

Caught in the Light -Approaching Storm

by James Stiffel

11.50pm.

The night air was still. Peaceful. No moonlight broke the clouds. Most creatures were asleep. But in the Janeway household, not everybody was asleep yet. "Daniel, I've told you already to put that game down and go to sleep. Its way past your bed time and if your mum knew I'd kept you up this long, she'd take me to the chopping block and make some new baubauls for the Christmas tree!"

"I just want to do this bit dad and..."

BANG BANG, BANG BANG BANG!!

The banging at the back door startled them both.

"Dad, what are you doing here... and at this time? I know ya miss me. But jeez, let me have my holi..."

"Shh-h-h-h! It'll hear you!" The trembling voice of his father shook Justin's focus to attention.

"It'll hear you! It'll find you...and make you like the others!"

Justin's face went pale. "Y...your scaring me now dad. What are you talking about?"

"What-? Haven't you heard? Haven't you seen?...the news! People are terrified."

"SEEN. WHAT. DAD?"

Justin's father, tried to calm himself.

"...the light! Its coming! For everyone!"

Justin's look of fear now almost resembled his fathers.

Through the kitchen window, behind a row of houses, shone a dazzling ball of light drifting down the road.

".....its too late! Its already here!"

Justin looked in horror out of the window, not really knowing what he was looking at.

“W-what w-what...” Was all he could get out.

“No time! We must get upstairs! We must be upstairs by the time it comes!” The old man turned to his grandson, clutching him by the shoulders.

“Go to your room and hide UNDER your bed!”

“Ok. Nodded the 5 year old.

Putting a finger to his lips, Justin’s dad ran with them both up the stairs. Then with Daniel under his bed and Justin and his father under the main double bed, they waited.

The kitchen was still. Then gradually it lit with amazing brilliance. Every surface reflected with light. The room gently trembled under the weight of something...yet nothing. Justin wasn’t sure at first. Then he could hear it. A piercing high pitched ring, like he’d just been hit over the head, only constant and unwavering. Then it moved towards the foot of the stairs and climbed them.

THUMP THUMP, THUMP THUMP, THUMP THUMP.

THUMP THUMP, THUMP THUMP, THUMP THUMP.

The stairs disappeared quickly, one by one behind a blanket of light.

He wanted to ask his dad what was happening. But he dared not. He froze, breathing as quietly as he could. The light then entered the room. The overwhelming light, brighter than the brightest day was bad in itself but the noise was unbearable. The high pitched thump was deafening and constant. The two men did nothing but closed their eyes.

Until it was gone. It left just as soon as it had arrived. The house was still quiet. The two men looked at each other.

Daniel. Where was Daniel? They ran to the boys room. They found him...on top of the bed.

“Daniel?! He’s...ok. He’s asleep.” Said Justin relieved.

“No. He’s not ok. Now...he’ll never wake up again!”