

*He rose.*

She yawned, tired. She had been walking for some time and in her tight corset and heavy puffed dress, she was exhausted. The stinging sensation on the sides of her feet broke her out of her anger spell as she stumbled in pain. She had just had another feud with her fiancé and, though not the brightest idea she has had, she stormed off into the night alone.

It was a quiet night, a cold one too. It was near mid-winter and she could feel her toes going numb. She sighed as she looked around, a bit lost as to where she was. A sudden huff of breath around the corner caused her to jump. She slowly made her way to its source to discover a horse and open carriage. The coachman sat stoically, hood covering his face, as he seemed patiently waiting for customers even though the streets were empty. His glove covered hands firmly gripped the reins. She thought to herself for a moment whether or not to ask for a ride. She did have some spare coins in her purse and the ride did offer her a solution to her immediate problems.

The horse brushed his hooves into the dirty brick street as he seemed unhappy standing still for so long. The woman decided to take the opportunity and pay for the ride home. She walked up to the coachman and stuttered a bit as she spoke nervously. "Are you available? I would like a ride to the town square, if that's possible." She figured that would get her close enough so that she could walk the rest of the way just fine. The coachman did not move or respond. She reached into her bag and pulled out a few coins. "Here, is this enough?" She held out her hand. The coachman leaned toward her, avoiding her glance, and took the money. She assumed it meant he was willing and she made her way onto the carriage. Once she sat comfortably in her seat the carriage jerked and they were off.

The clop clop of the horses feet filled the town. The chill of the air caused her to shiver. She held herself tightly. Her eyes half closed as she relaxed. It was very late, the party she had gone to had lasted quite some time. She felt her head nod a bit as sleep secretly approached her.

The carriage wheel ran over a rock causing it to rise and fall quickly, snapping her awake. She couldn't have dozed off more than a minute or two, but the surroundings were completely wrong. They were no longer in the town but heading off into the forest. She began to panic. "Excuse me," she said loud enough for the man to hear, "but I think we're going the wrong way." The coachman didn't acknowledge her, instead, he whipped the reins making the horse trot faster. She breathed heavily, now very scared. She scooted to the edge, they weren't going too quickly, she could jump.

Suddenly the horse was going even faster. "Please, I would like to go back to the town!" she shouted in fear. Still ignored, the horse ever gaining in speed. The woman, at a loss of what to do screamed for help, wind whispering by her face, then a thump.

Something had fallen.

She looked behind the carriage and saw a dark round object growing smaller in the distance. She turned back to the coachman, hood down, revealing nothing. She was speechless, her voice taken by terror. The man's broad shoulders led up to emptiness. The moon shone through but for a moment to give her enough light to see, and what she saw was death. The man suddenly covered in ripped dirty clothing, the horse's bones slightly seeping through its flesh, the carriage tattered and old.

She screamed.

*To Hell he returned.*