

“CONSUMED”  
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Literary Tech & Story Development 3-26-2012

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## CONSUMED

Slimy fingers and a draft met me as I fell into a tunnel-like gap under my bed. I felt like screaming and kicking, but it was of no use—the draft had taken its hold. Each time I fought the movement; my body seared with a pain that fighting only made worse. My breathing became erratic. I felt the blood pumping through my body, down through my entire four-foot eight-inch frame. Nothing like this had ever happened before, and terror flared through me like a raging fire.

Waking up, I tried to figure out what happened. The room was dark, filled with shadows, leaping from every corner. The wall attracted my attention first. Before my eyes, a mirror receded and now had an unearthly glow.

Flames flew from the center, highlighting a spiral staircase that seemingly revolved up through the solid wall. An image blazed in the mirror-like reflection where the staircase met the wall. It looked like a gateway ascending toward the stars. Each time my eyes moved around the room, I could feel my body quiver. My heart hammered, forcing blood through my icy cold veins. I knew I needed to move, but the horror within my mind left me paralyzed.

Glancing further from the fire mirror, I noticed something sitting in the chair directly in front of my closet. A movement, like the ripple of a small breeze, caught my eye. A monster floated into focus. Just as quickly, it shimmered out, while my jelly-fried brain cells tried to make sense of it all.

“Scram! Shoo! Leave! Get out!” I tried to shout, but it was more of a soft, angry hiss. I tried again. “What do you want? Who are you?” Risking my sanity, as well as my life, I moved my feet to the edge of the bed. I leaned over; scanning the underside of the bedspread to be sure the menace of my vision was not there and dashed across the room to face the hideous monster.

Empty sockets stared at me. A light buzzing enveloped me, my mind trying to block the growing fear that was filling my limp body. The tingling began in my fingertips, spreading to my arms, then hammered through my lungs until it finally attached itself to my grey matter. My breath caught. I reached out to touch it, feeling the frigid arctic inferno enfold me. The gateway revolved from the wall and swallowed me into a new dimension.

Focusing on the center, a bench appeared to expand into an oblong orbit. The gooey slime orbited me and began to fossilize me. I could hear, see, smell, and feel; but I could no longer move. I could no longer speak; though, I heard words inside my head. I shuddered inwardly, hearing the words screaming inside my head.

“Welcome home, honey! I am looking forward to the upcoming heart-to-heart we will be having after I have consumed that physical form.”

The alien form whispered in my mush-like brain, as he proceeded to consume me. All the images of my life as a human travelled through my brain roots out to my companion. I melted into one with him, entirely devoured.

