



MOONLIGHT SONATA

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My mind swam in a sea of darkness. I groped relentlessly for something to hold on to, for something to relay to me where I was. My arms were outstretched before me, and I began to panic for I could not see my own hands. I hastened toward the nothingness, finally colliding into a large immovable object. Pain flooded through my head but it quickly dispersed when I realized that what I collided into was a wall. I placed my palms against the wall. It was cold, hard, and lifeless.

I moved forward, using the wall as a guide, and the further I went the more my heart despaired, for all I found was the same lifeless wall. I ran along it in terror. I felt as if I was encompassed by it. I felt as if I was in a cell. I slammed my fist against the wall and crumpled up against it, holding my knees to my chest. I thought of leaving the wall and traversing into the dark sea of nothingness, but the thought frightened me, so I stayed where I was. Unable to tell whether or not my eyes were open or closed, I drifted off to sleep.

I awoke to the sound of wind howling; whether it was near or far I could not tell. The wind told me there was an opening somewhere in this place, but how would I find it? I got up slowly and placed my hands on the wall for support.

The wind grew louder and howled in my ear drums. Everything around me was still pitch black, but I could feel and visualize the wind bouncing off the walls and swirling around me. The sound of it was beautiful, and I could hear its melody. The sound would become softer then louder, as if it were breathing.

I made my way toward the sound of the wind, caressing the walls for my guide. As I did so, I noticed that the walls were smooth, and the cold that I had felt before now felt refreshing. I outstretched both of my palms on the wall, still moving toward the sound of the wind, and slid my hands across its soft surface. I could feel the wall's every crack and imperfection with my fingertips. The thought that what enclosed me was flawed gave me comfort.

I reached a corner of the wall. My hands slid down the crevice of it, and

then moved on into the new direction. I reached the point where the wind was the loudest. I slid my hands above my head, reaching for anything but wall, but the opening or window was beyond my reach. I jumped up and again groped for anything, but the walls were too smooth, and I fell and hit my head on the dirt beneath me, the soft dirt. Dazed and disappointed, I fell asleep to the melodious sound of the wind.

This time it was the smell that woke me up. It was a sweet aroma that one could inhale and exhale and each time it smelled just as pleasant. It smelled like flowers or perfume, but not the harsh perfume that burned your nostrils. I shuffled my legs around to get up and move toward the agreeable scent. I heard a gasp as I did so. I paused for a moment, making sure that it was not I who had gasped.

"Hello." My deep voice reverberated off the walls. "Is anybody there?"

It was strange to hear my own voice again, but alone in the darkness; I could actually hear my voice for the first time.

"Hello." A beautiful voice sounded from across the darkness in front of me. I was not alone. "Who are you? What is this place?"

Her voice pierced through the darkness right to me, forcing me to answer. I relayed to her who I was and what had happened to me. I also told her that I had no idea where I was, but

I did not want to hear myself speak anymore. I wanted to hear her speak.

"My name is Krista."

Krista. Her name was not a face but a personality, a character, and a soul. She told me more of who she was and how she got to this place. Her voice was beautiful like the wind, but unlike the wind the sounds she made had meaning. I could visualize in my mind and comprehend each word she spoke, and I would hang on each sentence, anxiously awaiting the next one. Never had I heard and listened to someone so well. But when she finished speaking, loneliness came over me as though she had left.

The wind began to howl again, as if trying to fill the darkness now deprived of her voice as well. I could hear her teeth clattering. I moved over to her, using her scent as a compass, and at last I found her. I was so close to her that I could hear her breathing as if it were my own. I reached out to her, and her hands found mine. Her hands were soft and freezing cold. I placed my arms around her, and we held onto each other for warmth and comfort. And there, in the darkness, with its smooth protective walls, soft dirt floors, and soothing wind, I fell asleep.

Light, cursed light had penetrated into my room and disturbed my sleep. A thick beam of moonlight shone through a window across from me, the same window that I had searched for in the darkness. Krista had awoken

as well. She was illuminated and was pointing toward a door. She ran toward it and opened it, allowing more moonlight to invade the room.

“Come on, let’s go. We can get out of here. We’re free!” Her smile turned into a puzzled frown when she looked at my face.

I looked around my room and saw it for the cell it was. I could see its plain gray walls, its miserable dirt floors, and the broken dirty window above me. I could see my hands, I could see my skin, and I could see Krista’s face. She said something to me but I did not hear it. I slumped against the wall and sat down. I closed my eyes.

I liked the dark better.