

# Ghosts

By Kristy M.

© Copyright Kristy M.. All rights reserved.

^ ^ ^ ^ I walked and I talked and I stood in the room. It was just so very silent. I could see every shadow tossed about the room by the fiery gaze of the fire. And in that moment, I heard her speak. She said hello in a quiet almost silent voice. It was almost as if... she spoke in my head? No that is impossible. I was up rather late and well that must be the reason. She walked forward on the gravel floor. She looked kind and pretty but her footsteps made no sound on the floor that made my own steps seem like the clumsy movements of a beast. She repeated her greeting and I smiled and answered her call since I was of course dreaming. Dreaming a dream that I'd long wished never to ever dream.

^ ^ ^ People always pitied me. My dear sweet mother, murdered by her sister. And even worse, they agreed, it had been in front of me. The police stated in the papers that they had found a little babe in arms in its crib silent and tranquil, drenched in the blood of its mother and the lady who had done the dirty deed. It was a shocker. The trophy wife of Gregg McAlister dead and the child left all alone. The headlines had soaked it all up and spit it out like tabloid magazines on the rich ^ and the famous. They had little care for the victims of the deaths and the actual child and other remaining relatives. For all they knew we were all missing a screw in the head. But they did not care.

^ ^ ^ No one knew that I still remembered the gory night. I told people that I had no recollection of the events and would they just please, please leave me alone. But every night I hid in bed remembering her very last words spat out amid the dying gurgle of her blood. She had said that she would come back for me. That i could not hide from the eyes of the dead, nor lock myself up amid a tower since the dead have o bodies of substances. I did not want her back. I still saw the blood. I smelt the smell. Was she just that cruel as to do this to me after dying in front of my then innocent eyes?

^ ^ ^ But here she was. I felt that I could reach out and touch her thin arms. In my heart I knew that I would never be able to touch her but could she? No wait, I'm dreaming. Dreaming the nightmare that never ever stopped, even in the waking world. She softly chanted that she was here. Here at last. She even sang the lullaby that I had listened to when I had been young. Then I saw the knife. It was the same knife that had committed the murder eight years ago. It was still wet with the blood of murder. For every knife that kills is the same knife they are just made look different in this world. But in heaven they are all weighed the same.

^ ^ ^ I saw the knife, held by the lady, plunge down toward my heart and I thought that I'm never going camping again, I waited for my body to wake me up and release me from the nightmare. B... but I never did.

Â Â Â My father found me in the cave that next morning. But it wasn't me anymore. It was just a corpse impaled upon a knife. Just that and no more. The newspapers squeezed out every bit of drama out of the story. The headline I found the most real was the one that said that I would never go camping again. Now in the darkness you can hear us plot. We are waiting for his death. The death of Gregg McAlister. We take many forms in history, take the guise of man.. or woman. We are famous; we did after all get Macbeth.Â

StoryImp Advertisement

