I cannot die. I am not boasting of some long far off thought or wish. I am stating a fact. I simply cannot die. It is as simple as watching the sun come up. It is the truth. Allow me to explain. I am what you would call an immortal. No, not one of those vampires from some trashy fucked up novel or television show. I do not hide from the sunlight nor silver. I do not burst into flames and I do not drink blood.

I am a different kind of immortal. I prefer to consider it a curse. A magical curse placed by gypsies enabling me to live forever without the comfort of finding death. Comfort and death rarely go together. I would find comfort in death if I were allowed to experience it. Something tells me you won't be satisfied until I unravel the whole story to you. Is that what you want? You wish to hear a story… something to keep you guessing and thinking? I believe I can do that.

For your amusement… I present to you:

Cursed

by Kyle Eggleston

Life had its silly moment and the enjoyable moments. Moments that didn't need to be understood by anyone but the author of the life. Each person was an author of their own life. It's a different thought isn't it? To be the author of your own life? During the dark ages, that was unheard of. Demons and monsters roamed the Earth creating concords of thoughts and themes that didn't dare see the light of day. No, they preferred to stay in the darkness where they could be fed like leeches.

I was born in a modest home to two loving parents, Edna and George Eddington. We weren't well off or even had much to our name. A roof over our head was all father wished for his family. Mother of course would be a little more eccentric in life. She wanted the best schooling for her children that money could buy. There was only one catch, we had no money.

Papa worked hard in the mine while mama tended the kids. It was a simple life. It wouldn't be till years later that I would understand how mama couldn't grasp the concept to be happy with what you have and accept the hand one is dealt. But after living as long as I have…. well I suppose I'm getting ahead of myself aren't I?

There were three children in the house. I had an older brother and a younger sister. James and Gertrude. Why my parents chose those names I will never know. From what I can tell, those names are of no importance to my family. No ancestors shared the names. My family tree is a bit sparse actually.

Us children were born in the late 1900s. Rap music was alive and well, so was Michael Jackson. There were many things I enjoyed about life. Seeing the dawn of the 21st century, living into the 2000s and passing them to see the 3000s. It really was an amazing time to be alive.

I remember one day coming home from school, I must have been fourteen years old at the time. An attack was made on the United States by some bad people in airplanes. People were comparing it to a second Pearl Harbor. It had made me so angry and upset, I wanted to enlist and join the military. I of course was too young to do so. My brother wasn't, he had just graduated High School and was looking for an adventure.

James didn't last long in the fight. He was killed in Afghanistan after being deployed there for a couple of weeks.

That was my first experience with death. I can still remember seeing his flag draped casket. The military honors. He had died serving his country. James was only one boy among thousands who would die that year. War wasn't a good memory.

They caught the bastard that had orchestrated the attacks a few years later. Mama and Papa were pleased. Gertrude didn't really care for the news. I felt a bit indifferent on the matter. I do not know if that is something to be ashamed about or not. Frankly I could care less.

My parents didn't live much beyond the year 2014. They were killed in a car accident, or was it a train accident? I can't remember. It's been too long now. Gertrude ran off with some boy she met at college that year. It hurt Mama's heart to have her baby just up and leave like that. I don't believe she ever learned of our parents demise.

They're buried behind an old brick house on the outskirts of town. It's a nice place, surrounded by trees. I try to make it there every few hundred years at least to see how it's keeping up. For the most part things are good in life. Better than I expected them to be.

For the record, in the year 3000 we are no more advanced in space travel than we were in the early 2000s. We haven't left the solar system or traveled to other planets, so you can stop thinking about that right there. There really hasn't been much in the advancement of technology. I'm sad to say this, but after the great quakes of 2235 humankind shifted to another type of caring. Instead of increasing technology, we were more concerned with the welfare of each other.

There have been some diseases that have been cured over the years. I'm pleased to say that cancer is one of them. The common cold is still around however. Nasty bugger never learns when to leave well enough alone. Oh well. I suppose there always has to be one thing left over from the old days that doesn't ever leave. Maybe by the time we hit the year 4000 we'll have that one figured out. I'm not holding my breath on that one. Don't even get me started on healthcare.

One day when I was twenty-five, I found myself lost in a dangerous forest. I had heard the forest was haunted by many of the city folk. I figured they were making it all up. What kind of forest would be haunted? It was nonsense.

I stayed home from work that day just so I could investigate the forest. It was a thick forest full of trees. Once inside, you couldn't see the sunlight through the trees so it was always dark. Even during the brightest time of day it was dark. I wandered through the forest looking at all of the animals and the vegetation. I was honestly amused by such things.

Walking a few yards in, I saw what appeared to be an abandoned house. A house that was falling apart and in shambles. I took a step inside the house. Well I suppose that was my first mistake. Or perhaps entering the forest was my first mistake. Either way? I shouldn't have stepped inside either the forest or the house.

The door creaked as I walked inside. The inside of the house was nice and tidy. Orderly even. There wasn't a cobweb to be seen. The outside could have used a lot of work. Oh well, I didn't care to bother with that.

An ugly looking midget troll approached me. "What do you want!" She screamed. Her voice was harsh and the flaps of skin on her face moved as she talked. I was disgusted by her appearance.

"Nothing" I responded. "Nothing at all. I was just walking through the forest."

She didn't want to hear any of it. The woman put up an arm. It was fraile and diseased. Warts had grown along her elbow leading up to her bony fingers. "Bah!" She yelled. "I've heard it all before. You damn kids and your investigations." The woman sat down on the edge of her bed. "If you lived as long as I have, you wouldn't care about such things." She said. "You would have a better understanding of life, you would be accountable for your actions."

I took a step back towards the door. If I could escape quickly she wouldn't be able to follow. I mean how fast could a midget troll run anyway? I was banking on the fact she couldn't run fast at all. I turned around to face the door.

She blocked my path.

"Going somewhere sonny?" The woman said. Her grey hair looked like spiders had made a nest. She had many teeth missing. "My name's Alice. You came here for a reason. So let's investigate, shall we?"

Alice placed her hand on my shoulder and walked me back towards the bed where we both sat down. "You've heard stories of the old woman in the forest eh?"

I shook my head. "No ma'am. I was just out for a walk, honest."

"Lies" Alice said "All lies, I've heard them before. Do you know what I do with people who lie?"

I shook my head. The bed squeaked a bit from my legs that were trembling.

"I turn you into frogs." She gestured to a nearby wall that had several glass bottles on the shelves. Each one contained a frog. "Yes, I love to eat frog legs, they're quite a treat."

Alice stood up and walked across the room to the shelves. The frogs were terrified of her. Taking one of the frogs out of its glass prison, she tore off its legs. The frog gasped in pain as it died. Alice was delighted with herself.

"Always good to have a meal before conducting business." She said.

Business? Business. What kind of business was she thinking up?

Tossing the rest of the frog back in the bottle she smirked. "I'll finish him off later. Now let's discuss you." She pointed her finger at me. The glow in her eyes were unsettling. I had to get out of there.

I found myself unable to move. She was whispering something towards my direction and waving her hands about. I couldn't make out what it was Alice was chanting.

"Done." Alice said. "You may go now."

I stood from the bed and looked at her confused. "What did you do?" I asked.

Alice shrugged. The hump on her back shifted positions as she walked towards me. "Oh never you mind." She said. "Have a splendid day."

She escorted me out the door and slammed it shut. I walked out of the forest and back home quickly.

A week later Mama and Papa died.

I wanted to curse the witch. She had to be behind it. An accident my ass. Whatever she had done to me, she had caused my parents to die a horrible death. I went back to the forest to confront her, but she was nowhere to be found. The house was no longer there. All that was left was a note.

"Don" it started "You have only cursed yourself. You will not see me again. Have a good life. Alice."

I crumpled the note up in my hands and threw it away. What kind of meaningless talk was this? Running back out of the forest I crossed the road. I didn't see the semi coming. By the time the drive saw me, it was too late. I was flung across the road a good twenty yards. I heard my neck snap and my spine break.

But I didn't die.

They rushed me to the hospital. By the time the doctors looked at me, I was on an operating room table. They took x-ray after x-ray. My bones had healed. I was no longer hurt. Not that I really was ever hurt to begin with.

The doctors were confused. As was I. Standing up, I walked out of the emergency room. They insisted they wanted to run tests on me, but I figured it was of no use. I should have died, but I didn't.

I decided to test this new found knowledge out.

Rushing out of the hospital, I ran. I ran as far as I could run until I couldn't run anymore. During my first few years of immortality, I got tired quite easily. My body wasn't use to this. It would take a few centuries for me to cope with it all.

I found myself at the Empire State building in New York City. It was a far cry from a small town in Minnesota. Walking inside the building, I went to the nearest elevator. I took it as far up as it would let me go.

Stepping out of the elevator I looked around. It was an observation deck of some sort. I quickly found a nearby window and stepped out onto the ledge. Looking down I was a good deal of the way up. I figured it would be a good a test as any.

I jumped.

People screamed at the sight. It wasn't everyday you saw a man trying to commit suicide.

As I neared the pavement I slowed down. My feet quietly rested on the concrete. There was no crash. No earth shattering motion. I didn't land hard at all. I was as safe as can be. The curse, whatever that was exactly, was doing its job. I was unable to die.

Walking away from the crowd I found a quiet restaurant in which I sat and contemplated what it was I had become. The troll-midget witch had done something to me. I didn't have any kind of explanation of exactly what she did to me. But she had done something to me for sure.

I took to researching immortality at the public library. I tried looking beyond the whole vampire and zombie thing. That simply wasn't me. I wasn't hungry for blood or brains. I really wasn't hungry at all. I was just me with the ability to do something other people couldn't do. I didn't want to call myself special or gifted. This was something entirely different and unique. There really were no words to place it in.

It would be another twenty years before I finally accepted the fact that I was an immortal. I didn't age during those twenty years. My friends thought it strange I wasn't getting grey hairs or wrinkles like they were. I brushed it off that I was just taking good care of myself. I mean how exactly would you tell your best friends that you aren't aging at all? That you would never age again? How would you explain to them that you were immortal? I couldn't figure out a good way, so I just set that matter aside.

I decided not to take the doctor route. Who knows what a shrink would do to me. Probably turn my mind inside out just trying to figure out what I was. My physical therapist wouldn't understand either. I needed to get away from everyone. That would be my best bet at starting over in life.

If I didn't have any friends around, they wouldn't be able to detect my non changing form. It would be a lonely life, but it would be worth the headache of not having to worry about being hassled by people. I wasn't some trick in the circus, I didn't need to be treated like a freak.

The circus. Maybe that's exactly what I needed. In order by pass by in life as a freak, why not join a bunch of freaks? I moved out of the city and to a far away place in search of a circus. It wouldn't be a long time deal I decided. I mean, that shit would get old sometime right?

The circus leader was another midget. He didn't appear to have the qualifications necessary to lead a circus, but there he was doing it. His name was Bob.

Bob the midget didn't seem to care about my abilities. Saying he had seen them before, I left it at that. He did ask what I could do in the way of performing. Now I wasn't much of a performer mind you. Let's be honest, I didn't think this whole process through much when I decided to sign up for the circus.

It was quickly decided that I would shovel elephant shit until they could find something worthwhile for me to do. I didn't mind that at all. The animals did need to be taken care of and looked after. The elephants were just the kind of thing that would get my mind off whatever I had going on in life.

On my off time I read books, listened to the radio, and just lived. I took a newfound interest in life. Not having to worry about anything else. I figured why not see all that was out there.

The circus led me to many exciting venues. I went from country to country around the world. Japan was my favorite.

I did the circus gig for a good fifty or so years. By then people were aging and getting too old for what they were doing. It made sense they would rotate around. Some leaving the circus for good. Others seeing what else was out there.

After another hundred years of wandering aimlessly around the Earth it dawned on me. I wanted to settle down and have a family. Yes a family is what I wanted. But who would I convince to marry me? I couldn't just be with them forever.

I did fall in love though. Her name was Jessica. She was the twilight of my heart. An angel for sure.