

Come Dance With Me

Maurice walked as fast as he could without falling over. The darkness engulfed him and the path was only detectable by the sound his boots made on the rough dirt track. In daylight he knew this path like the back of his hand but in the starless black of the night it became another world and one no longer familiar to him. The owls hooted and small animals rustled in the bushes and hedgerows making him frantically look unseeingly from left to right as he walked along.

'Come dance with me Maurice' whispered forth from the night.

He froze to the spot.

'Who's there, come out where I can see you'.....his boney frame trembled and sweat dripped down his wrinkled brow into his grey terrified eyes.

'Come dance with me Maurice, join us in the circle'.

He looked around him trying to focus in the dark. Was that a voice or just night sounds feeding into his fear.

Just to his left he could make out the outline of a circle on the forest verge, it shone out in the dark as though lit by lanterns. A fairy circle. Panic set in and he stumbled on blindly in a desperate attempt to get away from the forest and the circle. He really should not have stayed so late at the inn on all Hallows Eve, but it had been warm, the whiskey had been flowing and old man Fitzpatrick had been paying.

'Come dance with me Maurice' he felt something brush against his cheek and he squealed out into the night.

Looking down he could see that he was now stood right at the edge of the circle. Terror coursed through him, he had walked toward the forest in his panic and closer to the fairy circle.

Stumbling back he tried to compose himself.

'tis but old tales Maurice, get a grip you foolish man'.....he muttered to himself as he walked backwards and away from the oddly illuminated ring and back into the darkness behind him.

He walked at speed for a good 10 minutes with his hand clenched tightly over his ears before he finally stopped to catch his breath. Ahead at last he could see his farm house up on the hill, a soft glow of light coming from the kitchen window.

Sighing with relief he pushed on forward. Then he caught sight of something bright to his left.....the edge of the circle, and oh dear god above he realised that he was now stood right in the middle of it.

A voice whispered in his ear 'come dance with me Maurice', it's fetid breath engulfed him and before Maurice could scream or run he was scooped up into the air and surrounded by tortured dancing faces, twisted and grotesque, macabrely grinning at him.

'Dance with us all Maurice, dance till all time ends' they whispered....and as his frail body span and twisted in the centre of the circle he dipped and out of consciousness and as he screamed and wailed all he had known and all he had ever been was lost forever to the fairy circle and to all hallows eve and to all that was good and to all that was free.