

The White Walls

Beads of sweat poured down Nova's face. She was running. But to where? She looked around, while trying to catch her breath. It was gone. For now. The white walls of her prison engulfed her in eerie silence. A low murmuring growl erupted from the air around her. Footsteps padding along the marble floors. Run....

It was coming closer. What was it though? A rabid dog? Her worst nightmare, coming back to punish her? Whatever it was, it was gaining on her.

The pool. It's always there. Her rock in a hard place. Nova passes the pool. The cool droplets beckon her. Nova's leather shoes guided her to the unfamiliar edges of the pool. Right into the corner of the white walled room.

The Beast. It was coming closer. Its rancid breath wafting through the air, leaving a chilling unspoken threat. The water started shimmering, but much unlike diamonds. The silver surface had now become a murky black colour, reflecting Nova's soundless emotions. The Beast was getting closer. So was the water. With seemingly no other option left other than to become a forgotten whisper in the air, Nova dived in the pool. Just as the Beast was about to pounce. However, his claw grazed her back, pain blinding Nova, just as she hit the water.....

What used to be a beckoning cool spring had now become a prison of darkness. Skeleton arms gripped Nova. Pulling her down. Further. Further. The consolidating white walls of her prison had become a pure memory devoid of feelings. Her attempts to kick out of the grips of the Skeleton became futile as the nameless beings kept pulling. All the while, Nova kept pushing. It was all she could do. Her eyes became unable to adjust to the darkness. She wanted to give in. She could. No one would miss her. Nova never really had anyone.

She remembered her first day in this prison. When she was so young. So naïve. She was only one. Left on the doorsteps of mysterious people. She never saw who it was. Who snatched away her life. She remembered the last words her mother said. 'Are you happy? You've taken my life and my child! Just take me.' Her mother's voice was so soft. Nova never got why her mother was crying. If she was that sad, then she could've just given herself away. But from that day on, anything Nova was near was white. Everything. She was all alone. No one to comfort her. The hands were becoming impatient now. As if they were begging her to drown. She tried to push up, past their barricade of arms. But she was their helpless rag doll. The last glimmering specks of white were becoming blurry. Nova felt fire in her belly, but none in her soul. Was this the last of her days? She was becoming tired. Tired of everything. Anger. Desolation. She felt her life slipping from her fingers. 'Goodbye. White walls.' She whispered. 'Goodbye.'