

Writer's Wednesday Collection

Short Story Collection

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Kapitel 1: 01 Reconstruct the Dream

My stay in this city had been full of travel and surprise. Colorful shops and markets, illustrious restaurants and a feeling of endless enjoyment had been my companions on my way through the city. However, no matter how bright the sun was and how harmonious my surroundings were, I felt as if I was being followed.

I pushed these thoughts aside, however, they immediately returned, as a gloomy figure approached me. I tried to ignore him and pass, for a second I thought our shoulders might have touched, but as I lost my balance on the sidewalk and fell into the endless deep pool side on the lifeless plaza, I slowly realized, that this was more than a mere incident.

To late. My already heavy clothes became soaked immediately, and the cold water paralysed my body. Unable to properly move, I tried to keep my head over water, my eyes shut, so there would not be any water touching them. The attempt of getting rid of the clothes failed, and every movement made me feel as if something would drag me down further and further, away from the surface, away from all air desired. My heartbeat was suddenly all more present than ever, I felt as if somebody would create heavy pressure onto my ears. Darkness.

Beautiful. To be desired. I could not help myself but track all her way through my city. This city, crowded and polluted with the abomination called mankind, yet her beauty seemed to change the entire color palette of her surroundings. A few times she almost caught me. But I knew how to cover my tracks. And just as she stood next to the pool, I wanted to finally talk to her, Give me your attention, give me your words, your desire, everything. And even if it is just fear I get, it's fine. But keep me in your view!

But the desired glance is not given. You ignore me. I can see however that you have noticed me. You know who I am and that I know more about you than you could ever know about yourself. This ignorance however. This is not how you shall treat me. No. You shall be devoted to me. Devoted and at my bidding. You should be the one clinging onto every move I make, every vowel my lips form and every wish I send out

into this world. Only for you to fulfill it. And I shall make you understand.

It may feel as if our shoulders merely touched, but it's enough to get you to lose your balance. I watch you fall. I watch you becoming aware. I watch you struggle. I watch you drown. And then I jump. There is but one way to make you mine. You will feel obligated to be by my side and eventually, after a few years, you may enjoy being with me. My world will be your world and all that cuts in, I will take care of that you will not be harmed.

I finally dragged you out of the water. Your body is still breathing, your conscience gone. Now to awaken you to your future fate.

I've been rescued. But this person does not seem to be the saviour type of people. Just as I was about to get away from that individual, somebody grabbed them by the collar and threw them into the corner. It looked as if they had been shattered. Was my follower truly human?

My saviour clearly was not, despite their appearance.

We left the city early the next day. Our ways led through the inked calligraphy mountains. The brush strokes were bold, yet elegant. I could see big paths leading up the top from afar. As I stopped and wondered about how far away they truly were, my companion made sure to keep me going. No rest to paint. No rest to take in the scenery. We had a quest to fulfill.

Through the deep woods and forests, rich of dark greens and river sides, I stopped to watch the sunset. You could barely see the sun on the sky. But the reflection in the cool water of the river proved once more, that the sun was somewhere out of my sight. I asked to paint the view. I craved to keep the memory of this beautiful sight. But we had to travel on. We had a quest to fulfill.

In the waterfall mountains our slippery stone path led us into caves, with walls made of falling water, dark blue without illumination, but the daylight from our entrance and the watergate we would be passing through. My companion was about to pass through the thin falling cut of water that kept us from reaching our final location. Mesmerized by the falling waters I reached out to touch them just once, before I would leave this sight behind me once again. „There is no time to remember every touch. We have a quest to fulfill.“ But as my hand touched the waters, the sheer force was stronger than expected. It dragged my hand down, sucked my arm in and I fell once more into a lake of water.

However, as I reached land again, a small platform on which my companion was waiting, they hesitated to reach out and help me out. „Why do you always stop? We have a quest to fulfill.“
„I want to quest to be fulfilling.“

– The End –