

BY AREEN AGRAWAL

"It was just an accident."



I was looking at myself in the mirror last night. Though the sky outside was lit up by the twinkling stars so profoundly, the streets were immensely dark. It's the crushing winter of South London and it was the longest day of the year as well - the 22nd of December. Still the 4 candles in my room were making me look bright enough - at least in my reflection. "Is this you? Mayra?" I murmured after a soul-chilling pause in speech that I felt. A girl was standing right behind me, to the left, her face having linear cuts as if they were made aesthetically from one side to the other; hot red waxy blood dripping off her right cheek. Still, I managed to identify her somehow. I felt her presence. No, I didn't turn.

"You shouldn't have taken that turn to AmityVille, Skye". Her voice was still as sweet as it used to be, when we were best friends - and she was alive. "It was ... just an accident", these were the only words that came out of my mouth when I finally managed to have a look behind me. She was suddenly gone.

The next moment I'm seeing myself in the mirror being dragged & thrown out of the window with the reflecting pieces of broken glass with me. The candle flames have suddenly turned to bonfires & a screaming voice that thundered into my head saying "You did this to me!", was the reflection of the future, of what was about to happen. I shouted as loud as I could, touching my face while seeing this horrible happening & ran towards the left corner of my bookshelf. But I felt nothing. I stayed there & covered myself.

There was a sudden calmness in the environment. I didn't realize when I fell asleep there in the corner. In the morning, the first beam of sunlight that had entered through the glass and had been focused by the mirror onto my face, woke me up. "I..., I had to see Father Wilson", I whispered in my head, still terrified. I hurried to the Church next to the Cambridge Midway.

"Skye, as much as I know about her, Mayra would've never thought that it was your fault that she died in the accident & you somehow managed to survive." Father Wilson was giving his opinion after I narrated the whole incident about last night. "We always used to go by that road, father. The van's headlights were very bright. It blinded me & I hit it." I was in tears. Father nodded in agreement. "Of all the possibilities, I see only one considerable explanation dear: Mayra's soul has become the conduit for the evil

spirits present in the Castle situated near to the point where the accident took place. The demons always capture someone who's died a sudden death & had a kind soul. It is their nature. It's their gateway to the world we live in. You've to reach out for help. We need to free her, my child."

I took the vow to bring peace to the soul of my best friend - right there in front of the holy crucifixion. Now, I'm wondering how I'm going to do that? I'm firm & determined. "May God Help Me. I love you, Mayra. Skye will get you out of it. I promise" I said to myself standing outside - facing towards the Church Gates.

From here, my journey on the path towards the devil begins.
