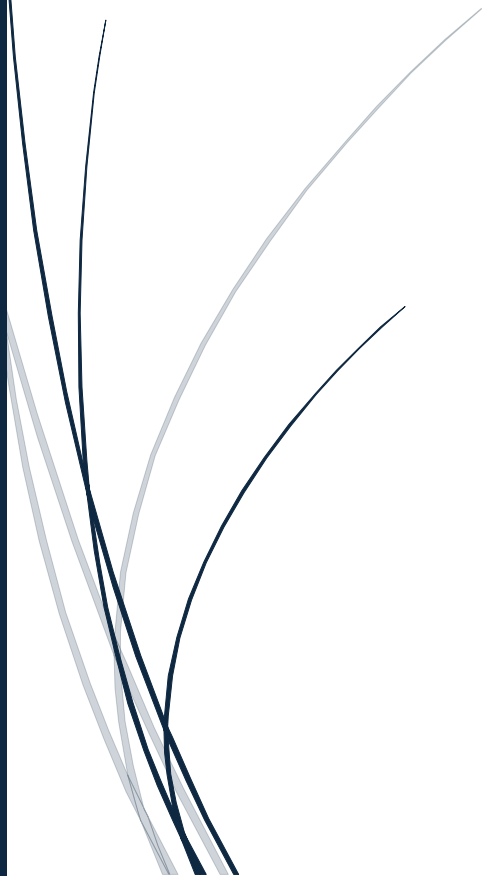
2026

Beacon

R. J. Davies



Copyright © 2026 R. J. Davies

Visit my website at https://rjdavies.ca

All rights reserved.

No part of this fictional work may be used or reproduced by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping or by any information storage retrieval system without the written permission of the author except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews. This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, names, incidents, organizations, and dialogue in this novel are either the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.



R. J. Davies

Contact through https://rjdavies.ca

Beacon

R. J. Davies

The cold night air kissed her warm cheeks. The leaves were falling; they had entered the woods from Anita's backyard. When they stepped out of Anita's yard and crossed over to the woods, it was like entering a vacuum, the noise in the neighborhood ceased to exist. It was stepping into another world, the tall half naked trees stood around like they were discussing the latest gossip at the water cooler. The full moon shone down on them like it was noon, it washed them in its milky beams. Crunch, crunch, crunch, it was the only sound, their footsteps as they trudge along. An owl somewhere hooted, in the distance.

They had been sitting in Anita's living room having a glass of wine and talking about their love lives or lack thereof.

"You look tired, aren't you sleeping?" Anita asked.

Trish shook her head no, "not really. The struggle has been real." She gave a small 'oh well' smile.

"Is it because of Bruce?"

Trish took another sip and shook her head no. She didn't really want to talk about it, talking about it made it more real and she wanted the nightmares to go away, not be more real.

"Tell me, it helps."

"It's nothing."

"Well by the dark circles under your eyes, it's got to be something."

"Anita, really it's nothing."

“Okay,” Anita slapped her hands on her lap. “Therapy time!”

Trish groaned, “No, let’s just enjoy the moment and this wine.” She took another sip.

“No, no, come on. Go get your shoes and coat on.”

“What?”

“Come on, it’s getting close to midnight. Shake a leg.”

Reluctantly Trish got up and slipped her shoes and coat on, Anita beamed at her like she had just won a prize.

“I don’t want to go for a power walk.” Trisha whined.

“We’re not. We are going out into the woods and screaming.”

Groaning at the thought of this therapy shit. Anita was constantly reading self-help and health trends. The worse part she would drag Trish along with her. Grabbing Trish’s hand she started heading to the back door.

“Wait!” Trish pulled her hand back and grabbed the half bottle of red wine off the coffee table.

Anita held up the flashlight to her face, “Shall we?”

“If we must,” Trish grumbled.

Anita grabbed her hand again. In her other hand she held a large flashlight.

Now they were outside and a few feet deep in the woods behind Anita’s house. They only had the flashlight and the moonlight to guide them. The shadows took on a darker sinister persona; they lurked and watched. Anita came to an abrupt stop. Trish bumped into her. They had come to a clearing of sorts. Rocks piled high, twigs resting on top. An altar? Anita let her hand

go, as she went over to the pile of rocks and rested some twigs on top. Then Anita lit the twigs on fire.

Trish was starting to get into this one. Looking back over her shoulder, she could see Anita's backyard lit up with the backyard flood lights on. It was just a few meters away. If she sprinted, she would be back there in seconds. Anita smiled at Trish.

"Okay so what are we supposed to do now?"

"Yell," Anita laughed. Then let out a blood curdling scream.

"What the fuck! Anita, your neighbours are going to call 9-1-1" Trish looked back to Anita's yard and her neighbouring yards for signs of life.

"Relax Trish, they are both gone for the night. Besides I already told them I might do this."

Trish took a swig of wine from the bottle. Looking over her shoulder then back at her best friend. She took a deep breath and then let out a scream like she was dying.

Anita laughed taking the bottle from Trish and taking a long drink from it. Pausing she grinned at Trish, "See! Was I right?"

Trish grinned, "Maybe five stars this time. That felt great."

"Let's do it again, together!"

They laughed then screamed at the same time, until their lungs were empty and on fire. Trish saw a tree had fallen and looked like the perfect seat just a couple steps away from their little fire. She sat down. Anita joined her. Anita took another drink of wine and passed Trish the bottle. Nodding Trish took it and another drink.

"I'm glad we're friends," Trish lean her head over on Anita's shoulder.

“Me too, I couldn’t convince anyone else to go out into the woods and scream by a fire with me. It has to be someone who’s as crazy as I am.”

Trish nodded. “I haven’t been sleeping lately.”

“It’s because of Bruce, he’s a fucking dick head.”

“No, no it’s not because of Bruce, but he is a dick head.” They both chuckled. “I’ve been having these really bizarre nightmares lately. I keep waking up in a puddle of sweat and I can’t go back to sleep.”

“What do you think they are?”

“I dunno, I just know they are interrupting my life.”

“Hey ladies,” Anita’s neighbour Momo appeared out of nowhere.

They both jumped.

“Momo?” Anita asked surprised, “I thought you were visiting your parents.

“I am. Hi, Trish. It’s so nice to see you. You are looking good.”

Momo, stood across from them on the other side of their fire. She wasn’t a tall woman; she was 5 feet 7 inches. Her long dark hair fell around her shoulders. Her dark eyes stared at them.

“Are you enjoying my wine?”

Trish looked down at it and nodded. Then looked up at Momo. “Wanna drink?”

Momo shook her head no, “I gave that to Anita especially for you two. Nothing cures the blues like a girls’ night, wine and a good scream in the woods.”

Trish nodded.

Momo raise a hand at Anita and said, “Sleep.”

Anita slumped over and was sleeping. Trish looked at Momo then at Anita.

“Anita? Wake up!” she shook her friend hard, nothing. “Anita!”

“Seriously love, she’s fine. She’s just getting a little cat nap in.”

“What did you do to her?”

“Nothing.” Momo smiled. “The moon is full; the veil is thin. Have you been having dreams that seem particularly more real?”

Trish said nothing.

“I noticed that you’re wearing an old necklace, did that belong to someone special to you?”

Reaching for the heart shaped locket she had found it a couple months ago. It had belonged to her great grandmother.

“Have your senses been more heightened? Old scents? Memories resurfacing? Waking up at 3 am? Cold spots? Extra sensitive to other people’s emotions? Spacing out?” Momo chuckled.

Swallowing hard Trish was checking each of the questions off. She shook Anita again. Momo was always nice to her. This seemed out of character.

“How’s your parents doing?” She tried shifting the energy.

“Oh, my little sprite,” Momo chided. “Do you realize that your aura is so fucking bright? I’m not the only one who noticed this. I had to kill a couple other eaters who saw it. It’s a beacon to us dark things. A beacon. Being drawn to you like a moth to a flame my sweet child. Or you are a lighthouse in a storm. A fucking dark bad storm.”

Momo was younger than her, Trish felt the overwhelming urge to flee for her life, but she couldn’t leave Anita behind.

Momo laughed, “quite the dilemma isn’t it. Run and leave your childhood friend behind or what? Fight? Are you planning on fighting me child?”

“I’m older than you.”

“No sweetness, you are merely a wink, a spec of dusk in this enormous timeline. I’ve been here for centuries. Long before your kind grew legs and walked on this land.”

Trish kept shaking Anita who wasn’t waking up. She didn’t know what to do, she couldn’t leave her here. Momo was coming around and approaching her.

“Your aura is like a bright beautiful white light in a fucking ocean storm. Calling to sailors, welcoming them to your safe harbour.” Momo stood in front of her, bending down she came nose to nose, eye to eye. “So bright,” she whispered. Then licked her dark red lips.

“Please just let us go,” Trish begged.

Choose Your Ending – Pick a Door



Red Door – Ending One – Unearthly Interruption

Blue Door – Ending Two – Unexpected Visitor

Green Door – Ending Three – Trish and Anita rely on themselves



The Red Door

Ending One

An Unearthly Interruption

“Sissy,” a deep rumbling voice hissed out of nowhere. “Sissy, I have finally found you.” The rumbling voice bounced off the air molecules around them making it sound like the person was coming from every angle.

Momo’s eyes grew wide with fear. “No,” she gasped.

“Sissy leave these delicious mortal morsels, come. Come so I can get a better look at you.”

Momo stood up and slowly turned, scanning the area for the unseen threat. “What kind of trickery is this?”

“Sissy it’s me.”

A large fiery head appeared above them, floating in the cold night air. Crackling and sizzling before them.

“It can’t be?” Momo whispered as she side-stepped heading towards the path leading back to the houses, trying to escape.

“No, no sissy I just found you. You are not going to just take off.” The head swooped down and bit Momo’s head off. Her decapitated body stood in shock. Frozen in time.

Trish tried to scream but it got stuck in her throat as she watched with wide eyes.

Momo’s body dropped. The floating head laughed, sounding like thunder rolling in before the storm hits.

Then everything went dark.

Waking up next to her friend Anita, Trish shook Anita’s shoulder. Anita groaned. Trish shook her again.

“Five more minutes mom,” Trish mumbled.

“Anita!” Trish remembered last night and jumped up. The fire they had made died out on the stone altar. Getting up to her feet she went over to Momo’s body and discovered it was just a tree stump.

“Momo?” Trish walked around the area looking for the body.

Trish came back to Anita who was rubbing her eyes, blinking and stretching. “I had the strangest dream.”

“Me too, did it involve Momo?”

“Yeah, it was weird.”

Bending down beside Anita, Trish picked up the empty wine bottle. Was it just a dream? Did they have too much wine? What the hell happened?

“I need coffee.”

“That sounds great.” They went back to Anita’s house and made coffee.



Blue Door

Ending Two

An Unexpected Visitor

“You heard the lady leave them alone.” A stranger appeared carrying a cross bow.

“Not you again,” Momo grumbled. “I thought I killed you in Paris.”

“Well, you know us Mulligans, we are not an easy bred to kill.” The strange looking woman stepped closer to them. “I said leave them alone.”

“You are getting on my last nerve hunter. I will demolish you like I have decimated all your ancestors.”

“Not this time bitch.” The woman shot Momo with the arrow.

Momo laughed, “Foolish human, ugh,” Momo stumbled backwards. “What the fuck did you shoot me with you little bitch?”

“A silver arrow, laced with sunstone, salt and lavender.”

“What?”

“Oh, and maybe a couple other secret ingredients passed down from my ancestors. I think I got the mix right this time.”

Momo clutched her chest, staggered to the side and grabbed a nearby tree for support. The woman hit Momo with another arrow in the hip.

“Fuck off you little mortal bitch!” Momo gasped, glaring at the stranger.

The air around Momo began to sizzle and Trish watched as Momo turned to what looked like stone. The stranger walked over and nudged Momo with the tip of another arrow.

Momo’s body dropped into a pile of dust before their eyes.

“Well at least I got that combo right this time.” The stranger grinned.

“Who are you?” Trish asked. “What happened to Momo?”

“The real Momo was dead months ago, the dark spirit that took over your friend here was very much real. She’s dead now but there are more like her.” The woman came over and helped

Trish to her feet. Then she shook Anita who woke up groggy. The two of them helped Anita back to her house.

"Who are you?" Trish asked as they sat inside Anita's living room.

"I'm Lara Mulligan, monster hunter." She held out her hand to Trish.

"I'm Trish, this is Anita."

"She was right about one thing your aura is really fucking bright girl. Here," Lara handed her a dark stone tied by a twine and made into a necklace. "Wear this it should provide some protection. Don't wash it, I have it treated."

Trish put it on. "Will it come back?"

"It might."

"What do we do?"

"Don't let it in."

"Thank you for saving us."

"It's what I was born to do." Lara gave them a wink and left out the back door.

"What the hell happened?"

"I don't really know." Trish looked down at her new necklace, it was a reminder of what happened in the woods.



Green Door

Ending Three

No One Comes to Save Trish and Anita

“Oh, darling you don’t really mean that,” Momo grinned.

Trish swallowed hard, the fear inside her was brewing on high. Shaking her head no, “Please don’t hurt us.”

“Darling, I don’t plan on hurting either one of you. Not really deary.”

“What are you?”

Momo chuckled. “I’ve told you and you still can’t wrap your little human brain around that can you?”

Swallowing hard, Trish clutched her friend’s arm.

Momo grinned.

“Please don’t hurt us,” Trish whispered.

“You won’t,” Momo grabbed her around the neck. Trish’s head went back, and her mouth fell opened. The dark silhouette of the naked trees was a canopy above her. Their naked branches and beyond them the starry night sky.

Trish screamed.

“Feel a thing,” Momo lean over her and covered her mouth with her own, sucking the life out of her. Trish fought back but it was fruitless. Trish’s fight slowly stopped. Momo stood up, licking her lips. “Mmmm, tasty. Okay I may have lied on it not hurting.” Momo chuckled

Anita let out a soft moan as she slept beside her dead friend.