

DARK CITY

By

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Smashwords edition

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If it was at all possible that they could have been stolen by mongering thieves; then on crooks and bandits I would hardly press my reproach. But it cannot be crooks; even crooks cannot steal pleasant memories. Waking up in a city, I'm sure it's a city. One ear pressed to the rough pavement, and the other peaking at the dark sky. This peaking ear hears no swish no whisper, except for an occasional bark of a timid dog outlying beyond the grasp of my weary eyes. The darkness enlightened me it was night, a winter cold night. My ears felt the chill of the night shortly after the white snow breath signaled me of the below freezing temperatures. Even the moon had taken a vacation from the queer city; I believe it was then when the clouds followed. Only stars tenaciously remained; that star light to guide my mystified eyes.

I walked like a wounded soldier in the cold streets for an hour or more, there was no soul in sight, not even a night cat with alien eyes to meow at my elongated spooky shadow. What evil deeds could have transpired this night? That was the one question I heard... the one question I still could not find a shred of response. I took further steps with my pointed shoes silent on the icy street were all pieces of light were afraid to shed upon.

As I marched along with my two hands crossed on my chest to bring absent warmth, faded memories started to initiate and take form in my head. 'My name had to be

John, yes John' I was almost sure of it 'John felt right, it had to be John not Johnson, but John'. John felt right.

The freezing night was anything but right, queer yes, strange yes... but not right. Still there was no soul to meet or human whisper to hear. The tall brown buildings stood side by side almost intimidating me, like two ancient sorcerers about to turn me into a shadow a thing with no shape, a thing with no face.

A memory then came so sexy so bonjour... like a goddess with emerald swathing her hair. As I was enjoying her rare beauty in my head, I lost it. But it was a woman... an exceptional woman, the kind you cannot look at once or twice; only thrice in the street. 'Could she be an actor or a model or an angel?' any of these was likely and probable. 'I tried not to think of the memory, in blind hope that she would return to my mind...' still the damn memory didn't.

'Did I date an angel with soft wings?' she was too beautiful not to have wings. Soon after my head felt brick heavy, as if a ton of gold was buried in my brain along with miners, machinery and things. My ears ringing like a bell... and memories of her now came rushing like violent flood. But other memories still eluded me.

Laura! My emerald wife, why didn't I notice this golden circle shining on my finger? I needed to find her and tell

her I still think and breathe. She must be dying a slow painful death wherever she is, a death of the unknown.

I thought of those soft perfect lips Laura has, I assure you, you would nod and agree to all those lips would say... you would even agree for her to sell your ten fingers to the mafia. But her eyes have been strange as of late, she no longer kissed me to kiss, but I felt as if she kissed because it was an obligation. She's withdrawn and far, I didn't ask her the matter. First thing I do should be to tell her how I love her more than any other... cherish her more than the air I breathe or the sun which gives me warmth.

What I would not give for a smoke, one perfect smoke... with its heat warming my lungs. I remember the night before, Laura standing there at the window as naked as gorgeous skin itself, with a cigarette and her eyes to stare. As if to say 'goodbye my love, it has been a blast!' But stranger still was how it all happened, the one moment I am in my limo from a board meeting and the next, in an old steel factory tied to a pipe with a rusted gun on my face. No matter how I racked my brain for answers, none explains why I ended up here in this queer dark city of no souls.

All my possible reasoning to explain this situation fell shot, like heavy stone tossed by the meek, most were highly improbable. But still, even if I could explain my

escape... how could I explain this devilish city of disappeared souls?

In the waking morning light, as if by witchcraft, everything seemed unusually normal. Pedestrians strolled up and down. Then a sigh of relief washed my tired face.

‘Excuse me,’ I called out to the first person I met

‘Where am I?’

‘Excuse me?’ she looked at me oddly

‘I mean what city is this?’

‘Oh you’re new – welcome to dark city’ a chilled excitement, almost sadistic, replaced the puzzled one.

‘Dark city...?’ I pondered,

‘How far am I to New York?’ Without a reply or a sound the lady walked on. ‘You must be a tourist?’ the voice came from a man behind me

‘Yes... you could say that. Tell me how do I get to New York from here?’

‘You can’t; nobody leaves dark city’ the man laughed horribly, exposing his yellow painted teeth, with strings between the yellow gaps.

‘What was going on here, ok if I can get my hand’s on a phone; there. ’ 555-2756,

‘Pick up, please pick up... I know you don’t pick up strange numbers sometimes but not this time, Laura I beg of you not today, maybe tomorrow but not today’. I tried it several times but I always heard my own voice on the machine.

At the corner of my eye I saw a blonde girl; naked and laying flat on the street. Everyone passed her as if they passed a stop sign. I ran to her aid to give her my coat to wear, her neck had been strangled but before I could ask my attention was quickly drawn from her neck to my white shirt which was torn and had a stain of blood. A stain I hadn't noticed before... that was when I saw him, before investigating any further.

That red coat and lazy eye; it was him. Following him in the corridor until I snuck up to him and bashed his head to the wall,

'I swear if you don't tell me where I am, your going to have two lazy eyes... now start talking!'

'Maybe you should ask your pretty wife, Mr. King' he spoke as if he knew things I didn't

'Leave Laura out of this, now speak, how do I leave this crazy town?'

'You can't,' he said 'no one can.' he started to laugh with that hideous eye exposed in the sunlight.

'Is this some secret shady town they built to hold people?' I questioned him 'Who hired you?'

'Your wife' he snarled 'Bloody bitch gave us a 24 hour poison, to kill us after we kill you'

'No... you lie, you son of a bitch... you lie!' He took out a letter from his pocket, 'You know your wife's hand writing eh?'

'My god,' letting go of the man. 'How could she do this'

‘Power Mr. King... the stinking root of all evil deeds... take a wild guess who is the new CEO of King Corp?’ I cleared my mouth to speak,
‘So what went wrong?’ I said calmly,
‘Nothing, her plan executed perfectly like a well oiled machine; I shot you right there.’ pointing at the hole on my shirt. ‘Look around you, Mr. King... look around you’ he said as he left. My head started spinning and then hit me hard on my chest like a severe heart attack; I was dead... we all were. The world before was now nothing but a memory, which fades in the day. We die there, to wake up here and start a new life... an endless cycle of life and death in dark city... the queer dark city of the dead.

Author’s notes

Thank you dear reader for journeying through the deeps of my mind, you are free to distribute this story anyway you wish. If you may, take a second to review this story – a wordsmith is always glad to see his work is appreciated.