The Nightmare

The plans of the universe are engulfed in mystery, the strangest things are linked together, bonded by destiny, fated to act out what has already been written, at certain rare occasions, when the planets align and a butterfly flaps its wings, certain cogs are placed in motion, as the dominoes fall, and strange secrets of the universe unfold.

As the time starts ticking, the night sky turns to dawn, peaceful, simple, calm…  
You would never know what thoughts were being incepted into the minds of the worried  
As these thoughts seep through the minds of those who have fought their demons for many years

The moon begins to hide as his light is not great enough to withstand the darkness about to fall  
The sun rises ready to withstand any force of darkness this world has to offer, and there the man awoke  
To the ring of his phone, slides down the lock on his phone, a small click  
You have "one new message".

He lifted his thumb ready to place it on his touch screen phone  
Ready to find out what this message was.  
He had this feeling, this news he must not face, but he knew he had to see what this message was  
He now ready to feel the cold touch screen of his phone  
Places his thumb on the screen and moves it down towards the check messages button  
But he is unable to do so, his body would not allow it, so he moves on, leaving it untouched  
Time begins to tick away.

On the other side of town, pacing quickly, his friend remains, in his room, though the sun still remained shining, from his window, all his eyes could see were the downpour of the gods, covered in shadows of the night sky.  
How this occurred remains a mystery, but at the time when the clocked slowed down, tick, tick, tick, tick, tok.  
All movement began to slow down, ready to stop, a small voice is heard in the head of the man, “go to her, you have to talk to her, before its too late”

He closes his eyes, and the world moved past him, and then the world halts,as his eyes open slowly,little by little, this image of a building slowly appears.

Grey in colour, the other colours start to fade away, is this the rain that was not there? , could water truly remove the colours of the world?, or is this a moment planned by the gods of fate…?

He walked towards the door, slowly, carefully.  
His heart beats faster and faster, the sounds are heard, almost forming words ‘ no do not ent, do not ent, stop stop sto” but these words are not heard by the ears of the man.

his pulse is so high, it shakes his entire arm, and he is unable to reach for the door knob, there is almost a certain attraction towards his side pocket, where his phone lies, his heart is telling him to check his phone, but yet a power far stronger then his own posses him, and he reaches for the door knob

Closer and closer he got to the knob, sweat began to appear from his forehead, his lips began to dry, he slowly reveals his tongue, as he licks his lips, and quickly in a blink of an eye, he grabs the door knob, and 'click', he opens the door, he looks up at the stairs and before he can get a second thought the world begins to move again, straight into him, and he quickly notices her, sitting there on the corridor, how he came up the stairs he does not know, but everything has already been written it could not be changed.

He walks towards her, slowly in a strange trance, with haunting eyes, she sits there crying  
He continues to walk toward her, his leg begins to numb, and his arms pull him back, but the force controlling him would not allow him to quit, his phone rings once more, but this time so silent he does not notice it, but at this very time, he gives into his true conscience, and he reaches into his pocket, which somehow begins to glow, he slowly goes in deeper and deeper into his pocket, his hands now beginning to become dry, he slowly begins to grip the object on his palm, and slowly like a crane he begins to lift it out.

Takes it closer and closer to his face, unable to move his body, only his hands seem to be his own, as his legs begin to move on their own, towards her, he quickly unlocks his phone.

On the other side of the town, the friend still waits, for the reply, his veins popping, eyes tearing, fear growing, and growing inside himself, no mortal could hold this pain and live, he unlocks his phone and checks again, for a reply, can he get it? pacing faster and faster, time is running out, the whole room begins to spin.

There by the corner, a piano, dark ebony piano, silky and smooth, the friend closes his eyes, and remembers a time when the colour was still there, as he stood there too young to reach the keys, loving angels by his side, guiding him into the light, telling him, someday this piano would bring them closer, but these memories are no more than memories, the friend reaches into the air, to hold onto the man, the woman, that told him life would be just okay. But then the colours on these memories vanished, and he remembered the news, the angels have returned home, and the piano remained untouched.

The man looks at his phone, not knowing about the second message, as even his plain sight was blocked and twisted by the forces of fate, “check message” he looks up at the top message, “etisalat” thinking that it is the only message he had received, he overlooks the message directly underneath, “the friend”

He sits beside the girl, he lifts his hand and places it by her side, “I’m sorry, I miss you truly” she said quietly, he takes a heavy sigh, and untrue memories become planted in his subconscious, and he replies “it’s okay, I forgive you, I’m glad you called me last night”.

Last night? Last night? Was there such a thing, this call did not occur, he knows it in his heart, and yet he refuses to check and he begins to support this girl, and suddenly his phone rings…

It’s another message, he quickly checks, “the friend” , but there is two messages not one, he checks the first message he received with haste, “brosef, I’m confused” … now worried he checks the second message “good-bye”.  
The man runs, faster than fast, to check on his friend, no more colours left in the world, his eyes now hallow shells, empty, as emotions could not keep up with his fast pace, as before he could blink, he was there outside his friend’s house.

“knock, knock, knock” no answer, he lifts his leg, and with one firm and powerful kick the door breaks open.  
And there lied such a site too gruesome for satan’s eyes, as there hung a man of true innocence and honor, by the neck from the ceiling, and there his blood dripping, flowing, all around the floor, a pool so thick, Dracula would be in disgust.

Tick, tick, tick , the clock now stops, time is no longer able to continue…

One blink and he arrived where the girl was sat, but this time when he opened his eyes, they were no longer his, as his eyes were no longer filled with sadness, love, or sympathy, but pure, raw, hate, sucked from the depths of Hades, this hate oozes out of him, “This is all your fault! You Witch!” he said, these words far more powerful than any weapon created by man, each word embedded with more hate than that caused by the wars, each word tearing a part of her heart, “I know” she says as she falls bleeding from the heart, tears raining from her eyes.

There where her heart once was, there was now just a hole, so small a rat could not enter there, did she have a heart?

but the man did, and knowing he could have prevented the deaths of two lives, is a burden no man can face.

Smiles of those who died, the piano still untouched, one pillar, shining white, right by the window, two stories high, a quick death…

there he stood ready to end his own, his right leg goes towards the air, his eyes open, ready to face his fate, the clouds darken, and the rain poured so strong that he knew there was no turning back, he kicks of his left leg, and begins to fall…

His eyes break open, and he gasps for breath, as he awakens from his bed, the sun still shining, “was it all but a dream?” he check his phone, “1 new message”, he swallows air, and slowly reaches for the check messages button with his thumb, this time, he quickly clicks it, before he can change his mind “the friend” he takes a heavy breath, and activates the message, “brosef, I’m confused”…