

Short story dark house with no doors



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Before I can tell you how things are you must know how they were. Life was great, no, it was better than great, it seemed like everything was going perfect. I was the heavy weight Champion of the world and was making seven grand a month loving every minute of life. I had everything a man could want, a nice house, cars, private limo, and my amazing wife Katie. Katie and I had a daughter on our one year anniversary we named her Annabelle Grace, Bells for short. Life at this point could not have been better. Living life without worries is a blessing I was lucky enough to experience for a moment.

All those magnificent days that was spent with my Katie and Bells. They play though my mind like a rickety old projector, bits and pieces stand out more than others though the static. With all those punches to the head that I took to become the Champion, I'm lucky to even have a memory left. Late nights in the hammock with Katie watching the stars, Bells learning to walk, days spent smiling and playing at the park, it seems like yesterday yet so far away. Those beautiful smiles of friends and love ones surrounded me but, now all I see is shadows.

Where are those friends and love ones now that I need them the most? I look everywhere yet no one is to be found. I cry out, but I get no reply. What has happened to this perfect life I once enjoyed? It's just me now, all alone in this dark and dusty house with no doors. I wake up reluctantly, not wanting to see this sad emptiness that I'm stuck in. Just to drag my feet down the halls of this dark house with no doors searching for a light, just a glimpse of hope a way out. It has been months since I have seen the light of day. I need to find a way out of this dark house with no doors.

Everywhere that a door use to be is an empty dark void, I step though thinking I may escape this house. All my attempts to get free fail me and place me deeper in this darkness. It become over whelming, the darkness blinds me to the point I can see no hope. I pray as loud as I can “ O’ Lord take me, I just want out of this hell” then drop on the floor in anguish. I lay here crying hoping to drown on my tears until I enter in to dreamland. When I open my eyes I see them sleeping beside me, how nice it is to see them near me again. I quietly get out of the bed so not to disturb their sleep.

I proceed to the kitchen to start a pot of coffee where I then hear “ Daddy, I’m thirsty” I turn to see my Beautiful Bells standing in the door way wiping the sleep from her eyes. “ Give your daddy a hug first” I demanded happy to see her smiling face. I hold her tight not wanting to let go but she reminds me that I still have not gotten her any juice. “ Go get your mother up while I fix breakfast” I asked Bells. “ Good morning handsome” Katie greets me with a smile as she’s entering the kitchen.

Without hesitation I sweep her off her feet and plant my lips upon hers. “ What has gotten in to you” she curiously asks. I’m just really happy to see you, and I thought it would be nice to fix you girl’s breakfast for a change” I explain. We eat and straighten the house up then decide to go to the park. I set down to slip my shoes on when I notice something strange. A shadow runs past so I follow it down the hallway, the basement door is slightly open so I decide to step in. I take one step down the stairs for them to disappear. Everything in an instant vanishes before my eyes and now I’m back in this house with no doors but now I am falling down through the darkness now with less hope then before.

I come to a sudden stop after a jarring bounce off this dirty old floor. I lift my head to sadly realize it was only a dream. I slam my head back down crying “ God why won’t you take me from this place? ” I get no answer then I pull myself back up to my feet and knock the dust off my clothes telling myself “ You need to get back to your family. ” I take off running through this dark house with no doors, set on finding a way out. Day in and day out this situation recycles itself, how many more times must I wake up in this dark house with no doors. The darkness grows deeper and darker by the minute granting me less time to search for an exit.

The darkness fills every corner of this old house yet, I still continue to seek my freedom. At times I feel like I’m getting closer to escaping this darkness that engulfs me but, who really knows? All I do know is that I want my life back just to be with my family in that worry free life we once use to live. I suddenly hear laughter coming from the bed room, so I run to check to my surprise its Katie and Bells playing “ Hungry, Hungry Hippos. ” I stare for a moment at the two setting there playing their game and I can’t say a word. I think to myself, none of this makes since.

What’s wrong baby are you feeling ok” Katie questions me with concerns. “ I’m ok, where have you been” I quickly reply. “ Right here, are you sure you’re ok” worriedly Katie asked. I start getting upset feeling like I’m being lied to or played with but, what if she was here, then where was I? It feels like I have been away from my family for months now but Katie acts like it has only been minutes. Am I going crazy, is this some sort of horrible reoccurring nightmare, what is really going on? I tell Katie” I need to get some air” as I quickly walk towards the door.

As I walk outside I suddenly forget completely about the unexplainable house with no doors. The sun is brighter than I can ever remember, yet the air is cool and relaxing. I decide to walk to the store for something to drink where on the way back I run into Adam a guy that I use to train with. “ How have you been Frank, I haven’t seen you at the gym for months” Adam casually states. Trying to think of an excuse I simply tell Adam “ I’ve been real busy here lately. ” “ Well you need to get back to training and get back in that ring, just because you lost your last few fights doesn’t mean you need to just give up” Adam sincerely explains. I know man, I’ll call you soon” I quickly tell Adam so I can get back home. I haven’t thought about those lost in ten months or more, but now I realize how much those fights affected me. After I lost my title of world champion, I started smoking marijuana again. I was clean from everything for three years and that loss led to my relapse. It was a very close fight but I gave it my all so I shouldn’t have gotten down about the loss. It took more of a toll on me than I thought. I went in to my last fight high not caring about what could happen, oh how that was a huge mistake.

I was fighting a guy named Ivan “ The Psychotic” Petrov. He was Russian Special Forces with a record of twenty-eight wins and only two losses. Most of his wins came from knockouts in the first round. The fights that he didn’t knock his opponents out Ivan would break their arm or ankle instead. Ivan is one of the most dangerous guys you could ever come up against. I was not ready for this fight but they offered two-thousand dollars for a win and I was about to lose my house if I didn’t come up with some money quick. I should have never stepped in that cage.

The fight begins and we touch gloves, I rush in trying to attack first but I have slow reaction times since I have been smoking five joints a day for the past two months including the day of this fight. I miss with my combo and Ivan throws a straight right, with pin point accuracy it lands centered of my face shattering my nose. Blood runs down in to my mouth making it hard to breath. At this point I'm just trying to stay away so I circle around the ring, trying to shake off this pain. Ivan starts throwing leg kicks landing above the knee, after ten or more my legs start becoming too weak to carry me.

Somehow I make it through round one alive. I am in so much pain and have nothing left. Ivan is now just playing with me he strikes first this round, landing a flurry of punches and kicks to the side of my head. I try to fight back but he shuts me down with a powerful kick tearing my knee apart, I drop and he jumps up to land a flying elbow knocking me unconscious, I laid there completely out of it with a broken nose and shattered patellar. I was rushed to the ER for medical evaluation considering I did not wake up for two hours after the fight.

After reminiscing of this horrific experience I went through, the pain in my knee reminds me of the 18 weeks of rehabilitation I had to do just to walk now days. Every step to the house the pain grows, I make it to the house and I stop at the door and catch my breath. The 18 weeks doing nothing has made me out of shape horrible. I open the door and stumble in, as I close the door the darkness sets back in. I go to the bed room Katie and Bells was and they are no longer to be found. I turn back towards the door I just walked in and un-surprised they is nothing, once again I am back in this dark house with no doors.

I thought I escaped this place but all it took was memories of a bad experience to confine me back to this space in my head. I drop to my pain filled knee and pray “ God if you hear me I understand that you did not put me here, I put myself in this dark house with no doors and I’m ready to leave now. ” Threw the silences I hear a whisper “ Child I am with you, trials lay before you to exit but with faith in me you will overcome” I stand with a new strength as I walk down these halls, for the first time since the beginning I see something new in this dark house with no doors.

There is a candle lit in the corner of the main room, this is a sign of hope. I walk slowly towards the candle in amazement as I get closer I feel something try to pull me away but I fight harder. Finally I reach the candle and I hold it up high and proclaim with authority “ With this light I banish you O’ darkness from my life” with a cool rush of wind upon the back of my neck the light spreads to all the corners of the house. I’m not out of this house yet but with the darkness being lifted I now stand a better chance. Now with the light in my presence I can see things that I have previously passed by many times.

I find my Bible covered in dust, it has been almost a year since I had it opened last. I open and I turn to the book of Joshua, the last part of 24: 15 is highlighted and it reads “ as for me and my house, we will serve the lord” then as soon as I read the last word a gust of wind came through and turn the pages. This time landing in the book of Psalm144 where the first verse is circled stating “ Blessed be the Lord, my rock , who trains my hands for war, and my fingers for battle;” This is a lot to take in regarding the mental state I have been in for the past few months.

I set here continuing to look through the pages of this dusty Bible and suddenly a hand is placed on my shoulder. I turn slowly to see who has snuck up behind me and to my surprise it's my wife Katie. "What's wrong Frank" she ask, "It's been forever since you have read your Bible." "Katie I love you and I have missed you so much" I exclaimed "Where have you been these past few months?" With a puzzled look upon her face she reminds me "I have been here, I have not gone anywhere except to the store on occasions. I explain these past few months to her from my point of view and then ask her "Katie have I gone crazy" She smiles and laughs softly "No dear you're not crazy you're just depressed" she pauses and sighs then mentions "I thought you have seemed very distant here lately, and I have been concerned about you" When stuck in a dark house with no doors the most important thing to find is the light to force the darkness out.

Once the darkness is made light you have a better view of your resources and surroundings. If you are like I once was and believe you are all alone in a dark house with no doors you're not alone. There are many others stuck in their own mental prison, you just have to P. U. S. H. through it.