

Revenge is not always sweet – Fadilah Seedat

Clouds swept across the ominous, gloomy, dark sky as the pallid moon glared with its blinding light. Twigs sniggered beneath my feet whilst the wind howled like a dying cat. Echoes flew past my ears whilst strange old vicious voices haunted my brain:

" You must go! You must go! You must go! "

I was alone, lost within the surrounding silence enclosed around me, sealed like a curse yet the darkness still called out to me; piercing my ears, haunting my mind, luring me towards it, closer and closer. Persisting, but sinister.

The air around me seemed to become more humid as sweat slowly trickled down my face. My throat throbbed with sudden uncontrollable thirst as the knot in my stomach forced tighter and tighter. Rain fell upon my shoulders like frosted knives as a frozen finger hastily traced down my spine.

And then it appeared in the hallucinating light of midnight, menacing and furious. Face like the moon, abnormally pale. His long hair wafted around him like black chains of smoke. His cloak shifted as if in an unfelt wind. Anger and fury reflected in his eyes, locked within.

The vivacious tempest obliterated the stars, mirroring his inner devil. Hidden beneath his sinister heart was a homicidal thirst for revenge. It was almost like a splinter, oh so tempting to push in. His eyes almost lost in the wrinkles around it, inspected the filthy, muddy, soot-like ground.

As quick as a blink, I cautiously watched the vampire launch out from behind the trees, as he dangerously gripped the leg of the frightened boy. Automatically, the boy let out an ear - piercing scream whilst his cheeks blazed with an incredible shade of scarlet, as if the searing heat of the sun reflected upon his pale face. His dragon - like claws mercilessly scraped against the cold, rough, hairy arms of the boy, making the wind cackle with irresistible laughter.

Fury rapidly unfurled within the vampire as he triggered his might like a vicious spirit. Spine - chilling pieces of crusty leaves rattled above the branches as a cursed cauldron of bats hastily headed towards the boy.

His eyes were burning coals in caverns of darkness. Blood lurked within his

hideous breath, stains of red rivers marked deep beneath his swollen lips. Solid black hair firmly pressed against his paranormal head.

Heartlessly, he pressed his blade - like teeth into the slender neck of the boy, resilient and devilish. Soulless, he kept hold of the thin crumbly hair of the boy whilst he attempted to slither away with all his remaining strength. At last a ghastly scream sliced the darkness as silence, finally, befalled within...

- By Fadilah Seedat