

The Fire - Chapter 1

As unconsciousness gave way to awareness, suddenly adrenaline surged through her body. Panic seized her as she realized flames were licking at her feet. She struggled to pull free, but heavy rope wound around each wrist and secured her tightly. She tried to draw up her feet away from the fire, but they too, would not move.

How had she gotten to this place? This place of torment and fear? She was spread out on a large cross type structure, sturdy and solid. Surrounding the base of the structure was a circle of fire that was growing more ferocious by the moment.

The night was black and the only sound she could hear was the crackling of the fire. She screamed for help, but heard no response. There was no one there. There was no one to save her.

Sweat dripped into her eyes and stung as her body convulsed with wracking sobs. She jerked her hands and feet in an attempt to pull free from the tightly wound rope. Whoever had tied her had taken their time to ensure it securely anchored her to the post. The rope was thick and rough and gouged into her skin.

I have to think clearly. I have to calm down. I have to figure a way out of this. She took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and mentally offered a prayer of panicked desperation.

Almost immediately, she felt a soothing calm blanket her, but it was not a calming assurance that she would be rescued, but one resigning her to her fate. She would die here today.