

A Nocturnal Walk

As the moon disappeared behind a flock of clouds and complete darkness fell over the ancient cobblestone streets of the tiny village, her fear intensified. Her parents had always told her not to go out alone late at night because you never know who might be out there lurking in the shadows. It had been a while since she had been scared of ghosts, demons and other denizens of the night. Lately her fears had been consumed by fairly normal and rational things like rapists, deadly diseases and murderers, but after reading the complete works of H.P. Lovecraft, her imagination had been given an incentive. Suddenly she was more afraid of the paranormal than the normal and the thought of aliens and ancient zombies that might or might not be creeping after her in the shadowy corners of the street set her heart pounding in her chest. The wind rustled the abundance of autumn leaves as she walked along the village park. The flowerbeds filled with roses and the new fountain that had been recently added to the scenery, made the park look as if had come right out of a romantic dream, especially at night. At night you couldn't see the cigarette stubs and empty soda cans that lay scattered around the green metal benches, left by the youngsters. The moon reappeared from behind the clouds and send the water speckles from the fountain glittering through the darkness. As she passed the white fences of the old little houses she noticed all the lights were already turned off, it being 2 a 'clock at night, this wasn't strange, but it sure would have made it a little less creepy if she knew she wasn't the only one still awake in the village. The farther she walked south, the louder the sounds of the ocean became. A wave of salty air greeted her by ruffling her hair and a few strands flew out of her braid. The sound of the waves rushing in the bay had always made her feel at home and bit by bit she started to relax. There was nothing to fear here! The pocket knife she always carried with her and the pepper spray stored in her handbag now made her seem silly and childish. She should be able to go for a walk at night without having to be afraid of encountering unsavory individuals (or entities for that matter). This realization gave her new strength and she decided she would walk all the way to the beach to enjoy the view of the now cloudless, moonlit sky above the tumultuous waves. Just as she had expected, the sight of the bay at night was exceptionally beautiful. She took off her boots and even though the autumn had already turned the nights cold and the wind blew fiercely, she walked alongside the water and occasionally a wave would reach over the tideline and spill over her feet. The trees on the boardwalk that still had their leaves rustled loudly in the wind and the light of the stars flickered over the water. The sound of the rustling leaves mixed with that of the white-headed waves that crashed upon the sandbanks just before the shore, drowned out what was left of her fears. The experience was remarkably refreshing. Never, had she looked at the beauty of the night this way before. Some of her friends had told her in the past about how much they enjoyed nightly bike rides or walks but she had never quite understood their feelings. The darkness had always been a time for rest and quiet for her, hardly fit for such activities. Only the businesses that could not be conducted in daylight needed the cover of night, thus in her eyes it had appeared a dangerous time. How foolish that seemed to her now! Walking along the bay as the moon shone upon her face and the wind brushed through her hair, she felt the sand between her toes and smelled the salt in the air and realized nothing could have been more pleasing to her, than this nocturnal walk.