

Midnight Madness

Deception can be a powerful tool when used for the good of all. It can be both constructive and destructive. Watch madness come when a person deceives himself with his own need to control his own destiny.



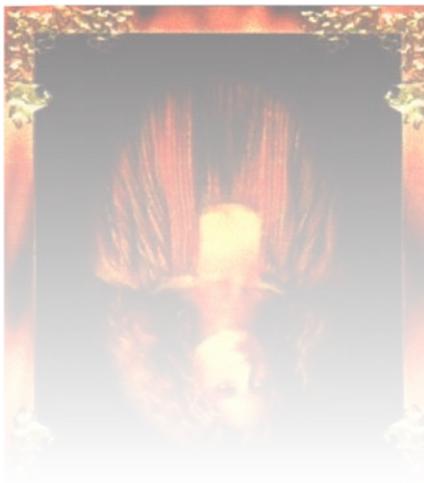
Horror to Fantasy

The King's Remembrance

Join the celebration of the king and queen and their people to remember the prince and heir's heroic deed that challenged the destruction wrought by an old, fierce enemy.



HORROR TO FANTASY



**Midnight Madness
&
The King's Remembrance**

JeryLyn Harrington

JeryLyn's Books

Midnight Madness & The King's Remembrance

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Any resemblance to actual people and events is purely coincidental.
This is a work of fiction

Midnight Madness

By: JeryLyn Harrington

I was sitting by my phone waiting for the call;
I was listening to the stereo when the sound came from the hall.

The hair on the back of my neck stood up real stiff when the second sound came from the hall,
Like rocks that were falling from a cliff.

I rose from my chair and started to walk from the room towards the hall door when I saw the
shadowed outlines pass,
I counted their number and there were four.

I stood still as the clock struck midnight,
The room changed before my eyes as they opened in fright.

I wanted to run, but my feet were stuck to the floor,
Not remembering movements as they had just moments before.

The clock finished the twelfth chime and on the final stroke,
Came the low, eerie voice, I turned slowly as it spoke.

"My name is Midnight Madness,
For some a terrible sight to behold,"

Before the next words left the ugly, female apparition's lips, its total image changed;
The beauty flowed from its head to its feet and then ended at its fingertips.

"But for others, a wondrous sight;
For those, it is an endless pleasure untold."

Horror to Fantasy

Its voice, with these last words, softened with sweet enticement as it glided across the floor.

It motioned for me to follow as it glided through the opened door.

My feet remembered their movements; I followed close behind.

The apparitions' beauty was becoming imprinted on the corridors of my mind.

The apparition's movements took her to the bottom of the warped stairs,

But, before I could join her there, she turned to me and stared.

Her graceful arm raised, her slender, curved finger pointed,

My eyes followed her finger to a figure bent over as if double-jointed.

Her soft, sweet voice entered into my mind,

Her lips never moving; was it a sign of some kind?

Her words echoed through the furrowed valleys of my brain,

And brought tears to my eyes with its ugly change.

"Behold yourself, look and listen to the sight before your eyes,

And dry your cheap, wasted tears; for now is not the time to cry."

The bent figure that had been hidden in the darkness, struggled forward into the light,

My eyes opened wide as its face, my face, greeted me. I cried out in fright.

I stumbled backwards, my eyes fixed, as it struggled forward to follow me,

Its voice was mine, but only younger. How could this be?

The words were painful with the memories they recalled,

My retreating feet taking me backwards down the crooked hall.

Horror to Fantasy

"Look at me, sir. Behold yourself from a lad to a teen,
And look at our bent, ugly body caused from pain by you.
Did you have to be such a nasty little fiend?
Remember, as only you can, those that touched our wicked hand,
But, now, their lives lay broken at our feet in a shattered, useless, golden band."

With the ugly, bent creature's words spoken, I looked down,
My face creased with a painful, wrinkled frown.

At the bent figure's feet lay wealth in the form of shattered gold,
But it was useless to me with the memories that lay hidden in its many folds.

My mind numbed with fear at the familiar face that greeted me from within,
How many of those familiar faces had I at one time called friend?

I moved backwards down the warped hall,
My feet stumbling on the warped boards, making me fall.

I raised myself up on my bruised knees,
My eyes focused to see what was in front of me.

The ugly, bent figure that had been there, just moments before,
Was, now, gone as I rose running for the door.

The doorknob greeted the fingers of my hand at the end of the hall,
But, before I could turn it, my body flew backwards, answering an unspoken call.

I lay winded, my eyes closed tight,
Not wanting to see what would be in my line of sight.

So slowly my eyes opened with no will of their own,
The graceful figure that greeted them was well known.

Horror to Fantasy

My body righted, helped by an unseen hand,
Numbed by an unknown fear, I felt like a boy, less of a man.

Midnight Madness looked at me with eyes that turned from blue to gold,
She turned, gliding up the warped stairs, her graceful figure sure and bold.

At the top, she, again, turned to me and, with an unfriendly smile, motioned for me to ascend,
The unseen hand pushed from behind, my feet stumbling forward and I, silently, cried;
when would all this end?

Seconds later, but what seemed years, I stood before Midnight Madness with a greater fear,
I fell to my knees and covered my eyes; her lovely face was changing as she came near.

What had once been beauty was now mar,
From her forehead across the bridge of her nose and ending at the cheek was a bright,
opened, bleeding scar.

I felt the ugly, painful voice as it entered into my numbed mind,
Its command, open your eyes, was simple, its familiarity, one of a kind.

My eyes opened, still, through no will of their own,
The sight they beheld, making me moan.

There on the floor before me grew a pool of warm, steaming blood;
Its surface was widening with the steady drip from above.

I looked up, not really wanting to see the sight that would be there,
As the life's blood dripped from the pale, lovely chin, all I could do was stare.

My eyes went ever upward, searching her once beautiful face.
The once beautiful, golden eyes were growing pale, losing their enchanting grace.

Horror to Fantasy

What had once been golden beauty that penetrated the soul was drained of all its golden color,
The depths were hidden and what had been gold was, now, white and cold.

Her hands reached out and, with an un-sighted ease;
She reached out and touching my shoulders, she spun me around, so that I could see.

Before me and leaning against the wall stood the figure of a man;
It could have been me and just as tall.

I felt her gentle finger's grip as she pulled me to my feet and she pushed me gently forward,
Her ugly, harsh voice saying to my mind, "This stranger you must meet."

My feet moved forward through no command of mine and each step took me closer,
Till, at last, the figure reached out taking my hand and a horror froze my mind.

The hand was rotting flesh, clinging to the bones;
I reeled backwards as light shown the hideous face and, there could be no mistake, it was
my own.

I turned from the hideous sight, prepared to run,
When Midnight Madness blocked my flight, her ugly, harsh voice saying, "What? And
miss all this fun."

With her harsh words spoken, my flight ended and there would be no escape to make me free,
As, once more, she approached, turning me and from the approaching, rotting figure I
could not flee.

The figure stopped and extended its rotting flesh and bony hands,
How could my own mind ever have perceived this rotting thing as me as a man?

From the top of its head to the tips of its toes, it stood covered with gold,
As its bony hands reached out for me and their movements were bold.

Horror to Fantasy

It opened its mouth and the lower lip fell away,
Its voice was mine, but changed in a horrible, ugly way.

"Behold me, sir. Look very close at me;
Am I not magnificent with all my gold for others to see?"

It bent its rotting figure forward and, with its golden bony fingers, it pulled me to my feet,
I closed my eyes where I stood not wanting our eyes to meet.

The voice came, again, more horribly ugly in its tone,
The words speaking truth as my mouth opened in a horrible, painful moan.

"You started young to collect all this wealth to hold and using other's life blood,
You are, now, frightened because you find it all so cold?"

My eyes opened wide with the question it had asked,
Not seeing its face, but once familiar figures of men and women from my past.

The figures that passed became a count untold to me in numbers,
Their faces so familiar, recounting each of my life's selfish, spiteful blunders.

My own life, suddenly, became very precious to me,
I turned to run from all the familiar figures and my only thought was to flee.

I froze in my haste as my feet were lifted from the floor,
I was pushed upwards through the attic's opened door.

I continued, slowly, upwards into another room and then, the attic door closed with a loud bang,
And my mind closed itself off from my body's sudden, physical pain.

I took a deep breath before I looked around,
All the stuff encountered was familiar, but one thing to be found.

Horror to Fantasy

The figure stood with its back to me,
It was looking out the attic's window. I wondered what it could see.

The figure stood motionless, clothed in a monk's cloak,
A sickle in its bony hand; my mind numbed as it turned and spoke.

The bony hand that gripped the sickle did not belong to the face,
The face belongs to Midnight Madness, her white, cold eyes pulling me forward in a
slow, painful haste.

"This night you summoned, beckoning me to appear,
I come as you summoned. Now, is the time that you face your real fear?"

What was left of the lovely flesh of her face fell away,
The true figure before me making me dizzy; making me sway.

I fell forward onto my knees,
My mind not believing what my eyes could see.

My face contorted with a horrible frown,
I screamed in silence as death stood before me with its empty eyes staring down.

I felt the pain, again, as my body grew cold and suddenly I remembered the earlier taste of a
wine so sweet,
Followed quickly by the memory of the cruel words that were spoken to the woman in a moment
of cruel, possessive heat.

The woman's face became so clear like a figure etched in crystal for me,
She said she loved another and wanted to go away from me wanting to be free.

I had defeated my rival for her as I had others in the past,
I had taken untold, cruel pleasure as I watched him fall, breathing his last.

Horror to Fantasy

My memories ended when death's harsh words entered my mind,
The voice was so different; like no other kind.

"Behold yourself and see. Your cruel ways have finally caught you up,
The poison that you drank was more than enough from your deceiver's cup."

Death's bony finger pointed to a figure with no face,
Its body was worm ridden as it lay with its hands folded in a casket's wooden embrace.

I picked up a pole that lie near me on the floor and hit at death's head,
I escaped and ran to the attic's door.

Down the stairs I ran in my great haste,
And I met the other three of me in the hallway in all their hateful, rotting waste.

Down the stairway and into the room where I should be,
I found the near lifeless body sitting in the chair and I knew that it was me.

Within moments, all was as it had been before,
I sat in the chair staring at the darkness outside the door.

My breathing was painful, very hard for me,
My life's force was ending bringing what would be.

The music on the stereo was coming to an end,
My phone call had been wasted; nowhere did I have a friend.

As the last breath left my, now, chilled body, I saw the figure of death enter the door for me,
Its harsh, but now familiar voice saying, "Come. It is time for us to leave."

The King's Remembrance

By: JeryLyn Harrington

The moon's light shown down to the ground, lighting it quite bright.
The figures that danced below the trees in that moonlight were making a beautiful,
wondrous sight.

The figure's small bodies were clothed in colors of red, green, gold, orange and brown,
They held their small hands together and, in a circle, they danced and moved round and
round.

Two graceful, elegant figures, taller than any of the others, set apart on small golden thrones,
Their robes and clothes so rich and magnificent, their crowns made from bright colored
leaves and small pinecones.

The Queen's eyes scanned all her small, happy subjects and the dancers as they moved,
A smile of satisfaction crossed her small, ruby lips, this happiness and merriment, she
readily approved.

The King's eyes soon followed those of his Queen that had gone before,
His hand reached out, tenderly, stroking hers as he remembered his youth and more.

The Queen's eyes turned, resting on the hand that caressed hers,
Her head turning upwards to his eyes and all her sad thoughts stirred.

The feelings that passed between them brought their looks eye to eye,
Hers were as dark as midnight; his were blue as the day-lit sky.

His smile to her was sweetness, but turned sad when he looked away,
She understood his sadness; the small group that danced before them had been larger in a
bygone day.

Her words were softly spoken, turning his head back her way,
His smile returned with more sadness as her words remembered less happy, bygone days.

"Remember our son, Galaborn, and his deed that was quite bold,
He conquered our oldest and fiercest enemy from days of long ago."

Her words took his mind back to his youth and his wedding day with his young, beautiful bride.
Many years later through his reign, she had given him his son, filling him with joy and
great pride.

He had watched through the years as his son grew with great splendor from a lad to a man,
Galaborn's equal to be found nowhere in his realm with all its surrounding lands.

Horror to Fantasy

He had looked forward to passing his crown onto the man his son had become,
And then came that dark and dreary day that the dragon's fire had darkened the noonday's sun.

His reign had been untroubled; memories only had brought the dragon's fire to life,
His people had been prosperous; his realm had grown happily with little or no strife.

His warriors had fought, valiantly, to save his mighty and prosperous realm;
His cities and people vanished as the dragon destroyed each one except for his mighty forest of elms.

He, his Queen and what was left of his people sought refuge in it protective cover,
While the dragon circled overhead, searching its mighty length as it hovered.

The King, Queen and his people had gone underground building a great and mighty hall,
Its lamp-lit splendor made any of the previous cities pale before their fiery fall.

Galaborn had grown in his manhood becoming head of the King's new guard,
He trained, fiercely, as the dragon returned, twice yearly, burning the forest elms and leaving the ground bare and scarred.

The King's memories faded as a tear ran down his smooth, but aged cheek,
The Queen's tender touch brought him back to the present with feeling humble and meek.

His people's laughter brought a sad sigh as his memory recalled their once mighty number,
The earth had claimed them all and beneath its protection they, now, lay in slumber.

He returned to his thoughts and that fearful day when the dragon had found the long sought after secret way,
Galaborn had sought revenge and, with his broad sword in hand, swore the dragon he would slay.

Galaborn and the King's guard had gone the back way catching the dragon unaware,
The dragon was sitting atop a small hill waiting for his feed and daily fare.

All that had accompanied Galaborn had perished in death that fearful day,
The dragon's fiery breath had descended and consumed them as it had taken flight to speed away.

Galaborn's sudden and fierce warrior's cry had spread the dragon's wings catching the air as the guard it spied,
Galaborn had rushed forward with a loud and savage cry, his broad sword raised to pierce the dragon's side.

Horror to Fantasy

The dragon's fiery breath had come as it had fled soaring just above the ground,
Galaborn's broad sword finding its mark just before the small hill was reduced to a fiery,
black mound.

The dragon's pain-filled death cry accompanied it as it flew upwards into the smoked filled sky,
To the smoldering, fire eaten black mound it fell to accompany Galaborn to die.

The King sighed, heavily, with his troubled thoughts, remembered thoughts, about his people's
past,
He knew that he and his Queen would ask the people for the same pain-filled, yearly task.

This night was very special; it marked the end to a bygone age and long ago day,
Galaborn had perished, but his death had freed the people from their dismay.

The King's eyes turned resting on the hand that tenderly caressed his,
His head, slowly, turned downwards to her eyes and all his thoughts on what he would
miss.

The feelings that passed between them brought their looks eye to eye,
Hers were as dark as midnight; his were as blue as the day-lit sky.

Her smile to him was sweetness, but turned sad when she looked away,
He understood her sadness; the small group that danced before them had been larger in a
bygone day.

The Legend of Molly Langtrye ©

is available as a print or as an ebook through www.amazon.com.

Patrice Langtrye inherits her five-time great grandmother Molly's antique woman's secretary desk and discovers a diary hidden in a secret compartment in its upper carvings. The diary contains a year from Molly's life with her husband on his ranch outside Amarillo, Texas before the Civil War.

Patrice is outraged at the story contained in Molly's diary and she feels compelled to vindicate her grandmother's name from the story written in the diary. She sets out to see how the husband's side of the family had dealt with Molly's reputation over the years and her trip of discovery brings her into direct contact with the current owner of the ranch, Bradford Langtrye, who owns and operates a ranch called Four Oaks. She finds that the story contained in Molly's diary was incomplete and Edna Langtrye, Brad's mother, helps her complete the story from one diary with another story that was contained in another diary that had been left at Four Oaks.

Patrice's encounter with Bradford Langtrye brings surprise. Patrice is almost a physical, mirror image of Molly. Brad feels compelled to have the real life woman to the cold, oil paint of a painting and, at first, has trouble separating the real from the fantasy concerning Patrice. They both find that they have to compromise to sate each other's needs and to form a real life partnership.