

Curse of the Wish

He kicked the stones with his foot while he walked along the dock of the shore. Staring up at the orange, yellow sky, he felt the warm glow on his face. He perked up. That glow, he knew that glow. That was his glow, God how he missed it. The shiny, white, yellow glow shimmered down to him and caressed his face.

With a quick glance to the heavens above, Detective Thomas Sinclair stared at the now darkened sky, painted with a billion white stars, twinkling down on him.

“Just one more night! I wish I could have one more night with her. I curse you for taking her! I curse all that is holy to me and to the world. You didn’t have to take her that way!” he screamed.

The young detective fell to his knees. He sobbed like a little newborn baby wanting its milk. His howls echoed through the silent night. The glow continued to hover around him. He reached for it. He grabbed it with both hands.

“Sally? Sally is that you?” he questioned.

A quick jump to his feet led him to follow the glow. He walked for miles it seemed. While he paid attention to the glow, nothing else mattered. After what seemed to be an eternity of walking, he came upon the Gratiot lighthouse. The glow called him inside. He followed. Walking the many steps up to the top, he stood inside in front of the light that lit the harbor of Port Huron.

“What is this?” he asked.

“Thomas, it is I, Sally, the Lord heard your one wish,” she said to him.

“I don’t believe it,” he said.

With a quick rub of his deep amber eyes, he blinked. Her white dress draped her majestic body, the drool from his mouth trickled down his chin.

“Sally, am I dreaming?” He asked.

“No hon, this is real with just one drawback.” She grinned.

He cocked his head at her. “Whatever do you mean?”

“Being you wished upon the heavens, someone else heard your call. I’m sorry; it has to be this way,” she explained.

He stood confused. She appeared to him in all her human beauty. He reached out his bulky hands to hers. Her thin, frail fingers clawed through his flesh.

“I don’t understand,” he said while cringing.

“Sally is mine. Your wish to be with her comes with consequences. I’ve been set free cause of your wish. When you cursed the Lord, I was set free.”

Thomas fell to his knees from the agonizing pain in his hands.

“What in God’s name are you?” Thomas cried.

“Your worst nightmare.”

Thomas looked up and saw his beloved’s face dissolve into tiny pieces of light brown dust. Its eyes rolled back into sheer darkness. The being transformed into a beast draped with a black cloak. Its face formed to a pointed black steel mask.

“I’ve been waiting on such a wish Detective. Thank you!”