

Creative Writing

The cool October wind brushed the autumn leaves, making a sharp sound in his ear. It was a simple wind that blew one second and left the next.

It was a beautiful sight, Michael thought to himself. It was such a great feeling to see his house getting closer as he crossed the road. Michael was getting excited at the prospect of placing his key in his front door and the comforting crunch of the key turning in the lock as the heavy door opened.

So comfortable with the notion he had just created for himself Michael allowed his neck muscles to completely relax and his head slumped towards the ground. His eyes closed tightly, unwilling to see his head crash into the street, praying that the pain would not last long, if at all. His eyes were jerked open by the fact that his chin had just slammed into the ground and he laughed quietly to himself, realizing that he would not be allowed to die that easily. He would have to make more of an effort than just allowing his neck muscles to relax. Michael focused on the street and actually began to admire it. Taking in the splendour of the footpath, it's the simple things in life that you notice.

"Funny," he thought to himself. "People drive up and down this street every day and do not even understand what they are driving on." Michael did not quite understand what the meaning of the colour was; he glanced back at the grey street again. This time it looked like there were more speckled fragments of black than white.

The blackness of the street was of varying degrees, but it was still black. The blackness had come from various sources such as oil stains and small rocks, but its presence, as well as the lack of other colours began to confuse Michael. He shook his head and raised his fluttering hands to his forehead, in order to banish these insane confusing thoughts from his mind, but sadly his efforts failed.

Michael faced the fact that he would have to again focus his attention to the grey. With a heavy sigh he began to take the grey back into his mind,

and his soul. Michael became frantic as he began to search wildly for a source of colour, some source of life, but his desperate search came up negative. Tears formed in his green eyes and steadily made their descent down his pale cheeks, leaving a salty trail of misery. As gravity took over the tears fell from his face to the ground, making a silent 'plop' on the street.

Michael felt disturbed as he saw the dark tarmac swallow up his tear, leaving only a small round black mark as a sign of its existence. Unable to watch the sight anymore he turned his head to the right, in hope of some light relief. For a brief moment Michael's small hopes lifted, triumphantly painted on the black tarmac where two, seemingly unending, strong yellow lines. This sign of light on the bleak scene made Michael smile and reach out to touch the lines. He reached out, hoping that the lines were not manifestations of his imagination. Realizing that the lines were real objects that could be touched made Michael's heart jumped. He ran his fingers across them, ignoring the rough feel of the road underneath; such imperfections meant nothing to him at that moment.

It was at that moment when Michael saw the one thing that robbed of his smile, the one thing that made all his high hopes come crashing down, it was nothing gigantic, yet it was earth shuddering, it was a speck of grey amongst the bright yellow lines. Michael blinked his eyes, wishing that it was his over worked mind playing horrible tricks on him. It was not. Once he opened his eyes from the quick blink more and more specks of grey started to appear. Grey fragments rained down on the yellow lines in their masses. Unable to focus on the grey any longer, Michael raised his head, forcing the muscles he had relaxed only minutes ago, to work again. He let his eyes follow the horribly imperfect yellow lines to their destination. Michael felt like screaming when he saw that the lines curved into all encompassing blackness.

Unable to look at the horrid sight any more Michael forced himself to look behind him. For a moment his hopes rose when he saw a lone streetlight, shining a welcoming light into the world. Michael caught himself in mid sigh when he realized that the light was a hoax, a way to tease people into believing that happiness existed. Michael saw that beyond the glorious 'white beacon' was nothing but another all encompassing darkness.

Attempting to thrust his arms in the air Michael felt like screaming again. He hoped to thrust his head in the air, but was interrupted by the hope of finding something worth living for. Up above, the clouds had engulfed the sky. The blackness had hidden the moon, his home, his family, his friends and the stars. Only blackness.

Michael wanted to run from it all, and, for a moment he felt content that the darkness had not won yet. Now, though, he began to realize that the discoveries he had made about this world tonight had taken a physical toll on his body. His fight would have meant nothing at all if he gave in. *from*

Michael realized that it did not matter if he won or lost. The darkness had overcome the light forever. For Michael it did not matter if he stood up to the darkness. It meant nothing.

With that he closed his eyes, allowing the darkness to win.

He forced his eyes open, unwilling to believe that everything meant nothing. Michael turned his head forward, and his face actually felt the warmth before his eyes saw it. Out of the darkness, he saw two beams of white light, the most beautiful white he had ever seen in his entire life. He smiled, and he thought for a brief second that he had actually laughed, was actually still laughing. He was laughing before he began to realize that those two beams were coming directly towards him out of the blackness. They were cloaking him in their glow and he forced his entire body to turn towards the oncoming lights so it, like his face, could bask in the warmth.

His arms, greedy for the warmth, reached out in front of him, hoping that somehow, they could feel the radiance before the rest of him did.

The lights were close now, so close that the white was actually beginning to blind him. He fought off the urge to close his eyes so as the blackness faded away into the white his final thought was about the beauty of it all before the blackness completely faded away and engulfed him in its beauty. He was finally happy: Truly happy.

The man driving the car leaped out, not really comprehending what he had just done. He looked at the crumpled body, the puddle of blood forming around the man. The driver wasn't quite sure and at this point, he really didn't want to examine the body, but he thought the dead man before him was actually smiling.

The driver's head swung frantically, searching for some sort of help, but he found none. All he saw was blackness. Distressed, he looked for some sign of life, and his eyes focused on the lone street lamp, the lamp that offered a small sign of hope. He began to race towards that light, hoping that there was more behind that light instead of the overwhelming blackness that surrounded it.

But all was dark....