

If you go into the woods...

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Published on Stories Space on 28 Jul 2011



Be careful what you wish for

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She wiped another tear from her face. Alone in the woods she let them fall freely. Her weeping soft but her pain felt harshly. Leaves filtered the sunlight that dappled the path. Tisha loved the fact no one and nothing else was here, but her. Tucking a piece of her dark hair behind her ear Tisha reached in her pocket and pulled out the note. It was a break-up letter from her long time boyfriend. 'Jerk.' She muttered. 'I hate him!' She screamed. Tisha yelled and yelled. She let days and days of anger and frustration go with a tirade about what she'd do with a paring knife and Justin's manhood. Tisha should not have smiled just then, but she did. Something inside her felt lighter and the tears stopped. She looked around and saw she had come to a part of the woods she had not been to before. The trees looked old. The trunks were knarled and covered in knots and moss. Even though just a few feet away other trees had a few fall leaves on them, these trees were bare. The cool mist gathering near the ground swirled up and nearly blocked out Tisha's view of the trees as she approached. Was that music? Tisha moved closer and had to bend down as the branches folded down and over creating a natural tunnel. The trunks seemed to make the path narrower and so Tisha turned sideways. The faint tinkling of laughter and music. She heard it again! Curiosity and a bit of fear urged Tisha on. Who would be playing music in the middle of some old, misty trees. Tisha came to an opening in the middle of the copse of trees. The ground was bare but a few wild flowers had sprouted up. Tisha walked forward and turned in the circle, looking at her surroundings. The music and laughter seemed to filter in from all sides. It swirled and twisted around her. Tisha covered her ears and closed her eyes to block it out. The mirth in the middle of the mist was beginning to really scare her. The sound sped up like a record player being wound up faster and faster. Tisha's head pounded in succession with the beat of the music. The laughter that was almost child-like before started to mimic demented elves. A cold hand grabbed her wrist and Tisha felt the panic rise up in her. When she opened her eyes she was almost relieved but something told her to be wary. A plush teddy bear. Yes. A bear stood before her. Button eyes and black thread stitching its mouth shut. 'If you go into the woods today and wish a secret wish. Believe it deeply. Keep it dearly, and we can make it true.' Tisha knew she was not dreaming. She felt the ground solidly under her feet, smelled the rotting vegetation. Somehow she had found something magical. Tisha gripped the note in her hand and spoke. 'I want him to pay.' The music stopped, the laughter died. The mist swirled away and

revealed dozens of teddy bears in all shapes and sizes. The one before Tisha spoke again. 'You did not ask what was required of you.' Its furred hand proved to be five fingered and nimble as it strangled the life from her. 'Evil intent lurked in your heart which is not what we desire.' Tisha's cold dead body fell to the ground. The teddy bears surrounded her and began their works. She would no longer need her flesh and was stripped of it. That was set aside to be used in a later feast. She was patched up with bear skin and button eyes. Reborn a teddy bear, deep, deep in the woods. Tisha would learn that it is always better to grant the kindest wishes. For the flesh of the wicked is the teddy bear's picnic. END.