

The unexpected

The full moon gives the only light in the otherwise dark summer night. The weather is warm with a cool soothing breeze, rocking the trees in a timeless motion back and forth. The Stockholm suburbs are dark and so quiet that if a hare would run across the street you would hear him. The neighbourhood cats sit in the dark corners of the gardens, quietly, motionlessly, listening for any movements, waiting for any possible prey to attack. The main road is large and is the only connection to the city. It passes through the neighbourhood and leads to the only castle in the area. The road was made especially for that castle after a lot of argumentation by the people living there. The castle's huge rear is always giving you the impression of royalty and mystery; it was old and was once built by a queen, who built it with many secret passages so it would be easy for her to escape, because she was afraid of being killed. It gave the neighbourhood its timeless accord.

The high music was the only thing interrupting the peaceful harmony in the neighbourhood. The cats escaped it to the gardens further down the road. The houses were dark and empty; no one could miss the party. The music came from the castle garden where the smell of beer from the bar, mixed together with the smell of grilled meat and music to give the neighbourhood a different atmosphere. The dance floor was crowded with people trying to dance, and the bar was filled with people drinking and chatting but still no one could take their eyes off her.

She was the owner of the castle. She was the only inheritor of the castle which meant that her ancestors were royalty. Her face was firm with a childish look to it, making it impossible for anyone to determine her age. She had a small mouth with naturally red lips which contrasted with her perfectly lined white teeth, which were revealed whenever she smiled. Her eyes were deep and penetrating, but with an undeterminable colour. Looking into her eyes always gave you the feeling of emptiness and timelessness. She wore a blood red dress that hung nicely and identified every part of her body; from her tanned long legs to her nicely contrasting ebony black, waist length hair. She moved around gracefully dancing with the young admirers and chatting with the old ones. She knew everyone and knew that she was admired and always acted upon that. She had a strange character that could blend in with different people but also couldn't be predicted.

The partying atmosphere was spread everywhere in the neighbourhood except for inside the castle itself. No one was ever allowed to walk freely inside the castle; she always followed you like a hawk. The castle basement was divided into five rooms, four of which were seen and one that was only entered through a secret passage in the wall. The room was as cold as a fridge, and so dark you couldn't see your own hand. It was very quiet except for the hushed sound of music from the party outside. It had no windows and was completely isolated from the rest of the world. Water from old rusty pipes, was dripping down from the ceiling. The room was three by three metres where the walls were unpainted grey. In a corner was a high staple of plastic plates and glasses that have been passed in through the small opening in the wall. The only furniture in the room was the small bed. A young girl lay motionlessly on the bed; the sound of her hushed slow crying was the only sound coming out from the room.