The Peculiar Village (8899 znaków)

Saturday 23rd June 2012 , evening

We just arrived at my grandmother’s old house. After she died, we had to move in with her brother, my great-uncle to look after him. The house lays in a peculiar location, tightly hidden in a clearing of a forest surrounding a nearby village. I’m quite scared of the dark, and I already know that this night will be terrifying for me. I’ll at least give sleep a try.

Sunday 24th June 2012, midnight

I was right. I couldn’t close my eyes,let alone sleep. I feel so vulnerable when I’m not moving. I’m 14 and not scared of any ‘monsters’ or ‘ghosts’ as I know that no such ghoul would care about someone like me, but I just feel uncomfortable being alone, in a dark room with nobody around me. I decided to wander around the house. I grabbed a torch and exited my room as quietly as I could, which turned out to be impossible with the floorboards and doors creaking and flexing. I began walking down the long upstairs corridor, which had the whole right side lined up with paintings of every owner of the house from my family. I saw my great-uncle, grandmother, great-grandfather and many other family members I could not possibly recognise. I looked at every description and face on the portraits, which contained the names and dates of birth and deaths of the people showed. I saw dates in short flashes as I moved past each frame. 1811...1682...even 1437. I slowly edged towards the last canvas on the wall. Abraham Hermitt Alexander Wellington... 1312- 30th June 1412. I looked at the face painted on to the... velum, I think, and remember a flash of a face and darkness.

Sunday 24th June, morning

I must have passed out last night, as my mother told me she found me in the hallway on the floor and dragged me to bed. The last thing I remembered were the outlines of a face.

Sunday 24th June, noon

Mother and I went to the village today. When we arrived, I gathered a description of the village with my eyes. It was made up of old wattle and daub huts with thached roofs tightly packed up against each other and positioned around the center square. Directly in the middle was the statue of the town’s founder I did not pay much attention to, although the face was oddly familiar. The shops were very strange. They looked like small, local businesses from medieval times, with hinged banners swaying in a cool breeze over the entances to the seemingly always empty shops. The people there were also so... curious. They would freeze and fix their gazes at us tracking our movements as we wandered around from one side of the square to the other. I had the feeling that we were not welcome here, even my always optimistic mother looked worried, doing her best to show me that she was not bothered at all.

Sunday 24th June 2012, evening

No matter how my mother tried to look in front of me, I had my theorems confirmed when I heard her desperatley trying to convince my great-uncle to move in with us, in London, but he stubbornly disagreed. Whenever my mother touched on the subject he would avoid it, ignore her or not even

consider the thought. It was like talking to a wall. She eventually gave up, and all I know is that we stayed.

Monday 25th June 2012, morning

I am beggining to like the place. I went to the local public school today. The classes were composed of a few children that behaved and treated me like the people from yesterday. I decided to focus on the lesson, which did not differenciate much from the standard lessons I had and was used to back in London, if not as fancy.

Monday 25th June 2012, afternoon

I decided to go out into the forest in search of an adventures. I packed my survival kit backpack I got for my birthday and put on a headmounted camera I bought with my Christmas money two years ago to log what I find. It was all quite underwhelming, really. I found a nice spot quite far into the woods but nothing to interest me or at least to fill me wiith inquisitance.

Wednesday 27th June 2012

I got back from school and got into conversation with my great-uncle, or, as he told me to call him, ‘gruncle’ Henry. He told me about our family’s history, and I actually enjoyed the talk. I used the chance to ask him about the first portrait hanging on the dry calcium wall in the top hallway, and it turns out that Abraham Wellington is the first of our family lineage, being one of my ancestors. Interesting. I still feel like I recognise his face from somewhere or at least recall seeing it somewhere else.

Friday 29th June 2012

Two very boring days. I went to that ghastly village today to shop for groceries, and the lady at the counter was eyeing me the entire time I was at the rundown store. It contained two isles with what I was guessing ecological or natural products. When I was about to pay, I heard her mumble something about “three shillings and a tuppence –“ but cut off and asked me, “Are you a Wellington’?”, and before I could reply or even nod, she lowered her head, packed everything into a woven basket and shoved me out. She was so odd. As I was crossing the square, I was drawn to the bronze statue. It was covered in a green rust-like substance making it impossible to make out the face or the inscription under ‘Town Founder’, yet I feel like I’ve seen it more than the times I was under it, somewhere else. I carried on my walk home.

Saturday 30th June 2012

Today was a crazy day. It started quite well, but things began to go downhill from there. It was a warm summer morning. I leapt out of my comfy bed, quickly got dressed in loose and torn clothes I wouldn’t care about ruining and packed my camera and backpack. I sprinted downstairs and gobbled up my breakfast, pulled on a coat and bolted outside. My mother called after me to take my scarf. I know she always means well for me but she can be a bit overprotective sometimes. During my first days here, while wandering around the forest I had encountered one of the most beautiful place I have ever seen. The route is tedious and ends deep in the forest but is worth every second and every danger. I decided to find that place once again. Running for a few minutes, then eventually downgraded my speed to a moderatley fast jog to not waste stamina. I had time to take in the beautiful sights of the countryside woods. I was thinking of how I would never want to return to the city now, although the first days we spent here after we moved were... not the easiest. The convenience of a city life is hard to appreciate until you lose it. As Inearedd my destination, I caught glimpses of the crystal lake glimmering in the winter sun. I approached a pile of fairly large rocks that I decided to sit on, unpacked a ham sandwich from my backpack and just as I was about to grab a bite, a small grey four-legged creature snatched it out of my hands and ran straight forwards. Sprinting after it, I lunged but fell hard on the ground, with the small creature barely slipping from my hands. As I stood there, mourning my sandwich, I heard and felt the ground move and crumble underneath my feet. I desperatley tried to cling on to anything I could, but I helplessly fell further and further. When I fought it couldn’t get any worse, I began to feel something trickling down my face... the moisture grew into a high-pressured stream, and I realised that the lakes banks overflowed the whole. My face was covered in water and my hands began slipping. I would soon be fully submerged. It was like I forgot how to breathe. Gasping for oxygen, my lungs flooded with water. I began losing hope. My cries for help seemed useless. Silent. Unnoticed. I felt as if the forest itself did not care about me and my existance. I said my final prayers and was preparing for death as I was grabbed on my forearm. A strong arm pulled me upwards. I was gasping for air. My bones felt as if they were being crunched. I saw a glimpse of a man. I felt the houmus forest floor hit me in the side as I fell on it as hard as concrete. I then passed out.

Sunday 31st June 2012

I must have lay there all night. I woke up when the sun was rising. I thought it was all a bad dream, yet to my terror, there it was. A huge, gaping hole. I ran home the entire way, as fast as my tired muscles would let me. My mum said she was worried sick about me. I apologised but did not pay much attention to it. Nothing made sense. I was sure of who I saw yesterday. The man... I dashed up the stairs two at a time and... sure enough, there he was Abraham Hermitt Alexander Wellington. Dressed and looking exactly the sane as I remember him from yesterday. But... that didn’t make sense...he died...exactly 600 years ago yesterday. My camera footage was gone. It then clicked. The man from the statue...I ran to the village, which is only a few minutes away. Scrubbing the rust away, I saw what I wanted, or rather, did not want to see. The name... dates... all correct. My only question remains...how?