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Lola's Curse

By: R. J. Davies



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Maybe it was a curse? That would make sense, wouldn't it? When she was little, there was a feeling she'd get in the pit of her stomach, that there was something bigger than herself surrounding her. Watching her. Most of the time she felt protected. Lately disconnected, lost and a pawn in a game she didn't know the rules for.

Lola stared at herself in the mirror and felt completely helpless. "It was all just a coincidence."

Living in a small apartment she was feeling like she had hit rock bottom. The only place to go is ... up? Maybe. Maybe no.

The last couple months she was having visions, and strange dreams. Something was hunting her. It was getting closer. What would happen to her when this thing or creature found her? Was it just dreaming? Was it harmless? Swallowing hard she knew she didn't want to know.

Getting dress and ready for work, she grabbed her purse and headed outside. The sun was missing in action as dark heavy clouds raided the skies. Zipping up her coat she kept her head down as she weaved her way through the crowded streets.

A block before her work place, a man stepped out in front of her blocking her path.

"This is going to sound strange," he said softly when she looked up at him.

"What is?"

"Are you Lola?"

Her eyes narrowed, "How do you know my name?"

"I've been looking for you."

"Why?"

"This is going to sound crazy."

She took a step backwards. Lola had a dream a couple of weeks ago about this guy and he had said those words.

“I need you to come with me. I need to protect you.”

“From what?”

“Evil. I know I sound batshit crazy. But it’s true. Please Lola come with me.”

“Who are you?”

“Peter Sellers, I’m an accountant from Ridgewood. I know this all sounds crazy. All I know is I’m supposed to find you and protect you. Protect you with my life if it comes down to it.”

“Buy why?”

“I don’t know.”

“This doesn’t make sense?”

“I know,” he whispered. He swallowed hard as he shook his head with tears in his eyes. “All I know is I have to protect you. Please just come with me.”

“You’re an accountant?”

He nodded his head.

Frowning she took a step back towards him. “Alright.”

He held out his hand and she took it. He led her around the block to white sedan. They got in and he started driving.

“Where are we going?”

“I had a dream about this farm, everything else in the dream was true so far. I am hoping the farm is too. If we get there, then we are safe.”

“Safe from what?”

“The man in the dark cloak, I don’t know why he wants you, but you will be safe at the farm.”

“The man in the dark cloak?” Lola was feeling nervous. Maybe she shouldn’t have gotten into this car with this man. But she did have a dream about him and a farmhouse. A dream about a stranger and here he was, he was real.

Thirty-three minutes later they pulled up into a driveway of a big white farmhouse, behind it a large red barn. Just like in her dream.

“It’s real?” she whispered.

“I know this is crazy,” Peter gasped in awe.

They both got out and cautiously approached the big red barn. Standing in front of a small door that gained entry, they looked up at it and then at each other.

“Peter, Lola, we’ve been expecting you,” a familiar voice greeted.

Her heart dropped to her toes, that voice was also in her dreams. It belonged to the thing that Peter had called evil.

Peter was still looking at her and shrugged then smiled. “Sorry Lola.”

Turning around she came face to face with the man that she had called father. He had adopted her when she was abandoned at four years old. “Dad?”

He laughed, “Well we all know I’m not really your father. You are special Lola. Very special.”

Lola noted that there were several men surrounding them, her. “What do you want?”

“Dear child, you have so much power inside you. You are a lost child. Yet we found you. We are going to rule the world, with your magic because you are a fallen angel. You belong to us now.”

Her dreams were trying to warn her and yet she walked right into this trap.