

Echoed Silence

By XxRSRxx

Submitted: September 14, 2004

Updated: September 14, 2004

Day in, day out, you go on with your lives. The same process everyday, get up go to work, come home, eat, and then go to bed, everything always the same. But, do you ever wonder, as you pass the row of small houses, that the walls scream their silent

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/XxRSRxx/6906/Echoed-Silence>

Chapter 1 - These Haunting Walls

2

1 - These Haunting Walls

These Haunting Walls...

Day in, day out, you go on with your lives. The same process everyday, get up go to work, come home, eat, and then go to bed, everything always the same. But, do you ever wonder, as you pass the row of small houses, that the walls scream their silent stories for those willing to listen, tales of joy, or harsh tragedies that fill the little white picket fences, who have seen much in their existence. Haunting, you ask? Some may say so. But no other house has held host to any soul tearing occurrence such as the one within the walls of the small church on the corner of Rose Rd and Cherry St.....

Music beat happily through the small town as the choir sang with all their voices. Children giggled, their mothers seeing no need to hush them on this special day. Some people clapped, singing along with the soulful choir. The little building's walls shuddered softly, filled with the sweet sounds, stained glass windows as it smiled down on the cheerful townsfolk. Stunning dresses with delicate feathered hats occupied all the ladies heads on this fine day. The creeping darkness of night shrunk back from the jolly glow emitting from the church. The choir finished loudly on their final line, and the crowd erupted in cheers.

"Yes, yes, thank you so much that was beautiful!" praised the preacher, taking his place behind the altar as the singers nodded smiling.

"Now you all know this is a wondrous day!" the preacher began but was promptly cut off as the townsfolk erupted with applause. "This joyous day, the birth of our savior, the glorious Jesus Christ," the preacher clapped his hands together, beaming at his fellow worshipers.

"This man has taught us much in his short existence, to love others regardless of race or color. Now, my brothers and sisters are you ready to celebrate?" the crowd shouted their approval. The band began to play and the people laughed, and began to dance happily. Children skipped, running about playing tag. It was a joyous celebration, but no one saw it coming. A day of rejoicing soon turned to a day of terror.

The night air was soon clotted in smoke, people running from the burning buildings, women screaming, children crying. The fire glowed softly, sadly, against the stained glass windows of the church. It took the townsfolk much of the night to extinguish the phantom flames. Much of the town was in ashes, alone stood the sad little building, scorch marks lacing its crème colored walls.

Phantom flames, the most perfect name. Many lives were lost to the blaze, children burning in the glowing embers, mothers screaming as they watched their families die. Some survived the surreal fire, but no one knew why or how the flames began. But the small church, with its haunting windows reflecting the colors stained upon them, remains to this day, along with the lingering nightmare that came to pass, tainted forever in its walls.