

AUTUMN CALLING

He was a strikingly good looking man, with fine chiseled features. His beautiful mouth, his penetrating steely blue eyes, that seemed to stare right through you, his hair dark as night, and a finely tuned rather slim body, which could not be overlooked. Although the man was gorgeous, and ever so beautiful he didn't seem to notice the effect he had on women, and carried on with his life never even noticing the backward glances he constantly got from women.

I would not be able to guess his age, as it didn't seem to matter. He was always a very busy man running here and there doing whatever he did. I had no idea what his profession was, but he did strike me to be some kind of artist.

His busy life in France seemed to have no end to it. He was a solitary figure with no special person in his life. He rather carried himself as a lonely man with no need for company.

The rather antique looking apartment he lived in was in a quaint part of Paris and rather isolated. The man seemed to want to be alone and was in no need of company that could not stimulate his senses in some way.

Night after night, he would stay up late and walk around his apartment as if he was sleep walking. The lovely stained glass windows in his apartment were rather gothic and beautiful. When the sun set, the beauty of its rays penetrated the lovely apartment.

This particular man was always restless and could not seem to come to some conclusion as to why. His eyes deceived him on a number of occasions displaying a shadowy figure of an unbelievably beautiful woman in the shadows. He always dismissed this as his lack of sleep, as his eyes played tricks on him in this apartment almost on a nightly basis.

He sat looking out of the stained glass windows in rather deep thought listening to the famous composer Max Ablitzer, who was of German descent, but yet lived in France. He wondered if he would ever meet him. It was a beautiful thought, as he sat staring ever so intently on the stained glass windows. Out of the corner of his eye, again he noticed the figure floating

ever so gently and felt a slight tinge of fear for the first time, as he had been seeing this figure for quite some time. It appeared to be ghostlike in features, not really human. He turned quickly away from the figure. When he turned back it was gone.

Autumn was approaching, which was absolutely his favorite season of all. He strolled the city streets alone as usual, as the leaves turned from green to reds, yellows, purples and pinks. He was a rather somber man, but this cheered his being as he walked through parts of the city and covered large areas with his day and nighttime ramblings through parts almost unknown in this particular city.

One night he was crossing under a bridge and could feel very keenly that someone was following him. He cringed at the fear that this brought to him. He quickly turned around to see nothing but a slight shadow almost unnoticeable to the human eye.

He thought about this incident as he made his way home in the silent darkness of the city. Could it be the same figure he was seeing at night in his house? All of a sudden he felt terribly alone and unsure of himself. As he reached his apartment, he sadly put the key into the lock and entered into his apartment. As he stepped inside he felt a presence again. He was in a terribly depressed state of mind. He sat in his chair and again stared out of the stained glass windows and cried. He was an artist of some sort. I never discovered whether he was a writer, a musician or a painter. Things start to become vague in my mind also, and a sense of sadness is overcoming me as I write this.

The man was a solitary figure with no real ties to anyone which I found rather strange and sad. He turned on his favorite music of the deeply sad music of the soul by Max Ablitzer, but instead of this music making him deeply sad, it seemed to cheer him somehow.

He had come up with the idea that he needed to move out of the city and possibly escape the shadowy figure of this beautiful woman, He thought somewhere into the forest or country somewhere outside the city might be best suited for him. He sat and pondered this for hours and realized this was the answer to so many things haunting his lonely life.

The man was so dreary and tired that he seemed to float to his bed in some kind of trance. He quickly fell into a deep sleep, only to be awoken by this figure hovering over him. The fear was intense as her beautiful face moved ever so close to his. This was the final straw as she quickly disappeared as quickly as she had come.

The move to the country or forest seemed insurmountable but not out of reach for him. As I am writing this, my mind is thinking how much more lonely could this poor man become by moving away altogether from people and into the forest.

By mid-week he had made all the arrangements and found the perfect cottage deep in the forest where he was completely surrounded by large trees and beautiful colored leaves drifting down. The forest floor was completely covered in strikingly beautiful colors.

The cottage was absolutely isolated and beautiful. The isolation thrilled him for some unknown reason, and he was happy to be alone with his thoughts and his art, as again I was never to find out.

He seemed to happily disappear into himself completely. The sun set glowing ever so brightly reflecting the color of the autumn leaves into the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

Suddenly and without warning, there was no escape for him now as he sat in his chair staring out at the autumn night.....the figure approached.....

Ann Gordon



The man.....