

The boy was age four or five harboring salty bluish-grey eyes. Hair glistening and golden as the luscious wheat fields surrounding the outskirts of the local hamlets with a little double chin that made the hollow insides fill, If only for a brief moment. But Alas here they were gamboling out of the grove, deaf to the sinister calls of my tree.

It had been seven months since thy mother had been flayed and kindled, whilst bound to her favorite ash tree. Understandably so, Our family has been feasting on the village, younger populace for well over two Centuries. An infant every two months had become too much for even their ignorant souls to endure any longer apparently.

Myself, Her only living brood, has been perched on the outskirts of this dismal town for a full lunar cycle or longer... For memories become fragmented as starvation steadily accumulates. Not being as adept as my progenitor in the eldritch arts of are ancestors, repetitive prostration and communion with the peat bogs and marshlands had allowed me to conjure a fetid plum tree on the outskirts of the village by the ramshackle hovels of the less desirable townsfolk.

So far the only casualties have been a few passing robins with the occasional less than intuitive brown rat which had been readily eaten by precarious beetles leaving a mausoleum of bone and claw below. Fear that if I do not obtain nourishment soon I shall perish, have become the forefront of my dwindling mind.

Six more weeks have passed. The pain has become increasingly unbearable with persistent implosions of the gut. God must have consecrated my beloved tree from the oppressive heavens above to spite my existence in his newfound land of opulent priests and plague doctors.

Hope had fully fledged itself from me, thinking of a proper ritual that would end consciousness and bring thy dust back to the womb-like swamps. It was at that hour I heard it. The giggles and radiant laughter of a child. Surely this was some sort of auditory-hallucination only a dying crone could hear. My left eye sluggishly

rolled open and there she was a petite milk skinned girl with chimney black locks fastened by a bow adorning colors of a withering sun in November, sporting an elegantly somber violet batiste gown.

She scampered straight to the tree, Leaping up the trunk with the ease of a toad. “Could I be dreaming.” She plucked one of the noxious fruits and without checking for ripeness or bruising. Took a very generous bite, plopping down to dismantle the newly raised necropolis below while black juices wept down her cheeks like a fresh storm descending stained glass.

It should be dead. The venomous properties of these elder trees in instantaneous to any man, Beast or False Gods of these lands

The sky began to darken with melodic hums, backdropped by what sounded like screeches of snapping strings from some unknown plane above. Marvelous foreign yet familiar symbols began to weave themselves through the sky in a sort of disorganized unison forming a textile of flesh and bas reliefs onto the ethereal heavens above. Truly beautiful...

The now open pustules and newly formed lacerations started to seep a golden ichor tainted with slivers of dark reds and volatile blues, quickly dribbles turned to torrents forming full cataracts pouring its contents to the humble earth below out of a blanket of flesh and smoke-filled stars. Animalistic howls began to come from every nearby province, village, and hamlet. while cries and snapping wood instruments continued from above at an accelerated ravenousness.

Gently the screams began to fade, first from the countryside then the miasmic nebulas above, heaps of flesh and marrow fell to the earth mixing incandescently with ichor and blood gradually clearing the polluted skies.

What could this augur mean???

With hands quivering, looking up in dread and confusion the girl skipped towards me eyes dead and unblinking, while giving a warm and familiar grin. Then letting out a soul-consuming wail unto the frigid night air that must have been heard in every befallen valley and wind gouged peak eons away.

Mother?

The girl slowly caressed my inverted shoulder with a sense of calm.” God and his legion above are gone now child. Fear has left us eternally, Let us return to the Darkness.”