

The Forbidden Prayer: M. Giles

Death Knows No Bounds

Those words were carved deep into the black granite, and I felt the hairs on the back of my neck rise as I read the chilling message in the cold stone.

Still, it was too late to turn back now. I was about to venture, boldly or recklessly. I knew nor cared not which, into the realm of the forbidden.

My goal was simple; to dare the unimaginable, and to look fearlessly upon the face of Death, and defy it! I believed I had all that was necessary to fulfill my dream of immortality, and complete the promethean task before me.

I lifted the sacrifice onto the altar, spread semi-conscious, an innocent votive offering. Then I raised the knife. A stifled cry, and I watched the blood flow, cascading down the weathered altarpiece in runnels of deep red. Then I spoke the incantation. My prayer to the Gods of darkness; the forbidden prayer: From the faded arcane scroll laid out before me, I read these words.

Hear, dread spirits of the night, hearken now unto my prayer

Leave your darkened sepulchers, haunt ye now the midnight air

From this blood I offer thee, take from me the curse of life

Lift my soul from earthly bounds, free from death, secure from strife

Blessed darkness be my peace, in thy embrace to find release

No more to walk in mortal form, victim of the voracious worm

Immortal as the Stars alight, raise me to Eternal Night.

Had my wish been granted? There was only one way to be certain. If I was now an immortal then I no longer needed to fear Death. So, I took up the bloodied knife, still dripping with gore, and plunged the blade deep into my own breast!

Suddenly, I woke up, eyes wide open in the darkness, my body covered in sweat, and shaking with terror. Damn that was one crazy dream!

After that terrifying nocturnal experience, I made two solemn promises to myself. *One*: Never watch a 'Hammer Horror' movie late at night; and *Two*: Never eat toasted cheese sandwiches before bed!