

## ***The Cursed Blade***

The sky was pitch black and the empty street was silent. The cool breeze danced with the skinny leaves of trees that frowned on the wet tarmac beneath. The atmosphere was grim and the man who tip-toed on the sidewalk was even grimmer. An outlaw by the name of Gregory Dortmund, a mastermind thief was on his way to loot some ancient jewels from the local museum.

The world around Gregory was silent and so, he seized this opportunity to purloin everything shiny from the museum. As Gregory snuck past the sleeping guard and entered through the back door, he opened his bag and started to pick out jewels that valued more than what Gregory had ever stolen before. As he silently made his way across the humongous empty room, Gregory's eye caught the attention of a dagger. There was something magical about this dagger. It had a force that made Gregory forget the jewels, it made him forget where he was, it made him deaf to the steps of the night guard that was walking down the main hall. The blade of the dagger was lined with gold ancient inscriptions on the spine. The handle was of white marble that had a mysterious eerie glow brighter than the moon itself. The front and rear bolsters of the dagger were made of silver and were decorated with inscriptions too which differed to the ones on the spine.

Gregory stood there, consumed completely by the magic. It seemed to have taken control of his mind and soul. The thief took out a crippled piece of paper from his roughened up black Denim jeans and slid the blade over the paper to see if it would cut. The results of this sent Gregory in dismay. It seemed as if the dagger refused to cut inanimate objects. Strange, so very strange Gregory thought to himself as he plummeted into deep thought. Out of curiosity he gently traced the rim of the blade with his index fingers, alas it had cut through so deep that the criminal let out a yelp in pain. Which left a ghostly echo that bounced off the silent halls of the building.

Gregory grunted in anger and put the dagger in the bag, with the other jewels he had stolen. He acted quickly and sprinted through the doorway he initially used to get in. He sprinted fast, with swift movements as he had no time to spare, the guards were on to him now. As he navigated through hallways, sweating and desperately panting for air, his head strangely felt light and his knees felt like they were giving in. There was blood. A lot of blood. Gregory got out of the backdoor of the old building and back on the sidewalk of the sinister silent street and ran.

Distant voices followed as the security guards followed the trail of blood leaking from his fingers. They were onto him. Gregory ran as fast as he could, jumping over puddles, sliding over cars. No matter how hard he tried, the voices always followed him. Gregory looked at his finger and the blood had now flowed down his elbow and had soaked up his black jeans. He threw away the bag of jewels and fell on his knees, holding his finger in his hand. He covered it with his fist, but the blood wouldn't stop. Gregory started to shake with anxiety. His body trembled as he saw the wound now grow more and more in size now reaching his wrist. One of the guards caught up and approached the bewildered, screaming thief.

Realizing that this was the end, Gregory quickly held the dagger and faced the guard threatening to kill him. The guard backed up as Gregory stepped forward and tried to stab the guard in his abdomen. The dagger wouldn't penetrate. Strangely, Gregory fell on his knees, experiencing excruciating pain and held on to his own abdomen. He quickly took off his blood-soaked shirt and looked down in horror. The dagger had cut the thief himself. Gregory's face went pale in horror as he fell to the ground, it was all over faster than it began. And the dagger gone with no traces.

**Phenomenology of Fairy Tales**

***Symbolism***

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