

The truth is...we gather on the Third Monday of each month to practice our writing skills. We listen and share in each other's work. We are small in number and our commitment is strictly to produce and foster creativity among our members.

We started in July 1999 and consist of adults that enjoy writing memoirs, commentaries, essays, poems, and/or prose. Our simple method each month is to use a pre-selected word or phrase as the basis of a story, an idea, an opinion, a derivative of, or an implied essence of and write a 1 to 1 ½ page document. We share our stories, comment, and in that way build up our writing skills through practice and presentation. The atmosphere is friendly and supportive, and the feedback is gentle.

Curious? Always wanted to try writing for fun, entertainment, or even profit? Come visit with us at any of our open meetings. Bring a sample of your work. Sit in and see what we do. If you like it, join us every month and become a member.

Original Works by Members of the Pen & Ink Writers' Group
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April 2019 selection – Torment

The Nightly Visit
By N. Stewart

It's time. I must to my chamber go. Every night I dread what comes when sleep sets in. Yet, I cannot escape my plight. Late each night it comes to me in shadows, looking ethereal. The greying and tattered frock puffs and billows with the turbulent movement of the air surrounding its presence. My body is hit with wave after wave of dark, evil emotion, solely emanating from the created disturbance within the room. I quickly hide under the blanket, hoping it will not see me this time and that it will leave me alone on this night. But no, it is not to be. An arm is thrust forward from under its garment and the first finger of the skeletal hand beckons me to follow. It never advances, but instead clings to the shadows and refuses to leave the room until I obey its commands. Hiding, twisting, and turning away from it leads to no avail. It remains steadfast. I must obey its calling, rising from my warm bed and stepping on the cold, hard floor. The wraith-like creature turns toward the wall and I in a trance obediently follow.

We pass through the stone of the chamber wall and begin the long climb up the slippery moss-covered wooden staircase. We climb step after step after step for a long, long time until we finally reach the open-air at the pinnacle. Tonight, the night sky is not covered with bright shining stars but instead contains only dark, ominous, low-hanging clouds. There we pause and it

points that finger at me and motions, indicating I'm to take one more step forward out into the black expanse beyond.

My legs are heavy; my feet glued to the ground. Neither foot will lift. My mind struggles against my own body to follow the will of the given command. Finally, I cry out, "NO, I WON'T." It comes toward me baring evil intent, glaring from its eyes and is ready to....

My eyes fly open. I'm cold, chilled to the bone. I'm standing alone, screaming from the torment of another nightly visit. My hands shake. My mind is befuddled after the excruciating experience. I begin to feel the coldness and the hardness of the chamber floor beneath my feet. I know where I am now. My mind eases.

It is always the same. It happens every night. The utter fear I feel as the shadowy figure appears in front of the solid wall. The anguish I have as I climb the steps, knowing I'm about to face oblivion. Its menacing movement as it comes toward me with that vile look in its glaring eye, stops the beat of my heart.

It is over for tonight. I climb into my now cold bed, cover, and keep a vigilant eye on the wall. I pray for the fear I feel and the shaking of my body to subside, so that I may this night yet sleep.