

The next night, or, heading for Gravensteen

Departure

Time tells exactly 03:54:27 AM

xx : xx : xx

I walk slowly down the old groaning stairs, with my head buried deep in the collar of my coat. A last resort against the freezing wind, that roars furiously through these small, dark alleys, a paradise without end. The crooked walls around me, are nothing more than dead skin.

x

empty
() shells in an () world
empty

(xxxxxx)

(xxxxxx)

I feel the coldness of the stone pavement crawling up, up, up. Her only goal and mission is to steal territory from my precious body warmth, to submerge me, with the rest of this dead city.

x

I shiver

x

I realize that it's a long time since I've felt her this close. I shiver again when I realize that, after this night, I will probably never feel her again. I will leave this hell-hole, this ghostly façade.

x

x

x

x

x

Tonight a. distant.. bell... chimes....

x. x.. x... x....

one. two..three... four....

....times

I must hurry

x

I must leave these alleyways. I must leave the safe patronage that the darkness gives, and show myself. Here, the full moon enlightens the long, open streets, giving everything a silvery glow with a sense of utmost vulnerability.

x

x

The trees are leafless, lifeless. They point up to the sky like skeleton hands in silent prayer. The water in the wide canal is dead frozen. The wind lures her cold breath. They are all dead, yet they all seem to feel my presence here. Here, where the Slate and the Fond canal meet.

I am a dweller. One of a dying race, I've walked these streets for as long as I can remember, and there were times, where these trees were in full blossom, and the water ran vividly. There were times, where time itself stood still. Those were times that she and me were akin.

x

x

x

Arrival

Time tells exactly 04:04:04 AM

xx : xx : xx

Departure