

How I Died

Chapter One

Trixie

I am pacing. I'm in the castle, again. No, I think. But I can't control my body. I have the same nightmare, every night. I dream about the day I died.

My loyal dog struts beside me. Rex. I got him as a present from my older sister, Elizabethia.

We exit the castle through the side entrance. It is really mansion, but I always like to think of it as a castle.

I liked to think I was the princess, and Elizabethia was the queen. That is, until she fell ill, years before I died. My dad was constantly away, business trips, and no one knew what happened to my mother. She had simply disappeared when I was a baby.

The maid took care of me. Martha, I think her name was. But she was also tasked with my sister, which meant she was always busy.

I didn't mind. I liked the freedom, just me and Rex.

Right now we're taking our daily walk through the rose garden. Into the maze, the maze I knew better than the mansion itself.

It's a beautiful, summer day. I have my long, blonde hair braided under a hat. I'm wearing an old dress that used to belong to my sister, but she let me keep it since I loved it so much. It is yellow, knee length, and loose. I can feel myself relaxing. But I know what is going to happen.

Rex and I walk aimlessly around for a while, when all of a sudden, Rex starts growling. Out of nowhere, black clouds fill the sky, and the wind picks up. I wrap my arms around myself, as I am getting chills. Rex gets louder and louder, until he's properly barking. He runs off, towards the centre of the maze. I follow him, best I can. I arrive at the centre of the maze, and the wind calms down. The sky clears up. But no sign of Rex. I admire the statue, like I've done a thousand times before. It was the sculpture of a woman, all grey except for the ruby necklace she wears. But I notice the ruby necklace missing.

I begin to walk around the statue, thinking maybe the wind had something to do with it. And then I see him. Rex, on the ground, his guts sprawled out, his fur red. I scream. I feel a harsh pain in my heart, and after a few seconds I look down to see the tip of a knife protruding from my chest. I feel myself grow weaker, become dizzy. As the world starts fading away, I see the silver eyes. Then black.

I wake up.

It is still night, but I've faded. I know I fell asleep materialised. Rex is on the floor, and I think he, too is having a nightmare. He's fading. I'll ask him when he wakes up.

It is weird having a dream where Rex doesn't talk, then wake up to his constant chatter. Oh yes, animals can talk when they're dead. One of my favourite things about death, really.

I get up and materialise. I wonder if Tom is awake.

Tom was my best friend when we were alive, and we're still besties now. My guess is that Tom didn't sleep tonight, either. He rarely sleeps, because he also has nightmares about his death.

He died a few months after me, sailing when it was too stormy. He drowned. Ever since then, we've been inseparable.

I want to go to his shelter, a newly built house no one wants because it's too expensive. Rex and I live in an old, burned down barn. I don't know what happened to it, just that the only people who came here were children who had received dares. Sometimes, when I am amused, I scare them away. Now barely anyone dares to come here.

I look at Rex, who has completely faded, which means he is now a ghost. I am a ghost, but with a human's appearance. I am solid. I'd feel bad to leave Rex behind, so I will myself to fade and pick him up. He wakes up halfway to Tom's shelter, and we both solidify.

I am cold, so cold. I only have a short pink dress and slippers on. I had stolen these from a store yesterday, and slept in them. I had forgotten to change, because I only feel the cold when I'm solid. People gave me odd looks, because it was strange to walk around wearing such in March at five in the morning. I don't care.

Rex was still tired, and I could tell, because he didn't say a word until we got to Tom's place. Even then he scarcely greeted Tom and went into a corner to sleep. Tom and I laughed. I walked in and decided to fade, since it was cold and Tom was also faded.

I told him about the nightmare, which I do very often. But he always listens and comforts me. After, we'd talk and talk, which is what we were doing. Talking about the past.

The sun had risen, and it was too bright for Rex to sleep. He joined the conversation.

"Guys, remember when Elizabethia got that awful pink dress from that duchess?" Rex rolled around on the floor as he said this. I chuckled. I remembered the dress, it was really awful. It was too puffy, and made Elizabethia look like a doll.

"The worst part was that she had to wear it later, at that feast." I laughed at this memory.

"Wait, I remember the dress, too. I was at the feast." Tom giggled.

We were all in fits. We kept talking for an hour or so, when I began to feel extremely dizzy. I decided to go for a walk, materialised. I walked to a park about five minutes away and sat on a bench.

Black clouds covered the sky, but I brushed it off. Then the wind picked up. I felt sick.

It was all over in a matter of seconds, but I knew better than to leave. Something had happened. I got up and walked around, looking for anything suspicious. I wanted to find a clue, some indicator of what happened almost a hundred years ago.

I began to cry. I guess I always hoped for answers to show up. I wanted to know exactly what happened, who killed me, why. My vision was so blurred with tears, I tripped over something, but regained my balance just in time. I looked down to see the body of a child, her insides spread out in front of her sideways body. I gasped, and choked on a sob.

I sprinted back to Tom's shelter, my hands covering my mouth, tears rolling down my cheeks. I lost my slippers along the way, but I didn't notice. I faded at one point, too. I slammed the door shut,

grabbing Rex's and Tom's attention. I leaned against the door, and slid down onto the floor. I pulled my knees to my chest and sobbed. I willed myself to materialise, and just stared ahead, the image of that poor girl stuck in my mind.

Chapter 2

Tom

It's been ten minutes since Trixie has returned, and she hasn't said a word. I'm worried, but I don't push her, I just wrap my arms around her, Rex licking the tears off her face. Finally, she begins whispering, telling us what she has seen.

"It's not a coincidence," I said. "You felt sick, and the same thing that happened to you happened to someone else."

"I know" she muttered. "I don't want to talk about it yet, ok?" She leans her head against my shoulder and falls asleep.

I carry her to the old mattress I had found a few days ago, and pulled a coat over her.

I turn to Rex. "I need to go see what's going on there right now."

"Trixie would want to go with you."

"She isn't ready to see it again. Please, just stay here and watch over her."

"Can't I come with you?"

"You have to stay and watch over Trixie. The thing that killed her is close, and I don't want to take any chances."

"Fine," Rex grumbled.

I jog to the park. The moment I step past the gates, the temperature drops drastically. That alone is unnatural. There are no people around, either. I begin to slowly walk in the direction Trixie had, grabbing a larger stick and holding it in front of me with both hands. Eventually I find blood stains on the ground, but no girl. I stare at the blood stains, and notice the red changing, changing until it was silver. Glistening. It unsettled me.

I hear a rustle behind me and spin around, swinging the stick. Silence. It's deafening. Then a flash of movement and pain. I find myself flat against the ground, staring into silver eyes. The stick is metres away, and I can't move. I'm paralysed. I can't even move my eyes, which can't see anything but the silver eyes. I feel myself fading, fading away. My vision is going blurry. Then it goes black. Seconds, minutes, hours pass. I don't know. But time passes, and I can move again. I roll onto my side, curling into a ball, chills running down my spine. Then I start hearing again. Barks. And a sound so high pitched I momentarily lose my hearing again. I hear some sort of fluttering, and feel a gust of air. Then I feel licks on my cheek, and truly open my eyes to see a black object flying away.

Rex's face appears. I push him off of me and get up. I am met by dizziness, but I don't care.

“What happened?!”

“I get here to find this demon like creature on you, and you... you were... changing. Into that creature.”

“So you *attack* it?”

“What else was I to do? Watch you die?”

“The girl. She wasn’t there. And the blood, it turned silver.” I point to the silver blood on the ground.

“You know when I got here, it was windy, and black clouds- and that creature. Something about it was so familiar.”

“Silver eyes,” I gasp.

“Silver eyes,” Rex repeated.

“Trixie,” we said at the same time.

We arrive at the house fast, really fast. We look inside, but there’s no sign of Trixie. What scares me even more are the claw marks.

Rex and I call for her, but there is no answer. I am in tears by the time we collapse on the mattress. I don’t say anything, because I know Rex feels guilty. I just silently cry, my head in my hands, wondering where Trixie is.

Chapter 3

Trixie

I wake up to the sound of the beating of wings. Far too loud to be a bird. I get off the mattress and look out of the window. I see only one thing. Silver eyes. I back away from the window. I didn’t know what to do. If I left the house, that thing would get me. If I didn’t get far away, that thing would get me. I desperately look around for an object I could use as a weapon. Nothing. I could hide, but that thing would find me. There was nothing I could do. I didn’t want to risk going outside faded. But I knew I had to.

I had panicked so much, only now had I realised Tom and Rex were missing. Those idiots. I took deep breaths. I heard the thing getting closer. It was now or never.

I faded and walked right through the wall. I floated as fast as I could, away. Far, far away. I didn’t stop until I was in a village I didn’t recognise. I materialised, only to get strange stares. I soon realise it was because of my outfit. A half ripped pink dress, no shoes, messed up hair. I was a mess and needed a change of clothes.