

When Evil Fears Evil.....??

The frantic wind whistled around Collinwood, almost as if it were trying to frighten something even worse than itself. I could hear every creak of the doors, every moan of a floorboard. Every moan of Widows Hill – had they ever cried more than they did this night?

I hurriedly put on a robe over my nightgown. My bedroom, while normally cozy, seemed unusually ready to give up spirits of its past. Every shade of darkness and light seemed to want to tell its story to me. I was in no mood for those kinds of bedtime stories.

After getting a book from the study, I went to the drawing room, put a log on the fire to rekindle it, and curled up on the couch. Why did the wind seem not so troubling here, I wondered absently as I turned the pages of what had turned out to be a singularly boring book.

“Vicki.”

It began as a whisper, a sound so soft I could not tell if I had heard it with my ears or with my mind. I startled, looked up, looked around. I would have heard the door open.

When I was sure there was no one, I felt my breathing ease. I turned back to my book, willing to give it a second chance in case it was really my nerves that were causing me to enjoy it less.

And then my full name, whispered deeply. “Victoria.” And the wind whistled, just as a child walking in the dark. What did the wind fear? When evil fears evil...

“Victoria.”

I finally closed the book. The fire was dying down anyway. Maybe I was tired enough to go back to bed. Was I going to have another dream? Was I already in some strange sort of sleepwalking state?

“Victoria!” The voice was louder, more insistent this time...and familiar. I knew if I closed my eyes, this room would be as I remembered from another moment in time...when it was being built.

I finally answered aloud, “What do you want?”

“Tonight.”

The way it was said implied a lot more than my time! I shivered, and rushed to open the doors out of the drawing room. Turning off the last light. Running upstairs, but who was I running from? Was the wind still fearful in my room?

“I want tonight, Victoria.”

I slammed my door, hoping that Elizabeth would not wake from the noise. “Why?” I was speaking aloud, and I still was not sure from where this voice was answering!

“Give me tonight. No questions.” This was a voice I had known well in that earlier time. But there was something not quite the same. Was it Trask, the one who wanted nothing more than to see me dead? Or....

And then the thunder began. The wind feared the thunder as it crashed against the house like an out-of-control car.

“All right!” I screamed over it. “No questions...show yourself!”

“I thought you’d never ask.” Hands reached for my shoulders. Caressing them.
“Victoria, now is your time with me. I wish I hadn’t had to do what I did.”

My blood became ice. No wonder the wind whistled with fear, and I trembled as the figure showed his face.

“TRASK!”

“Victoria...I know Bradford wanted this. But I wanted it...and you...more.” He stepped ever closer and pulled me to his chest. He wanted a warm embrace, but how could it be warm when he was so evil?

I jerked away, but not fast enough. “Is witchcraft the only evil deed you do?” he smirked. “I think I’d like to find out.”

“I think not.”

Where had he come from? This was a voice that had always soothed me. It was the voice of someone I loved. His touch was gentle as he moved me aside...but Trask feared. In a second, I feared, too.

Trask screamed, and the next thing I saw was wounds around his neck as he fell to the ground. Here I was, alone – or was I? – in my room with a body dead twice over. He was dead from the past, and dead again in the present with marks that looked suspiciously like – a hangman’s rope! He had made a mistake. Evil did not fear evil enough.

“You’re safe now, Vicki.” That soothing voice came to me again. And the wind no longer whistled, the widows no longer moaned. My room was warm again, my night peaceful.