



Simon Says...

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My alarm was ringing and that was the loudest alarm I had ever come across, of course that was my point of view and it could have been anyone's when you haven't slept at night for days together due to work pressure and an over protective boyfriend who won't leave you alone even for a minute.

It was that thought that made me move away from my warm blanket and eventually I got up to check on him as I could not see him next to me.

I got up yawning. The room's light was switched on the whole night as every other night I looked at myself in the mirror which I always do, the first thing in the morning. I looked so tired and pale with eye bags. Rest, I was fairly average, with a 5 foot 4-inch height, brown eyes and long brown hair till my waist, which looked like a haystack right now. Ignoring all that. I walked up to my bedroom window and drew the curtains apart, it was a typical London winter morning which always made me check the time as it looked like 4 AM outside, but no, it was 9 AM in the morning.

Nine AM! I was late and I was ruined. "Mark! Mark!" I shouted at the top of my lungs "Baby I am late, where are you? Do you want coffee?" I shouted again, trying to fix my hair in a ponytail as I started to walk towards the kitchen.

"You are always late Jenn. Besides, I have already made you and myself coffee and a delicious breakfast" He replied so calmly, walking up to me, he was holding a tray with our breakfast and coffee. Mark was definitely above average and my perfect man, tall, dark, handsome with his deep dark brown eyes and his warm smile. He is everything a girl wants, we

have been together for the last 2 years and he has always been there for me. Sometimes I feel, maybe, I can't give him enough or make him that happy, but of course he always tells me that I am being stupid and that I am the best thing that has happened to him.

Putting aside my thoughts I smiled and put my hands around his neck "Baby, you really didn't have to do this, you too have a lot of work and besides you were here last night as I was tense. I am sure you are tired too and" I was interrupted as he placed a small peck on my lips and his eyes seemed to shine.

"You know you talk too much. Now have your breakfast and get going Madam." He silenced me, and looking at the racing clock I got ready in 15 minutes.

Mark offered to give me a ride to my office like every day but I had to rush so I decided to take my car out after a long time and promised to meet him in the evening.

I was getting late with every passing second and I had to make a very important presentation to a client. My foot pressed against the accelerator. I wanted to increase the speed of my car and rush to the office but I had a memory haunting me from a year ago.

I reached my office and did give my presentation, All of it happened so fast in my race against time that I didn't notice how the day flew by.

It was ten o'clock in the night and I was working till late in my office because I didn't want to trouble Mark again. I was so tired that I switched off my laptop and decided to go home to get a good night's sleep. I saw my car in the parking lot and decided against it, "I'll take a

tube home, I am not in a rush,” I thought and with a sigh I boarded the tube from Westminster Station.

After the 15 minutes tube ride, I got down at my station which was St. Johns Wood, and my flat was about 10 minutes’ walk from there.

I have always been afraid of the dark, fear of the unknown, and street lights really don’t do any good job for me when it comes to my fear, I have been in the worst situation. My boyfriend still makes fun of me when I leave the lights on for the whole night.

I was walking with close, measured steps, clutching my over coat tight against my slender figure, as it was freezing, and I was wearing only a long coat over my white formal shirt and a blue pencil skirt. The street was almost empty, and I have always had the scary feeling of someone following me. I kept looking back now and then, but there was no one. I was holding folders from work and only my handbag. Thankfully I didn’t have my laptop with me today. Just as I was going through the day in my mind, someone walked past me so fast, and all my stuff was on the floor. “Hey!” I yelled at him. “Are you crazy? Can’t you see? At least say sorry Mr! You owe me that” I was still shouting grabbing the papers off the street, when déjà vu struck me.

I stood there frozen I wanted to shout but not even my breathing was discernible and then from the corner of my eyes I saw a tall, hooded figure and a pair of perfectly white teeth smirking at me. I wanted to run away, do something, but I couldn’t move as I was struck with panic. I was saved by my phone, Mark was calling me, I answered my phone with a shaky voice “Hey! hello Mark, thank God you called I just saw,” and when I looked up there was no one there, I knew now telling him was what of no use. “Baby? Are you okay? Damn it! Tell me

what's wrong? Can you hear me, Jenine?" Mark was getting frantic by the second "I will get you baby, where are you?" he was so tense I could hear it.

"I am okay baby, shh! calm down, I am home now." I took a breath of relief as I entered the flat. "But what happened? Why were you scared?" he inquired.

"Okay don't get mad at me for this Mark" I said. "I won't, just tell me," he replied patiently. "The streetlights went out when I was walking home from the station." I lied carefully to him.

"Are you sure that's the case baby?" he was still being calm and that's what I had always adored about him. "Yes that was it; now let me go, I am so hungry baby bye-bye." I quickly hung up before he could get mad at me or make fun of me.

I couldn't help thinking while I was making dinner about what had happened and that maybe I was imagining things, or maybe it was just because I drove the car today and I was thinking too much, I decided to call it a day just when all the lights went out and I was standing in the middle of the kitchen in complete darkness. I checked the switches frantically and they were still on, the power was gone. Just then I heard the windows slamming and curtains flying out of control. I thought of closing them so that nothing would break. As I approached the balcony, through the flying curtains, I saw him again, standing in the balcony, wearing the hood, and this time I saw his gleaming eyes staring directly at me.

Before I could react, he was standing behind me "Who, who is there?" I stuttered but there was no answer, and I was chilled to the spine in my

perfectly heated room, I could sense him coming closer to me. From the corner of my eyes, I could see my phone on the side table, I thought of grabbing it quickly and before I could execute the plan; a voice said in my ear “Don’t you even think about your phone right now.” It was threatening and cold, totally devoid of emotion.

“Who are you? What do you want with me and why did you follow me?” I asked in a fearful but calm manner; I was trying to be brave or at least sound like that. After a moment too long, he answered “You ask too many questions love, and I don’t like to be questioned as I am the one people answer to.” He answered casually in the same monotonous tone.

“I don’t understand, please tell me, please,” I literally begged as I was shaking with fear. He moved in a circle around me slowly and without any hesitation, he said “I know that you know everything; because you did recognize me a while ago, face your fears Jenine because I know what happened a year ago and so do you.” As I started to speak, he interrupted me and went on “Since you asked me so many questions; I am in a mood to answer some, and when I do, I don’t want any interruptions because believe it or not, then you’ll definitely be facing your worst fears. Are we clear?” He paused for my answer and in a shaky voice I replied, “Yes...yes”

He continued “Very good. So now answer to the first question “Who am I?”, Jennie, or should I call you Jenn? Huh, I am your fear. I am Darkness. I am the one whom you are afraid of, and I’ve been watching you since so long, hunting you down, waiting for the right moment to show myself to you and today the day has come. Jenine I am Simon, and I am dark. My identity, my soul and my motives will always be DARK!”

He shouted the last word in my ear and before I could say anything, he grabbed me by my hair and said “We are going to play a little game and it’s called, Simon says. You follow my rules I will let you and your loved ones live. You break it, you lose it. Simple and fun. “Ha ha-ha,” He was laughing like a maniac, a high-pitched laugh. By this time, I was sure about three things, first Simon is dangerous, second, I’ll have to obey him for now and third that everyone I love is in great danger. I was in tears, and I was still confused. So, Simon Says. Don’t tell anyone about me or your precious Mark will never see the sun.” I let out a scream and crashed down to the floor crying, Simon clutched my face in his hand and told me “I am dangerous, and I am here for your soul, which is pure, you have not shared any physical bond with anyone, and I want you, all of you. Let me play and have fun and you can join in too”

With that he vanished and between my sobs I knew everything was at stake, Mark, who I love so much, was in danger and I cannot tell him without risking our lives, I had to do what he wants, I didn’t have an option.

The lights came back and the storm stopped I kept on crying lying on the floor feeling so helpless and weak, and then there was someone at the door, I wished it was Mark and there he was, smiling at me. I hugged him and felt safe in his arms, he asked me many questions, but I lied and put the topic off.

“Don’t you ever get upset baby! It’s been two years since we have been together, and I have never been comfortable with being physical?” I asked him in the morning when we were in the kitchen making coffee and breakfast. He looked up surprised as to why I would bring this up but he answered “Sweetheart, my darling Jenn, you know love cannot

be measured by this and I love you too much to be bothered by such petty issues.” He planted a kiss on my forehead and I melted in his arms, he was my knight in shining armour but whenever I think of making love to him, I go back to my shell of old morals and comfort zone. Thinking of which last night’s account with Simon gave me a chill What if he will take away what I’ve preserved for so long? It gave me a minor heart attack right there and then.

My whole day whizzed by and I was avoiding the night as I knew he would come again, my worst fear, darkness, Simon.

And he did when I was wrapped in my blanket, the lights went out and I shut my eyes and soon there was a hand on my neck choking me, he said “Good girl, you followed me, I like it! Now Simon says to give away your soul to me,” he said leaving my neck and left me there coughing, I was terrified and angry at the same time, I asked “Why are you doing this?” He threw his hood back for the first time and I saw a face of a devil in the dim light, but this devil had every feature God like, he was so beautiful, with dark blue eyes looking directly into my soul and perfectly carved face, nose and brows, with full well defined lips. If it weren’t for his evil expressions anyone could mistake him to be an angel. Putting aside my thoughts he growled “I told you not to ask questions, you will pay for it but for now let me tell you, I am a sin Jenine, which you haven’t committed, and I live off on that energy which your pure soul is generating and tempting me to have you right now this second.” I was in a state of shock and I gulped my own saliva with tears rolling down my cheeks and I had a question in mind which he thankfully answered before me paying for it too “Yes, that is right love, I am the son of Satan, I am the first sin. I am Lust. Simon for you.” I absolutely cursed myself for not giving in to this sin with my

love Mark, I wouldn't have landed in the trouble at all I couldn't feel anything, it was like I was having a nightmare, right then, and right now I was in trouble and I had two options, First, was to give in and second, was to fight.

Now I leave it to you readers, that which option would you choose? Not in here but in every situation of life, and that is how the story will have its conclusion.