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## Domicile, Part Four

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## Domicile

### Part Four

*Alan Foreman*

An old man dressed in black stood in front of the door. "Who are you?" shrieked Paul. But the man did not answer. He merely stared at the disgruntled Paul. The pain returned.

"Stop this pain! Stop this pain!" Paul cried, falling to his knees. Tears came to his eyes. "Please, just make it all go away."

Paul looked up at the old man who lifted his hand, clearly asking Paul to rise to his feet. When Paul once again stood, the old man took Paul by the shirt forcing him with incredible strength toward two sliding glass doors that led to a terrace. The man forced Paul onto the terrace. The night was black with fiery red streams of light waving through the sky like the northern lights. Below them a forest burned with black and blue fire, the smoke blotting out the moon.

"Look," said the old man extending his hand. His word echoed in Paul's head: "Look. . . Look. . . Look." Paul turned and looked at the house. It was all destroyed save an iron superstructure that supported the terrace. Paul turned back to the old man who was now very young. His eyes glowed the same red glow as did the black sky. "Look!" Paul desperately tried to piece together what was happening. The young man in black drew a blade from his cloak, its handle carved in the form of a snake.

The young man lunged at Paul. Paul grasped the man's wrist, fending off the knife's attack. The flames rose, and the man became more powerful. Paul was losing the battle, and there was nowhere for him to run. Paul then realized what had been happening.

TO BE CONTINUED. . .