

Beyond the veil

Up down, up down, up down. The sound of the train moving echoed my mind. Mindlessly I stared out the window glimpsing at the winsome leaves that looked as if someone were to mix scarlet red and dull orange paints and smear it across a canvas. The colours are interrupted by damp green grass engulfed in dew as well as a hazelnut brown cow. Younger me wouldn't be able to believe that it was a cow as I believed all cows were white with random black dots sprinkled across it. It seems to be a younger cow, it was all alone moving its mouth up and down as though it was chewing, I felt empathy, it was all alone. I was alone but this was different. I was used to being alone... I liked being alone. I grew up alone in an orphanage, but now 18 I could travel around free of pesky children.

I fix my gaze back onto the trees when suddenly I heard the disorientated noise of my carriage door rattling. I look up and see a shadowy figure with hunched shoulders and a shabby jacket slithering slowly away. Hesitantly, I stand up, the noise of the seat beneath me creaking sent shivers down my spine. I open the door, look left no one there, surprised I look right, no one there, I look down prepared to see the empty, grey velvety, lightly furrowed carpet, but instead I see a book.

Besides the deckled edges and decolouration, the book seemed to be in a pristine state; the front cover looked freshly cleaned. After self-debating I perceived that it would be acceptable to take the book, learn anything about the person and possibly be able to return it to the rightful owner. Gently I placed it on top of my shabby trunk, it smelt like wet paper. I felt a high-pitched scream ringing in my ears, it stopped but as soon as it did words began to reverberate in my ears. I couldn't make out what it was saying, there were several poundings in my head now making my face burn up. It felt like a heartbeat in my head, only faster. I reach my hands up to my face hoping for my cold hands to melt away the boiling pain now consuming me, but my clammy palms were only making it worse. My face was begging for something to cool it. I look down at the book and put it on my face. Then like an off switch the pain disappeared.

Shocked, I drop the book I feel as though my soul had been sucked out, rolled up and shot back into my body all at once. I looked down at my hand, subconsciously and noticed that the scar I have had since I fell down the stairs had disappeared. It could not have been a coincidence. This book must be a miracle, I thought to myself. This could be the evolution of modern medicine; I have always dreamed of becoming a doctor but never had the education to do so. This discovery, my discovery, could be everything. I begin to flip through the pages out of pure curiosity, the handwriting is very inconsistent, some pages are skipped, some with different writing and different coloured pens and pencils, some even have warnings to 'run while you have the chance' and heartfelt letters to random people.

I start slowing down and begin absorbing everything that has been written and realise that I can't stop. I grab my hand with the other resisting, but it feels as if at this point, my hand is not my hand.

As the second last page flips a blank piece of paper, words begin to inscribe in a runny red pen 'it's your turn' ...