

Manifestation

Brittany Violet Long

THE OLD HOUSE QUIVERS IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT, contorting into an angry asylum. I can hear the distant cries echoing through the barren halls. The room shutters while memories of the past creep into my peripheral vision. An altered mind is like a playground for the twining fingers of a dark presence. A mad man's lament is ever so present in the mind-forged shackles that dominate his perception. My misty eyes peer through the overwhelming fog. Mysterious voices echo through the recesses of my mind, while eerie, childlike laughter taunts my perception. Nothing is what it seems. Reality shifts in and out of focus, making it unclear what part my imagination plays. I sit idle, afraid of sudden movement. The room grows dim and vast, making it harder to see. The bodies around me have shifting faces; ghostly smiles haunt their features. My lips are moving, but it's obvious that they can't hear what I'm saying. A dark, ominous figure materializes from absent matter. It's a beast on four legs with bloodthirsty eyes and a soul as black as tar. I'm captivated by it; frozen in place under the gaze of its hollow eyes. It meanders its way through the room, never losing my scared stare. Everyone around me fades away obliviously as health turns to decay. The aroma of rotten apples consumes the air and burns my nostrils. The room turns into a spiraling downward vortex as my worst fears begin to manifest right before my diluted eyes. ■