

Clairvoyance

I hit my head on the seat in front of me and the last thing I saw were screaming passengers with fear in their eyes before passing out in the bus. I opened my eyes slowly while trying to ignore the excruciating pain in my head and found myself on the floor of the bus which was now shockingly empty. I grabbed onto the nearest seat and pulled myself up when I saw the small pool of blood on the floor, close to where I was lying as it turned out, the hit on my head was more severe than I had initially thought because it had cut right side of my forehead. I made my way out of the bus which had stopped in the middle of nowhere and all I could see around me were trees and a dense fog that covered the land. All alone, fear started to creep up on me but I realized that doing nothing would solve nothing and so I started making my way through the forest into the unknown. The eerie feeling did not leave my side as I slowly walked directionless, since every creak and sound distressed me. Walking in the dense fog, I saw something that gave me a small ray of hope. In some distance, I could see a blurry figure that looked like a sign, similar to the one on highway roads indicating the location one was approaching. The moment I saw it I increased my pace, trying to make my way to it as soon as possible. In the sight of the sign, I did not look at the path due to which I did not see a small dried-up irrigational canal that tripped me up making me fall onto the hard concrete surface, knee-first. The fall on hard concrete ripped the fabric of my pants close to my knee and cut up my skin. I sat there for a moment due to exhaustion when I felt something, something very particular, a presence. There was something or someone behind me, and I could feel its heavy breath, similar to mine, hardly a foot away from where I was sitting. I froze up in fear for a moment, contemplating my options. I took a deep breath and rapidly spun around in hopes of catching whatever was behind me, but to my surprise, there was nothing but the fog as far as I could see. I looked around in curiosity for a brief moment before giving up on my search and continuing toward the sign. Now with a sore knee, I slowly approached the sign to read what it had said and when I looked at it, I wished I had not. My face went pale as if the blood in my body had dried up when I realized at what land my feet stood. Dagshai said the signboard, a village hidden in the depths of Himachal, a place famous not for its beauty but for its terrifying past. I knew about this place and its history, and a densely fogged forest leading me to this signboard did not put me in the most comfortable spot.

I was trying to figure out my next move, when it happened again, a presence. I turned around again and like a maniac looked for something which I was not even sure existed in the first place. That was more than enough to give me chills running down my spine. With nothing making sense to me anymore, I decided to walk back in a straight line to the empty bus from where I initially set foot into this forest. I started limping back to the bus since the pain in my knee had now completely flared up. This time however I made sure to take into consideration the canal that previously tripped me up. To my absolute shock, the canal had disappeared since I did not come across it even after walking a substantial bit. I questioned myself about the canal in my mind but did not pay heed to it and kept walking. I was close to just giving up when I saw the bus in some distance which gave me some strength to walk. However, history repeated itself, and similar to my reach toward the signboard, I tripped on something again. This time my knee completely started to bleed but, I did not feel the physical pain for long because as soon as I turned around to check what had caused the fall

this time, all the sense went out of the window. I dragged myself away using my hands in absolute fear of what appeared to be a tombstone. With my name on it. My hands started to shake in panic as I read my name again and again in utter disbelief. Scared to my absolute core I turned to the bus and moved towards it with all the speed I could accumulate with my brutally injured knee.

Suddenly the gate of the bus swung open, catching me by surprise and stopping me in my tracks and it was then that I saw it. A dark human-like figure stepped down from the bus and looked straight at me as if staring right into my soul. It felt impossible to describe what I was seeing. It laughed with a cackling noise that raged through the forest, making me shake in fear. I was too scared to even contemplate what was going on but then I saw something. The figure had a bruise similar to mine on its head and a bleeding knee which also resembled mine. What I sensed in that moment is hard to describe but it felt as if I was looking in a broken mirror. Before I could do anything, the figure laughed again and raised its hand high into the air and in the next instant sunk it into his chest. I felt a sudden sharp pain and saw my shirt turning blood red as if someone had sunk their hand into my chest and pierced through. I fell to the ground and started to scream in pain. It was not long before I felt a hand grabbing my heart inside my chest. I looked at the figure in agony as if begging it to stop with my eyes but with another demonic smile it tightened his hand and I felt my life being squeezed out of my heart. I lost all consciousness there and then and felt as if I had gone into a state of slumber. I felt water gently touching my face in my subconscious state of mind when someone jerked me awake. I opened my eyes to see a crowd over me trying to wake me up and all of them sighing out of relief when I finally opened my eyes. I sat up immediately and looked around in panic when an older woman said to everyone, "He's up and out of concussion". I then felt a pain on my forehead and felt it with my hand only to find a stitched-up wound. I carefully got to my feet to see that I was by the side of the road with all the passengers around and no signs of a fog-dense forest or that dark figure. I checked my knee to find out that it was perfectly fine. It was a dream. All of it was. I smiled to myself as I thanked everyone when the bus driver told me that I had hit my head pretty badly because he suddenly had to hit the brakes due to a deer on the road. I took a breath of relief in what felt like ages. All of us made our way onto the bus and back into our seats when the same lady who had informed everyone of my well-being approached and sat next to me. I was wondering about my terrifying dream when the lady slowly leaned in and asked me, "How's that knee doing?".