

She lives in there, the darkness. She lay sprawled out in its depths and curled so tight in chasms, chambers and tunnels so dense that not even a knife could cut through the black to reveal the intricate details that she has hidden. She stands behind the crystal pillars and plays at the bottom of the lake, providing shadowy haven for those born without eyes. She looms over you, her cold breath on your neck and her arms wrapping tightly around you, engulfing you in her murky blanket. Still and silent you stand letting the uneasy feel of the unknown wash over you until the fear of what might lie in wait there hidden by her inky coat sets in, sending lines of electric panic through your body down to your fingertips that fumble for your torch. Pulling it out of its sheaf you use it as your sword to slay the beast of unease that surrounds you. And like a child running from the tide, she rushes back, from the light she pours from your hand dripping onto the floor. Her somber eyes lingering on you for a moment before she leaves you alone in the peace of your light and your freedom to explore the cave that you stand inside in all its magnificence.