

YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

Relinquishing its privileged position of sight, the moon began to eat away at the clouds beneath it, determined in a vengeance upon its fickle slave. Overhead flew the clouds furiously away from the center. With a reversed whirlpool the moon betrayed its position and etched a thousand dark shadows that would forever lie in his face.

He knelt down and felt the blades of grass. The were wet with the misty morning's dew. Then he stood up and ran.

He ran frightened down Jubilee, Vernon, cut across an empty Quinpool Road totally devoid of cars and didn't stop till he could run no more. Hunched over from exhaustion and the mist's deep grab within his lungs he spit dry upon the ground. How he wished now for the wet blades of grass, once so close at hand.

Looking up he saw Green Gables. "Open 24 Hours" said the sign in clear red letters. Yes indeed, heaven ought to be open 24 hours, he thought. Reaching for the door he searched his pockets, and found nothing but a razor keen Exacto knife. He didn't even open the door.

"His glance falling ahead of him now, he searched for a horizon, but there was none."

Turning around he stepped back out into the mist of Windsor St. He was only a few blocks from home. The roar of cars could be heard again. And probably a streetcleaning machine with it.

Directly across the street lay a church. The church was brick, unforgiving as the school was. It frightened him. The front was dark, very dark. No light fell up its face. Even worse, the mist had veiled the top of it, and ghastly reflections could be seen in the stained glass. God was in a dark mood with this church.

He crossed around the to side, or what appeared to be the side. Long fluorescent bulbs illuminated a sign advertising the services offered within. With as wicked a face as this church had, no doubt they had to advertise.

"Early Morning Service.....Daily 8:00 AM Sunday Mass.....Sunday 10:00 AM"

Other times and dates were available, but his eyes skipped over them, and went to the bottom. He could not see what it said, for the fog had traced itself upon the bottom of the glass, obscuring what was written. He walked up to the sign, and taking his hand out, wiped off the cruel damp mist. In large capital white sliding letters against the black background it said:

"IN CHRIST IS ALL THE GOD WE KNOW" The space was there. He wondered if they were deliberately separated.

Home, it was so close, just down the block. He would be free in minutes.

Jogging the last few meters to his door, he saw no lights inside. There would be no roommates to talk to. Probably asleep. Unlocking the door and opening it he immediately felt the warm rush of a

cozy house. Turning on the doorstep he looked outside and laughed. The night had not gotten him, not even with its oppressive mist! He had escaped. Not even the indomitable moon was to be seen. It was hiding away, having slunk behind some clouds in obvious defeat.

Ritually locking the door behind him, he bounded up the seventeen steps to the flat. It was dark inside, but warm, and he did not need the light. Knowing his way, he went to the couch, turning on MuchMusic on his way. U2 was singing.

"With a reversed whirlpool the moon betrayed its position and etched a thousand dark shadows."

New U2. Messages were flashing across the screen including "WATCH MORE TV, something about windmills and men, and something else too fast for his unadapted eyes to perceive. Ah, but he was safe now. He sat back in the couch.

He put down the Exacto knife and sank into the couch. It was soft, like humanity. He was just about to get up and turn off the TV because of a sucky video when it happened.

A periodontal white glow pierced his left eye. The blind was too short to cover the entire window. He looked over and saw the red and blue lettering on the enamel white background. It said "IRVING". Wasn't that light supposed to be turned off hours ago?

Realizing the truth, he fell back ever deeply into the antiquated sofa only to rise dozens of years later as an old and frightened man.

Snakebite

by t. reets

Hugh and the others were on the way back from Digby when they decided to drop the last of the acid. He didn't think it was the best of ideas, seeing as they were driving and everything. But after drinking all weekend he needed a chemical kick in the ass to stay awake, stay alert.

"Must have been a hallucination, must have been."

At first, the highway seemed totally manageable. Everything was smooth and bright, the steering wheel was light to the touch. Hugh smoked one cigarette after another, waiting and hoping the blotter wouldn't kick him in the teeth with a frozen boot.

The three cadets they had picked up on the way out of town were guzzling beer quietly in the back of the van. He could hear them chatting about hockey when he first noticed it.

They had just passed one of those eighteen wheelers that sucks you into the vortex if you drive by at anything over eighty kilometres an hour. He was reaching for a fifth, or maybe even a sixth smoke when a lithe red tongue flicked its fork out and across his hand. It felt kind of dry and sandy.

He swerved slightly, gritting his teeth in concentration. Looking down again, he could barely see anything but the slush stained floor of the cab and his muddy kodliaks. That and a foot long snake with evil written all over him like a full bottle of tequila.

Wiping his forehead, Hugh tried to relax a little bit, tried to come to grips with what he had just seen.

"Must have been a hallucination, must have been," he said over and over to himself, not daring to check the floor again.

Hugh's dad had told him a story about a trucker in Florida who was so hyped on speed that he'd picked up a dead alligator after running it over on the road.

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When the motion finally stopped, Hugh let up on the clutch and cracked his door open enough to kick the thing out into the black night.

That over, he breathed a sigh of relief and reached for another cigarette. Turning to his right, James was digging in a plastic bag labelled 101 Rubber Ghoulies and chuckling softly under his breath.

In the rear view mirror, the cadets had all stopped talking. Their eyes were laughing like the little weasels they were. He had to laugh with them; he'd get them all before the night was through.

"There's miles to go before we sleep," thought Hugh as he eased the van down the groove of the highway, "miles to go before we sleep."

Beneath The Gravestones

by kimberly dawn

W e walked through the cemetery across from his place. I have such a vivid imagination, I truly do not know whether it was only my imagination, or, if what I felt was real.

THE RAIN BEGAN.

The darkness, the rain, raining perfectly, the rain suited the time so well. I would feel bad vibes and good vibes, friendliness and unwantedness, good and evil. It was such a whole other world being in there, so isolated, going over to their world! Friendly graves, disturbed, unsettled.

"Friendly graves, disturbed, unsettled graves, lonely graves, evil graves, graves of goodness"

graves, lonely graves, evil graves, graves of goodness, and so on. I remember still being inside the graveyard, yet, my back being towards most of it and feeling an immense heaviness over me. You could feel their power, feel yourself becoming engrossed, becoming a part of their world. If there really was something to my feeling, perhaps they can sense my open-mindedness, my belief of the possibilities. Imagine reaching these souls, communicating!

The trees living here know all the secrets. Their roots dug into the depths of death, truth... unknown.

Written on a stone, "step softly, a dream lies here."

A friendly grave with the name "Colpitts" inscribes. Welcoming. A young, new tree rowing beside, life.

The white stones, evil, ironic. The mystery. People who lived. Existed. Where are they now? Their corpses deep into the earth, surrounded by the moist soil, as one, a part of it.

The dates. Lives. Families, lovers, lying side by side... still. ETERNITY?

A stone, lying in the earth... simple printed "DADDY." It sounds so lonely, painful. A father

buried by his daughter, you feel the closeness.

The older stones growing in character, in beauty. History.

"The trees living here know all the secrets"

THE RAIN CONTINUED.

We walked past a crypt. Where a person, "Summer" is enclosed above the earth. I was unprotected, vulnerable. It was a woman lying in there, in what is now her house. She lives. I feel her. Perhaps she is locked away, or chained even, but I think she has roamed over the graveyard before. Wildly. Madly. Angrily. Unleashed. Tormented. A woman with beauty which has now deteriorated to hideousness. Such ugliness. It would scare anyone. Her hair, tangled, knotted, stringy, yet thick, flying madly about. Once yellow, now, greyish. Everything greyed... her hair, lips, teeth, eyes... Her eyes, bulging, appearing larger, almost out of her face, they loom out at you... bulging through pinched, aged, greyed, wrinkled skin. Faded, dead, yet, wildly alive, crazed eyes. Long skinny fingers, so thin you see the bones, veins, her internal organs. Her fingers just look like 10 bones, barely covered with tight, wrinkled skin. I see her with arms up, hands up, running, flying wildly across the grave. A madwoman.

I did not feel this was a game, something to do only to get spooked. I could feel coldness, frightened inside. As we left, I remember one turn, after I stopped and watched, felt the grave a long time, after our walking through and through, lonely roads, quiet, dark, rain, through wise trees, with branches for arms... this one turn away I felt as though I had been so into the world beneath these gravestones. I suddenly remembered a world outside this. So isolated inside the heavy, black iron gates. A whole other world in there, with power into the night, the darkness welcome there, a friend, creating long shadows from the gravestones.

I saw black shadows come around me then, with that turn away, and almost seemed as though something went through me, around me, shook me, made me tremble, and startled me so that I

"I see her with her arms up, hands up, running flying wildly across the grave"

gasped and jumped back. Did we reach each other? Did they feel I was leaving, were they saying good-bye or pulling me back? Or, was it my imagination overworking?

I felt that woman was trying to reach me. Perhaps to pull me in, or was simply lonely. Perhaps to pull me in or was simply lonely. Perhaps I felt her desperation, or was it evilness?