

Should've Listened

The wind whipped through the trees as I climbed the path to the old, abandoned cathedral.

After

The funeral goers dressed head to toe in black, work their way to the top of the legendary snail covered hill. It isn't really covered in snails, that's just what it's famous for.

My parents never believed me.

Before

They said the dark creatures were nothing more than shadows; the reaching arms nothing more than wooden branches. The bloodthirsty creatures that left crushed stones for me were nothing more than my imagination. The eyes were nothing more than a trick of the light. They told me the island was perfectly safe. I was safe. It was okay. Everything was perfect.

So then, when I heard their screams, I convinced myself it was just the wind.

After

Looking back on it now, I can only remember one thing, I was smiling.

