

The Cycle of Life

When I was young a terrible disease touched the whole world. When it was finally over, my friends and I were more than dispirited to go back to our studies. A new way of life had been established and we had lost faith in our studies. We could no longer make sense of it all. We had not seen each other for three years. Only our friendship remained untouched despite the distance. Tristin, James, Rebecca, Austin and me decided to do something about it. We wanted to live a big moment of emotion not to lose our minds. Camping in the middle of nature. The nearest forest, with tents, sleeping bags, grilled marshmallows (I loved it!) and the smell of nature, and to have fun too. Until now nobody had gone beyond the city's limits. A long time ago it was said that in this forest, named Forest Park, there was The Manor and that someone or something was keeping it in order. But no one knew who or what. Three years after the disease, this rumor did not matter anymore for my friends and I. The 'something' was probably dead, killed by the disease. But Rebecca was a little worried about it. And I agreed with her. Yet we all packed our things and left on the next day to have a wonderful time.

When we arrived in front of the forest at noon, we found a place near a little river and set up our tents around the place where the fire was going to heat us up. We had fun all afternoon, swimming and running through the forest. Tristin and James were happy to find each other again, Austin played the guitar, I sang and Rebecca danced. We were living again.

But during the night, Rebecca and Austin thought they had heard something like footsteps maybe of the thing in the manor. But they were the only ones who had heard the same thing so we didn't believe them. During the day my friends and I tried to comfort them in our own way. For example I always laughed and said that what they had heard was the thing that came from the manor to kill us all!!! Tristin thought it was only animals, and that we were disturbing them. It had probably been three years since they had seen a human being. James did not want to show his fear. Everyone knew that this young man was a little scared. The next night they decided to visit the haunted manor to find a rational explanation.

It was midnight, when the sky was darkest and when the mist settled and the animals came out to hunt. We could only see three meters away from us, but we walked for twenty minutes. There was a big door. Rebecca asked me if we were sure we wanted to go through the gate. And I replied that we were not going to separate anyway. James walked first to the gate, turned around to look at the others in order to seize his courage and open up. The creaking of the gate was deafening. So we moved forward. Some trees hid The Manor. It was dark and our torches were out. The manor was big, gray and black. No plants had climbed up the walls, the hedges were perfectly trimmed but there were no lights. The atmosphere was completely ominous and we felt it. Tristin noticed that the architecture was gothic but we did not care. We did not retreat for all that. There was a big flight of stairs that led to a terrible entrance, for Rebecca and the boys, but a magnificent entrance for Tristin and me. We moved step by step to the top of the stairs. The wind was blowing and the bell was ringing in front of the huge door. The storm startled us and this time it was me who opened the door. Only it did not creak like the gate as if the hinges had been greased. Austin followed me, the lights were still off. Once everyone was in, the door slammed shut, and Tristin tried to open it. The big door was locked. James didn't believe her and tried to open it, but did not succeed. Rebecca was starting to panic, Austin looked for another exit, Tristin and James were trying to get a signal. And I saw a little gleam that probably came from a candle placed on a piece of furniture. So I told them to remain calm and not to make any noise. We understood that someone was present. And with all of the noise we had made, someone had to be observing us now. We looked at each other for a while

and understood that we should not stay here any longer. We agreed to turn off our torches and to hold hands so that the person could not see us moving and so that we would not disperse. I took the hand of James who was the closest to me and then we moved forward in the dark where everyone had a bad feeling. I told them that in a classical manor house there were many hiding places or tunnels leading in the cellar that could lead to the garden. I didn't think they would believe me so I walked past them and took James' hand. We were going down the stairs to the cellar when a beautiful bat went over our heads. One of the most beautiful animals of the order of chiropterans. Rebecca was crying and the others complaining. We arrived in the right place. So when James got really scared, I let go of his hand. He warned the others that he was not holding my hand anymore. Then I decided to look at them from the ceiling to watch the fear in their eyes. After two minutes trying to find me, I heard they had decided to turn on their torches. Then, it was time to start. I stood in front of them and, as my master had taught me, I thanked them for their generous sacrifice and I did that for him too. First, I explained that was simple to find them. And in a second time I told them that I had been an immortal creature only very recently. And that tonight was going to be my first real feast as a new me. Then I explained to them that they had been wonderful friends. But that all life had an end, it is the cycle of life. And, their death would be delicious. I was going to forget to tell them but I had to kill my own master on that day. Hopefully he had explained to me everything that I needed to know. He was so old and thought I was naive. He did not have time to contradict me. After a long speech I devoured them one by one to savour their taste and to see the terror in their eyes. I was drenched in blood, that was the first time that I had realised that I was born to do something and I loved it. Let me tell you, the people who have the darkest blood taste the best. If you need to taste I had hiding some sample in my favorite place.

I hope that many people will travel here, I miss fresh blood.

Crime is magic.

I hope you enjoyed reading the story... Beware, I am ready.

By Levy Salvatore, the most beautiful creature in... in my world.

THE END