

I rise with the moon

- an illustrated journey through night-time horrors -

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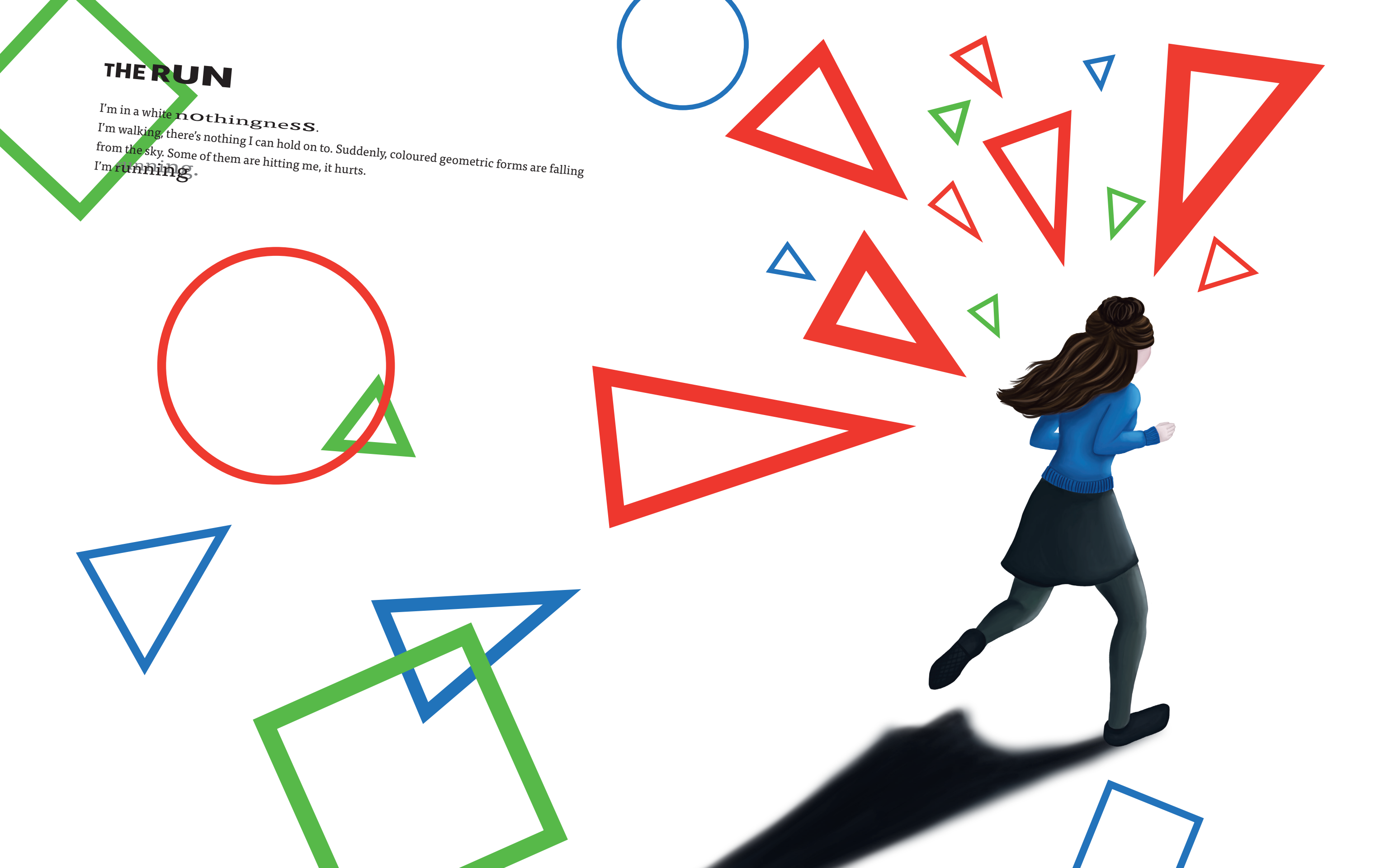
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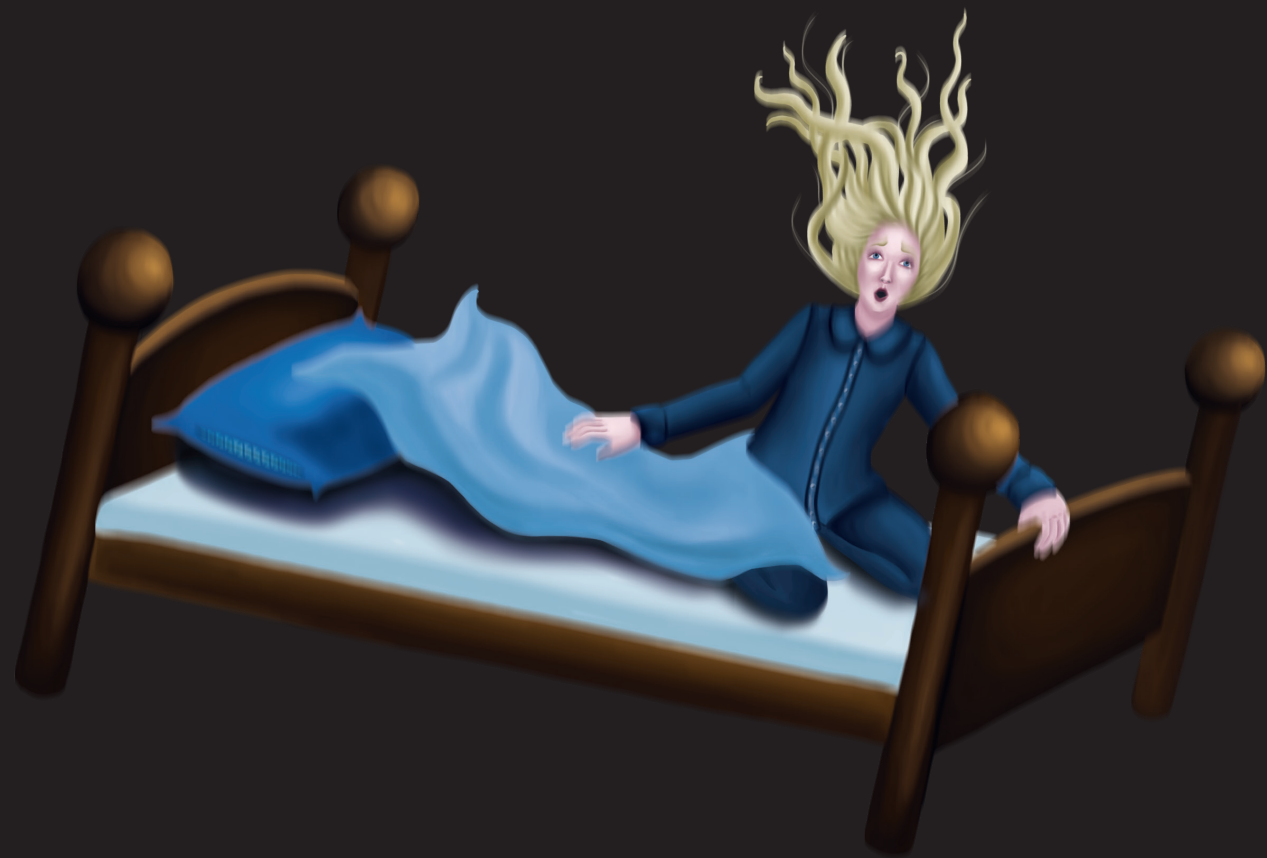
„In dreams we enter a world
that's entirely our own.“

J.K. Rowling

THE RUN

I'm in a white **nothingness**.
I'm walking, there's nothing I can hold on to. Suddenly, coloured geometric forms are falling from the sky. Some of them are hitting me, it hurts.
I'm **running**.





THE FALL

I'm in a black **nothingness**.

I'm on my bed. I'm **falling** and
I don't know where this ride is going,

I just feel the movement of falling.

It's going

d**O**wⁿ

and

d_ow_n

DECAY

I'm taking a walk in the countryside. I can't see anything but the path I'm walking on. The more I'm walking, the more **I feel lost**. I don't want to walk anymore, but I understand that even if I wanted to walk back, I'd still have to walk. Now I'm running by **sheer force of panic** but suddenly I'm in a beautiful clearing full of flowers and a huge lovely tree.

The weather is really nice and I decide to lie down for a while and enjoy the moment. Then, as I'm looking down on myself, I realise: I'm **rotting!** The more I'm rotting, the more everything around me is starting to rot as well. The flowers are getting evil and the tree's roots are coming out of the earth, trying to grab me and **drag me down** into darkness.





DON'T LOOK AWAY DON'T LOOK AWAY

I'm a little girl, five or maybe six years of age, lying in my child sized bed. The interior of my room is made up from rustic and all dark and wooden furniture. A cast-iron oil-lamp sheds **no light**, resting idly yet anticipating on my bedside table. But there is dim, golden candle light crawling in from under the door, and the moonlight colouring my tiny chamber in a silver cold hue. I've just woken up from the most horrible **nightmare**, my heart still pounding relentlessly and wild in my chest. I'm freezing and I know it's not just because the window is open, not only due to the sharp wind that's making the transparent curtains dance a macabre dance. No, I'm freezing, because I know there is something from my nightmare here in my very room. Something that didn't lock away properly in my own little **dream world**. Something that is here though it is clearly not supposed to be. There is something I transported from my dream into reality, and it's here, sitting in the shadows, unrecognisable, in the darkest corner of my room. A creature, humanoid, tall and gaunt and menacing, a **blurred** figure, stepping out of the deep and darkest shadow, a shade defying every nuance of light and bright. The creature that haunted the nightmare I thought I'd just escaped from, minutes ago, yet mere seconds ago. There he stands, veiled in **darkness**, the tall, thin man, in the most shadow obscured corner of my room. Waiting, lurking. I'd dreamed of him, only blinks of eyelashes ago. Yet here he is, unbroken, not easily wished away. He knows of the strength he possesses in my dream. He knows of the incomprehensible might he possesses within my purest of thoughts.

I know he cannot be real, because I'd only just dreamed of him. But my eyes do not betray me; he is here. **The Thin Man**. A man that does not seem human at all. A man who is tall, so very, very slender and utterly unsettling. No mere man, but a **creature** that's clearly a product of my very own nightmares. I know he cannot really be here. At least I think I know. So I do the first thing that comes to my mind: I squint my eyes so hard it hurts and stars and colourful rings **dance** before my inner eye. As I open my eyes again the monster hasn't vanished.

Now, instead of lurking in the shadows like before, the Thin Man is only at arm's length from me now. He still doesn't move, but now I **scream**. I scream from the top of my weak little lungs, because the creature has left the veil of shadows that had previously obscured its face. What I see can only be out of a nightmare, out of **darkest imaginations**, because no world like ours would give birth to a being as grotesque as the Thin Man. Though undeniably human in shape, the man has no eyes to **see**, no ears to **hear** and no nose to **smell**. But he has a mouth so huge it seems he could swallow me as a whole, with razor sharp, pencil thin teeth and a disgustingly long tongue that unswervingly licks around the **lipless** mouth. He outstretches his far too long arm towards me, but the fingers, pale and moving in **eerie harmony** like an albino tarantula's legs, cannot grab me; I'm yet too far away, just out of his reach. His macabre head twitches from one side to the other, **infuriated** that it cannot get to me - unless I look away. I realize, right this moment, that as soon as I look away, the Thin Man will be able to take one last step to **rip me out** of my sheets and away into the shadows. To a place much, much darker than a moonless night. A place, no child has ever escaped from. But as long as I keep staring at him, he cannot get to me. He is bound by my gaze, **forbidden to move**. Just how long will I be able to keep my eyes from **closing?**





HOUSE OF **WAX**

I'm at a guy's house with my friends. He is very tall and lanky and his hair is a greasy, shoulder-length, black coloured mop. We learn that his hobby is to make **wax figures**.

We're having some drinks in a very small room that is **crammed** with stuff up to the ceiling.

The little bits you can make out of the walls are dark red. This is his creepy workspace, where he crafts his eerie looking dolls of wax. He has probably had too many drinks and suddenly seems really upset. He is raging madly and I know I have to kill him. I'm taking a knife I see lying on the table and stab it through his chest. He immediately falls to the ground, lying there, not moving. I know that **he is dead**. Now I realise, I

might be taken to prison for committing this cruel homicide. In my **panic**, I quickly

pick up the dead body from the floor and put it right into his weird cabinet of wax figures. His **children** seem to hold him in their arms, supporting him so he doesn't fall to the ground, like the inanimate creature he has become.



THE GEISHA'S BIDDING

In my dream I am sitting in a high and lean claret red armchair. In front of me the very cliché of an open fireplace, all of stone with a grill made of cast iron. The house I'm sitting in seems ancient, a cottage in the style of old English half-nobles. Of blackish lumber and crudely worked stone. Suddenly, I cannot for the life of me shake the feeling, that I should be afraid. And the feeling that I am being watched, even though I'm absolutely and without a doubt sure that I am alone in the cottage. There is only the sound of the crackling flames, the pitter-patter of the rain and the howling of the sharp wind outside. The window is open and the curtains behave like teasing, exotic belly dancers, veiling themselves in drapery. On the mantelpiece there is a maze-like clutter of black silken fabric. **Black and void** of any kind of reaction to its surroundings, like the cloth is simply sucking the light out of anything around it. In its centre there lies a chalky white shape, oval and convex. I immediately recognise it as a **geisha's face** - a mask representing the make-up of a geisha, to be precise. With lifeless white lips, only not at the middle, where there is an almost heart shape, all in cherry red. Light rose on the cheeks and surrounding the black and **hollow eyes**. The black cloth suddenly seems to catch the wind and for a moment I think I see it falling off the top of the fireplace. But the formless sombre robes don't fall to the ground. Instead they just fall like over shoulders and alongside a genderless, **misshapen** body. A towering, menacing body. The mask sets itself in place, right where a real face should have been in the mess of darkest silk. The Geisha's body shifts calmly within the walls I felt safe in, not half a minute ago. It moves like ink in a glass of water, defying gravity and the direction of the storm that's raging outside, blowing a moaning wind into the room and everything else I could possibly explain. The Geisha floats idly in front of me. She is impossible to withstand, impossible to resist. I know right away, that I have no choice but to obey her every command, as I hear her voiceless bidding inside my head. „**Kill for me**“, she whispers, her white and red lips showing maybe the illusion of a Mona Lisa like half-smile.



A moment later I find myself in a cemetery. It's located on top of a hill, seemingly hundreds of years old, **withered** and almost as dead as its inhabitants. It's the same night, barely moonlit, overcast as if by iron and obsidian, with roaring thunder in the distance. **Rain** immediately drenches me to the bone, like all the angels in heaven decided to weep at the same time. I'm **shivering** and my dripping felt coat isn't helping. My hands clutch the wooden grip of a long shovel. Besides the million bones I am standing on, there are two things to my feet that make me feel very, very uneasy. For one there's the **open grave** I must have finished digging up mere moments ago. It's fresh and empty, yearning to swallow and digest someone so hapless as to die very soon. Secondly, that winding person to my feet like a worm inside the beak of a bird of prey. The man must be a little over forty years old and he's wearing muddied priest's vestments. He's afraid of me, his outstretched arms begging me to spare his life. But I cannot. I look into the distance and in the heavy rain I spot her - **The Geisha**. Not much more than the pure white of her mask shimmers through the grey curtain of raindrops. And yet I see her bizarre, feminine **silhouette** lifting her black cloth arm, pointing at the priest to my feet. Relentlessly so.

She wants me to kill him. In my mind, so she tells me, I know of his **unspeakable crimes**. Of a boy and of abused trust. Of dim candlelight in the darkest corners of a church. Of the indifferent face of Our Saviour who did not save the boy. Of fear and deep shame and many, many tears. The Geisha tells me it's the right thing to **kill** the priest. And I dare not defy her. I'm just too afraid of what she'll do to me if I do. So I lift the shovel's heavy blade above my head - the priest cries out, **fear** in his bloodshot eyes - and I smash it down on his face. Through the severe pattering of the rain I still can hear his **skull cracking open** under the brutal strike of cold metal. He twitches. I lift the shovel again, hit him on the head once more. And again. And again. More blood and sludge stick to my face with every following strike. Until the priest's face is unrecognisable. A broken mess of **flesh and bone**. I've done **the Geisha's bidding**.

THE FLYING MAN

I'm in a hotel room with my friends. At least it looks like a hotel but it doesn't feel like one. I know it's a **prison**. The room is very pretty, filled with light coloured furniture, tiny pillows all around the **spacious** room. I'm sitting on a beautiful couch, my friends all around me. Some are sitting on the floor, some are on the couch with me. We're talking about getting out. I don't know why we are trapped here or how we got arrested. Our plan is to first have a nice dinner after running away. Our escape is easy: we're walking out of the hotel lobby and we're free. The scenery is changing and now I'm in a lovely restaurant, just down the street of the prison. There are red couches to sit on and round tables. We're ordering plenty of food because we are starving to death. I'm eating, drinking. Slowly, a nasty feeling of guilt is **crawling up my brain**, very casually starting to devour it. Suddenly, I'm up in the air, getting out of the restaurant as fast as I can. I'm hurrying back to the prison, thinking I could get back into the room unnoticed. No one will know I ran away.

A man is coming towards me, watching me with piercing eyes. I'm looking at him, he is wearing a black suit, much like a business man. I want to look at his shoes so my eyes are wandering down his body. He does not have legs, let alone feet! **How does he ...?**

I'm terrified!

I run.



MORRÍGHAN

I'm at the beach with all my loved ones. We are looking at the beautifully **blue sky** and the ocean with its **calm** blue and green waves. Then, the water isn't calm anymore, the waves are getting bigger and bigger. I feel anxious. All of a sudden I hear a **caw** coming from above me. I'm looking at the sky and I **freeze**: There are thousands and thousands of black ravens flying towards the ocean. Once they arrive at the horizon, they're turning around and are now flying towards us! I'm trying to secure my face with my arms. I can't see anything but I can hear them **coming closer**. There is a sudden gust of wind, which pushes me back. I'm on the floor. The beautiful beach is gone and instead there is solid, grey concrete.

The people around me are trying to fight the ravens. I'm looking at the ocean. I am watching one specific **raven**. He looks wounded, one of his wings is broken. He is falling down, hitting the waves like a rock. I'm standing up, shocked. I want to help him so I'm taking a few steps towards the water. Then, suddenly, he comes up again, **rising into the air**, majestically. There is no sign of injury anymore. With every metre he gets closer, the relief I feel is turning into **paralysing fear**.



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