

Beyond the Horizon

The sun set below the horizon, painting the sky with hues of crimson and violet.

Bewhay stood at the edge of the cliff, her eyes fixed on the sea where the last rays of daylight melted into darkness. The villagers had always warned about venturing near the cliffs after sunset, whispering of strange occurrences and ghostly apparitions. But Bewhay was driven by curiosity, a hunger for the unknown, that could only be filled with the truth.

As the light faded, an eerie silence enveloped the landscape. The wind, which had been a gentle breeze, now howling with a mournful song. Bewhay pulled her blanket around her shoulders, a shiver running down her spine. She glanced back

at the village, its lights flickering in the distance, then turned her sights back to the sea, where an unnatural mist began to rise.

The mist thickened, swirling around her feet, and the air grew colder. Bewhay's breath came out in frosty puffs. She stepped back, her heart pounding. The sea, now a black boiling mass, seemed to reach out with ghostly tendrils. Panic gnawing at the edges of her mind, but she stood her ground, determined to fill her hunger.

A low, guttural sound rumbled from the depths of the mist. Bewhay's eyes widened as a figure emerged, cloaked in shadows. Its form was hazy, shifting and changing with the mist. She took another step back, her foot slipping on the damp grass. The

figure moved closer, and she could see its eyes – dark, empty voids that seemed to swallow the light around them.

“Who are you?” Bewhay's voice trembled, barely audible over the howling wind. The figure did not respond. Instead, it reached out a skeletal hand, pointing towards the sea. She followed its gesture, her eyes locking onto a distant light bobbing on the waves. The light grew brighter, revealing the silhouette of a ship, ancient and decayed, its sails tattered and ghostly.

Bewhay's heart raced as she realized the ship was heading straight for the cliffs. She turned to run, but the mist thickened, enveloping her in a cold, suffocating embrace. The guttural sound grew louder, echoing in her ears. She stumbled, falling to her knees, her vision blurring as the

figure loomed over her.

“Beware the horizon,” it whispered, its voice a chilling hiss. “For beyond it lies the realm of the damned.”

Bewhay's scream was swallowed by the mist as the ship crashed into the cliffs with a deafening roar. Darkness consumed her, and her curiosity satisfied