

The lighted Room

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There have been countless years, so many that she dares not count, nor cannot because of time. She as many others, for lack of names to render, have often jogged passed this office building, while knowing it held a deep secret that remains hidden beyond the light that glowed, so intensely within. It is rumored that something was so securely hidden beyond those walls; something even far beyond the scope of mans' cognitive ability to even suppose. Something that repetitively suffocates the light yearning escape beyond the walls to safety. A light that remains on at all times, it is said for safety's sake. Through rain or shine, twenty-four hours a day, above the second floor.

Peggy promised herself one day, if she could gather up enough courage, to knock on that

door to free her mind of the endless torment, which consumes her thoughts, of the lighted room, which she passes each day. It dwells within her, and will remain until she's free she believes. Maybe tomorrow will be the day, or the next day, or will she remain derelict, as everyone has before her?

The day had come, as Peggy had literally braced herself against the entrance door, and lingered with much anticipation and doubt.

Contemplating briefly questioning herself before knocking. Will her courage prevail being at its height as she had planned, or would she fail at this precise moment? To become derelict, and not honor her decision?

The knock was by her, though not on purpose. In her defense, her legs were shaken and trembling so badly, they could have played a drum roll, or have joined a percussionist family of instruments. Meeting her at the door, was

an elderly gentleman who stood, slightly hunched and disheveled, short, no more than four foot tall she supposed, with a full head of hair, white as the winter snow, sporting a matching white goatee, wearing a suspicious smile, and having a strong rough voice. A voice not like anyone would expect, from such a small man such as he. “Whom do I owe this pleasure?” He asked as he slowly, and with some difficulty, opened the large squeaky door as wide as he could. The doors were of metal and wood, and seemed to carry the many years of being weather beaten, and sheltered with rust, much before their last opening.

“My name is Peggy and yours’ s sir?”

My name is Michael, and what can I do for you?”

“I would like to visit the lighted room if I may. There are many stories why you keep the light

always on, and my curiosity became so overwhelming throughout the years. I had to see for myself, and with all the courage I could muster, I am here.”

“You sure show much courage showing up here by yourself Peggy, or no sense at all, but don’t be alarmed, you are safe.

Michael pointed to a small table and two chairs in front of the door which would lead to the staircase, which led to the upper floors.

Michael invited Peggy to sit for a short interview. He would have to make up his mind, and consider such a request from a brave young girl such as she. “Sit here dear, and fill me in of the kinds of stories that are believed.

“Michael, do you live here alone? I ask you this because of the size of this office building.”

“I enjoy a litany of friends that are favorable to me, and at times, become my constant.”

“But Michael, I believe litany refers to prayers, if I’m not mistaken.”

I have answered you Peggy to my satisfaction, and it bears truth, and you may continue.”

He’s a tough old bird she thought, and as Peggy was about to continue, Michael interrupted.

“Peggy be kind to an old man with your description, and I may even fly at times.”

I was floored as I sat back to continue. What have I got myself into I thought? Michael just leaned back in his chair and smiled.

Peggy straightened herself and continued.

“Most in the community believe you have nothing in the room, and you burn the light for safety, and to others, you are a strange old man, who just likes having the light on, and your kind of weird. Yet, there are those who believe it’s more sinister, you have the Devil in the lighted room, and there’s no escape.

“The Devil Peggy, how interesting? But what do you believe?”

“I just don’t know what to believe, but since I’ve been here, I am leaning towards the latter.

“Let me take a moment Peggy to think about it, before I make my decision. It stands to be a very important decision for me, as well as for you to accept, and maybe it will be life changing for you. No one except me, has captured what you may obtain or not, if I grant you the privilege to enter. Think about it seriously, as I will. Do you really want to accept the challenge?”

“If you put it that way Michael I do, and the gauntlet is tossed.”

“Then I will agree, you’ll receive access to the floors with my blessings.”

Michael stood, moved the table and chairs aside to clear the door, as Peggy took in a full

breath of anticipation for her venture beyond. Needless to say, Peggy was worrisome, about what she would find, or the answers to her questions being not what she not had expected. Was this venture a waste of time? I hope not, she then calmed herself down.

As Peggy opened the door to ascend, she felt a cool breeze surrounding her mingling together with a musty smell that was leading her way. She firmly held on to the rails for security, as well as her uncertainty. Peggy stood firmly on the first step, when cries of torment filled the air, as well as a voice newly that was known to her as Michael, but carrying much more authority. "Peggy, let your eyes behold and your mind never forget your experience today, of what you see and hear. "Behold!!" Satan has imposed his indelible mark, on this earth with all of Hell's fury. As Peggy continued her journey, step by step, clouds of smoke besieged

her, filling the hallway, as images seemed to dance before her eyes. Some images being recognizable to her as others weren't, but the pain was real that she felt, it was agonizing. At first The Crucifixion, followed by The Holocaust, World Wars, complete with all human outcries and anguish framed perfectly by fire, and brimstone. As if she were there to bear witness to it all. As she reached the final step of the first floor, and was about to start the second, a heavenly scent filled the air, and the human cries had subsided, and now filling her heart and soul was soft music and sounds of nature. She would have lingered longer, for the feelings she now possessed, but still remains curious in her goal, since she had experienced Hell, in no uncertain terms.

Approaching the third-floor door being her goal, Peggy hesitated, as she had reached for the handle, she once more to contemplate

disregarding the challenge or not. Maybe not knowing was far better than knowing. If it was meant for me to know, I would have known, she surmised. Peggy slowly backed away from the door, turned around, and hurried down the steps, clapping her hands to her ears to avoid the cries, that did not initiate themselves, as she exited hurriedly in retreat, without saying good bye. She knew that would be okay with Michael, who I can only guess who he really was. Peggy still continues to jog in front of the window, waves, and at times challenges her decision, but feels in the long run, her decision was the correct one and she didn't waste her time.