Fear

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Fear

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Its pungent stench rips at the insides of my nostrils as I enter the chamber. Suddenly, it is aware of my presence and falls into a dormant state of stillness, as if to camouflage itself from me. Yet, I know it's there, and it knows too. It is the essence of evil, and it is anything but stupid."

Cover Page Footnote

This prose is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1992/iss1/44
Its pungent stench rips at the insides of my nostrils as I enter the chamber. Suddenly, it is aware of my presence and falls into a dormant state of stillness, as if to camouflage itself from me. Yet, I know it’s there, and it knows too. It is the essence of evil, and it is anything but stupid.

I stand alone, unarmed, ready to face my ancient adversary. All week I have been preparing for this battle. Several times I had almost conceded to it, given up my journey, and returned home without the knowledge I needed. Just one more obstacle to be passed.

I push the chamber door open further and light spreads across the filthy, mud stained floor. I hear it openly mocking my strength with its guttural laugh. As I step further into the chamber, the smell of rot and fungus grows to the point where I believe it will take away my sanity. Slowly the door to the tomb creeps open and my eyes fall upon the all evil-one for the first time since our last battle.

It has grown immense with internal self-procreation and its body spreads over the entire floor of the chamber. Noxious fumes rise from its grotesque, misshapen form. As it turns to face me, fear hits me like a wave that blasts a rocky coast line, and I nearly turn and run.

A new found courage suddenly fills me, and I stand my ground and face my enemy with the knowledge that I shall stand victorious against my foe, for I know it is my day. Washday. My laundry doesn’t stand a chance.