

The Labyrinth

It happened on an autumn night. Like every year, I had gone on holidays with my parents in the small town of Heavenhell in Texas. We usually stayed there for a week, a boring and long week... However, this year on arriving at Heavenhell, I had come across an article in the newspaper explaining that there was an abandoned labyrinth five minutes from the city. The article even said it was haunted! I didn't believe it until that famous night...

The days went by and I only thought of one thing, to go and see the labyrinth, this idea occupied my mind day and night. But I couldn't ask my parents for permission, they would never accept and would have been too afraid of danger. Sometimes I wonder where my courage comes from when I look at them, I hope I'm not adopted!

It took me three nights of long reflection before I decided to sneak out, in order to go to the labyrinth. By making as little noise as possible, I managed to get out of my room through the window, with a black hoodie like a real offender. So, using my phone which served as a GPS and a flashlight, I went to the "abandoned place". It was midnight, the night was dark and the fog had descended upon the city. Ten minutes later, I arrived in front of the labyrinth. Without thinking for a second (and maybe I should have), I went into a real brain teaser. Suddenly, the atmosphere became oppressive and gloomy, I was starting to turn pale, a dead silence fell over the labyrinth, you could only hear the crackle of a few branches.

After a few meters I felt like a presence behind me, like a slight breath in my neck. My flashlight began to sizzle and then, went out, and the feeling of not being alone made my blood run cold. All of a sudden, I felt a hand on my shoulder and an oil lamp lit up. I turned around, shaking. In front of me was a boy. He had black hair, big brown eyes, he was thin and tall. He smiled at me and said:

"My name is Daemon and you?"

"Grace," I answered him.

He reassured me and explained to me that I should not be afraid (I never should have believed him...). We talked for several hours, I learned from him that he lived alone in the labyrinth and that he was seventeen, only a year older than me. During the conversation, I noticed that he was missing two fingers, embarrassed he explained to me that when he hadn't had anything to eat for days in the labyrinth, he had eaten his fingers to stay alive.

Daemon seemed mysterious and weird to me, but I liked him and lost myself in his dark gaze. He complimented me a lot, telling me my smile intimidated him and my blonde hair gave him chills... We were just falling in love.

The day was beginning to rise, and I thought about my parents who were going to be worried if I didn't come home. But when I said to Daemon I had to leave, he got furious and grabbed my arm violently. He screamed! He said that my beauty had driven him mad and that I had to stay by his side until death. Panicked, I ran into the labyrinth, desperately looking for the exit, but suddenly, I heard a first detonation and, I felt the bullet go through my chest and a terrible pain. I fell to the ground. I had time to hear a second detonation, Daemon had just shot himself in the head.

My eyelids slowly closed and my heart stopped beating. My last thought was that I should have listened to my parents and not be brave that day...