

BEYOND THE HORIZON

Our gaze was fixed on the abandoned asylum in the outskirts of town, shrouded by darkness and mystery. Outside, the crumbling walls whispered an eerie of a macabre past as the wind slapped our faces and howled through the broken windows like a chorus of helpless spirits.

Grief stricken already.

The air suddenly zesty but brittle, I realized I was a stitch in the tapestry of doom and I had chosen to be audacious.

Audaciousness! Weaving a chronical demise of my heart's sentiments. The gate of entry way creaked, beckoning for the brave to enter but radiating a warning to stay away

Like a dark blustery day my instinct loitered around the idea of having to venture into the womb of the asylum but let's suggest that curiosity takes you places. "And I mean, why not?" my monologue cooed as I paced behind Ken and Meg who seemed excited and besides, it had been their idea. Upon entry, the floor boards creaked sharply piercing the silence as if in awe of our arrival. Immediately I scanned the room, my heart racing as fright gripped me with icy tenacity. The air was heavy with a scent of decay and the darkness writhed on us like an entity. The webs hung from the roof like macabre tapestries and danced like malevolent spirits when our flashlights invaded their territory. The further we ventured into its stomach, the air became thick and scarce making our inhales stuffer a bit. It felt as if the asylum used our morbid curiosity to gnaw at the little that was of us and our fate was sealed.

"Ready for digestion!" The maw of the asylum probably chuckled. The building seemed alive. In another bit it bellowed heavily and a bitter, grotesque stench from beyond us assaulted our nostrils. As chills played tag down my spine, I tripped and landed on fluffy warm ground which twitched a bit. Meg and Ken stood in awe as I levitated in the air on an embarkment with hairs fine like silk, I was on its head and clung tightly on its horns for balance. Meg turned her flashlight on and lit the room to a standing ovation to our audaciousness of beasts that groaned heavily. Creatures, six feet tall, with knees twitching with veins as if to burst, arms as if hammered onto the abdomen and slightly below the thorax and claws with nails that beared the ability to slice the air in half. Their faces red with indignation, their eyes big and circular: mauve and ochre yellow at the core; piercing and strangling bravery and courage

: I watched from above as sweat trickled down Ken's temporalis and Meg's face turn clumsy. They panted hardly that their gasp became ragged as their pupils expanded seeming to suck in all the light. I watched as one of the beasts draw itself to its maximum height which was slightly more than its width with a slight grin unleashing a disoriented pack of teeth with a thick fluid sipping from its mouth. It imprisoned Ken into the wrath of its claws with much tenacity that his feeble body drenched its fist with blood and with a ravenous glee it devoured her organs and blood gashed all over its mouth

Beyond the horizon are unending phases of devouring darkness where the brute bellow and the take of inception does not see dawn.

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