

High Winds

It is cold and damp and darkly evil when the high winds blow at Revere Manors. I have been here many years and the sinister foreboding that hangs over this house like a shroud, bothers me no more. The low moaning of the wind, the dull monotonous thudding of the numerous loose shutters, and the sound of the sea as it breaks ominously over the jagged rocks, no longer unnerves me. I am like a person in a coma. No one can get through to my mine. "They" think I am completely mad, but they're wrong. It was hard to keep my mind from slipping over the edge when I knew I was doomed, hard to think sane, sensible, things, but I did it. I did it by retreating within myself and strongly bolting the door after me, so that that [*sic*] even "they" could not reach me.

Perhaps you are wondering why I am in Revere Manors, why I am a prisoner in this decaying edifice situated on the rocky shore of a barren patch of ground in the middle of the sea. My story is strange and you may not believe it.

I was one of three sisters from a very wealthy family. I was the youngest and the prettiest. My two older sisters envied me with a jealousy they could not hide. I never had any more than either of them from my parents, but I had more friends and did more things. My parents died when I was seventeen, and after that my sisters treated me horribly and discouraged any would be beaux. Despite their constant guard over me, I met and fell in love with Herbert Sandel, a young man from a very common family. The next year we announced our engagement. I told my sisters they could take everything I owned, and I would start out fresh with Herbert. I could see the insane jealousy rise up in their eyes as I told them, and it must have been then that their evil minds began to plan a way to keep me from having that which both of them wanted so much, a husband.

That night I went to sleep dreaming wonderful dreams of Herbert's and my future together. When I awoke next morning, I was in this bleak, cold room. Only three worn pieces of furniture were scattered about in the huge room; a dressing table, an old, stuffed armchair, and a huge canopied bed. Everything in the room was a dull brownish color. There was only one window, and it faced the restless

sea. My only light was provided by a small kerosene lamp. I thought I would surely go mad at first. The only living souls I ever saw were my sisters, and I only saw them when they brought food to me. When they came I tried to talk, and plead with them; but they would only stare at me with their cold eyes and laugh__ and laugh___ and laugh. Gradually I began to withdraw within myself. This displeased “them” greatly until “they” decided I must be insane. When they had come to that conclusion, they were even happier than before. That was many years ago, and I am still invulnerable to them. It gives me the only pleasure I get from life.

How many years I have been here, I don’t know. I long ago lost all track of time. I have been working long and hard on the heavy iron bars at my window. I have dug away the plaster with a spoon and finally have loosed the bars enough to pull them out. It was hard and nerve-racking, but I did it. I am going to get out and then throw myself over the cliff into the angry waters below. I can’t stand this much longer. Why do I not try to swim to the main land? It is five miles away, and I can not swim. It would be useless to wait for a boat, for boats never come near here. They say the place is haunted.

Ah, the window is open and the wind is beginning to come up. When the wind reaches its peak of fury I shall begin my descent to the ground. When the high winds come, and the rain cuts me like a knife, and the lightening is crackling overhead, I shall have my revenge. Yes, my sisters will be cheated of seeing me die slowly and helplessly at their hands.

Yes, the high winds are coming now and I am going to have the last laugh. You, who may read this, pity “them”, not me, for I shall be at rest.

Editors Note: Copied exactly as written by mom. She got an “A/B+”with a comment by the teacher “Well done! – a good romantic tale with atmosphere. Written in her junior year at Saginaw High