

Blind Man's Bluff

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Submitted: May 27, 2007

Updated: May 27, 2007

A young girl, living in Medieval times, lives as an outsider with only her cat for company. But one day she is invited to play a game with the other children. [Written in 40 mins to prompt "the cave."] [1 chapter only]

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1 - Blind Man's Bluff

Blind-man s Bluff

I sat in the warm sunshine, trying to soak up the beauty of this lovely summer s day. It seemed so easy for all the other children; all they had to do was step outside their cottage and they immediately absorbed the radiant goodness of the light, exuded a zest for life at every breeze s touch. But I wasn t like other children. I was alone; apart. Something different. Someone else.

Blind-man s bluff! one of the children squawked, spinning about in the shimmeringly verdant meadowgrass.

1-2-3! I watched longingly from a distance, stroking my cat, Mathilda.

You re the only company I have, I told her softly, running my mud-caked fingers through her midnight fur.

Suddenly, I heard a whoop and a girl, probably a summer or two younger than me screamed, Oy! You! Wi the cat!

I looked up in astonishment. Surely she wasn t talking to me&

Know how ter play Blind-man s bluff?

I eyed her in shock. After a moment, I shook my head.

Oh.

She beckoned to her friends, and they stood huddled for a moment s time. Suddenly, a burst of giggling approval shot from the huddle.

Well, then meet us in the Mosswart Cave up on the bluff ter-night an we ll learn you.

My pallid face must have been filled with blissful disbelief.

R-really? I managed through my thick Northern accent.

Why-why-

Midnight. Don t bring no candle.

And then the clump of girls scurried away, giggling. I watched them go, a crooked smile tipping up on my face.

I lay crouched by my rickety window that night, Mathilda curled in my arms. I had donned my Sunday apron in honor of the occasion, and I held my breath as I waited for the Church s bell to toll twelve.

Suddenly

BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG! too many bongs to count resounded over our sleeping village, obscuring the beautiful silence. Their sounds were swept away by the chilly night winds. I looked up at the icy full moon for courage, then abruptly squeezed Mathilda and leapt out of my window and onto the dark ground. We both emitted yelps of surprise and pain. We caught our breaths, and then our bearings, and then silently stood up and began walking North, towards the cave.

It was a long and lonesome walk, but there was the occasional chirrup of a cricket, and the song of a gusting wind when it was least expected to accompany us. As the cold began to seep into my bones, a gigantic bluff abruptly erected itself in our path. My heart began beating fast too fast, and my mouth and mind were filled with terror and joy. I was going to have friends! We were going to play and laugh and trade secrets like all children should! My belly filled with passion, I ran blissfully to the gaping black mouth of the cave, and the moon and stars disappeared behind a roof of stone.

I was immediately thrown by the absence of fresh, windy air and crickets. Hesitantly, I tiptoed along the cold, slimy floor, shying away in fright with every cold drip of contaminated water that trickled my way. My bare feet turned to ice, and somewhere a bat squeaked. A little shriek escaped me.

Ello? I cried out in fright.

Nothing.

Anyone ere yet?

Total silence.

In a moment, I knew I had been tricked. I fell to the disgusting, puddle-ridden floor, a scream of anguish fountaining from my heartbroken lips. It echoed around me, every second of its shrill cry splintering my heart into even smaller pieces. I began to sob.

You tricked me! I screamed.

You wicked, wicked girls! I shall never ave a friend!

And out of the cold, I felt a soft warmth touch my fingers, and a small, gentle cat crawling into my lap.