

The Storyteller's Collection

Story 3



The Mirror

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(Note: This is a short excerpt from the full short story.)

"Is this just some game they're playing with me?" She wondered as she ran down a faintly lit tunnel, her darting blue eyes searching for markings on a wall... They had let her loose. However, why?

"I've got to find my way out of here," Rachel mumbled under her breath. She still was thinking about why the cage door was open and no one was around guarding her. She knew something was not right. "Had they just slipped up?"

Those markings on the tunnel walls... She had to find them. Suddenly she heard something up ahead, and moving very quickly towards her. The light of the tunnel in front of her flickered wildly and then faded to darkness with only the flapping sounds of wings. Hundreds of bats, which she hated, came right at her, knocking her down as they flew passed her. Screaming and grabbing her head to try to cover up,

she rolled face down on the tunnel floor waiting for them to pass.

Then, as fast as they had appeared, they were suddenly gone, the echoing sounds of their wings drifting off into the darkness of the tunnel. Suddenly out of nowhere came a sharp strike to the back of her head, putting her in a daze. Two large primitive looking men with long scraggly hair, dressed in animal furs, dragged her off into the flickering light of the tunnel... Leaving behind the lingering stench of the dead, that seems to engulf their filthy bodies.

The long leather strap lashed across her body, Rachel's head slumped down... She was over the screaming now. Her mind and body still in shock from the tremendous pain. She was hanging from a large wooden beam; her arms tied with small vines above her head. The blood ran down her arms and back, from the beating she had taken. The cave people finally cut her down, dragging her back to the wooden cage by her hair and bloody arms.

They picked her limp body up and threw her face down into the large cage, locking the cage door behind her. She laid there for some time before moving over against the rock wall and easing herself slowly up it. She sat there for hours it seemed, gradually getting some strength back. Occasionally she would lift her head up and look at the cave people watching over her, then look back down at the dirt floor, hoping they would leave her alone, even if it were just for a short time. She could not help from thinking that this was a bad dream or nightmare and she would wake up at any time. The strange images of being here before, would enter her mind, haunting her every thought and then mysteriously slip away. Why she was thinking like this confused her. "How could I have been here before and why?" Then the pain would come back, clouding out other thoughts in her mind.

The cage constructed from heavy vines and wood made it a strong prison, seemingly hard to escape. Light from the torches on the cave walls, projected eerie shadows that dance across the cage. The cool damp air moving slowly around her, smells of a foul decaying odor. The blood that was dripping from her arms and back, now half dried, stuck to her skin covering her wounds. Dirt and other debris from the cavern floor covered her body from head to toe. Her vision was starting to clear up and her thoughts were searching for some type of escape plan. The only ones that are free to roam besides the cave people, were the rats that share the cage with her. Moving in and out through the wooden bars, they would occasionally stop to chew on the vines. Suddenly, Rachel gets an idea of how to escape.

Finally, the cave person that was guarding her walked out of the room. Rachel looking for something sharp found a piece of rock that may work for cutting the vines. Moving over towards the door of the cage, she listened for anyone close by. After a few minutes, she started cutting at the vines with the sharp piece of rock. She did not have much strength left from the torture they had been putting her through, but from her strong will to survive, she kept cutting away at the vines.

If you like this short excerpt from the full story, this story plus five other eerie stories are in my new book - "Storytellers Realm Collection of Fiction Quest Stories". You can get more information or order my book or ebook from the Storyteller's Realm Website - www.storytellersrealm.com. Thank you again for reading this excerpt - The Mirror.

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