

Only Darkness

Only Darkness

By : mabryallwriter

A man who has lost all that he cares about struggles against the darkness that screams for revenge.

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/mabryallwriter

Copyright © mabryallwriter, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

Only Darkness

Prologue

I stood looking down at the ribbon of sliver so far below. Why is it that when you are so far removed from something that it can seem so innocentâso peaceful. Like standing on the roof of a skyscraper the perspective masks the decay and stench below. And Iâm not talking about garbage or maybe I amâhuman garbage: The kind that prey on the weakâthe innocent. You know what??? Itâs time for their perspective to be changed. It is time for the predators to become the prey.

So how did I get here? Sometimes when enough time has passed even the storytellers begin to lose some clarity of events, the details start to blur. All I know is that it started with a camping trip.

July 11, 2001.

I will never forget that day. My wife and I had taken our beautiful children to the river for one last outing before the reality of school about to start slapped us in the face. We had planned the trip for weeks. The begged for time off from trying jobs. Scrapping pennies in order to fund our endeavor. Finally the time to leave was upon us. Chaos! Leaving , only to turn back for forgotten items. Arriving, only to realize that more items than not were left behind. Accepting that all we thought that we needed was just serfelous. Realizing, that all we truly needed was each other.

July 12, 2001.

What is it about vacation there is really no rest to be had? After the chaos of yesterday all that I remember wanting was to sleep in. Yeah Right! If you think that my âangelsâ would allow that to happen then you are sadly mistaken! Since my two sons were born I canât remember one time getting to sleep in with them at home. In order for that to happen my wife and I would have to hire a babysitter and go out of town. Needless to say that didnât happen very often. Ok, let me be honest. It never happened. It took every single penny stretched to its furthest limit in order to pay the bills. We didnât have a lot of money, but we sure made it for it in love. Back to my âangels,â they were up at the butt crack of dawn jumping up and down on the bed screaming, â What are we going to do today?â My wife gave me one of those â looksâ and I knew any hope of relaxing was off the itinerary.

Why am I writing this??? What do you want??? Why do you care about my story??? Do you truly care about me or is it just professional curiosity??? God I wish you could see into my soul. Then you would know fear. Know what it feels like to look into the abyss and see nothing reflected. Wonât to know a secret??? In the end there is only darkness.

Only Darkness

Only Darkness

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-26 17:29:50