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The Darkness

I dreamt about a car accident. I wanted to help the casualties but no one took me seriously. It seemed that no one understood the seriousness of the situation. Luckily everyone survived.

I woke up in the middle of the night. A helicopter was flying over our house. The shouts of police cars, ambulances and fire engines seemed as loud as the strange unbearable silence. The main road was blocked. The situation confused us. At first we thought that they may be looking for someone, maybe a murderer or a thief. It made no sense.

We looked out of the window. Something had happened. Something had happened very close; just a few houses away from us.

We looked out into the night. The countryside around had changed, it did not look as it use to any longer. Everything known disappeared. All was surrounded by a dark sea. We could hear the sounds of the emergency vehicles and see their blue lamps. The fast vehicles were hurried by the heaviness of the moment, attracted one by one by the point of nightmare hidden in the dark. Vehicles attracted by the place which could not be seen but could be sensed. Then the cars

positioned themselves into the ritual half circle like lighthouses. I wish they would arrive sooner, before the space transformed. They arrived late.

In my dream I saw a car with a top down and judging by the speed, I knew it would crash. In the moment of the crash I gained physical body and wanted to help. I stopped being an uninvolved witness. No longer was my dream ruled by the indifference and reconciliation which is often sign of a nightmare. The moment of fright transformed me into physical being within the space of my dreaming.

Then the helicopter landed and took off again; you saw pairs of hands working. They were working on the heart of the driver. He was the only one who survived. There were five of them in the car and they were all too young. They drove fast, too fast, too fast to realize that they were going to die. And they did die. They crushed into the tree and one of the bodies flew into a driveway of someone's house. It flew like a stone, like a branch, like a piece of metal which was thrown. It flew out and fell back down again. It was too heavy to keep up in the air. The people who lived in the house understood the seriousness of the situation and called for help.

I was not looking out of the window any more. I was too close to a black hole. Too close to total nothingness, close to the chaos and disturbed order. I was too close to multiple deaths which I thought was unnecessary. I was unsure how firm the edges of this destroyed matter were. I did not exist in the reality of this crash. I did not become physical in the moment of fright. All I could do was to hear the silence and dread and unruliness of the situation. I could hear it hissing. I could hear it breathe. I could hear it alive and undead.

At night I wake up with the growl of every car going past. They all drive too fast. I am afraid that they may crash. I am ready. This time I am ready. I understand the seriousness of the moment. I expect that the tree will become alive again. One day it will, unseen, attract another human life, because this kind of disturbed order is too difficult to repair. I also expect that the four dead will

stand up again, grow up and forget about that crazy drive. They will free the one who survived from the heaviness and the night from the chaos.

They will not rise up. They died. The one who survived will have to free the night by himself and transform its essence.

If he'll have enough strength...

The Vision

“Evil is never pure.”

Calder – Marshall

I walked through market looking for the place where I did my shopping last time. I was unhappy with the quality of goods I received. Market people are very hard to bargain with.

I found the place easily even though other times I get lost. The market is a huge place, which is constantly changing. It's like turmoil of organs, whispers and shouts which really don't mean anything. Anywhere you go is the wrong way. This time I could see my road clearly and that should have suggested something to me.

I found the place so easy. The market people were very polite to me and spoke unusually quietly. They even smile shyly. I should have taken this for a warning.

I raised my gaze...no my gaze was raised. I'm never looking around. Especially not on the market. There are things I don't want to see.

My gaze was raised. And in that very moment it was too late for any warnings. I was too close.

A couple days ago I went to the cinema. That day the weather was very unfriendly and the sky was suggesting strong powers of witchcraft. So I wanted to wait hidden until things calmed down. But I must make a mistake and choose a place where tornados of things horizontal and vertical are meeting. Yes, I'm talking about the coils of time, space and things unknown.

My gaze was raised...again I sat in that cinema and on a screen I saw room and in that room I saw a woman. I think she was getting ready for a journey. Or maybe she was moving house. Maybe she was just tidying up. She was taking things out of a wardrobe and putting them on a bed. She gave herself to some ritual, which looked so common. Light haired slim woman. At first she was in that room by herself.

But later the strangest being entered the frame. A huge red and black burned creature was coming from the back of the room towards her.

The woman turned and opened her mouth but the sound disappeared. The beast held the woman tightly and with a knife, dirty from corrosion, cut off pieces of her flesh and poured acid into her wounds.

Then suddenly the time went. Nothing was happening.

And the space disappeared.

We were in the deepest darkness of eternity. We were so close to the entrance of indescribable things. Me, the tortured woman and the beast...

The woman changed. Her wounded body changed. She transformed into a being of incredible light and power. Even the beast changed. It was now a countless time bigger than the woman. The end of its body was not to be seen twisted in anxiety. We all changed.

The woman nodded her head and the beast knelt down. Then the woman moved her hand in an unknown symbol and her lips whispered. I could not hear what she was saying. The beast calmed down.

After that the beast begins to slowly swallow the woman in strange motions of all its huge body.

This is the most unusual ritual I have seen. I saw the servants of highest beings, which exists in places that do not exist.

The woman will stay unchanged in the beast. The evil is never pure. The beast will never become complete. It will always hold the woman inside.