

I lie in my bed and listen fearfully to the shrill penetrating shrieks of the screech owl. Before this my mother had always warned me - owl shrieks announce mischief. Hovering silently nearby, they are the omen of misfortune and death. How far away were they?

I had already left behind the last trace of the woods and the darkness had diminished. I could recognize the vague contour of the remaining trees with their gnarled branches against the darkened sky. Within a short time I would be at home. Pushed forward by my fear and terror I kept running, careful not to step on a branch, to avoid making any noise. Otherwise they would track me down with their sharp ears and get to me quickly. Now it went across a

large meadow. I could already see our house in the distance. I had to make it before they could reach me. I ran the last meters as fast as I could toward the house knowing that they would be right behind me. They floated soundlessly in the darkness and chased me, ready to grab me with their claws from behind. And I knew that in the moment of that painful contact something else would happen to me. Horror and insanity would penetrate and kill me from the inside out.

**I love
the cruel
hunters of
the night,
which kill
their prey
silently,
recklessly,
without any
mercy.
I love how
they sit
lonely
on the
cold trees,
screech their
ghostly screams
and spread
fear and
horror. They
are bearers
of evil,
messengers
of terror.
They are as
lonely
and cold
as I am,
and love
the night,
like me.**