

# THE UNSEEN

By: R. J. Davies



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Online Edition

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It was a gift, passed down on her mother's side, or at least that was what her grandmother had told her when she was little. They were special and it wasn't something that normal people understood. Betty could see things, things that others couldn't see. She could see auras and tell if someone was sick or dying. She could see ghosts and other things too. When her mother got sick, she knew. Her mother and grandmother knew as well. They tried everything and her mother lost her battle with cancer when she was twelve years old. Her grandmother raised her after that, her grandmother was amazing and understanding.

Today she wished she was like everyone else, clueless and blind to the realm of the world beyond regular sight. Sitting at her desk she pretended she didn't notice it. Sandy was sitting across the room at her desk. It wasn't a secret Sandy was going through a rough divorce and she found out her mother had cancer. Betty could relate to the later. Life for Sandy was going downhill fast.

Yet the most alarming thing that Betty could see about Sandy's life, was the creature that attached itself to her for the last two months. It's bony face and knuckles were hooded in a black tattered shroud. The creature hadn't noticed Betty until today. It was watching her, and Betty was acutely aware that her every movement was being cataloged. Pretending not to notice she went about her work.

The creature kept a watching stance as he slowly drained Sandy's energy. Betty got up and went to the kitchen and made herself and Sandy some special tea. It was a protection tea. Coming back into their office area, she sat a cup down on Sandy's table.

“You look like you might be coming down with something, this should help.” Betty smiled and nodded.

“Oh, thank you, Betty. Yes I am feeling a bit drained lately.” Sandy took a sip of the tea. “Mmm delicious, thanks, Betty.”

Betty went back to her desk and almost dropped her cup as she looked up at Sandy across the room. The creature was standing in front of Betty’s desk, staring holes through her.

Betty smiled and sat down. “Any plans for this weekend?”

“No, I think I might be coming down with something I’m just going to stay at home and rest, maybe binge-watch some movies.”

“That sounds nice.”

The creature went around Betty’s desk and came up to her right side, standing over her. Looking down upon her with curiosity. Sipping her tea, the creature reached out to touch her but couldn’t. There was a little force field around Betty that this creature couldn’t surpass. Clicking away on her computer, she acted like she couldn’t see it.

She could feel him reaching out and trying to touch her. She also felt its frustration and confusion as to why it couldn’t touch her. After a few minutes, it lost interest and went back over to Sandy. The rest of the day Betty could feel it watching her, watching her every move.

After stepping out of the shower Betty felt relaxed, rejuvenated, and safe. She wanted to do something special to help Sandy out. Sitting down at her computer she checked her personal email. There were several junk emails offering sales and gifts, she deleted those ones. The one she had been waiting for was from her grandmother on how to help Sandy. Opening it, her grandmother updated her on what was going on in her part of the world, then gave her a recipe to rid her of the Wraith that was lingering around her coworker. Wraiths are creatures that feed off negative emotions, or people who

were ill. They had a tendency to linger around people who were about to die, or have recently died.

Betty gather her ingredients when she realize she didn't have everything she needed. She would have to stop on her way home afterwork tomorrow to the Chinese district.

Frowning she tidied up her kitchen, made a light dinner and watched some TV before going to bed.

Arriving at work early she went about her business and it was mid-morning when she realized Sandy hadn't arrived yet. Calling her at home, a woman answered the phone.

"Hello?"

"Can I speak to Sandy please?"

"Who is this?"

"Her friend Betty."

"From work?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry to tell you but my sister died last night in a car accident on her way home."

"What?" Betty almost fell out of her chair.

"Yes, I'm sorry to be the one to tell you that."

"I'm so sorry," Betty stared across the room to Sandy's desk. "If you need anything please let me know."

"Thank you, we're in the middle of things here." Sandy's sister hung up.

Betty sat quietly and drank her tea.