

Dark Falls

The wind whipped through the trees as I climbed the path to the old, abandoned cathedral. I step over crushed snails and perfect branches while standing in the shadows. The sensation starts to wash over me like a tsunami. The sensation that I had been tempted to indulge in my whole day. The sensation of a legend. I've turned twelve I thought to myself. Slowly I continued to walk up the crooked pathway. I gently knock on the wooden door. This place is a piece of work I thought to myself. But Ben did request for me to come here. Moving in was hard but at my lowest moments he would help me through. He welcomed me in with open arms to his group of friends. Then unexpectedly the door creaks open and a pair of huge long arms pull me in. "I'm sorry Phil. You were such a pleasant guy. But this happens to everyone when they turn twelve!" Ben exclaimed. Bloodthirsty voices in the background yell, "The tradition of Dark Falls continues," and then everything on the island went black.



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