidnapped by thieves, my parents went mad like a kid who lost his sweet. They never once again spoke of him, pretend that he do not exist at all. Day by day went by, they became stranger and weirder,” I explained to Louvre, as I explained word by word the scene slowly changed into different scenery; this time, the mansion was giving a grim feeling and it was untidy.

“What happened to both of you? Your twin brother and you?” Louvre asked with much sympathy in his voice; usually, I would just snapped at the guest for their sympathy but this time, I felt that he was sincere in feeling sorry for me and my twin brother.

“Things just get worse when father’s company went bankrupt several months after that. He began to hallucinate of everything he sees until the doctor had to come every day to give him drugs. Mother locked herself in her room, singing lullaby alone,” I replied him in my whispering voice and he tried to ruffle my hair to cheer me up but failed, as he can’t touch me.

The mansion living hall turned bright and there was a banner with writing on it: Happy Birthday to Eren and Elena. The candle was burning bright but giving the hall an eerie feeling and the candle light kept on flicking from left to right. The younger me was sitting at one end of the table with a huge cake in front of me, dressing like a little doll, and, then, a woman in a beautiful dress brought in a huge present and lay it in front me. She said with a cheerful tone, “Here is your present, sweetheart. Eren will open his later because he is eating cake with Father right now.” She walked to the side of my chair, smiling weirdly, and I stood up to open the present. The next moment that I blinked my eyes, I was in a crate filled with poison snakes biting every single part of my body and my mother was smiling eerily to me, opened her mouth and said, “Happy birthday, Elena! Your father and I decided that if your eldest brother is no longer with us, neither should you

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and Eren.â She skipped happily away from the crate, ignoring my screams of helpâ !

â Oh My God! What about your twin brother, Eren?â Louvre asked shockingly after the living hall went dark again and cold. I looked at him in the eyes and shook my head.

â Why? Whatâ s wrong?â Louvre asked again his questions and I pointed towards the door of the living room. He turned around and, there he was my twin brother, Eren was walking towards us with much elegance as a gentleman.

â Elena, you wandered out again. I donâ t really cared for the living but still, you should not just bring someone you donâ t want to harm into our mansion like that,â Eren nagged at me just like an elder brother should and he stared at Louvre properly to get a better look.

â Well, since he is a guest of yours, letâ s lighten the place,â Eren spoke after a long pause and clicked his finger; the entire mansion lighted up brightly.

â I, on the other hand, was forced to eat poison cake by my father. That is because I always want to become a doctor. He did that to make me feel like a trash and by that, he achieved happiness from my suffering. I realized about the poison and kept on refusing to taste the cake without Elena but after several of turns of refusing to eat the cake, he just tied me up with chains and pushed the cake down my throat,â Eren answered Louvreâ s question without any feeling while reading a book that appeared out of nowhere; as though it didnâ t happen to him at all. Louvre was stunned for a while until a bone-shrilling scream was heard again.

The mansion scenery went crazy, from brightly painted house to a grim-looking house, and the wind was blowing like a whirlwind around us. Then, everything went calm again and Eren, who was holding a book in his hand, looking so calm. He stood up and the book vanished into thin air.

â They are causing trouble again. I will never let go of their soul, even if Hell freezes over, and they will forever trap within our power. Elena, send our guest back to the road and never come back,â Eren said those sentences evilly and when he left the room, he turned around and muttered one word before smiling sadly.

I pulled Louvreâ s hand and walked out of the room into the garden. The surrounding area was lightened up and there were ghostly shops, houses and restless souls. Louvreâ s eye kept on blinking at such scenery and he was completely stoned. A couple of ghosts bowed and smiled at me and, I dragged Louvre to the road where his car crashed. He was filled with much emotion that he doesnâ t know how to begin our

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conversation now.

“What did Eren say before he left the room?” Louvre asked without looking into my eyes but he was clutching his necklace tightly. I hesitated to tell him because he might not be the person that Eren and I hoped to be.

“You know, I was kidnapped when I was ten and saved by a military officer but he didn’t bring me back to my family. He named me under a different name, so, that reporters would not disturb me regarding about the incident. I had asked for so long about the incident and finally, last week, he told me about my family and the village that I lived in. He said that I was found together with this necklace that has my family picture. He gave the necklace to me and explained to me that there are only three persons in this picture,” Louvre held the necklace even tighter when he explained his past to me; at that time, I was so sure that Eren was hearing as well.

“I never open it yet. The officer also said that the whole village was murdered by a pair of couple who lost their eldest child and then committed suicide. The village was never touched by anyone after that incident nor did the authorities do anything about it. I assumed that the village I saw just now was the missing village,” Louvre declared his suspicions to me word by word and I listened carefully, so I would not miss a word from his mouth. He continued his sentence after a short silence of exchanging looks between the necklace and me, “That incident happened fifteen years ago. I thought I might get a clue about my family if I just wandered around here. The officer told me that the couple might be my parents. At first, I don’t want to believe it because if I believed it, then, I might have to lose all hopes to see anyone from my family. But now, I have to believe that they are gone forever.”

“Well, all I can say is that no matter what happen, you are still alive and moving. Therefore, live on and be what we can’t be as a human, but never say that you are alone because you will have those precious memories in you,” I replied his declaration with confidence in my voice that he is the one Eren and I searched for years. I slowly disappeared into the morning fog and he was still looking at the necklace solemnly.

“The word that Eren muttered just now was brother. Now, at least, we know that you are still alive and that, you are not involved in this tragedy. Live well, brother,” I told him about the word that he asked earlier and, when the morning sun was glowing brightly, the last sentence was said by Eren and me happily. Louvre looked up and the necklace was opened; tears were falling from his cheeks and the picture was taken on our last Halloween party; Eren in vampire suit, Louvre in knight outfit and I as fairy princess smiling happily.

As I walked back to the mansion, the sun was shining brightly but it did not affect the other world at all.

“Miss Elena, that fine young man just now was Young Master Ezleon, wasn’t it?” some of the

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villager ghosts asked me and I just smiled sweetly at them. Eren was at the doorstep, greeting me home, and he was smiling at me. The bone-shrilling scream was continued when I stepped back into the mansion. It was the punishment for them after killing everyone in the village thinking that they will escape the punishment if they committed suicide. Little did they know, they were brought back by the villagersâ vengeance for their sin, and the village was brought back from the Underworld by our immense vengeance and anger. The torture will literally engrave to their soul and it will continue until both of us are satisfied.

â Thus, the nightmare continues,â Eren and I said in unison with wicked smile on our face, dressed gothic royalty clothes, sitting on the living hall couch.

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