

The Loving Curse  
Olivia Hill 2009

A tremulous shudder rippled through the grey green trees above. A familiar chill ran through my bones and I knew then that a storm was on its way; ever since the...curse, my bones violently shudder before a storm. My mind flashed backwards, eerily familiar memories rushing forth. "Please, please don't touch me." I cried into my sweaty, blood stained knees, terrified to look into those piercing crimson eyes again. "I swear, I'll do whatever you want but please," my voice faltered from fear, "please, don't touch me again."

A crackling voice answered me, a voice brimming with pain and fear and envy and evil. "You will pay for what your parents did to my baby girl. You will pay with a curse."

I violently shook again, ignoring the stabbing pain from sitting on the cold jagged forest floor for too long. I felt a calloused hand roughly grab my chin, forcing me to gaze into those evil eyes. She began mumbling a foreign language, a very guttural and animalistic language while never breaking eye contact with me. With one final shake of the chin, she released me and disappeared into the consuming darkness of the forest. The curse that would forever change my life, had been set.

I shook my head trying to rid my mind of that horrendous memory, yet smug feelings gently washed through my body. Yes, tonight was the night that I would get that...satanic woman to retract the curse. She would pay for all of the pain she had conflicted upon me. My russet colored boots crunched at the dead auburn leaves on the ground, my hair whipping me in the face as I stumbled over a fallen limb, cold wind piercing my face. Grimacing, I extracted a silver navigation machine from my side back pack pocket. I tapped the on button and the machine whirled to life. A map popped up upon the screen directing me to take a right in another three feet and my destination would be one hundred yards ahead. I snapped the contraption shut, placing it back into my backpack while trying to ignore the devilish butterflies swarming around in my stomach, threatening to erupt. All of my life, ever since that hellish night, I have waited to get my revenge, and now that the time was finally here, my body was betraying me with a rapid heartbeat and a queasy stomach.

I stopped right before my next right turn and focused on my breathing. I mentally chanted to myself, "She deserves this. Because of her, she has killed everyone you have ever loved. Because of this curse, everyone you have ever cared for has died. She deserves this, she deserves this." My eyes slowly opened, I took a deep breath, tightened my grip onto my gold and silver melded knife, and stepped around the thick, menacing tree. Prepared for a hellish scene, I was taken slightly aback at the sight in front of me. An eerily calm lake the color of deep bruises and crushed charcoal lay before me, a wispy layer of smoky steam rising from the glass surface. A tiny ancient house, built of rickety decaying wood and deep gritty moss lay across the lake looking frozen in time. Framing the house lay a deep thicket of curling towering trees, grown so thickly together that you couldn't see two feet behind the first row of trees, giving the illusion of suffocating darkness.

A high pitched noise caught my attention and snapped me from my trance. It was a strangled noise, a painful high pitched noise and seemed to be emanating from the ominous hut. I clenched my teeth together and prepared myself for the battle that would inevitably kill one of us. If I couldn't rid myself of this curse, I had decided that death would be my only option. My life had become a tortured mess of me desperately seeking attention and affection yet being forced to push everyone who had ever loved me away in fear of them ending up dead. An outcast; that's all that I've ever been. A loveless, wounded, outcast.

I straightened my back and began slinking through the grimacing trees, dodging darkness, toward the desolate hut and towards the shivering noise. With each passing ominous tree I carefully placed my foot down upon the whistling leaves, desperately trying to hush my steps. While searching for the creature that had cursed me and murdered my parents, I had become an expert at quietly sneaking around forests. After what seemed like endless empty miles, I finally reached the corner of the decaying hut, the deafening noise practically unbearable as I restrained from covering my icy ears. The screeching and moaning crushed my ear drums, shooting nauseous waves throughout my tingling body.

Aware that the end to all of my suffering was near, I slowly crept up the maggot infested wooden steps, the rumbling of a growling storm echoing in the background. Just as I was about to burst down the thin vine swallowed door, the screaming stopped and I paused. In the blink of an eye, the door rushed open and my body crashed into the splinter filled ground. A scream of pure frustration danced across my lips as I sprung up with fury at my instant display weakness. My eyes strained to see into the pitch black hut and I gripped my only weapon, transferring my weight back and forth, from foot to foot, in order to stay light on my feet.

"Back for revenge I see, foolish one." A voice filled with grimy icicles spoke from the darkness.

I growled in response, my own animalistic instincts bubbling to the surface.

A menacing chuckle wafted from inside. "You want revenge my dear, but you will never have it." Her laugh screamed into the stormy sky and I wished desperately for a hint of light to be able to see my opponent. Despite a deep urge to run into the hut and destroy the creature limb from limb, I stuck to my ground in the crumbling door way where the last remains of daylight slowly dripped and slithered away behind me, replaced with drugging fog and crackling lightening.

I cleared my scratchy throat and attempted to speak, fear choking me, "I will have my revenge. You destroyed my

life, my future, my everything. And now you must pay for it.” Hoping my voice sounded confident, I awaited a reply, my heart pounding with the force of a thousand trains.

Suddenly a brilliant light filled the tent, illuminating the creature. The room was barren, except for single wooden, three-legged stool. The stool was occupied by a gnarled, ragged creature with dripping oily hair and dirt packed, leathery skin. She was dressed in a leather cloth that barely covered her old decaying body. Her head was tipped down, hair spilling and blocking her face from view. She snapped her head up, and I was once again filled with the terror that those devil crimson eyes create. She smiled, exposing yellow crusted chipped teeth, yet the smile held no warmth, no happiness. Instead, the smile crawled upon her face like a filthy insect, giving her a crazed-wild look. She slowly stood up from her hunched position and glared at me.

“You imprudent child. You honestly think that you could possibly defeat me?” She mockingly cackled and began pacing back and forth, never breaking the torturous eye contact with me. “You think that by coming here, you’ll avenge you’re poor mommy and daddy?”

The mention of my parents flooded my body with a fierce storm of anger and hate for this creature who destroyed my parents. I straightened my posture, and tipped my head down, the naïve and nervous child who walked into this hut gone.

Noticing my change in stance, she stopped and curiously looked at me, cocking her grimy head to the left. “Did mentioning poor mommy and daddy rile the little kitten all up?” Her voice dripped in sarcasm made the blood in my body boil, my fingers twitching in anticipation. “Well guess what, kitten, you’re parents are disgusting creatures who deserved to die and I’m overjoyed that I got to have the honor of slowly and painfully bringing them to death.”

“Stop it!” I screamed at her, finally losing my temper. “What?” She asked, fake confusion laced in her gravely voice. “You

finally had enough of my talk?” She glanced at me again, her oily hair knotted and filled with stray leaves and twigs sticking out at odd angles. “You want to fight, little one? Well, let’s see what you’ve got.” She smiled, her rotting teeth once again making a sickening appearance.

My body swelled with anticipation and I fought the urge to hurl. After witnessing her apparent magical powers throw me to the ground, I understood that I would probably lose this battle, but I couldn’t bring myself to be afraid. I could be seeing my parents soon, could soon be holding them again without fear of them dying. For a moment, happiness overwhelmed my senses. However, my mind had to snap back to reality for the evil creature was awaiting my attack. Deciding it was now or never, I lunged at her body, aiming for her heart with my specially made dagger. I soared through the air, and time froze. I was mere inches away from her heart, when her hand snapped up and flicked the knife away as if she was swatting an annoying fly, leaving me defenseless. I rapidly saw that this was the way that I was going to die and I just prayed that she would have mercy and kill me quickly. I watched her stand up, my body overwhelmed with the sensation of being burned while dipped in ice water. I was crumpled on the floor, a flashback from fifteen years before, and she began to slowly walk towards me. Towering over me, she bent down, hands on her knees and giggled. I closed me eyes, anticipating the worst, and faintly registered the loud clap of thunder rustling outside my personal hell hut. She gripped my neck, each dirty finger leisurely tightening, making it harder to breath. I felt a whisper brush my ear, my sweat soaked hair tickling my face.

“This won’t be quick, deary”

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