

A Cut on the Palm

I feel a sharp stab of pain on my hand. Looking down I realize there's a foreign object protruding from my flesh. *How did I come across broken glass?* I wonder silently. I grasp the end of the shard and slide it out; it must have been at least three inches long and a fourth a centimeter thick.

Now that this is taken care of I can figure out where I'm at and what's going on. Wherever I am is a dark closed space. I'm lying on a cold floor that I presume to be made of stone. The air is cool and damp.

My eyes adjust to the surroundings. A candle hanging from a golden chain dimly illuminates the room; this is the only source of light. The wall across from me must be 24 feet away and is decorated by an elaborate stain glass window. Outside is night and a storm rages on. All floors and walls are made up of gray cobble stone.

Then I see it. A table takes up the center of the room. It looks like something you would dissect a cadaver upon. At the base a silver circle runs, it's decorated with runes and symbols I do not recognize. What is this, witchery?

I look again and see the outline of a humanoid figure lying chained on this table. I try to speak but my voice is gone. I try to reach out but my body is paralyzed. I strain to see clearer sense there's nothing else I *can* do.

I gasp as all the air in my body rushes out. I cannot breathe. I'd recognize that jet black hair anywhere. It's Dmitri, my very best friend. *No, don't be dead.* I think. I observe closer, his chest slowly rises and falls. I sigh relieved, he's still alive.

I hear an unseen door creak open, followed by a foot fall. Two hooded and cloaked figures enter. They seem feminine and stand about 5' 3". One stands back near where I m, the other approaches the table. They begin to converse, I know

they're speaking language but I just can't decipher the words. The one by the table draws out a dagger that glistens like a full moon.

They're speaking continues and soon it seems they are having an argument, but this comes to a halt as a man enters. He's tall, maybe 6' 6", and it looks as if he wears shadows. He only enters the room a few feet and moves no further, he's here to observe.

The woman with the dagger steps closer to the table. Demi's sky blue eyes flutter open and close like a dying butterfly. Finally they stay shut and his muscles tense up. The chains on his wrists and ankles are pointless for he will not put up a fight; he senses the danger and knows he is helpless.

The woman cuts open his shirt exposing his pale chest and a dark black tattoo. She throws her arms up in the air and begins a chant in tongues. The other hides her face; she seems to be ashamed to be here. The man smiles and puts his hands behind his back, ready to watch the show.

The woman circles the table chanting and ranting as a violent lightning bolt strikes outside, sending a flash of light into the morbid room. When she makes it back to her starting point she traces the tip of the blood hungry dagger against Demi's skin.

I fight my invisible trap and try to move. I can't let this happen! She's going to kill him. I use all of my energy and can't move a bit. A silver tear rolls down my cheek as she raises her arm and plunges the weapon into his heart.

"No!" I scream out, but they can't seem to hear me. She continues, cutting symbols into his flesh. His blood drains out. The man grins, the women smile and I grimace.

Then I jolt awake. I flick on a light and tell myself it was just a dream, but then again there's a cut on my palm.

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