

Luke Best – Picture stimulus

A Dead End

Decaying leaves crumple under the soft rubber of my boots. Whisps of wind woosh wavily along currents in the air making the strands of my hair wiggle to the metallic music of many a crow. Ropes of rust bind a diamond sign to a corroding stake that has been driven into the dew-soaked dirt. The sign delivered the claim that there was dead end at the end of the path. One particular crow perched itself on the pinnacle of the sign and let out a unique squark that set it apart from the cacophony of other screeches. Peeking over the din of the birds I heard voices. One deep masculine voice and several high, squeaks that were probably children. Through the dense foliage tongues of fire danced within a circle of ragged rocks sending rays of light into the inky black canvas above like missionaries into a foreign land.

It appeared that they were some sort of youth group that had come into this forest to camp and do team building or something. However, a thought was niggling inside my head asking myself why they were so deep inside the forest at this remote point. Then like pulling dust sheets off ornate furniture everything became clear. How did I get here? I did not come here of my own volition and I had a weird sixth sense-like incline that the youths did not come here willingly either. Only two questions remained. Were the people who brought us here the same? Who were they?