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As with before, the tremor began in his feet and worked its way up his legs. And, as with before he was frozen before the onslaught, unable to do anything but observe as his body went all kinds of crazy.

The only slight mercy this time was that he was at least aware of what was going on. The sharp side of that mercy, however, was that he knew what came after the spasms and the jerking of the limbs and he wished that he could close his eyes instead of watch another horrific show.

Sadly, that was not how things played out.

Once again, the tremors thrummed through his body, until he felt as though he might just shake his soul loose of his body and he might go wandering into whatever the next life looked like. Then, they subsided and once again the ceiling above him unfolded like some great metaphysical orange peel and he was once again looking down onto that terrible little room.

Bastion wished he could close his eyes, but whatever power held him captive insisted that he be witness, as no one else was.

There was that same table, and on the table this time was a little girl. Her hair was a dirty blonde. In her mouth was the same dirty bone from the previous vision, tied so that she could speak. Her eyes were wide with fear as her head made tiny movements, trying to see what was happening, but unable to because of the straps around her forehead. Her arms, legs and torso were also strapped down.

Bastion tried to call out to her, to offer some kind of comfort, but he couldn't. Nothing worked as it should. He was a sad mimic of the little girl, unable to move, unable to speak.

He pulled his eyes away unable to handle her fear any longer.

The rest of the room was the same.

In the centre of the room was the same large cauldron, with steam rising out of it, and some sick silky black concoction bubbling inside. There was something about that black liquid that pulled at his eyes, while making him feel nauseous at the same time. The surface was a glossy black, but as he looked at it longer, he thought he saw something stirring inside, something oozing through its depths and he had the distinct feeling that he wasn't seeing something in the liquid anymore but something from somewhere else, almost as though what was in the pot was a tear in reality and instead of looking at something cooking, he was looking into somewhere else.

He pulled his eyes away from that too, because whatever it was he was seeing filled him with a dread that twisted his stomach into painful knots. If he wasn't paralysed, he would have brought up the night's earlier Chicken Teriyaki and veggies.

Something he had not noted from his last vision was that around the cauldron was symbols marked in the floor, painted with some dark paint that Bastion did not want to consider. The symbols were placed in a circle around the cauldron and then separated off in a line, running towards the table where the little girl was placed and then formed another circle around the table, connecting the table and cauldron. The symbols, like the liquid in the pot pulled at him while making him feel queasy at the same time.

On another little table to the side of the girl, was a dull bronze looking knife. Bastion felt a sudden anger surge inside him at the sight and everything in him suddenly wanted to destroy the knife, destroy the cauldron, destroy everything he saw for on some deep level, beyond just the horror of the pain and what he knew was coming, something about the cauldron and the symbols and the purpose behind this terrible ritual offended him at his core and stirred something inside him that thrummed with its own energy, separate to the spasms of earlier. This was deeper and more primal, something that was responding to the wrongness laid out in offensive detail before him.

On the table was the book, holding its own kind of power. The book was closed, but Bastion was drawn to it as it hummed with its own energy, different from the symbols and the cauldron. Not bad, not good. Just powerful, and somehow Bastion just knew that it shouldn't be there, shouldn't be utilised in this way, that its power was being bastardised.

Then she entered the room.

She was a great shuffling figure, large and hunched over. There was no sound from the vision, but Bastion could just imagine hearing a great hulking huffing and heavy breathing from the figure. Looking down upon her, Bastion could tell she was massive. Morbidly obese would be the term today. The top of her head was covered in thinning wisps of lank dark hair, and her wide shoulders were covered in a hulking great dress of dark green. He could see stains upon her sleeves. She was a walking offence and Bastion felt that deeper power within him bursting within him, straining towards the woman and if he could have he would have destroyed her on the spot.

As if sensing him, the woman stopped and pause her swaying shuffle. Her head cocked to the side and looked around. If he could have, Bastion would have frozen even more than he was.

She looked around as though hearing something, but seeing nothing, she continued onwards, and picked up the dull bronze knife.

No no no no Bastion cried out in his mind. But, it did no good.

The creature went to work on the innocent little girl whose eyes went wide, her mouth stretching wider in a scream that she couldn't sound.

The satanic symbols on the floor seemed to get darker with some hellish power and, as the creature took pieces from the little girl, and one by one dropped them into the bubbling cauldron, the liquid inside took on a life of its own, almost receiving the offerings with upraised limbs. The liquid became darker with each one, becoming a black deeper than anything Bastion had ever seen, and within the black there was something else darker still.

In his mind, for that was the only place Bastion had any freedom, he thrashed against his restraints. Why did he have to watch this. His anger frothed within him, desperate to break out, to stop this horror, to save the little girl whose eyes wide in shock and were quickly fading.

Tears leaked from the corners of Bastion's eyes, mimicking the little girl.

The horrific work continued.

The energy inside Bastion surged, and something broke free of its restraints, licking across the time and space separating him from the little girl. He couldn't offer much, but at least she could know that she wasn't alone.

Like a feather, a small lick of light escaped Bastion and reached out to touch the little girl, gently caressing her cheek. Her eyes sparked for

a moment, and in that split second Bastion felt like she saw him, and her pain eased for just a moment, rushing into Bastion. He screamed in his mind at it, but refused to separate the contact, giving her a moment's respite. And, then she was gone and their connection was gone.

The feather of light connecting them receded as fast as it had appeared. The power inside Bastion went quiet.

But, the creature had frozen, and stood unmoving as she turned to walk back from the cauldron, knife in hand. She had seen something. The figure tilted her head forward as if sniffing the air. Then, slowly she raised her head and looked up to where Bastion watched her frozen.

Then the vision collapsed in on itself, hiding the horror once more. But, not before Bastion looked into the creature's piggish little eyes as they squinted back at him.

Bastion woke up and leaped up from the bed, his body aching. He sprang across the room, yanking open the door to his tiny bathroom and just made it in time to vomit up the previous night's dinner into the toilet. He heaved and heaved, his stomach cramping.

When it was finally finished, he felt completely washed out and shaky.

Slowly, he stood and leaned over the small sink, washed his mouth out with Listerine and splashed cold water on his face, washing away the cold sweat that had overtaken him.

He stared at himself in the mirror. He tried telling himself that it was just another nightmare, that his mind was playing tricks on him.

But, he knew that wasn't the truth. And there was one way he could find out.

On unsteady legs he walked back to his bed and pulled his laptop from under his bed.

He did a quick search online, looking through the latest news stories.

It didn't take long before he found it.

Girl still missing. Parents plead for help from public.

Bastion closed his eyes, remembering the little girl and how he had touched her mind, offering her some relief and connection before she passed. Letting her know she wasn't alone. He had to swallow down sobs that wanted to rise.

He read the first paragraph.

Ashley Ormsby, 9, is still missing and has been since Monday. She went missing after playing in the park around the corner from her house, a park she had played at many times. Her parents, Mike and Hannah Ormsby have made an appeal to the public asking that, if anyone knows anything they come forward. "We don't care why or who, just help us get our little girl back," said Mrs Ormsby at a press conference at the Hamilton Police Station.

Bastion closed the laptop.

Jeremy Lakeland.

Ashley Ormsby.

Two little children now. He felt the anger stir in his gut again, stirring some energy inside him that felt new to him, yet so familiar at the same time.

You can't run away from who you are.

He turned Myra's words over in his mind. He thought of his mother's frail fingers holding his. He thought of the familiar sound of his father's voice, speaking to him from the dead. And, he thought of two dead children.

He looked over at the time. The dull green numbers read three-thirty in the morning.

He grabbed his jacket and headed out the door to find some answers.