

He does not reply, at first, but is still trying to see her (red) eyes. The silence is dark, brooding. At last he says, "I think it is about you. I only started having the dream after we got together. I don't know what it's about, or why, but I'm pretty sure it IS about you. And I'm scared."

She stares at him, unsure of how to respond. "Tell me," she says.

"The first one was the first time we made love. It was just a flash, a shadow on the wall with red (blood-red) eyes. When I pulled out of it, you were in the bathroom. I forgot it." He sighs, lights two cigarettes, gives her one. "Until the next one, of course. Three nights later. "That one started to have a shape. And of course, the red eyes. Blood-red eyes that kept getting bigger and bigger. You were in the living room, getting us a smoke." He inhales deeply, on his cigarette, watching her.

"You're saying that you never...." she broke off, thinking. "But...."

"That's right," he answers, "never before we made love, and never when you're in the room with me." He paused, then added, "And only after we make love. Weird, huh?"

"Yeah", she says, "that definately qualifies as weird." She crosses the room, sipping milk, and stubs out her cigarette. "Why didn't you tell me this before?"

He sighs, looking up at her. "Well, what was I supposed to say? I keep having this dream, or vision, or whatever it is, and it scares the living crap out of me. It only happens after we make love and you leave the room, and it's getting (darker) more freaky every time it happens. Tonight, the shadow started to look like a cat, and the (red) eyes were huge, and it started to grin and it's face started to melt and...."

He stops, and crushes out his cigarette. Her back is to him, now, and he's suddenly uneasy.

As she puts down the glass, the shadow on the wall keeps moving and she begins to turn. "Do you believe in demons?" she asks quietly. "Why," he answers slowly, watching the shadow, "do you think I should?"

"Oh, absolutely." she answers, turning and smiling, and the rest is lost... is lost in his screams.

[ed. note. Deb Stevens, a.k.a. Cassiopia, a.k.a. Keeper Of The Flame is one of the original Revelwood citizens, from the ancient days of yore when the Forests were still being charted and the Pipe and Pint was the only party. "Cassi" as she was affectionately known helped Revelwood become a popular and familiar part of the Society for Creative Anachronism, especially at the Pennsic War. She was given the title of "One Shoe" by the Tuchux in a bizarre ceremony.

Deb currently resides in Maine keeping the bears company.]