

Prince Gajera – writing on the picture – dead end.

Suffocating me, the livid and sooty fog, amongst the colossal figures made from dead branches, lie low on the surface of the ground creating a dense wall of raincloud. Visibility was reduced 5 metres, enough to see trees as tall as abandoned radio towers. Microscopic particles of fog could be seen floating around hopelessly, as if in panic to disperse their precipitation. Sometimes those particles would enter my eyes causing effects as seen in 3D horror movies. The intimidating and apprehensive silence stretched out the day. Countless crows bark like dogs shattering the still silence of the forest as they curl around the cyclical trees that seem to be watching them with their aspen eyes. There was no escaping this cycle.

Suffocating me, the mist filtered through my lungs as my breathing rate got quicker. I felt a small gust of cold air causing a shiver to disperse across my spine. The shiver causing a ripple effect caused me to shake like a leaf. So still, I took a step. What felt like a leap, I took a small step forward. My feet went cold; I had stepped on ice. The ice sent silent screams across my body causing multiple shocks of shivers to spiral down my thin and fragile frame in comparison to the structures circling me. Everywhere I looked, everything was so still, so silent and so scary. It was an endless loop.

In the distance, I saw the cawing crow ruling the area of mist. The black jubilant raven crow produced a sophisticated yet a faint skeletal sound almost as if it was a warning me. It's low frequency sound vibrated viscously driving through the rough terrain of my ears, which were fossilised frozen, signalling to me that I chose the wrong place. The crow's long beak, as sharp as a razor, as pointy as an arrow, intimidated me despite being a quarter the size. The crow signalled danger as efficiently, as the air raid siren during the blitz despite not having a clue on the way out of the forest. It was a dead-end.

Quite literally, the dead-end appeared as I witnessed the trail, I had followed all along, suddenly disappear - it slowly merged into nothing as if it was an illusion, almost as if the trail was the coward running away from the crow's signal. Or was it the sullen, dead and wilted grass strands, which grew uncontrollably, especially high and thick, on to the dreary, devil lit trail that trapped me in a cycle of fear? Musty, moist, moss seemed to kill the trail.

I felt the rough, sharp terrain of the sign, untouched for millennia soar through my pale-dry fingers. My fingernails were considerably weak in comparison. Blood, the only deep red in the area, gushed out as I let go of the uncomfortably awkward texture. I could almost taste the rough texture of decaying metal. As the blood raced out of my body, I felt lightheaded and collapsed onto the floor. The cycle was over.