

Waiting for You

The wind whipped through the trees as I climbed the path to the old abandoned cathedral. The cursed path is so steep even walking is hard work. I feel like every step on this island empties my lungs. The perfect wooden path begins to flatten out and ahead of me the bloodthirsty branches part to reveal the cathedral almost buried in shadows and snail trails. I stared in a shocked silence at the one lonely gravestone that sat in front of the cathedral. “It’s true. The legend is true,” I whispered. I crept towards the decrepit gravestone nervously, pulling my coat around myself tighter to keep out the biting cold. I reached out my hand and brushed my fingers against the cold stone. A voice cut through the silence.

“Why are you touching my grave? Never mind. I’ve been waiting for you for so long...”

