

# The Story of Cornelia McLeod

Read it, please!

Von abgemeldet

## No title - One-Shot

I watched TV, when it starts raining. The clouds at the sky were dark; they were as grey as my father's hair. I didn't want, but I had to. I switched off the TV and got up from the couch. I lied to my mother, took an umbrella and walked out in the rain. I enjoyed walking in the rain without getting wet. I smelled the rain and felt the wet air on my skin. After half an hour I reached the graveyard. Just one step after passing the gate tears started rolling across my face. I couldn't avoid it, it always happened when I came here. Some people are scared of seeing a ghost at the graveyard or they're frightened of the dead. But I wasn't. Because I knew what others didn't.

I was also different than the others. My hair was white and my eyes red, and I had no friends at school. I didn't do sports. But almost everybody has friends. So I did.

The sky became dark. But I had waited for it. When the sky becomes dark I started singing. And then the other ones on the graveyard suddenly felt bad and sad, and they leaved the place one after the other. Without being touched, the gates closed behind them and then my magic voice changed the world. The rain was no longer falling. It went back to the clouds; the earth became dry and my voice sounded like in a cave. The clouds left and golden light fall on the whole graveyard. Outside the time stands still. Falling things stopped in the air. I stopped singing and closed my mouth, but I also heard myself singing. And then they came.

I closed my eyes, but when I saw them I felt alone, sad, I started crying and hating everybody and myself. It was such a strange feeling, that I'm frightened of. That's the reason why I close my eyes, when they came. It's not possible to describe them, but I felt them with every human sense: they touched my skin, I heard them whispering and smelled the aroma of thousands of flowers. They kissed my lips and put their arms around me...

I felt absolutely nothing. My human senses didn't register anything and I opened my eyes. Around me were high, dark trees. I didn't ever know why there was light, I couldn't see the sky and there was no fire or lamps. In front of me was a grey figure. Stone. Their eyes had no expression; but she was crying and held her hands at her heart. The figure was standing with naked feet on a grey rock. There was something written:

Cornelia McLeod

\* October 31st, 1691

† October 31st, 1707

\*November 1st, 1707

I sighted. A tear rolled across my face and dropped to earth. Everything around me became black and in the next moment I was standing in the middle the graveyard. I heard something squeezing; the gates opened again. My umbrella was lying in some flowers of a grave. I took it and walked home. My house was hidden behind a tall hedge. I was a little bit scary. The door was standing open. In the living room was a newspaper lying on the floor. I read the date: October 31st, 2007. I walked in the kitchen. My mother was lying on the floor; her white pullover had gotten red. The blood covered her whole breast.

No tears came out of my eyes. I didn't cry although I had reasons. I walked upstairs and my father, who had been sleeping lied in the bed and it seemed as would he sleep. But he didn't breath and his lips were blue. There weren't any tears again. I walked away. I was always walking away. It is a curse. I'm a curse. It's the punishment for suicide.

In 1707 my parents left the home town, they were frightened of the men sent by the Lord. They had seen how the Lord had killed some babies who a maid had born. It was his own sons and daughters and he had killed them in front of their mother! One time when I came home I found my parents. My mother was murdered with a knife; they rammed it in their back. My father was killed with poison. I didn't now how he got it. After I had found them, I jumped out of the window.

But I didn't die. I left my body lying on the grass; myself was still standing behind the broken window. Since that I'm walking. I hope, it will stop sometime, but it won't. Since 300 years I'm searching for parents. Nobody is able to see me. I'm not able to sleep. I'm always walking. At night I visit some people without them seeing me. I just stand there and watch them doing things.

I'm the reason why 300 times a husband and his wife died. I tried to avoid it, but always the first married couple near me will die. It's my destiny.

Perhaps everything had never happened if I had known that the lord's men didn't kill my parents. My father killed my mother and took the poison with a glass of wine. To be scared had killed both.

The truth?

I hated the town my parent's had changed. So I told them I had seen a man sent by the Lord. And I told them somebody told me about a safe and beautiful house at another town. Later I found the money on the table. There was a note written by my dad:

"Dear Cornelia,

I hope you get the house you told us about. That's all our money. Take it and spend it to save your life."