

Alá Voom

A storm rages upon the travelers. The rain beat the ground, and flood the roads and fields. The suddenness of it all catch them unaware. The small forms, a pretty, little black girl, Tiny Weeny, and a handsome, little black boy, Ittsy Bitsy trudge forward, too afraid to leave the path.

Everywhere, there are scary places. The wind bends the trees and tear their limbs, as lightning uncover shadows with no conscience. The young ones are wet and weary, and there is no where to hide.

In the shadows, slowly easing forward, red eyes blink. A limb snap and crash to the ground. The ghosts of darkness jump into the road. The Black children run for their lives.

“Run!!” said Ittsy Bitsy.

“Help!!” scream, Tiny Weeny.

Even though they are weak from hunger, the children dare not slow up. The ghosts are running near their backs. Tiny and Ittsy are gone, if they slip and fall.

It seems as if all the world’s evil is after them. Out of no where, a large robe with a hood, that cover darkness, stand before them. The long, empty sleeves motion upward, and the air explode. Hot sparks shower on the children. With howls and screams, the ghosts cower back into the shadows.

Ittsy Bitsy and Tiny Weeny freeze.

The empty robe speak. “Who are you?”

The children are too afraid to be afraid.

“Who are you?” said the pretty Black girl, Tiny Weeny.

“I’m someone who saved you from a disappearance,” said the robe.