

Flashback (by Nico Janotta)

One step.
Silence.
Two steps.
Silence.
Two steps.
Break.
One Step.
Silence.
Dark...

I'm sitting on my bed, humming my favorite song louder than I think I would.
Every muscle and bone seems like not being a part of my body any more since last night.
Somebody screams.
It was a nice party I thought even though I can't really remember what happened before the
massacre. I was too drunk.
The owner of the house whom I don't really know because I never met him before, told me to
bring something which was placed outside of the house. It might have been a bottle of
whisky.
"No problem", I screamed in a mixture of being drunk and enthusiastic.
The words were my last ones to the owner. I think his name was Lukas. Yeah, let's call him
Lukas!
I left the house, feeling good. I thought I would come back in about one minute.
I searched and found the bottle. Now I can remember that it was a bottle.
Suddenly a crackle came into my ear.
I looked everywhere. Nothing! It might be that I didn't see anything because I was too drunk.
Might be!
Another crackle...
It was louder and nearer than the first one!
I dropped to the ground full of fear. The first step came over. I closed my eyes.
One step.
Silence.
Two steps.
Silence.
Two steps.
Break.
One Step.
Silence.
Dark.
The house became dark and there were screams everywhere. I didn't realize when they
appeared and when they ended and I didn't know what was happening either. I think my
eyes stayed close for the rest of the night.
I'm staring at the wall thinking about that day, that night, the screams. I hear them in my ears.
My prison cell looks empty...