

# A Town Beneath the Fog

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*An extract of a short-story I wrote for an assignment in my second year of university:*

Darkness

Deafening silence

desolation

isolation

Adrift in the frigid, vast, nothingness

A corrupting, immense, hollowness takes over.

Sprawling, sustaining solitude's sour taste.

!

You follow a stairway down to the concrete path. The sound of passing traffic gradually fizzles out. You hear the winds, howling in the night sky but gently creasing the canal water.

You take a deep breath and exhale a cloud of smoke. You gradually slow down, basking in the serenity of the moonlight. After some time, you gradually come to a halt as you reach the trail on your right leading to the street you live on. But you also see that the canal continues to stretch straight ahead of you. Curious to where it will take you, you decide to resume your walk by the canal. After a while, your legs start grow heavy, your breath becomes short, your heart palpitates more and more- You pause. Resting your back against the mossy brick. You eventually sit down on the concrete, staring at the starry sky.

All of a sudden, clouds begin smother the stars, severe fog fills the atmosphere. Your body begins to shiver to the bone. Panicking, you frantically look around, you quickly begin to run back down the path you came from. The fog begins to thicken until you see nothing. Hopeless, you come to a standstill, briefly closing your eyes.

As you open your eyes, you appear in room tinted in a blue hue. Blue candle lights aligned along the grey, rustic wooden corridor. Without warning, you hear a gentle tune playing straight ahead. Gently tip-toing along the creaking wooden floor, you begin to make my way towards the hypnotic, heavenly melody. Forcing your way through façade of cobwebs, dodging the sprawling spiders crawling beneath the cracks of the wooden floor, you eventually arrive at the door. You pause, taking in the melody, engraving it into your memory. After a few long minutes of listening, you quietly exhale. Shakily, you place my hand on the doorknob and discreetly turning it...

Abruptly the playing stops. The harp silently sits gracefully in the moonlight as the wind whispers and howls. You walk towards the harp, the wooden floor tiles loudly creaking, the wind violently blowing the worn, meshy curtains in your face. You extend your hand towards the strings-

The windows slam shut silencing the howling wind. The air starts to feel dense and chilly.

“Please. Don’t touch that.” You feel a cold whisper behind you.

You frantically turn around.

You see nothing.

The harp starts playing again but this time it was different. You start to feel a sudden tightness in your chest. You feel a strange gloominess churning in your stomach. You slowly shift your body towards the harp. You see a white-haired girl gently plucking the strings, whimpering on her long, dark dress. Gradually the girl stops playing, fixing her gaze upon you. All of a sudden, a huge gust of wind hits you. You feel the earth beneath you. *I-I’m outside now?* You think to yourself. Carefully, you examine the area. You see nothing. Nothing but mist. The mysterious girl, tugs on your garment, pointing in the distance. Far away, very far away in the distance, you see a town. A town sitting beneath the fog.