

My name is Cien Wicked. I am surrounded by thick fog, standing hollow, and I cannot move an inch, as if petrified. Furthermore, each exhale my lungs make let out a putrid stench, and I sense the faint taste of metal in my mouth. However I cannot spit its source out because my jaw is shut. I must be dreaming - wake me from this nightmare please!

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The fog settled, it's a funeral. There are people around me, and although I cannot make out their faces, they all seem familiar. In front of me a tombstone stands, I cannot read out who is under it, the letters written on it make no sense, both as if a child scribbled them, or as if a demon had inscribed its deep inner thoughts. Beside the grave, a husband and wife grieve their loss; the mother is shedding tears, while the father attempts to comfort her with a stoic face.

Before I manage to process everything, everyone had already left, I was the first to arrive and the last to leave. Suddenly I can move again, I see clearly, I should wake up soon. Or so I thought, as a chill runs down my spine I hear footsteps behind me; a black, hooded figure approaches; as they're coming closer and closer I can see their face - it's a skull. They ask me, with a deep, mystic voice, "Are you ready?".

I see what's written on the tombstone; R.I.P. Cien Wicked.

Marcin Pawłowski ZSP Nr 1 w Zamościu