

Weeping woman



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The pallid silk sheet of the moon dappled light across the lifeless world, as it stood all-alone. This house was full of dead dreams and they floated around an ancient silhouette. In the centre of the cold room a shadow was cast upon the floor. The walls were damp leaking out old memories belonging to the weeping woman. The silent house was pitch black creating a haunted impression. A single flame lit every room and corridor of the dwelling. There was no movement in the house, only occasional gasps whispered into the ear. Neither daylight nor life from the outer world could be seen; it was as if the world was in upon itself.

The rain pattered dismally flickering against the panes of the open window nearly burning out the solitary candle, but glimmers of the half extinguished light could still be seen. Wet dew hung upon the alcove where she sat. The house exuded the remoteness and cold silence of the grave, which the weeping woman faced in the past. Its silence echoed loudly the agony and torment that the woman had suffered but mute it remained, secretive and placid awaiting recognition. The outside world opened its eager eyes to the house. The leaves rustled in the distance while the wind blew mightily.

It was as if nature was alive and all seeing. Trees swayed angrily and leaves trembled clinging on to their branches trying to avoid the driving rain beating upon it. The raucous owls hooted ominously as hares and rabbits scuttled together in their burrows huddling closely, seeking comfort. The horses in the meadows beyond the fields neighed nervously. Deer's, badgers and beavers in the woodland took a silent stance - all quivering anxiously awaiting an unknown fate the night would. Old rusty swings creaked while footsteps of passers-by could be heard in the dreary night.

The face in the portrait displayed an air of frailty as cracks around her eyes spread like ripples in a lake outwardly. The old lady's skin hung in loose folds like crumpled up cling-film almost concealing her eyes but for the black pinpoint pupils, which glanced down towards the moonlit floor. Her roman nose told its own story while her face mirrored the depression of her soul. The upper lip protruded and emphasised the complexity of her mouth. The gnarled woman had a face, which was the colour of a dirty pillowcase. Through the bullet holes, which she had for eyes, redemption could be glimpsed.

Broken veins threaded her cheeks while her knobby hands had cuticles that were grown over the fingernails. Miles away, Jake a young and budding musician, was busy writing musical notes - behind him his window was wide open and it looked like an angry storm was going to claim the land. The wind blew upon a cameo picture that was lying on the dressing table causing it to fall and smash to smithereens. The cameo had been in his family for generations. It showed a lovely young woman looking happy and very much in love. Jake was surprised and walked over to the picture.

As he reached down to pick it up, he saw a letter hanging on to a piece of shattered glass. It read, " To my dearest ones; I'll always love you. Your darling mother. " A few lines below was an address: 'Del A' Rosa Mansion, Magrill. ' He was curious as to what he had found. After a restless night he drove from the coast to Magrill. On his map he located the mansion and drove further on. Hours later he stumbled upon a wrecked house which presumably was ' Del A' Rosa Mansion. ' Jake clambered out of his car and pushed open the squeaky gate. He was shocked.

A light flickered in the near distance, so he walked towards the guiding light. It looked as if it was coming from inside but he was not able to see as the glass window was steamy. Lifting open the window he squeezed his body inside landing on the firm floor. Grabbing his torch he spied the outline of what used to be a grand drawing room. Jake started to cough as he inhaled some of the dust, which had been disturbed. Portraits hung in the room but were all perished. Far beyond the dining table was a tall alcove. There above his head, the Weeping Woman was watching.

It was the woman in the cameo but she had aged considerably. He stood pondering what had happened to this lady. There was a flight of stairs opposite him and so he decided to explore even further into the mansion. As he was walking, he slipped and fell straight through the hollow floorboards. He grasped his arm tightly as he tumbled. It was very eerie where he had landed. Confused he rose and was startled by what he saw. There, right in front of him, he uncovered boxes, books and many portraits. He was stunned to see all this in one small-cobwebbed room.

Jake saw many pictures of this woman but she always had a troubled expression. There was a long wooden box, Jake decided to blow away the dust and opened it. There in front of his eyes was a skeleton, still wearing a decaying dress with bits of lace attached at the neck. On the side of the body he found a carefully wrapped bundle. As he unravelled it with care, to his astonishment found that it was a diary. Inside was the name of the woman's husband, Mange Del A' Rosa. He wrote; that he married this young bride in the seventeenth century and had three children with her.

His insane jealousy lead him to kill her and that he kept it a secret by burying her in the basement. He told his friends and children that she had gone to see her parents who lived far away. An important extract laid on a piece of paper said, ' I married her for the treasures she would bring and nothing else, but at the end of he day when fake love disappeared she would have to be removed. Still after this drama, the kids were a pain with their annoying questions and smart comments something had to be done. Many days later I thought to myself what better thing to do than to drown them.

My great elegant life with all my riches was just about to start. ' After reading the diary he sat thinking about his past ancestor and what she must have gone through and was seeking reconciliation by finding someone to give her a proper burial so she can rest in peace. He hung his head between his legs, the book slid helplessly from his limp hands as Jake comes to grip with the tragedy that had occurred here and how the dead woman and the mansion that she loved very much survived for many centuries trying to bring the truth to the forefront.