

Another Short Story

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Another short story I didn't finish.

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Chapter 1 - Dream Walker

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1 - Dream Walker

A small floating ball of light that hovers above a small oak table. It is a single candle, flickering around lightly through two open doors. I stand in the shadows with my arms crossed over my stomach, staring forwards blankly with a pale expression sketched across my face. A man's voice comes from across the room with a hint of mischievousness, "are you going to stand there throughout the night?" I reply plainly "Perhaps so...does it really matter?" The man has a cheerful grin on his face as he moves an oak chair to the small table. "Well.." he says, "I suppose it doesn't." A silence falls between us; only the howl of the wind through the house is heard. The large French doors stand wide open in front of me, creaking on their hinges as the wind moves them. I watch as the rain comes pouring in from the beautiful French-style veranda. The violent and dark sky brings torrents of heavy rain, flooding the tile on the floor, only three paces in front of my bare feet. The man seats himself onto the oak chair, looking forwards at me. In his sweet voice he asks "Shouldn't you close the doors already?" With a short and dull reply I say, "Not right now..." The water sitting in a puddle on the tile glistens as the lightning shoots across the sky, the colors from the bolt reflecting onto my serene face. Unlocking my arms from one another, I watch the droplets fall into the puddle on the floor, feeding it and causing it to grow. My arms dangle at my sides lazily, while a vigorous wind sweeps a stinging blaze of rain onto my face. He slowly rises from his chair, I watch him from the corner of my eyes as he gracefully stands. He kindly speaks as he turns his head to look at me "you are going to catch a nasty cold from this." As I stare at him, I watch as he slowly starts to move away, heading off to another room in the house. "I doubt that I will," I say as his back faces me. "Suite yourself then.." He says as he wanders into the Library section of the house, closing the doors, leaving me alone. I close my eyes softly as the droplets of rain pound against my skin, the wind causing my hair to billow around carelessly. The chilling gust forces me to shiver violently, as I open my eyes, gazing at the veranda. I wonder if I should move to close the door now, noticing that my candle has gone out, and tiny wisps of smoke rise to the ceiling. A clash of thunder and a blinding lightning freeze frame the room as the silence is rudely broken by nature. Every little raindrop glows as it slowly falls through the air, these seconds seeming to last forever. The room resumes its normal time as I move towards the doors. I grip the cold handles and pull the doors shut, latching them firmly with the locks as I stand in the icy puddle of raindrops. I slosh through the water as I walk away from the doors, heading towards my room. As I enter my room, I close the door and collapse onto the warm bed, curling up as I fall asleep. Before I drift into a deep slumber I hear his soft whisper saying "Goodnight." I begin to dream almost immediately, dreaming of a rainy day with beautiful lightning showing the individual droplets as they fall from the cloudy and mysterious sky.