

The glade was altogether a queer thing. For it showed no signs of being made by man; there were no stumps, nor stones, nor anything to suggest an origin or purpose to it. But **nor neither** did it feel to be a naturally occurring thing. Rather, the way the forest oriented itself **around** it made it seem as if it had grown **around** it. Creeping ever **closer** to it, but refusing to touch the perimeter of the circle. For a moment or two he stood in the glade, completely in awe of its mystery, and in **wonders** of its purpose.

He could not rightly say why, but he then felt it appropriate to sit. **And so** He lowered himself slowly, as if intending **to do no harm to not to harm** the grass, and crossed his legs into a seated position. He looked around **himself** once again, and took in also the sounds of his present **conditions**. He heard the sound of insects buzzing, and **that** of a flock of geese flying far off overhead. He heard also **the** sound of **the** spring peepers beginning to chirp, as slowly the sun sank, and the world began to grow dark.

It was then that he noticed the lateness of the day, and knew that he should not linger here. He took a breath, and was about to rise, when he noticed another sound. He paused for a moment, for at first he could not discern the sound, and bent his mind to understanding its nature. Another moment or two passed. He let out a shaky breath through his nose, **and** his eyes widened, **and** his heart beat hard within his chest. For, he came to realize that it was the sound of breathing that he heard, **but yet** not his own, nor that of any man or animal. It was a deep and terrible thing, **and** unsteady, as if taken in anger. He sprang to his feet quickly, and backed out of the center of the Glade, towards the safety of the trees from which he had come. But he then froze in fear, as **from** the woods across **from** him came a harsh and horrid laugh. A **deep bellied** laugh, **high** and raspy, and so very inhuman.

His hair stood on end and he held his breath. The laughter hung in the air for a moment before it died **out**. The sun had set, and darkness engulfed the glade. The grass that had once seemed lush and healthy now appeared dark and diseased. The limbs of the surrounding trees **were now** dark and twisted. **And** Overhead the moon rose, casting a pale dead light through the cracks of the canopy, down into the glade.